

Under His Control

*A Collection
Of
Erotic Stories*



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Under His Control - A Collection Of Erotic Stories 5

By Will B. Gunn

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Sun Gazing

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Chapter One

Three young women walked down the city street, oblivious to how misguided their lives were, and oblivious to the lesson that fateful day had in store for them. They were Amber, Ruby, and Rose, and they were friends, ever since highschool.

They all chose the same college, so they could stick together. They had different dreams, but they swore to never drift apart. Little did they know, their dreams were meant to be shattered. But, their pact to stay together will hold for as long as they live.

Amber, the free spirited, and quite loose blonde, had very little plans for the future. Her current aspirations consisted of partying as hard as she could, and bat her eyes at frat guys. She appreciated fine art in all its forms, and that made her personality a very contradicting blend of bimbo college coed, and artsy intellectual.

Ruby, who's red and fiery hair matched her name, but not her personality, was sure her major will be biology, since before she even started high-school. She was always fascinated with the study of living things. And yet, her demeanor showed great innocence with regards to real life.

Ruby was the definition of a hopeful romantic, and she wasn't shy in looking for the perfect prince charming. In her young naivete, she decided to never compromise on her perfect knight in shining armor, who would treat her like the princess she knew she was.

Rose, like the flower that bears her name, seemed delicate and dainty. But, if treated like a little lady, she stung like a poisonous thorn. Her hair was black, and her eyes light blue. She wasn't sure about her future, but the world of politics charmed her.

Ever since she attended her first gender equality rally, she felt a strong urge to fight for the cause of feminism. From there, her political views bloomed, and now she dreamed about leading the people, and changing the world.

The three young ladies walked down the street, early in the morning, after visiting a certain art gallery, at the city square.

"I can't believe you dragged us to that stupid gallery at seven a.m." Rose said, rolling her eyes at Amber.

"Oh, come on! Wasn't it interesting? You got to see the life of the artist unfold before your eyes, as the..."

"Bla bla blahhhh" Rose interrupted.

"You know, it wouldn't hurt you to open your mind a little! Not to mention, I never react like that when you blab about how horrible the politics of today are!"

"Oh please! How can you even compare? You need a reality check, I'd say.." Rose retorted.

"Maybe you need a friendship check!"

"Soon I'll be needing a hearing check..." Ruby said meekly, and sighed deeply.

"What are you sighing about, now?" Rose asked her redheaded friend.

"It's nothing..." Ruby evaded.

"Is it that boyfriend of yours again? Did he forget to open the door for you at the restaurant, or something?" Amber mocked.

"Wow, you're sassy today, aren't you? If you must know, he's pressuring me to give up... You know..."

"Wow, really?" Rose said, understanding immediately "Well, you've been dating for quite a while, you know.."

"What does he want you to give up?" Amber said, not getting the point.

Rose looked at Amber as if she was a complete moron, and motioned her head down, trying to explain silently.

"Ohh, that! Well, you really should give that up, Ruby! You're nineteen! Give it up before the state forces you to buy your first cat."

"Oh, don't be ridiculous!" Rose exclaimed "this is just another misconception today's male controlled society..."

"Bla bla blaahhhhhh" Amber said, giving Rose a taste of her own medicine.

“You two are giving me a migraine...” Ruby said.

“And, Amber, just because you're going with a different frat guy every night, doesn't mean everyone should follow suit! Real romance still exists in the world, you know.”

“Sure it does. In your dreams, in fantasy movies, and documentaries about days long past.” Amber said “besides, I don't go with a different frat guy *Every* night! Sometimes it's the same guy!”

“I've decided to keep myself pure until my wedding night, and that's that.” Ruby said, putting her metaphorical foot down, as they started walking across one of the bridges in the city, stretching above the local river.

Even Rose made a face at that.

“Ehh, Ruby, that might be a bit too much, you know. I hate to tell you this, but I don't think a guy would stick with you, for that long. Honestly, I don't think I would've...”

“See, even the crazy feminist agrees you should just jump the bull, and ride it!” Amber said.

“Oh, I'm crazy?! Me?! Ms. Let's run naked in the school as an art project. You're calling *Me* crazy.”

“I never said I was sane, now did I?” Amber said with a smile, and made her two friends laugh a bit.

“hey, look!” Ruby said, no longer listening to the heated conversation about when, and where, should she give up her cherry. There was a man there, beaming at them, with smiling eyes. He was obviously past his forties, and had some gray in his hair.

He was standing next to a sign that read 'Once in a lifetime opportunity! Look at the Sun from up close with a special lens telescope! Only five dollars'.

“Come on, let's go check it out!” Ruby said, and started walking.

“Great! Now she's wasting my time.” Rose rolled her eyes again.

“Oh, stop being so negative. It sounds interesting!” Amber said “For a wannabe world leader, you don't seem very ready to just try new things, you know...”

“Maybe it's because I see the sun every day” Rose said, and walked alongside Amber, after Ruby.

“I guess that's true.” Amber agreed.

“Not directly. You can't look at the sun directly. You...do know that, don't you?” Ruby said, sarcastically feigning worry.

“Funny...”

Some old dude was already using the telescope, but the man in charge noticed the three young women, and seemed quite interested in them.

“He'll be done in a bit. It's worth the wait, I assure you. The most amazing view in the solar system!” He said, advertising his little street show to the girls.

“How does it look like?” Amber brazenly asked the old man gazing at the sun.

“It's quite remarkable. You hardly ever think about this star that gives us all life, while just living out your days. Gives perspective, I'd say.” He said, and got up from the telescope.

“It's worth the five dollars, my friend.” He told the other man “How much does one of these telescopes cost, by the way?” He asked.

“Oh, first of all, my friend, it's not the telescope that is special, and it costs about eighty dollars, for a good one, if you're still curious.”

He crouched to the telescope, making sure not to move it, and started loosening the lens.

“What's really special, is this lens, which is also called a solar filter.” He held the clear black lens in his hand “This baby can cost up to two-hundred dollars.”

“Then why are you only charging five dollars?” Amber asked suspiciously. Ruby stepped on her foot, to stop her from antagonizing the man before she got a chance to look through.

“Ow!” Amber yelled, and hit Ruby back.

“Heh,” The man chuckled “Don't fight, girls. Honestly, I'm addicted to seeing the awe in people's eyes, as they look straight at the sun for the very first time. Nothing more, and nothing less.”

“So, you're a bored old man?” Amber said.

“Amber!” Both Ruby and Rose gasped.

“Relax. I don't mind.” The man said “Now, which one of you want to go first?”

“Okay, mate, I'll get going.” The other man said “This was definitely worth the price. Thank you!”

“Cheers! Come again if you ever want another piece of perspective.” The telescope man shouted at the other man as he walked away.

“Now, where were we? Oh yes, which one of you want to go first?”

“Me!” Ruby said, a little too enthusiastic.

“Okay, bend down here, then.” He said.

“You need to look through here, you see.” He showed her “Don't move it, okay? The sun is big, but it still takes time to properly position this baby.”

“Okay, got it.” Ruby said, and brought her head closer to the telescope.

“Whoa, whoa! Wait a sec!” He said.

“What? What is it?” She jumped up in surprise.

“I still haven't put the lens back! Do you want to mess your eyes up?” He said, with a mix of laughter and seriousness.

“Oh, oops!” Ruby said awkwardly.

“Didn't you know you couldn't look directly at the sun, Ruby?” Amber said, never missing a chance for revenge.

“Oh, shut up.”

“Hmm, you know what?” The man said “I'll change the lens, just in case. This one is old, and might be worn out.”

“That happens?” Rose asked curiously.

“To pretty much everything that exists in our world, honey.” He said, with a weary smile on his face. If he wasn't as old as he

was, Rose would've told him off for calling her 'honey'. She figured he didn't mean anything by it, though.

He pulled another lens, that had a red hue to it, and screwed it on the telescope gently.

“There, I've put one of the cool lenses for you!” he bragged “Look in there, now, and be amazed.”

Ruby looked into the telescope, and immediately gasped. Her other eye was closed, and she was obviously bewildered by the sight she was seeing.

“So, is it really that amazing?” Amber asked.

“It's wonderful...” She said dreamily. In fact, a bit too dreamily.

“Umm...Ruby, are you okay?” Rose asked “You sound a bit off...”

“She's fine, honey, don't worry. When you see how amazing it is, you'll understand.” He said.

“Don't call me honey. My name is Rose.” She said coldly, a bit worried at the look he just gave her.

“Sorry sorry. So, girls, do you go to the local college?” He asked.

“Yep.” Amber said, now anxious to look through the telescope, her artistic sense flaring up.

“What's your major?”

“I'll major in political science. She'll probably major in art, or something.”

“Nice. The Sun can be a great artistic muse, you know.” He said, as if reading Amber's mind.

“Uhm, ruby, wipe your lip, seriously...” Ruby was so into it, that she was drooling on the pavement below her.

“Are you sure you're okay?” Rose kept badgering. Ruby didn't answer, she just made a soft high pitched, and incoherent sound, as if she was brain dead or something.

“Okay, what's going on here?!” Rose tensed up, and asked with an angry, yet nervous tone.

“You're over reacting, hone..err...I mean Rose. Just relax.”

“What do you mean relax?! She's like a vegetable!” Rose said, and moved to shake Ruby's shoulders.

Just before her hands connected with Ruby's shoulders, Ruby pulled her head away from the telescope, and stared at the old man, with a twinkle in her eyes. Rose backed off, and Ruby smiled widely, and got back on her feet.

“Did you enjoy it?” The man asked her.

“Very much, sir.” She said, and bowed before him, which made Rose raise an eyebrow.

“Ruby?! Are you sure you're okay?” Rose asked.

“I'm fine, Rose! Don't get your panties in a bunch.” She said cheerfully, still wearing a big smile on her face.

“You have to try it, Rose! It's...It's...I don't even know how to describe it!”

“Yeah, well, I'll skip it, for now.”

“Great! then I'm next!” Amber said, even more enthused after seeing Ruby's unique reaction.

“Heh, what an adventurous young lady.” The man mumbled, as Amber bent down to look through the telescope.

The second Amber looked through the telescope, her jaw dropped.

“Woooooooow” She said, dumbfounded.

Meanwhile, Ruby stood next to Rose, who was still looking quite concerned.

“Is it really that amazing?” She asked her usually serious friend, who now had a rather dumb smile on her face.

“It's more than that, Rose.” Ruby said dreamily “It showed me answers to questions I never knew to ask.”

Rose raised an eyebrow again.

“That doesn't sound creepy at all...” She said sarcastically.

“Are you sure you're okay? you don't sound like yourself...”

“Then who am I?” Ruby asked, still staring at the man.

“I don't know.” Rose said “But the Ruby I know would never answer my question with such a worn out cliché, I can tell you that.”

The man looked at Ruby, and motioned his head to Rose. Ruby turned to Rose, and smiled in a much more normal fashion.

“Oh, relax! I'm playing with you.” She said, sounding casual “I was just goofing off. Come on, just because I'm into science, does it mean I should never have a sense of humor?”

Rose chuckled, feeling slightly relieved.

“Nope, it means you should have a weird sense of humor that no normal person understands. So, I guess this whole thing makes perfect sense!” They both laughed, and then Rose turned her gaze back to Amber, who was now completely engrossed with what she saw through the telescope.

“So, how is it, Amber?” Rose asked. There was no audible answer, and Amber's tongue was dangling from her mouth, as if it was a strain for her to pull it back in.

“Amber?” Rose asked, getting worried again.

“Oh, just leave her alone. She's enjoying herself.” Ruby said sternly, and smiled at Rose right after.

This time, Rose wasn't pacified by Ruby's words.

“What are you talking about, Ruby, there's something wrong here!”

“No, there isn't! It's wonderful!” Ruby insisted, glancing at the man once more. Rose had enough of this creepy weirdness, and decided she had to do something.

“Amber, wake the fuck up.” She said, approaching Amber, to try and shake her back to coherence, only to be stopped by Ruby. Ruby stood in her way, and when Rose tried to get past her, Ruby grabbed her and forcefully shoved her away.

“What the fuck, Ruby?! That hurt!”

“Maybe you should stop trying to bother Amber while she's...” She paused.

“She's what?!” Rose asked, distraught “Ruby, what the fuck is going on?”

“She's learning.” Ruby suddenly said, her voice trailing off, as she stared ahead vacantly.

Rose shook her head.

“No no! Something weird is going on here. I...I'll go get help.” She said, and turned around to run away.

“Ruby, hold her” The man said plainly, as he nervously looked around, to see if any pedestrian was approaching.

Rose only managed to walk five feet away, when Ruby grabbed her from behind, tossed her around, and held her in place.

“Ruby! Let go of me! I swear I'll hurt you!” Rose said, struggling against her friend's grasp. In response, Ruby kicked Rose as hard as she could.

“I'll hurt you more, if you try to escape.” Ruby said.

Rose realized she was at a disadvantage. She didn't really want to hurt her friend, and Ruby didn't seem to have a problem with doing her harm.

Rose continued to struggle, as she frantically looked around, getting more shaken by the second.

“If you don't tell her to let me go, I'll scream! I swear!” She tried threatening, hoping he will fall for it. It was obvious he was the one to negotiate with, since he somehow had complete control of Ruby, ever since she looked through that telescope. With increased fear, Rose realized that if she doesn't escape soon, she would have to contend with two of her closest friends holding her down, and a middle aged man, as well.

“Heh, and who will hear? Nearly nobody drives, or walks on this bridge this early in the morning.” He said, still looking around, to make sure a statistically abnormal pedestrian doesn't pass by. Rose was hoping he won't realize it, but he was too smart for her.

He reached for another lens.

“I keep this one for special cases. It greatly hastens the process, but it might cause some permanent damage to eye sight. Not severe enough to stop you from succeeding in your new life, though.”

“What process? What have you done to Ruby? What do you mean, new life?!” She asked frantically.

“Ohh, those questions have some tedious answers, and you'll find out soon enough, so allow me to ignore them.” He said, with the same pleasant smile he had before, and took a long pause to stare at her tits, before screwing the additional lens in.

“You fucking pervert! Pig!” She said instinctively, when she realized he was staring at her chest.

“Oh oh! I like feisty ones. Well, I like seeing them fall, actually.” He said, grinning an evil grin.

“Fall...?” She gulped, terror in her eyes.

He looked at her fiendishly, just as Amber's head jerked slightly, and she pulled herself from the telescope. Still crouching on the sidewalk's gray pavement, she looked up with twinkling eyes, and smiled at the man.

“My one and only...” She started, but he responded with a stern look, and motioned his head to the still struggling Rose.

“Oh, of course, sir. I apologize.” She said, in a normal, not hopelessly in-love voice. Rose was getting more violent, trying to stomp Ruby's toes, to escape her grasp.

“Damn, since when are you this strong?!” She said out loud.

“What's going on here, Rose?” Amber asked her distressed friend.

“You're asking me?!” Rose said, aghast “Well, at a glance, Amber, if that's actually who you are, anymore. I'd say that telescope somehow took over yours, and Ruby's mind. And, now, he wants to take me, as well! And...I...Won't...” She said, fighting harder and harder.

“Let....Him...Kyaaa!” She screamed, and with the last of her strength, she threw her head back, and hit Ruby's face. Hard enough to stun her, but not enough to break her nose.

Rose then threw Ruby's arms aside, shoved her away, and bolted in the other direction.

“Catch her.” She heard the man say calmly, although there was a tinge of honest distress in his voice. He kept calm by telling himself no one would believe her, anyway, if she escaped.

“Still, that bitch might have the balls, and brains, to get me on her own.” He gritted under his breath, getting worried.

He worried for nothing, though. He didn't know Amber, his new blonde slavegirl, was in her highschool's track and field team, and ran the one-hundred, two-hundred, and four-hundred meters sprint.

With her new devotion to please, and fulfill her master's wishes, she burst into a blaze that probably broke her highschool record.

“Wow! That little slut is like a bolt of lightning.” He said, positively amazed.

Rose knew about Amber's speed, of course, and knew she had no chance of out running her. She knew her only hope was to find a way to slow her friend down. She frantically searched around her for a hiding spot, or something she could throw at her chasing friends, to cumber their pace. In the end, that only served to slow her down.

She tried running as fast as she could, but as she looked to her right, spotting an alleyway she might vanish into, she felt a strong hit on her side.

Wham

“Ouch!” She said, as Amber charged into her.

She shoved the athletic blonde off of her, only to have her grasp at her foot, and not let go.

“Damn it, Amber...” She mumbled, and started kicking Amber with her free leg.

Just when it seemed like she might break free, Ruby reached them, and grabbed Rose's upper body, like she did before. That

allowed Amber to leave Rose's foot, and stand up straight. The blonde then grabbed Rose in a head-lock, and started walking her back to the telescope man, with Ruby walking beside them, making sure Rose can't possibly escape.

"Let me go! Someone help me! Please!" Rose screamed for help, not seeing any way out from her sordid situation. There was no one there to hear her, though, other than the man, and her two former friends, that turned into his thralls.

"I really don't know what you mean by 'taking over our mind', Rosy." Amber told her, never weakening her grip.

"I don't know about Ruby, but I just realized where my priorities lie." She added.

"Don't worry, Rose, you'll understand us soon. I'm sure." Ruby said.

"Your asses look great when you run, my lovelies." He said, as they reached him.

"Thank you sir. My ass was made to please you, sir." Amber said, beaming with a proud smile.

"Mine too, sir." Ruby said, and shook her cute bottom at him teasingly.

"Ruby, what the fuck happened to you?! I mean, Amber has always been a little loose. But, you were never the kind of girl to shake her ass at strangers, or even your own boyfriend! Don't you remember? Not putting out until marriage, and having your prince charming..."

"Oh, he's hardly a stranger, Rose. Besides, I don't need a prince charming, anymore." Ruby said "I found something much better."

"And," The man said "I think it's time for Rose to learn her place. Bring her to the telescope."

"Yes, sir." The redhead and blonde said, as they both grabbed Rose, and pulled her forward, and down toward the device.

"No! Please!" She screamed, struggling all the way down "We're friends! Please, don't! I don't want this!"

“We are friends, Rose. That's exactly why we are doing this.” Amber said, forcefully shoving Rose to her knees.

“You don't know what you want, honey.” Ruby agreed “You will, soon, though. And then, you'll feel so silly you struggled, and fought us so much.”

The man kept the telescope steady, while Rose futilely struggled against the two girls pushing her head forward.

“No! No! Somebody help me!” She screamed at the top of her lungs.

“No! Please!” She tried to wiggle herself free, with no success.

She shut her eyes, hoping she could still fool him, somehow. To her utter distress, Amber forced her eye open, and she realized she was looking right through the telescope.

“NO! PLE...No...” Her voice quieted down almost immediately, as she saw the most beautiful sight of her young life.

“I...no...” Her voice became a silent whisper.

“Wow...” She sighed, smiling to herself.

The Sun shone brightly in her eye, as she looked through the rose colored lens. The full spectrum of the rainbow soon danced before her eyes. She no longer cared about her friends, or herself. Her only interest was to follow the colorful patterns she was seeing.

Somehow, in the back of her mind, she felt herself changing. It felt subtle, but it was much more profound than she could ever imagine. As she watched the orchestra of mesmerizing colors, the deepest reaches of her mind were remodeled.

The way she saw the world would never be the same again, that much she did know. Rose didn't care anymore, though. She felt so lucky, to be able to see the sight before her eyes. She realized how right her friends were, and sighed happily.

“You can let go of her.” She heard that wonderful man say, and felt her friends loosening their grip on her body. They weren't needed anymore, because his grip on her mind was much stronger

than anything they could muster. She thought about him for a second, and realized just how magnificent he is. She couldn't figure out why she hadn't noticed it before.

Rose found herself occupied with thoughts on how to best apologize to him, when she realized she had nothing to give that would actually be enough. After all, he would own her from now on, so what could she possibly have to offer him, that he wouldn't have anyway. With that, her mind raced through a list of hot friends and family that he may be pleased with.

Rose still couldn't figure out the changes being made to her mind, but she knew it was happening. What was changing, though? She never had any plans, or dreams that didn't involve him. She was always his devoted servant, after all, from the day she was born. She'll belong to him till the day she dies, unless he chooses otherwise. That was a given.

She was nothing but his tool. His property. His owned object. His toy. His slave. His merchandise, if he chose to sell her. Her head felt fuzzy, and her body was warm inside, as if the sun was bathing her with its rays of light, from the inside out. She stopped even thinking about the changes being done to her, and surrendered herself completely to the visions before her eyes.

Moments later, something profoundly changed. The wonderful bright colors before her eyes dimmed down. At first, it was barely noticeable. Then, it was as if she watched them through ever darkening sunglasses. Then, her vision became so dark, that she almost felt blinded. Was that the burden she must carry, for looking straight at the sun?

Distraught at the dimming colors in her eyes, she jerked her head backwards, and looked around her. The world was dark, and gray, even though it was early morning, and the sun was up. Seeing the world so dim, and depressing, it was easy to notice the one spot of light in her life.

Rose looked at the man, and he shone brighter than any sun ever did. It was as if he was the only source of light in her world. The only thing making sure she could even see anything. She smiled, as she realized that the rest of the world was fooled, and that she now knew the truth.

That gigantic bulb of hot gas in the sky, that everyone named the Sun, had nothing to do with the light in the world. It was not the source of life, either. The veil was removed from her eyes, and she saw the truth, as clear as day.

Her Sun, stars, and entire universe stood right before her, on godlike feet that she would worship till the end of her days. She felt bad for all those poor souls out there, who didn't know the true source of light and happiness was right there, on Earth.

She knew she had to show the light to as many hot women as she could. Why hot women? Well, because she somehow knew it will make him happy, and nothing in the world is more important than that.

She looked up at him, and smiled, her eyes shining at him, as he was shining at her. The world was now nothing but an endless night for her, except for when she was allowed to look at him.

"I'd say your hot friend finally saw the light." He said, as he patted Amber's ass.

"Yes, my lord." Rose said "My one and only Sun God. I am so sorry for not understanding my purpose before."

She begged forgiveness on her knees, before him.

"I'm done here today." He said, ignoring the kneeling girl before him "I think managing three catches this early in the morning is a record for me. And, now, I can take the rest of the day off!

"I'm so happy you're happy, my shining light." Ruby said, as he squeezed her tits through her clothes.

"Well, I'm getting quite happy, indeed." He said, feeling his hard-on pushing against his pants.

“Let's go back home. I need to relieve myself, and your sexy bodies will be a great way to do so.”

“Yes, my one and only.”

“Happily, my lord.”

“Anything you wish, my Sun, the center of my universe.” The three young women waited patiently as he packed his trusty telescope, and put the red hued lens back in its place.

“Let's go.” He said, and they followed behind him silently, like a flock of obedient kittens. College, and their future was no longer on their minds. Where dreams and passions for science, art, and politics lay before, now only submissive obedience remained, and a compulsion to please.

Their new lives were only beginning...

Chapter Two

Their master opened the door to his sizable house, and spanked Rose and Ruby's ass.

“Get inside, bitches.” He told them.

Happy to be spanked by their one and only, they walked in the house. It was a pretty luxurious place, although in their state, they were in no condition to appreciate it. The world was dark and dim, apart from their God.

“Unless I tell you otherwise, you will move on your hands and knees, as appropriate for women in your station.” He said, and the three immediately dropped down to a crawling position.

“Also, lose those clothes. I have no use for them.” He said “And make it sexy.”

“Yes sir.” They said in unison.

Rose started shaking her ass seductively, not letting her knees leave the ground. Amber squeezed her tits for him, before sliding her top off slowly, and showing her wonderful bra-clad titties.

She leaned in his direction, wiggling her chest for him, while reaching back to unclasp her bra. After taking it off, she threw it aside, and shook her tits one last time for him, before attending to her bottoms.

Meanwhile, Rose and Ruby rubbed their asses together, slowly using each other's shapely behinds to take their pants off. It didn't take long for Ruby's white panties to rub against Rose's bare ass cheeks.

“A thong, huh?” He said, noting Rose's red panties, that left nothing for the imagination “And here I thought you were the prude of the group. Hehe.”

The two slender young women continued their show, with Ruby's panties sliding off slowly and steadily, showing her ass, and soon her tight, virgin pussy, that she would happily give her lord and master.

Amber was already fully nude, and while she waited for the other two, she lay on her back, spread her legs, and rubbed her pussy for her master's viewing pleasure. With one hand, she fondled her own tits, and pinched her nipples, while touching the pussy he owned with her other hand.

He paused above her for a second, watching her quiver on the ground, as she touched herself. Unable to inhibit his own rising arousal, he started rubbing his crotch through his pants. Noticing it, Amber lifted one hand to try and reach his crotch, while still fingering herself with the other.

“You want this?” He asked the helpless blonde squirming at his feet, as she desperately stretched her hand to reach him.

“Mm-mmh” She nodded, looking up at him adoringly.

“Well,” He said, as he unzipped, and lowered his trousers “Come get it, bitch.”

With a big smile, she rose to a kneeling position before him, and kissed his already throbbing cock passionately.

“Good girl.” He said, grabbed her head, and shoved himself into her mouth forcefully, as if she was nothing but a sleeve to accommodate his member. She didn't struggle at all, seeing no reason to. And, even though she never liked giving head, her usual gag reflex seemed subdued to him, as well. Just another sign of his power, and how right she is to revere him - she figured.

As he casually pumped into her face, the ambiance of her gulping, licking, and slurping creating a very pleasant atmosphere, he watched Ruby and Rose continue to help each other undress. Ruby unbuttoned Rose's blouse, and shook Rose's tits with her hands, before removing her bra, as well.

Rose, with her perky tits out in the open, proceeded to remove Ruby's top off, lifting it over her head, and returning the favor by pinching her nipples through her bra. Rose giggled and smiled at her, as she felt a pinch on her sensitive areola.

“You can kiss each other.” He said, enjoying Amber's tongue circling around his shaft, as he rammed into her throat.

“Yes, my Sun God.” Rose said, and planted a wet one on Ruby's needy mouth. Ruby grabbed Rose's face with both hands,

and sucked her tongue passionately.

“*Ohh*, Ruby, if this is how you kiss your boyfriend, it's no wonder he was aching for you to put out.” Rose said, and Ruby responded with a giggle, and continued slurping at her best friend's tongue. She was happy Rose reminded her master of her yet un-popped cherry, and hoped he took note of that fact.

With the sound of wet kisses added to the orchestra of lewd passion, the master of the house increased the pace of his banging of Amber's face. Just to assert his dominance even further, he plugged her nose, and shoved his cock inside her mouth as deep as he could.

“Look at me.” He said, and she did, not complaining, but pleading with her eyes, for the privilege of breathing.

When he decided she had enough, he released his hold, and she responded with a slurpy thank you, not even fully taking his rod out of her mouth. She continued bobbing her head back and forth almost instantly afterward, making sure to please the man who was like a god to her.

“Come here, my lovely cunts, I want to feel more mouths on my dick.” He said, getting bored of the kissing and stripping show Rose and Ruby gave him. The two dislodged their tongues, and smiled at each other for a second, before turning over to stare at their master lovingly. They swiftly crawled over to him, taking off the last items of clothing they had on, and came to a stop at either side of Amber, kneeling before him in full nude.

“Ahhh, that's right.” He said, as Amber licked around the helmet of his erection. He placed his hands on Ruby's and Rose's heads, and nudged them toward his cock. Their bodies complied with his desires unconditionally, and when their smooth faces, and hungry lips touched the sides of his shaft, they immediately started kissing.

As the two of them kissed his cock even more passionately than their earlier kisses together, he sighed happily and closed his eyes, enjoying the service his obedient toys gave him. Opening

his eyes again, he looked down, and saw the three girls looking up at him. Amber still had her mouth full, and the other two worked their tongues and lips diligently on any part of his cock, and balls, that amber wasn't busy gulping.

He plugged Amber's nose again, and enjoyed the look on her face as she choked, while her two best friends licked his member from both sides, completely apathetic to their friend's plea for air.

“Okay,” He said, pushing Amber's head back, and simultaneously letting go of her nose “Time to take this to my bedroom.”

He pointed to the stairs, wordlessly telling them to go up. Amber gasped for air, taking a sharp, big breath, before smiling up at him. Ruby and Rose gave his cock a final peck with their lips, and began crawling up the stairs, with Amber at their heels.

They crawled up the stairs, wiggling their asses from side to side, giving their owner a nice view of his new assets. He waited until they were well beyond halfway up the stairs, before going up himself. As the three naked women reached the top, they turned right, which was the only way to go, and continued crawling forward, expecting their master will tell them when to stop.

Suddenly, a young blonde, only a few years older than them, walked by in french maid lingerie, that left all of her desirable parts fully accessible. She had a duster in her hand, and she diligently cleaned the hallway with it. Passing through, their master told them to stop, and grabbed her by the tits, flipping her around to face away from him.

Without warning, or any verbal communication whatsoever, he flicked her wet pussy with his cock a few times, and then inserted it inside of her, pumping her in an upright, standing position. She continued dusting, as if she was oblivious to her cunt being fucked bareback.

“Good news, Alice.” He said, as he rammed into her “A customer sent me an email last night. He decided to purchase you, and his credit card was validated.”

That was the first time she showed any form of recognition, and stopped her duties.

“Oh, that makes me so happy, master. I hope you'll enjoy the money my buyer paid you, my one and only light.” She said happily, looking back at him with eyes filled with adoration, and acceptance.

“He lives abroad, so I'll have to arrange transportation. I'm pretty sure a cargo plane is leaving today, and my slave at the TSA will most likely be able to get you in a crate, or something.”

“Yes, master.” She said.

“Did you ever leave the country, Alice?” He asked.

“No master. I planned to go on a trip after I finished my law degree, master.”

“You never did that, but you're finally going to go abroad. And, never return, of course.” He said with an evil, and satisfied grin, as he pumped into her wet cunt more rapidly.

“Thank you so much, my shining lord.” She thanked him from the bottom of her heart.

He looked down at his three new slaves, and pulled out of her.

“Come to the bedroom with us, Alice. I'll give you a goodbye fuck before sending you away. I'll have these three cunts for a while now, anyway.”

“Yes master.” She said, and guided the other three to his bedroom, shaking her nearly naked ass beautifully, as she walked.

In the bedroom, he had Alice get on her hands and knees, on the bed, and fucked her doggy style. Amber, Rose, and Ruby knelt on the floor before him, waiting for further instructions.

“Make out with each other while I fuck her.” He told the three girls on the carpeted floor, grabbed Alice by her long blonde hair, and used it as leverage, as he rammed into her repeatedly.

The three girls complied instantly. Rose and Ruby resumed their wet kissing, and Amber tried munching on their wet lips from the side. Realizing she was a third wheel in the lusty kiss,

she lowered her head and started sucking Rose's nipple, caressing the black haired beauty with her tongue.

The only source of light in their lives fondled Alice's tits, and smelled her flowery scented hair.

“Lovely.” He said, enjoying his sex slave.

Amber plopped her moist lips from Rose's tits, and moved to Ruby's luscious boobs. She grabbed Ruby's breast with her hand, and munched on it hungrily. As he saw Amber lower herself down to the floor, lie on her back, and place her head between Rose's legs, he increased the pace of his ramming into Emily. Steady slapping sounds were heard through the room, as he pushed his crotch into Alice, his hips hitting hers loudly.

Amber nibbled at Rose's wet pussy lips. It was the first time she ever ate another woman's pussy, and she made sure it looked hot, and passionate. She used her fingers to spread Rose's pussy open, and shoved her tongue in. Rose moaned into Ruby's mouth, as they kissed.

Ruby pecked Rose one last time, and went to the floor herself, searching for Amber's wet cunt. When she found it, she lowered her head, and ravaged it like it was her last meal. Her lips now vacant, Rose opened Ruby's legs, and dove into her, lips first.

Fucking his hot blonde maid, he looked down to the carpeted floor, and watched his three sex toys, entangled in a circle of primal lust. Rose ravaged Ruby's tight, virgin cunt, shaking her head frantically with her tongue out. Ruby used a different strategy, and munched on Amber's pussy like she was sucking on a ripe mango. Amber still lay on her back, with her head between Rose's legs, licking away.

“What a beautiful sight.” He said “I just love bringing good friends even closer together.”

He rammed into Alice one last, extra strong time, and pushed her away from him.

“Okay, I'm officially done with you. Go back to cleaning until I send you off to the airport.”

“Yes, my lord. Thank you so much for letting me serve you.” She took a deep bow, and walked out of the room.

“Now, let's see.” He said, surveying the lesbian love happening on the carpet below him.

“Yeah, here goes. Rose, get up here, and spread your legs for me.” He said.

“Yes, I understand, my bright light in the dark.” She said, happy to serve her tight pussy, for him to use. Her old aspirations to become a leading politician were like a distant nightmare, now. She lay on her back before him, and spread her legs.

He positioned himself between her legs, and teased her wet pussy with his cock. He slapped her pussy lips with his erection, and smiled as she squirmed for him. Then, he started putting his shaft in.

He enjoyed breaking in the new cunts, and sometimes did it slowly. With only his helmet inside of her, he twisted her nipples, causing her to moan hard, and push her hips closer towards him. Then, with his cock already halfway into her, he placed his hands on her thighs, and pushed in.

“Ah! Master! Thank you so much for fucking your unworthy sex toy!” She screamed, as he started pumping, slow at first, but increasing his speed with every thrust. She moaned happily, while her master used her as nothing but an object, for his sexual gratification. He may have treated her like a doll, but her happiness was very real.

After using her for a few minutes, he pumped hard into her a final time, and pulled out. She barely managed to moan in disappointment before he moved to sit on her, and place his cock between her tits.

“You know what to do, bitch.”

“Yes sir.” She smiled, and hugged his cock with her tits.

Her tits weren't huge, but they were big enough to engulf any cock within their soft warmth. She never served any man with her tits, though. She found it demeaning that men turned every

aspect of a woman's sexuality into a thing to shove their dicks in, or between.

The way she used to think seemed utterly ridiculous to her, now, though. As her master towered above her, bringing light to her otherwise dark existence, she made a silent declaration. She decided that, as long as her master's cock is hard, and required release, she would be nothing but a set of fuckable holes, and pump-able tits.

She moved her tits around his cock, trying to lick his tip between pumps. He wasn't paying much attention to her, since he was watching Amber, and Ruby, who were now locked in a sixty-nine position, eating each other's muffs out.

“Okay,” He said, getting off of her “Get back to those bitches on the floor, cunt.”

This time she managed to make a disappointed moan. But, she nodded, smiled, and crawled back to the floor, just the same.

“Amber,” He addressed the hot blonde, after the three of them frolicked for a few seconds “Get on the bed, on your hands and knees, and plant your face on the mattress.”

“As you wish, my lord.” Amber said, snatched her tit away from Ruby's hungry mouth, and crawled on the bed. Ruby and Rose met lips once again, and continued their luscious lesbian show.

Amber positioned herself for her master, and lowered her head, so her cheek touched the mattress. Without warning, and none of the slow insertion treatment he gave Rose, he just shoved into Amber forcefully, and meaningfully.

Like when he fucked the other blonde, sounds of their waists hitting filled the room. He leaned over to her, and pressed her head to the mattress, drilling into her, while pinning her to the bed with his cock.

Once he got tired from pumping into her, he had her move her own ass back and forth, impaling herself on his cock while he lounged, and watched his other two slaves frolic on the carpet.

As she moved back and forth on his cock, he started spanking her. With every spank, she moaned and buckled her hips a bit.

Even though he smacked her ass so unevenly, making one of her cheeks significantly redder than the other, she didn't mind. She thanked him for every slap on her now burning behind, and continued moving herself back and forth for his benefit.

“I'm your hot little fuck toy, master!” She moaned, as she felt him take charge once more, grabbing her hips, and increasing the pace of his movements. She hoped he might cum inside of her, but her hopes shattered when he gave her one final push, and then shoved her off the bed, watching her drop back to the carpet.

Once she hit the carpet, she immediately rubbed her wet cunt, unable to cope with the absence of her master's cock in it. He didn't care. He had already decided to move on to his last new cunt.

“Ruby, time for you to 'put out'.” He said, and lay on his back, on the bed “Get your ass over here, and ride me.”

“Yes, master!” Ruby moaned, and jumped up to obey. There was no hesitation in the former prude, who guarded her virginity as if it was Fort Knox. Rose moved over to Amber, giving her vacant pussy solace by slurping it with her moist lips, and wet tongue.

Ruby positioned herself above her master, spread her legs, and settled her virgin cunt on the tip of his cock. She looked like a nymph of the forest, with her long red hair flowing down to her shoulders, and her body glistening with the cold sweat from her previous romp with both Rose, and Amber.

Then, in one magical moment, she pushed herself down on his rod, disregarding any feeling of shame, pain, or discomfort she may have felt. “nnnghh...” She moaned, and whimpered, as her hymen tore, and her master's hard cock throbbed within her.

When she felt his balls touching her from below, she lifted herself up, to a point in which only the tip of his cock was inside of her. Then, much faster than before, and with a louder moan, she pushed herself down again.

Virginal blood flowed out of her wet cunt, as the young virgin continued to hop up and down, increasing the pace of her bouncing with every thrust.

“Fondle my balls with your hand, honey.” He said, and squeezed her tits together with both hands.

“Yes...nnggh...My lord.” She moaned, and gently squeezed and fondled his balls, making sure to be tender, and appreciative of his greatness. She never thought her first time would be this carnal. With her doing her best to please her partner, and never thinking of her own pleasure. In fact, she always figured it would be the opposite.

But, as the only person in her life, worth laying her eyes upon, throbbed in her deflowered pussy, she knew she would never exchange this experience for anything else. She basked in the light emanating from his body, shining her dim gray world, and increased the pace of her bouncing. It was painful, and humiliating, especially considering she was the one doing all the work. She didn't see it that way, though.

Ruby was happy to suffer any pain, as long as it brought her master pleasure. And, in her mind, there was no work she would ever do, that won't be for his benefit, anyway. Moving herself on his cock, to please him, was the most rational thing in the world.

“Turn around, I wanna see your ass bounce.” He told her, and she spun herself around, never letting his cock out of her pussy's tight embrace. She shook her hips a little differently, now, putting an emphasis on twerking her ass on his cock, since he said he wanted to 'see her ass bounce'.

He started spanking her as she rode him. Even harder than what he ushered upon Amber's ass before. Her ass was slowly painted with the color of her hair. Red, and shiny.

“*Hrrm!* I'm about to cum!” He said, grabbed her ass with both hands, and moved it on his cock, spanking her hard every few seconds.

“Please cum, master. My pussy is your toy!” She moaned, and that was all he needed, to start blowing his massive load, deep

inside her.

“Ah! Ah! Nyaaaaaaa!” She moaned, as she felt his load spurt inside of her, stream after hot stream of cum. She threw her head backwards, arched her back, and smiled at the ceiling. When he was done, she settled down, and remained on his cock, giving him a nice warm sleeve to sheath his sword in.

“Okay, I'm gonna rest a little.” He said, lightly spanking her ass once more.

“Stay just like that until I wake up, Ruby.” He told the young hottie he just cherry popped.

“Yes, my Sun and stars.” She said, with a dreamy voice.

“You two, go find Alice, and tell her to teach you the ropes of the housework here.” Amber and Rose stopped making out, said “Yes, master”, and crawled out of the room.

“Oh, and you can stand up if she tells you it's necessary, in order to perform a certain duty.” He added.

“Yes, my lord.” Their voice echoed from the hallway, as they crawled away.

“*Sigh* what a great morning this was.” He said, and drifted off to his well deserved nap, with his cock still inside Ruby's wet cunt. Ruby stared into the dark world before her, barely capable of remembering that it was the heat of daylight.

Daylight was meaningless, though. Her master – The only source of light in her life, just came inside of her, and still used her tight pussy as his cock-sleeve. Her Sun God deposited his load within her, and she felt fulfilled for the first time in her life.

Chapter Three

Rose, Ruby, and their master walked through the corridor of his office building. They walked beside him, and he had his hand on each of their pert asses. As they reached a certain entrance, he paused, and gave Rose her instructions.

“Now, the client in there goes to the same college you did, so you may recognize each other.” He said.

“Whatever relationship, or lack there of, that the two of you had, is meaningless, of course. You walk inside as his servant, and slave. Understood?”

“Of course, master. I understand.” Rose said, as her master grabbed a handful of her tits.

“Make sure you do a good job. I heard that college kid's father is loaded, and he can definitely afford my prices for the ultimate deal.”

“Yes, my lord, I always do a good job for you.” Rose smiled, and bowed.

“Okay, get going then.” He said, and spanked her.

“As you wish, sir.”

She walked into the room

“Hello, sir.” She smiled at the nervous young man who sat on the bed, in the middle of the room.

“H-Holy shit! I know you! Weren't you one of those crazy feminists? I'm sure I saw you in that rally, outside the frat party.”

“I remember, sir.” Rose said “You tried hitting on me by saying you would never dream of attending such a filthy orgy, where seniors use booze to charm the panties off of the new female students. When, in fact, they just refused to let you in.”

“Umm...Yeah...” He said, and blushed a bit. He was called a geek by others, and had very little experience with women.

“Oh, I'm so sorry, sir.” Rose said, and approached him “I didn't mean to upset you.”

She knelt before him, and placed her hand on his thigh.

“Please, sir. The past is meaningless. I'm here as nothing but your obedient servant. What is your wish, sir?” She said, trying to balance charm and submissiveness.

“W..Wow...” Was all he could say “Umm...Take your clothes off.” He said hesitantly.

“Gladly, sir.” She said, disrobed in a matter of seconds, and returned to her position of kneeling before him.

“Ohhh...Oh...Wow” He started breathing heavily. His cock got hard just by seeing her lewd nakedness.

He hesitated again, before grabbing her tits, looking at her, to check if it was okay. She nodded, smiled, and tried to convey to him that everything he wants is literally at the palm of his probing hands. He felt like he was about to cream in his pants, so he took them off, and without a word pushed her head on his hard cock.

She didn't need anything else to understand what he wanted, obviously, and immediately started kissing and licking his cock.

“Oh...My...Goooooodness...Ahhh” It was obviously the first time a woman served him with her mouth.

She started slowly, like she always does with her Sun God. She slid her tongue down the side of his shaft, and stopped to kiss his balls a few times, before going up just as slowly, licking his underside. She planned to take his cock fully in her mouth, once she reached the tip, but his cock had other plans.

“Ohh...Fuck...No,no,no!” He moaned in pleasure, and whined a bit, as he started ejaculating, obviously much sooner than intended.

Rose was a team player, though, and she happily allowed him to paint her face, and hair, with his cum. Even though it wasn't planned, he enjoyed it a lot, and couldn't help but smile as he looked at her cum covered face. A look he only saw in porn movies, before.

“Oh, fuck, that was fast.” He said.

“Thank you, sir. I love it when you shower me with your cum.” Rose said in her sexy voice, and finished with a giggle, trying to make him feel better about his premature ejaculation

“D...Does that mean I'm done?” He asked, worried.

“I'm afraid so, sir. The owner allows only one tryout. If you want me to serve you more, you'll have to buy me.” She said, hoping to make her master happy.

“Oh man, but you're not cheap. But I have the money, though. I'll have to lie to my dad, and...” He looked at her again, with wide eyes, and stopped his inconsistent ramblings.

“Oh, fuck it! Am I actually considering this? The price is nothing compared to what I get!”

Having made his decision, he grabbed her by the hair, and walked her into the master's office. Her still naked, and him still with his cock out. Rose was surprised at how forceful he suddenly was, as he pulled her by the hair, down the hallway.

He burst into the office, where the owner sat, behind a desk. The sitting man face palmed before the young man could even open his mouth.

“Kid, this is a private venue, but I would still prefer it if you left that room with your dick zipped, and a fully clothed little slavegirl.

“Oh...” The young man said, realizing he lost himself in the moment, a bit.

“S-Sorry.” He said, zipping up.

“Well, I see you're done with her.” He said, noting Rose's cum covered face.

”Is there anything you wished to discuss. Would you like to make the ultimate deal?” He spoke assertively, and tried hard not to mock the young man, on the record short duration of his trial run with Rose.

“Umm yeah. I do. For sure.” He said, and Rose' heart skipped a beat when she saw how happy her master was. She smiled at him, as cum ran down from her face to her tits.

“What's involved?” The young man asked, and sat on the chair before the owner, with Rose kneeling beside him.

“Oh, it's really simple. You give me a credit card, and sign a few fake forms.” He said.

“Now, it will be billed as 'Land of the Rising Sun Corp', and if anyone looks into the purchase, it would seem as if you bought an extremely expensive Japanese love doll. So, if that happens, you'll have to cope with a few strange looks from, well, whoever finds out.”

“I can handle that.” The young man said, and reached into his pocket. He handed the owner a rather exclusive card, that made it clear he had enough money to spare, for the purchase. The owner swiped the card, and returned it to the man.

“Now, sign here, here, and here. As you can see, these papers indicate you've purchased a simple, non animated sex doll.”

“Right, I can see that. Stop reminding me.” The young man said, slightly embarrassed.

“Relax lad. I'm just making sure.”

The man filed the papers, and looked up at his newest customer.

“Say, I also have a cute blonde, about her age, who went to the same college you go to.”

“Oh thank you, but I think one is enough, for now.” The young man said, and shook the owner's hand.

“Of course, as you wish.” the master replied, knowing the young man before him won't suffice with just one, for too long.

“So, I just leave with her.”

“Yes. She's yours, now. She will serve you in everything you need. Won't you, Rose?”

“Of course, master. Everything to please. Thank you, master.” She told the young man, looking up at him from her kneeling position. She hoped her real master knew she was actually speaking to him.

Rose's life was about to change once again, but she didn't mind. Even though she would never see her master again, she

knew his light will never be far. After all, one couldn't hope to escape the light of the real Sun, even if one wanted to.

“Okay, slave. Let's go get your clothes.” The young man said, and rose followed behind him, on her hands and knees.

“You should walk until we get to my home.”

“Yes, master.” She said, and stood on her feet.

“Thank you for your patronage, young man. Enjoy.” The man said, as the two left.

As the door slammed shut, the man checked that the money was officially transferred, and then looked at his crotch. Ruby, his red headed little vixen, was busy bobbing her head up and down on his cock.

“Heh, he couldn't last a minute with Rose sucking him off. <Sigh> To be young again.” He said, reminiscing.

“Well, I have a feeling that young man will want to buy at least one more of you, very soon.” He said, as Ruby slaved away at his cock, licking and slurping his shaft happily.

“I guess I should take my trusty telescope, and show some more young ladies the light. Hmm, plus there's all the girls you, Rose, and Amber suggested. Maybe I'll give her younger sister a visit. I think she just turned eighteen.”

“I'm so happy you get to show more women how amazing you are, my sublime master.” Ruby said, and dove on his cock again.

With no words, he patted her head gently, and came in her mouth. She swallowed, cleaned him up, and stayed under his desk until he wanted her elsewhere.

Even in the dark space she was in, his bright light extended, and defeated the looming darkness. She tasted the residue of his cum in her mouth, and said a silent prayer to her Sun God, smiling from ear to ear.

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Jogging Hotties

* * * * *

Samantha checked her new jogging outfit in front of the mirror. Her sister, Sally, knew just how important being fashionable was to her younger sister, and hoped it would entice her to take the exercise more seriously.

The tight pink fabric tightly cradled her bust, pushing her firm tits up, and giving her a very sexy cleavage. Her black bottoms were just as tight, painted around her bubbly butt and neatly hanging on to her slim waist.

She checked herself from the side, smiling and gently patting her waist, eventually moving her hand to run over her pert behind.

“Hot stuff, as always.” She praised herself, just as her phone started ringing.

“Hey, Sandy, what's up?” She answered the phone.

Sandy was her best friend. They were both eighteen, and only recently graduated from high school. They were getting ready to take college in a storm, and nobody was about to stop them, or so Samantha thought.

“Not much, snacking and watching re-runs of Inside Hollywood. I can't wait for Monday!”

Monday was their college orientation day.

“You won't believe what I heard about some of our future classmates!” She added.

“Wow, you already have gossip?! We haven't even started yet...” Samantha could always count on her friend to have all the latest in the field of dirty little secrets.

“Of course I do! Don't you know who you're talking to?!” Sandy laughed a slightly evil laugh “I'll tell you all about it tomorrow, though.”

“Why tomorrow?” Samantha asked “Aren't we going out today? There's that new club having an eighteen to twenty-one night...”

“Nah, sorry, Sam. I've got stuff to do tonight. I'm not going to a party without you, though, don't worry!”

“You'd better not! Or it'll be your life!”

Both girls laughed, right when Samantha's older sister, Sally, walked in.

“Is that Sandy?” She asked, assuming the obvious – The two girls were inseparable, after all.

“Mm hmm” Samantha confirmed with a nod.

“Well, hang up, we gotta get started. It's too late as it is.” Sally was in her jogging outfit, as well, a pair of white yoga pants as a bottom, and a matching tight, white shirt, as a top. Sally's busty cleavage almost popped out as she started stretching in front of the mirror, getting her body ready for her morning jog.

Samantha rolled her eyes, as she watched her older sister do her stretches, and curled her lips derisively.

“Listen, I have to get going. My sister is dragging me to a jog...”

“Sounds awesome!” Sandy chuckled “Say hi for me.” And she hung up.

“Sandy says hi.” She told the still stretching Sally.

“Are you really wearing these white tights for a jog? I bet they become invisible if you get wet.” Samantha asked, while trying to mimic her sister's stretching exercises.

“Why would I get soaked? It hardly ever rains around here.” Sally said, and added “Straighten your legs.” trying to guide her sister to stretch her muscles better

Sally had been pestering her little sister for months, trying to get Samantha to join her on her morning jogs. Samantha tried to tell her she didn't need to do more exercise. She was in perfect shape, and with all the clubbing she's been doing, she was bound to stay that way.

Samantha spent almost every night dancing her ass off, teasing guys with her slender, yet curvaceous body, showing just enough of her smooth skin to give them a sudden case of blue balls.

“It's not just to stay in shape, Sam.” Sally argued “It's for your soul. It helps free your mind, and get you to relax. It helps you collect yourself, and focus yourself on what's really important.”

Samantha could only take a certain amount of that Zen babble, before relenting, and giving it a shot. It was obviously important to Sally, otherwise she wouldn't have bought Samantha brand new jogging clothes.

Samantha hardly had the heart to tell her older sister that she was already thinking of how she could turn her tight pink top, and equally tight black yoga pants, into proper party wear.

The two nubile sisters locked the door behind them, and took the stairs down to the ground floor of their apartment complex. Finally basking in the warm morning sun, Samantha took a sip of her water, and asked "Where to?", since she figured Sally probably had her own personal jogging path, which they had to follow. She was extremely pedantic that way.

By the time she finished her gulp, and lowered her head, Sally was already twenty feet ahead of her.

"Hey, wait up!" She called out, and rushed after her older sister.

"You snooze, you lose, Sam." Sally said as Samantha reached her "We're behind schedule, as it is."

"What **Pant** schedule?" Samantha asked, out of breath after sprinting to catch up to Sally "Why does everything need to be on a schedule with **Pant** You?!"

"Trust me, Sam, you'll thank me later, for instilling a sense of commitment in you." Sally said. Samantha rolled her eyes in derision and disbelief, trying to keep up with her older sister.

Sally was right about one thing, Samantha realized – It was really easy for her to just turn her mind off, and become increasingly immersed in the unchanging pace of their jog.

She became so absent minded, that she didn't even consider how sexy the two of them looked, running next to each other. Her older sister's sizable boobs, bouncing with every step, and their pert asses swaying from side to side, and shaking every time their feet stomped the ground, in unison with the bouncing of their perky breasts.

Samantha would usually notice such a prime opportunity to tease innocent men. Now, however, she simply gave herself to the movement, her eyes losing focus, as her mind fixated on the important things in her life.

At that point, Sally's eyes were glassy, distant, and entranced. She could only process the need to guide her sister through the track she knew so well, only staying a few feet ahead of Samantha, completely blank and mindless.

It was the track to her master's house, and she finally managed to bring him the present he so richly deserved - Her nubile teen sister, on a silver platter, wearing sexy jogging clothes.

As much as she tried thinking of important things, like her future, or the next party she'll attend, something kept distracting Samantha, scattering her thoughts away and leaving them in disarray. It was a weird buzz, deep in her mind, and somehow it kept getting stronger and stronger, as the two sisters continued their jog.

"Sally, there's something weird....This...Buzzing...in my head..." Her voice was barely a whisper, but her mindless sister heard her plight, nonetheless.

"That's okay, Samantha." Sally droned "Just focus on that buzzing. Let it take over, and tell you the truth."

"But...I'm trying to...Think of...Important..." Samantha tried saying, but her consciousness became more clouded with every passing second, and she, in turn, became increasingly compliant, and suggestible.

"Nothing is more important than that buzz, Samantha." Sally said slowly, still jogging at a never changing pace. She never called Samantha using her full first name, rather than calling her Sam, or Sammy, but Samantha was in no condition to notice.

"Nothing. More. Important..." Samantha echoed after her sister.

"There's no need to think. Just focus on the buzzing. Let it seep into, and replace your thoughts." Sally said.

“No. Need. To think. Replace. Mind. No mind...” Samantha droned, her body jogging forward on its own.

Samantha felt herself floating higher and higher, and the buzz in her mind became stronger and stronger, until she could no longer find a reason to fight it. That was when she fully accepted it, and could finally hear what lay beyond the incessant buzz that made her mind go numb.

Samantha's education was almost instant, and more ingrained in her than any college education could ever become. The voice of her master seeped into her mind, and told her of her only purpose in life. He told her she had to obey, and her mind soaked it in, and she had to agree, with every fiber of her soul.

The voice in her mind told her she was nothing but a collection of comfortable holes, for her master to enjoy, and she couldn't help but agree with every word. The voice told her that she was his fuckdoll, his sex toy, his servant, and his slave, and she agreed instantaneously.

“My tits...Cunt...Ass...And boobs...Belong to master...” She repeated after the buzzing voice.

“That's right, Samantha. Our bodies exist for our master's pleasure.” Sally calmly affirmed, wearing a dreamy smile on her face, and a blank stare in her eyes.

Sally didn't need to guide her little sister through the path to their master's humble abode, anymore. Samantha's entire existence was drawn to the same place, and she was slowly jogging to where the voice in her mind instructed her, every step cementing her master's control over her body, and soul.

The buzz emanating from her master's ingenious device kept getting stronger, even though his control over the two sexy sisters could not, since it was already perfect, and absolute.

They finally reached the place where the buzzing was strongest, and their bodies immediately became excited. Their cunts moistened, their nipples tingled, and their heads were numb and empty, nearly unable to parse how aroused they had become

They entered the seemingly ordinary apartment building, and stood at the lobby. If Samantha and Sally had half a mind left, they would pause and stare at the odd behavior of the four naked women in the building's lobby, busily and diligently cleaning it.

They all had vibrating dildos in their pussies, which made them involuntarily wiggle their cute asses as they worked, at a pace matching the buzzing vibrations. Two blondes were busy cleaning the lobby's big mirror, which nearly covered one of the walls entirely.

They passionately kissed their reflection on the mirror, their mesmerized eyes shining and empty, and then used their bodies to lather their saliva across the reflective surface, making it sparkle

None of the working girls had sponges, washcloths, or brooms. All they had was a bucket of soapy water, in which they dipped their sizable tits, and used them to clean all that needed cleaning.

Other than the two blondes laboring on the mirror, there was a busty redhead, and a brunette who clearly had her tits enlarged, dipping their massive cleavage in the bucket, and then running their soapy tits across the floor, like human mops.

It was as if the dildos in their twats could notice when they were slowing down, and when they did, the rubber rods encouraged them by increasing the vibrations, which in turn amplified both the humming, and the pace in which their butts swayed sideways. It also put a thankful, bright, smile on their mesmerized faces.

A spiral staircase connected the lobby and the first floor, and the two mindlessly obedient sisters were drawn upstairs, still jogging their cute asses off, desperate to reach their master.

Another busty woman in her mid-twenties worked on the staircase's railing, engulfing it with her massive boobs, going up and down the staircase with the wooden railing between her tits. It was obvious she was skilled in the art of titfucking.

They were all humming as they worked - A synchronized, drone-like hum, like the one that ruled their mind. In fact, it was almost like the humming that entranced Samantha and Sally came from the nude slaves, roaming the apartment building, like a pack of sexy, tamed kittens.

The hum was still growing stronger, though, and the jogging sisters reached depths of mindlessness they would never have thought existed, even if they had a shred of mind left.

They passed a few dark haired women with the words “coat hangers“ tattooed on their lean bellies. Their nipples were pierced, and two circular rings were attached to them, ready for coats, umbrellas, and other things to be hung from their tits.

Some of these women pushed their chests forward, almost begging to be used for the purpose tattooed on them. Samantha and Sally finally approached the door they so desperately sought - Their master's home on the seventh floor. Even though they walked all the way up, they felt energized and ready to serve his every need.

Sally had already visited the master, many times before, so she allowed her sister to take the first step into his inner sanctum. She made sure to follow closely behind, though.

Their god sat on a velvet sofa, with another of his slaves in between his legs, giving him a slurpy hummer. She had short, brunette hair, gathered in a ponytail, and wore a doctor's white coat.

Her long legs and butt were bare, and her shirt was lowered, to expose her shapely tits. By her apparent age, she was most likely an intern at the local hospital. Just as the two sexy joggers took their places before him, side by side, awaiting his commands, he started cumming in the mouth that enveloped his cock.

“Oh, yeah...” He said “Now, share my load with your successors, tell them what must be done, and get back to your everyday life.”

“Of course, master. I exist to serve you.” She said, her mouth full of his cum. She turned around to face Sally, and planted a

wet kiss on her lips. Sally kissed back, happily sharing her master's thick load with the hot brunette.

When their lips, tongues, and mouths were properly lathered with his seed, they both swallowed, and the brunette went on to tell Sally of her duties.

Their master kept his outdoor enslaved bitches on a tight schedule. Sally always came to him at the same time, and she always signaled the departure of the young doctor. If the two weren't mindless sex toys, they would've at least become acquaintances, by now, if not actual friends.

"I cleaned the windows, washed the dishes, and gave our master his morning blowjob." The doctor said, putting her panties and pants back on, and covering her tits with her shirt.

"You'll need to clean the floor of the living room, and provide our master with his post ejaculation entertainment. I filled a bucket of freezing water, over there." She said, and pointed to one of two buckets she had prepared, the one that still had visible ice cubes floating in the water that filled it.

"Thank you, slave sister." Sally said. The report was usually the same, and so were her duties, but sometimes she arrived before her master could climax, and he decided to start her duties by using both her and the young doctor together. She liked those days the most.

The brunette turned her beeper back on. She wouldn't allow anything to interfere with serving her master, not even a life or death medical emergency. If Samantha could think, she would probably wonder why the water in the bucket were freezing, and why did the enslaved doctor make sure to point that fact out.

The answer to that question became quite obvious, a mere second later. Sally lifted the bucket over her head, and mercilessly poured the freezing water over her entire body, soaking her from head to toe.

Samantha was right about one thing – Sally's white jogging clothes did become completely transparent. Her nipples poked through, and almost tore her tight white shirt, and her white

yoga pants were sucked in between her ass cheeks. The white pants also became painted on her cunt, showing her tight lower lips through the fabric.

Sally gasped loudly as the shock of the freezing cold water hit her, and then returned to her standing position, shivering and waiting for her master to order her to embark on her cleaning duties.

“And who's that cute piece of ass? She's new, isn't she?” He asked.

“Yes master.” Sally said, struggling to stand still, while freezing her teeth off.

“She's my younger sister, master - Turned eighteen a few months ago.”

Sally turned her head to look at her sister.

“Introduce yourself, Samantha.” She said, and spanked her little sister's pert behind, urging her to talk.

“Ah...” Samantha responded with a yelp, to the sharp slap on her ass.

“Of course, I apologize, master.” She said, as her numb mind caught on.

“My name is Samantha. I exist to please you with my sexy, young body. Thank you so much for allowing me to stand before you, master. It is a great honor, master.” She took a bow, lowering herself to show the lewd cleavage her pink top created.

“How cute. I love the new ones, especially when they're young and fresh. Kind of like you, when I first tapped your worthless ass.” He told Sally.

“Yes master.” Sally said, her lips turning blue from the freezing water she poured on herself.

“I'm assuming she also has too many people who would notice her disappearance, so she can't move in and join my stable of in house sex toys, right?”

“Yes master.” Sally said, her body trembling “I'm sorry, master.”

He sighed, looked deep into Sally's eyes, and smiled.

“Oh, I can't bear to see you like that, bitch.” He said, although it seemed like he was enjoying himself, quite a bit.

“You may begin your duties.” He told her.

“Oh, thank you, master!” She nearly jumped, and took the second bucket, which had lukewarm soapy water in it. She quickly dipped her clothed tits in the water, her white blouse contracting a significant amount of soap, and started fervently wiping the floor, using her breasts. Sally moved her entire body, both for the viewing pleasure of her master, and to keep her core temperature up.

He watched his busty morning jogger slave shake her ass while cleaning his floor with her tits, until he got bored and turned his gaze to Samantha.

Normally, he would start ordering Sally about, telling her to orgasm and squirt her juices, and then use those very juices to shine the floor. Sometimes, he would have her pretend she's a fish out of water, her slippery body writhing on the floor, only breathing when he allowed her to.

He would usually have her do all sorts of humiliating things while cleaning the floor, until he finally had another hard-on. This time, though, he had a brand new toy to test out.

“Come sit on my lap, you tight little cunt.” He told Samantha.

“Yes master.” The words naturally rolled out of her mouth. She skipped over to him, wrapped one slender arm around the back of his neck, and parked her pert behind on his crotch, making sure to sit softly on the flaccid bulge in his underpants.

“That's nice.” He told the smiling teen, while squeezing her perky tits through her pink shirt, before moving his hand to caress her thigh.

“I like your jogging outfit - Really cute and sexy.” He complimented, and she smiled a radiant smile at him, fully content in letting him treat her like a doll.

“Thank you so much, master. My sister got it for me.” He looked over to Sally, still busy wiggling her ass and cleaning the

floor with her tits.

“She's a very good sex slave, your sister.” He said, making both sisters squirm with arousal.

“I'm so happy, master.” Samantha said, her crotch becoming soaked “I hope I can please you like she does.”

“Oh, I'm sure you can.” He assured her, feeling her young lust seep through to his own crotch. That was the good thing about emptying their minds altogether, all it took was a good word from him, the center of their universe, to get them all wet and aroused

“Take this cute top off.” He said, touching her pink top “I wanna see your tits.”

She nodded, smiled, and peeled her shirt off, throwing it over to where her sister was. It landed on Sally's head, who continued scrubbing the floor with her tits, completely ignoring the flimsy piece of fabric that now covered her eyes. It fell off her head eventually, but not before she hit a coffee table, in her blindness.

“Now, tell me, what are you up to these days? Are you in college?” He asked Samantha, while cupping her tits with his burly hand, his other hand around her back, holding her on his lap.

“Mmm yes master.” She said with a sweet moan, unable to ignore his probing hands “I'm just about to start college.” She certainly didn't imagine she'll be sprawled across a stranger's lap, by the end of the so called “morning jog”

“Well, you make sure to not make too many friends, and never get a boyfriend.” He told her, and started sucking her nipples hungrily.

“Your ass is mine, and mine alone, now.” He added, and pinched her nipple hard, before sucking on her other tit.

“*Phua!*” She squealed “Yes, master!”

Her plans to take college in a storm, and party all night, every night, changed in a heartbeat, as she sat topless on her master's lap, and he squeezed his new piece of owned property, his brand new fuck toy.

“Fuck! New nubile teen sluts always make me so fucking hard.” He said, and she certainly noticed. The bulge in his pants now poked her cute ass, more than ready to drill into any of her holes, and she was happy to avail them all, for his proper use.

He quickly grabbed her leg, and adjusted her to mount him, with her legs spread above his crotch. He continued ravaging her tits while fondling and squeezing her ass cheeks.

In her excitement, she started dry humping her master, moving her hips in circles, and moaning like a whore. She was so wet, that it took mere seconds for his underpants to become just as soaked as her new jogging pants.

“I wanna fuck your pussy, bitch.” He growled at her, breathing down her neck while spanking her pert ass.

“Make it available for me.” He commanded.

Normally, Samantha wouldn't appreciate such a rough treatment, but this wasn't any normal circumstance. Her master simply demanded to play with one of his many toys, namely her cunt, and she was determined to allow him, like any dutiful sex doll would.

She quickly tore a hole in her brand new tights, and started rubbing her tight pussy lips on his still clothed erection. She was so happy she chose not to wear panties for the jog, so only one layer of fabric separated her master from enjoying her pristine twat.

He moved his hard cock to the open while she continued grinding her hips on his crotch, like an enthusiastic puppy.

Samantha breathed heavily, and started running her pussy lips up and down the length of his cock, trying desperately to help him in, so he could fuck her senseless.

“Ah! Master!” Her tongue dangled from her mouth, and she had a crazed look on her face, as her arousal mixed with her submission to her master, and made her pussy feel so empty and eager to be filled.

He couldn't care less for her present mental state, and continued pinching, spanking, rubbing, and fondling the nubile teen, enjoying her pussy lips as they lathered juices on his cock, desperately trying to swallow it whole.

“*Aah!*” She moaned when her pussy finally found its prize, and immediately took his hard-on halfway inside.

“Ohh, fuck, what a horny little slut!” He moaned as she took his cock all the way in, and started bouncing on him, squealing loudly with every bounce of her perfect ass, wearing a dumb and horny smile on her face.

“Bitch! I want my balls sucked!” He called out. Samantha gave an out of breath “Yes, master.” and rushed to obey, but was quickly stopped by her master, who spanked her harshly.

“Not you, bitch.” He told the stupefied young sex slave, and she increased the pace of her vertical movements, to apologize for her silly mistake.

Sally knew her master was talking to her. Her own “yes, master” was too weak to reach their ears through the moans and slapping sounds of Samantha's ass hitting his crotch. She stopped cleaning the floor, and hurriedly crawled over to him.

The fact that it was her own little sister bouncing on him, impaling her cunt on his cock, didn't faze Sally in the slightest. She planted her lips on his testicles, kissing passionately and lewdly, her sister's ass hitting the top of her head with each of her enthusiastic bounces.

“Oh fuck! your lips are freezing!” He moaned happily, laying his head on the couch cushion behind him.

“And your cunt” He pinched Samantha's nipple between his thumb and forefinger “is so fucking tight, and warm, and wet. This is fucking heaven.”

Both Samantha and Sally were ready to die that instant, after hearing their master praise their service so highly. Instead, they both trembled in a massive orgasm. Sally increased the pace of her tender kisses on his balls, as her body rocked in a blinding

climax, and Samantha tightened her pussy around his cock, squealing louder than before, as her own orgasm thundered through her entire body.

Energized as he neared his own climax, he swiftly grabbed Samantha's legs, and got up to his feet, knocking Sally back on her owned ass, and fucking Samantha in a standing position.

He pumped into his tight new toy a few more times, and then dropped her to the floor. She fell on her knees with a thump and a moan, and squealed in delight when she felt her master's strong hands grab her by the hair.

He took hold of both sisters and planted their mouths on the sides of his cock, pumping his rod between their puckered lips.

“Ohh yeah! Fuck!” He moaned, and increased the pace of his movements, using both their heads to jerk himself off to a pleasant orgasm.

Samantha opened her eyes, and saw Sally looking straight at her, tears of joy and pride streaming from her eyes. The two sisters shared a warm moment filled with love for each other, and devotion to their master. Just then, he started cumming, spraying his load on the floor Sally worked so hard to clean.

Samantha wordlessly thanked her sister for urging her to join the morning jogs, for bringing her to their master, and for making sure they weren't late. Sally, on her part, wordlessly acknowledged her younger sister's grateful eyes, with another tear drop, and a small smile on her cock rubbing lips.

After he shot the final hot spurt of cum out of his cock, he collapsed back down on the couch, and his two slavegirls each took a side at his feet, licking and kissing his cock clean.

“I want to see you lick my cum off the floor.” He said once the touch of their mouths lost its effect on his flaccid manhood.

“Yes master.” They said together, crawled to where he came, leaned their heads down, and started licking, wiggling their asses in perfect unison. They moaned and guzzled his cum with the same ferocity that Samantha had, when she rode his cock earlier, and their tongues often met as they licked the floor.

Samantha's pussy glistened from between her buttocks, which were still mostly covered by her black tight pants. Sally's clothes were still soaked and transparent, but her master's use of her body served to warm her up nicely, so she was no longer freezing and shivering.

Just when Samantha lapped up the last of her master's load, the door to his not so humble abode opened, and an Asian looking woman, wearing a business suit, walked in.

Samantha stared at her, incredulously, as the serious looking woman undressed and revealed her big, and obviously surgically enhanced tits. She remained with only her white garter belt on, and awaited further commands with a blank face.

Sally knew the businesswoman just as much as she knew the young doctor they relieved when they arrived, and she was ready for her master to order her to pass the torch of personal slavery, to the exotic, foreign slavegirl.

“You, new cunt, come here.” He told Samantha. She crawled over to him, and respectfully kissed his cock.

“I bet you are quite a party girl, huh?” He said.

She nodded with a mouthful of his balls.

“From now on, you'll come here at night, and be my own personal party toy. Hmm, five days a week, so your other party friends don't get suspicious.”

He continued to give her specific days and times, which she embedded in her mind. Samantha was sad she won't serve her master every night, but his will was golden to her, and she could never argue. She kissed his flaccid tip, acknowledged his commands, and crawled back to kneel next to her sister.

He told Sally to update the Japanese businesswoman with her duties.

“Me and my sister brought our master to his second orgasm this morning. You must prepare his breakfast, and entertain him while he eats.”

She kissed the Japanese woman, with plenty of tongue, letting her taste the cum she lapped off the floor.

Back on their feet, the two sisters jogged out of the room, shaking their cute asses away from their master, hoping the sight will convince him to let them stay, and serve him more.

He had other slaves to use, though, and before long, the two were once again under the hot sun, jogging back to their home. Samantha managed to turn a few heads, when people noticed the hole in her pants, and her wet pussy twinkling in the morning sun.

Sally turned even more heads, especially since some men already noticed her schedule, and were always ready for another sneak peek of the girl with transparent jogging clothes.

Both sisters were oblivious to the stares, and even though they moved away from the buzz in a brisk pace, it remained the prominent focus in their minds. Samantha's life changed forever, and she hoped her body would please her master, for that exact amount of time.

The eighteen year old hottie spent the rest of the day in her jogging clothes, rubbing her pussy and dreaming of eternal servitude. After the sun sank, she entered the shower, primped herself up, and made herself pretty, as if she was going to a party.

Her mom didn't even ask where she was headed to, since she was used to her younger daughter partying every night. Sally didn't bother her sister, either, and only gave her a loving smile, knowing exactly where her younger sister was going.

She walked over to her master's building, as fast as she could, carried on the entrancing waves of the buzzing that wiped her mind clean. Her pussy was already soaking wet when she was halfway there, and her only regret was that she couldn't bring her best friend, Sandy, along to serve her master with her.

She knew Sandy will find it weird when Samantha started declining five nights of parties a week. On the other hand, Sandy has been coming to fewer parties, herself, lately. So, Samantha saw her new place in life as a bit of poetic justice. Her best friend

will learn how it felt whenever she heard the cryptic words “I've got something to do tonight.”

Samantha felt elated, until the moment she entered her master's apartment. Sandy, her best friend, was naked, on her hands and knees, wiggling her ass and inviting her master to use her.

She was just as slender and attractive as Samantha, if a little more on the petite side. Samantha was shocked to see the size of her tits, and realized her master had Sandy enlarge them.

Samantha felt bad for thinking those horrible things of her friend, when all she was doing, all those nights, was serving their divine master. As always, her master had the perfect solution to her plight, and told her to disrobe, and eat her best friend's sloppy pussy. Samantha figured that would be the best way to apologize to her best friend, and fellow sex slave.

Sandy, on her end, noted that at least now she won't have to bother lying to Samantha about her boob job, although she was more than ready with an “I just felt like having bigger breasts” speech.

Samantha never thought she'd be crawling behind her best friend, and shoving her face in her wet twat, licking and slurping her honeypot until Sandy achieved an orgasm.

As she felt her master sticking his cock in her own wet pussy, from behind, and her best friend's hot pussy juices squirting on her face, Samantha realized some things were much more important than college, parties, and even her life.

Things like her master's happiness, and using her body to provide him with pleasure, and comfort.

How some women managed to live their lives not serving his every need, was truly beyond her, and she vowed to make as many of them see the light, and succumb to the greatness that is her one and only master.

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Mind Blowing Comedy

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Chapter One

The large room was filled with round tables. Seated by the girls of Alpha-Sigma-Phi, the hottest sorority in the local college. The bar served non alcoholic drinks and the stage was ready for the house comedian to perform on.

“Why are we having the yearly event in some dank comedy club?” Danielle asked Tina.

“Michelle says this guy was highly recommended by her best friend from high school..”

“Who's that?”

“Dunno, some girl called Lisa. She never went to college.”

“This better be good. I didn't join Alpha-Sigma-Phi for some B-grade comedy show.”

Danielle felt entitled, with good reason. She was hot to trot and sharp as a whip. The sorority was lucky to have her. And soon, she'll dethrone Michelle and make sure embarrassing events like this comedy club nonsense never happen again.

“You know” Tina said “I heard the guy performing actually owns this place.”

“Really? How can some anonymous comedian get enough money for a place like this?” Danielle raised an eyebrow.

“Ladies and gentle--Well, ladies, I guess. Please welcome the best comedian in history. Here comes Jack Denvers!”

“Best comedian in history?” Danielle and Tina repeated with a mocking tone, rolling their eyes.

Chapter Two

How did I get to own my own comedy club? Well, Many people ask me that. I'm sorry, I should introduce myself. My name is Jack Denvers, and I'm the best comedian in history. Never heard of me? Well, I'm not surprised. But I am the best in history, and I'll prove it to you.

I always knew I wanted to be a comedian. I had dreams of fame and wealth, and I always felt like I had an endless pit within me, that can only be filled by hearing people laugh at my jokes. I know, needy, aren't I?

It all started about two years ago. I just finished writing the best comedy routine of my life. I weaved it like strands of pure gold, perfecting every joke, every punchline and every syllable. I worked day and night, planning every second of the show, timing every breath perfectly.

I had to. This was probably my last chance of getting the fame I so desperately wanted. I was twenty-five, and an inch away from being homeless. This routine had to be perfect, and it was. If this won't get me in the big leagues, I might as well go work in a cubicle for the rest of my life.

The day I finished my masterpiece, I was determined to try it on one of my friends and see if I really had the pure gold I thought I did. The opportunity came that evening. I drove two of my friends, Angela and Julia to a party. I was the designated driver, which is always fun at a wild party, isn't it?

* * * *

“C'mon Jack, let's go!” Julia screamed at me. I came down the stairs, and saw Julia in her sexy low cut dress and tight jeans. She saw me and started walking to the car, shaking her ass seductively. Julia was the definition of a blond bombshell, and she knew it.

I tried hitting on her when we first met. And from her reaction, I really thought I had a chance.

That was before I learned what a major tease she was. She obviously enjoyed me salivating all over her, knowing I'll never get anywhere.

Why did I stay her friend? Well, as hot as she was, Salivating from afar had it's merits. Angela was one of the merits, as well. Julia's best friend. She had curly brunette hair and an athletic body. Angela wasn't a tease. Well, she didn't really need to be. She had the best, perfectly formed ass I have ever seen. She actually punched me once when she caught me staring at it.

Because of that, Angela also put me in the eternal friend zone, like Julia. Well, more like the friend of a 'friend that I am forced to cope with' zone. I didn't care, she was hot. And when I'm famous and rich, we'll see if she warms up to me a little or not.

At the party, I tried to find the best time to ask them if they would be my test audience for my new routine. And when I say the best time, I mean when they're sufficiently drunk.

"I don't think so. No time to waste on that." Angela said coldly. I knew Angela won't change her mind, so Julia became my only option.

"Julia, it's the best, funniest thing you've ever heard! I worked on it for months!"

"Well..." She rolled her eyes, she enjoyed seeing me beg.

"Pleeease" I exclaimed, being as pathetic as I could be, she liked that.

"Okay, okay. But it better be good!"

"You'll see. You'll laugh so hard you'll cough out a lung." I said enthusiastically. After dropping Angela at her place, I took Julia to my crummy apartment. There was a note on the door, that I was trying to ignore. It was from my bitch of a landlord, giving me a finally final and definitely last notice, that I would be kicked out if I didn't pay my rent immediately.

I wanted to start the show, but Julia was still yammering about the party. I let her talk on and on, because otherwise she might get mad and decide to go back on her promise.

"No thanks, I don't drink water. Got any juice?"

“You don't drink water? Seriously?” I asked, amazed.

“Yeah, because--” she started.

“It's where fish fuck?” I completed her sentence. She smiled “heh, no, I just hate the taste, it's bitter.”

“Well, now you know why!”

That made her chuckle, feeding the endless pit within me, just a little a bit.

“That's why I like being friends with a comedian.” She said.

“I feel so used...” I said “So wait, you only drink sugary juices? And you still look like...well, you?”

She nodded, pretending like she doesn't get what I'm so shocked about.

“Now I understand why you're so averse to men hitting on you. You're scared they actually are hit-men sent by the rest of womankind.”

“Mmm, not your best punch line, that felt a bit dry.” she said with a mocking smile.

“Yeah, I felt it too” I agreed “But, with some rephrasing, and better timing, I think it can work. Or maybe you just need to get a little wet.” I said, handing her the juice she craved with a horny stare.

“Keep flirting, funny man, see where it gets you.” She winked at me. I knew it meant nothing, just her 'harmless teasing'.

“Aye aye, ma'am!” I said.

I was losing hope of performing my new bit that night. Especially after she made a face when I reminded her of it.

“Well,” I said, giving it one last try, “what about my new routine. You did promise...”

“It's pretty late. And you need to drive me home..” she said. I made a sad puppy face. Surprisingly, it worked on the master teaser.

“You know what? Drive me home and do the routine there.” She said.

“Great!” I said, and picked my keys, as she finished her drink.

“You know,” I started, as I drove her home “Since it is quite late, maybe I can stay the night after I'm done..” I gave a her a half-smile.

She responded with a knowing grin “Don't make me regret this.” she said.

“But it's so late!” I insisted.

She rolled her eyes “Fine, you can sleep on the couch. I have a lock on my door anyway.” she said.

“I'm glad you trust me so much...” I said, pretending to be hurt. She saw right through me, obviously.

“I'm also glad you underestimate my lock picking skills.” I said, and started whistling casually.

“I sleep with a gun.” she retorted snidely.

“kinky!” I said, and made her burst in laughter.

When we got to her home, she went to change to her night clothes, saying she wants to go to sleep right after I'm done. You guessed it, there's nothing a comedian likes more than an audience that just can't wait to go to sleep. But, beggars can't be choosers.

I changed my tune once I saw what she called “night clothes”.

She wore a flimsy pink top and shorts that only covered her “essentials” and nothing more. It was the kind of outfit lesbians wear in porn movies before they start making out.

She saw me stare, mouth open “If you lost your ability to speak, you may as well get back home.” She mocked me. I got a little mad every time I realized how much she enjoyed teasing me.

We went to her room, and she sat on her bed. I took some deep breaths and was ready to start. Yes, a hot blonde half naked on her bed, and I was intent on...making her laugh. I get now why people say life's a joke.

“Okay, let's go” I gave myself a small pep talk, before beginning.

“Hey there! Nice to be here, in your bedroom. Thanks for having me. I'm here today to make you laugh so hard you'll forget

the actual purpose of having guys in this room.” She smiled and giggled at that, always good to start off with a personalized joke for the local audience.

I continued, and after only two more sentences...

“Boooo! You suck!” she yelled.

I stared at her, slightly annoyed.

“You know, this is pretty serious for me. I mean it is my job and...” I said.

“What?! I'm training you for hecklers.” she said, smiling.

“Oh, I can handle hecklers, don't worry. Now shut up, and let me entertain you until you laugh your ass off.” I went back into my performance mode.

“I dunno, I kinda like it.” she said.

“I don't blame you.” I said, stealing another distracting glimpse “Now, let's continue!”

I finally picked up the pace and got into the brunt of my new routine. Julia's reactions were exactly what I hoped for. She started out with some chuckling, but quickly she erupted in laughter more often than not.

Ten minutes in, Julia was laughing so hard she could hardly breathe. At a certain point, I was actually getting worried she might have an asthma attack. But I didn't stop, I had to finish the entire routine. This was my ticket to the life of the rich and famous, after all.

So far, it seemed that I was right, this was my best creation ever. I never saw her laugh that hard. Heck, I never saw anyone laugh that hard. She was on her bed, rolling and flinging her hands all around, as I continued a steady pace of punch lines. Then, her face started getting red. Could she actually choke herself to death, laughing? No way! I mean, there's no way her body would laugh hard enough to choke the oxygen to her brain.

It was her brain that was doing the laughing, wasn't it? The other parts of her body are just following what her brain wants...

So I continued, trying my best to focus past my concern for her. A much harder burden on my concentration came from having one of the hottest girls I knew convulsing on her bed in her night clothes. She probably wasn't aware of it, but I could easily see her tits jiggling as she laughed.

Oh, who am I kidding, she was probably aware and happy to find another way to tease me. Sometimes, her savage laughter brought her to roll over on her stomach and involuntarily shake her body, in a way that made her curves and ass un-ignorable.

The scariest moment in my life was most likely in the middle of one of those fits of rolling laughter. She was on her stomach, her shapely ass moving sideways as she writhed in roaring laughter. A roar that slowly died off, but the laughter continued.

She was obviously laughing so hard she lost her voice, and couldn't bring herself to take a breath. But I was still sure nothing too bad could happen. She was a young woman in the prime of her life, after all.

Suddenly, her face changed from laughter to pure distress, only for a fraction of a second, but it was obvious she was frantically searching for air.

In a moment of pure terror, I saw her face slacken and her eyes glaze over. Her body slumped on the bed, completely motionless. That finally made me stop, even though I had thirty more minutes in my show.

“J-J-Julia? A...Are you okay?” I asked, stuttering and shivering furiously.

There was no response. She just lay there, mouth and eyes open, body completely limp.

“Holy shit, what have I done?” I felt my heart drop to my kneecaps. Right before escaping as fast as my trembling legs could carry me, like the coward I am, I saw her chest move. Lucky I took a horny glance at her breasts, even in that situation. Hey, don't judge me! I was really backed up at the time. I think I went about six months without any action...

I approached her and checked her pulse. She was alive, if nothing else.

“Great, I didn't kill her. I just put her in a completely catatonic state...”

“Gr-Great...” I heard her voice whisper. She was barely moving her lips.

“Julia?” I started having hope again “Can you hear me?”

“Yesssss...” She said sleepily, with her eyes wide open.

“Are you...okay?” I asked again

“Okaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaay” she repeated, drone-like. It was totally creepy. I didn't know what to do, or what to think.

“Should I call an ambulance?” I asked her.

“Am-bu-lance?” She could barely get the complicated word out of her mouth, slurring it out syllable after syllable. Somehow, she seemed relaxed, and had a silly smile on her face as the words came out.

“Is this a joke?” I wondered aloud “Cause you know, I'm the joke maker here.” I smiled at her, hoping against hope she'll snort in my face and tell me how pathetic I looked, all scared like that.

But she just stared into space.

“Come on, this can't be happening!” I grabbed her shoulders and shook her back and forth, not even a flinch.

“Come on, get up, Julia! Wake up! Stand up!” I yelped in desperation.

“Stand...up...” She droned, and immediately got off the bed and on to her feet, as if she wasn't lying limply like a zombie for the past five minutes. I stared at her, completely baffled.

By now, I understand what happened to her. Well, not really, I'd have to be some sort of a brilliant brain scientist or something to really understand.

But I gather it's something along these lines: Laughing so hard, her brain put a strain on the rest of her body. Her brain needs her body to pump blood and oxygen to it, but she just

couldn't stop laughing, thus depriving her brain of the very things it needed to exist.

So, with no other choice, her brain eventually collapsed. It's not like it stopped working, it just temporarily shut itself off. Like a computer resetting.

For some reason, and here we get to the part I would never understand, even if I spent the rest of my life studying neuro-something or other. But, for some reason, her mind was still listening, or at least hearing. And with her brain shut off, there was no barrier between my words and her body. She couldn't even consider what I was saying, but her body could act upon it, and did.

“What's going on here?” I mumbled, still completely in shock at the time.

“Uhm...Sit down, Julia.” I said.

“Sit...down..” She echoed back, and sat down.

As I continued assessing the situation, telling her to stand up and sit down, and watching her obey brainlessly, I decided she was definitely not joking, and that she can only act upon my words, and nothing else.

I sported an erection at that moment. Surprised? Well, you really shouldn't be. She had pure blond hair at shoulder length, C-cup tits, long smooth legs and an ass to die for. Only an impotent would be able to ignore that.

Ignoring possible consequences, and without thinking (ironic, I know), I told her to take her top off.

“Take...top...off...” was her only response, as she swiftly removed her flimsy pink top, her breasts fully revealed. She wasn't wearing a bra, obviously. This were her slumber clothes, and she had no need for a bra or panties. I still can't believe a woman as hot as her trusted me enough to be alone with her, in that outfit. But that's just who she was, getting off on showing me that which I'll never have. Apparently, she made quite a big mistake thinking that.

With a dry mouth, and a hard cock, I approached the doll like girl from behind, and reached around her, grabbing her bare tits.

I started squeezing, fondling and pinching her tits and nipples. Without noticing, I started to roughly dry hump her from behind as I had my way with her boobs.

I was like a horny primate, moving my hands from her tits to her ass and spanking her occasionally. I was completely lost in the moment, letting my “lower brain” take charge. I came really close to finishing, just from fondling her and roughly bumping my crotch on her soft, barely clothed ass (Don't judge me! It really had been a LONG time!), when I suddenly caught myself, and regained my senses.

“What the fuck am I doing?” I thought to myself, shocked.

“Am I really going to blow my load in my pants by dry humping her like a horny fifteen year old?” I said in self criticism “When I can actually fuck this hot girl bare back like a freakin' sex doll!”

What? You expected me to be all “How can I take advantage of a her like that” or some crap like that? Tell you what, when you go through a six month drought and your hot blond friend stands topless in front of you, helpless to obey, I'd like to see you resisting the temptation. If you do, you might as well cut your junk off, you don't deserve it!

Okay, I may have gone too far with that...

Anyway, I figured I might as well stick the final nail in the coffin of chivalry. I mean, we all know knights did what they did just to get some princess pussy, right?

“Take your shorts off.” I told her, taking my own clothes off, climbing onto her bed. Somewhere in the back of my mind I was worried she might suddenly wake up and retrieve her senses. But, I was so turned on that my own mind was rather fuzzy. I just couldn't resist taking this chance.

She took her tiny pajama shorts off, revealing a tight and hairless cunt. chu-chink was the first thing that came to mind. I lay on the bed, completely naked, staring at her. With a big gulp, I said “Ride my cock.”

“Ride...Cock....?” she droned inquisitively, not moving at all.

“What, that's too complex for you? And taking your clothes off wasn't?”

So I had to really be literal with her, telling her exactly where and how to position herself. It took a couple of minutes before she was ready, and I was about to explode. But hey, who am I to complain, right? With her legs spread above my member, I squeezed her ass and guided her body to accommodate my needs.

“Shove my cock in your pussy, and ride up and down until I tell you to stop.” I told her.

She plunged herself onto me, her pussy welcoming me with its wetness and tightness. It felt great. Surprised? With a few more breathless commands, I had her rotating and shaking her ass vigorously.

After about a minute in paradise, I couldn't hold it anymore, and exploded strongly inside of her. Yes, a minute, a hole in one if you will. I told you, it's been a while. and Julia was really hot.

“Ahhhh, damn, that was great!” Best feeling in my life, truly. Only then did I realize what I've done. What if she remembers it? What if she gets pregnant?

I was worried about that for a second, but something distracted me....

It was Julia. I kinda forgot to tell her to stop riding me, and she continued humping my limp cock. It didn't stay limp for long. You know how women always say men have two brains? Well, the one in my head was never good at winning any arguments with the one in my trousers.

With my cock hard again in her lubricated pussy, I grabbed her hips and started adding my movements to her own. This time, I fucked her much harder, and lasted much, much longer.

Three minutes...

Okay, now you can laugh, I guess, but you know what? Before long, I was ready again! That's right, three times in a row! A triple blast! What do you think of me now?! Huh?! Still pathetic, huh? Well, whatever. Now, stop interrupting my story, sheesh...

It was at the third go that I probably made the best unconscious decision in my life.

“Oh, yeah, ride me. You hot, tight sex doll. Man, I love the way you grind those hips!” I started talking dirty to her. It was a very one sided conversation, obviously.

Thump

“That's it, hump my cock. You love it, don't you? You're all wet every time I get hard!”

Thump* *Thump

“It's a good thing you laughed yourself into a freaking comma, bitch! If it was up to you, we would probably never have done this, and you would never have felt my big hard cock fucking your horny cunt, like you've never been fucked before!”

Thump Thump Thump

“Yeah, no need to speak. I know this is the best sex you've ever had. You must have been dreaming about this for ages!”

Yes, I know, I'm really modest.

“Yeah, you know you love this, you whore. Putting me in the friend zone, I mean seriously.”

I was crossing over to the dark side of the moon...

“I bet you were scared I would ruin you for other men! Yeah! You knew I'd fuck you so hard you wouldn't be able to live without me, anymore.”

“You love it when”

Spank

“I-”

Spank

“Fuck”

Spank

“You!”

Her ass was red by the time I was done. I was filled with a desire for revenge at this point, punishing her for every girl who ever shunned my advances, herself included, of course.

“Don't wanna be my girlfriend? Well, who's asking you?! You should be honored that I even offered. You should beg me to be

your boyfriend, you should beg me to be your husband, and the father of your children!”

I picked up the pace. For my credit, the third time took a while and some effort from me to climax.

Another thing happened that harshed my buzz a little. She started being a little more, well, interactive. Moaning and writhing slightly, staring up. Normally, that would make it better. But, in this case, I was terrified she might snap out of her current state and end my life.

“I might as well finish this before facing the music.” I figured. I pounded her so hard that I felt my heart pumping air. I grabbed her boobs as hard as I could, and finally came a third time straight inside of her. This time, she climaxed as well. Filling the room with her sweet moans.

As I came down from the height of my third orgasm (did I mention I came three times in a row? I did? Oh ,well...), I felt an incredible exhaustion taking over my body. I tried getting up, but collapsed and fell asleep almost immediately.

The last thing I remember was feeling her body collapsing on mine, with similar exhaustion, as she fell asleep on top of me.

Chapter Three

The next morning, I woke up groggily, with a big smile on my face. The smile vanished when I realized I was alone in bed.

“So this is how it ends, huh?” I told myself “I bet the police are already on their way to arrest me...”

With any other girl, I would hope that she would be ashamed of telling the story to anyone else. But not Julia, if she felt used and abused, she would run to the authorities and opt to have me castrated. What's worse, I had an involuntary morning wood, and figured I'd have to deal with many more lonely mornings, serving my dues in jail.

I could have tried running, but I know I'm not fugitive material. And it's not like I can force people to listen to forty minutes of jokes which may or may not drive them into a mind numbing fit of laughter.

“Nah, I may as well lie here, rub one off and wait for the inevitable. Damn it, I was supposed to be involved in a sex scandal *After* I got rich and famous...”

Then, the door opened. “Here we go...” I thought, defeated. I was shocked to see Julia, still buck naked, with a tray in her hand. There was a bowl of cereal filled with milk, and a glass of orange juice on the tray.

“Good morning, honey, I made you breakfast.” she said with her rosy voice, completely thorn-less this time.

“H-Honey? Breakfast?” I was certain I was dreaming.

“Well, yeah. I had to find a way to show you how much I love you, and adore you.”

“Holy shit..” I gasped.

She thought my shock was a sign of me wavering, and her face got sad.

“Don't you want me?” She said, agitated “Please, let me be your girlfriend! I can't live without you. I...I..” her voice trailed off

“I'll do anything! I'll be your wife! I'll give you children! I'll take care of you, my honey bunny, in any way you need.”

“I’ll--”

She noticed my hand going to work under the blanket.

“Oh my god, I'm so sorry! No wonder you don't want me. What kind of a girlfriend I am if I forget about my boyfriend's morning wood?”

I was still staring at her naked form, flabbergasted. She wasn't even trying to cover herself up.

“How do you want me to please you, honey.” she smiled “Please let me make up for forgetting, you ruined me for other men, I love it when you fuck me.”

That lit a candle in my head. No, not a light bulb, my head isn't smart enough for that high tech bullshit. That's why I never had that many ideas. Anyway, her last words reminded me of what I told her as I fucked her brains out, the night before. She practically parroted the whole 'ruined me for other men' thing.

I realized my words from the previous night stuck to her mind, and became her truth.

“This is incredible...”

“Honey?” she asked again, hoping I would 'accept' her. Well, I obviously had to think about it.

I mean...Well, not really...

“Of course, you can be my girlfriend.” I started “Just as long as you realize I have the power in this relationship” I'm going to enjoy teasing this pro teaser.

“Of course, honey” she seemed almost unreasonably happy.

“And you won't mind if I happen to have some strange pussy on the side, would you?”

That gave her pause. Damn it, if only I had added that to my dirty talking when I fucked her. I shouldn't have worried too much, though. Apparently, what I did say was enough to bring her to the right decision.

“Yes honey. Whatever you want, I can't live without you fucking me.” she said, half defeated and half smiling, as the decision cemented in her brain. Wow I turned her into a needy

cunt that will take any treatment as long as I fuck her. I don't think there's any downside to this situation. Well, other than...

“As for my morning wood, mind going down on me while I eat?”

“Of course I don't mind, honey. I'll be happy too!” I never saw a girl so ecstatic to give head in my life.

She gave me the tray and I chowed down on the cereal, while she crawled under the covers and chowed down on a different kind of breakfast.

It was quite surreal, eating while getting a blowjob. I never fantasized about it. It always seemed like an odd combination of two needs that shouldn't really be combined. I was wrong though, it was amazing. I knew there and then I never wanted to eat anything without having my cock wrapped by a wet mouth. Hmm, it might make going out to eat a bit tricky, though...

With that funny thought, I came right in her mouth (Yes, I got off on comedy. I'm a comedian, it makes sense!). She swallowed without hesitation.

“I thought you didn't like bitter drinks.” I said, expecting her usual funny retorts.

“I can handle it, for you, honey.” Was all she said. Which told me two things: One, she won't be giving me her usual banter for fear I might leave her. And two, she still didn't like swallowing cum, or water for that matter, but will do it if it pleases me. Both these things appealed to me quite a bit.

I finished my meal as Julia cleaned my cock thoroughly. I grabbed her arm, whisking her over to me. She lay her head on my chest, and I wrapped her naked body with my arms.

Looking at her, I saw she stared at me with utter admiration.

“Wow, the hot blond tease, Julia Mormont, naked in my bed, willing to please my every whim.” I said out loud, no longer worried about her reaction. I hugged her naked form and smelled her honey scented hair.

“Mm-hmm” she agreed with a happy sigh.

We cuddled in bed until noon. Well, we did more than cuddle, of course, but I don't fuck and tell. Okay, I totally do. And I totally fucked her five times that morning.

It had to end at some point. I had to get back to my crummy place, and do some errands. I had half a mind to have Julia do it, but she had an afternoon shift and I figured I shouldn't get her fired. With my shoddy financial state, I could use a needy, adoring girlfriend who actually makes real money.

As I approached my apartment, I realized just how shoddy my situation really was. You hear about these things on the news, but I never imagined it would happen to me. My apartment seemed fine, don't get me wrong. Everything I owned was still there. One problem, though, none of it was actually inside my apartment.

My life was thrown in complete disarray, right there in the hallway. I walked to the door, and tried to open it. You can guess the results.

"Fuck it, I should have stayed in bed with Julia" I gritted my teeth.

"What should I do now?" I wondered aloud.

"Well, get your things out of here before I call the police would be a great start" came a familiar hated voice from behind me. It was Ms. Norris, my landlord.

"Ms. Norris, you look lovely today." Time to work my own lips and kiss some ass, maybe I should have asked Julia for advice...

"Spare me the empty compliments."

"Right to the point, then. I know I've said this many times, but now I'm serious. I've just perfected the best routine the world has ever seen. I'll have your money by tomorrow!" For the first time, I was really serious. I could just take the money from Julia, for now.

"Oh please, you idiot! I was hoping you might get a proper job at some point. But apparently you're destined to end up as a wino

under a bridge. You're lucky I don't have you arrested for what you owe me.” she gave me a look filled with superiority.

“Comedian” she snorted “You wanting to be that, is the only funny thing about you.”

Ouch, that one hurt. But I still had hope.

It was rare for me to be speechless. But this time Ms. Norris seemed utterly serious, and I knew any wrong word would get her to call the police on me. The bitch was brutal. I don't know if it was because of her childhood, or the fact she had her daughter at age seventeen. The fact the father just ran away, never to be seen again. But, she stomped on people like they were grapes in a vineyard.

It was great when she was on my side, against the tenant's committee or greedy technicians. But when I started having money troubles, well...Suffice it to say she was the most hated person in my life at the time.

The annoying thing was she distracted me in much the same way Julia distracted me. I am a young man, and usually interested in young women, and Ms. Norris was thirty-five. But, Ms. Norris had surprisingly smooth skin, a thin physique, and boobs you can drown in. Why do milfs always have such gigantic boobs? I actually wanted to do a bit about that very question, but figured some people will find it too offensive...

But, I digress. In short, she was hot. But after the morning I had with Julia, I had no problem thinking straight, and avoiding her breasts. I was just about to decide on what to say, when a real distraction came by.

“Mom, let's go! This place is boring...” It was Lisa, Ms. Norris's daughter. She inherited her mom's dark hair, but had blue eyes, as opposed to her mother's black eyes (and soul). Lisa had just turned eighteen, and had the perfect, seemingly unspoiled body to match. It didn't help that she was dressed like a whore, with a low cut top , and a short tight skirt, barely covering her panty region.

I know what you're thinking. Ogling your landlords daughter as you try to get her to not kick you out is a bad idea. Do I need go over the whole two brains theory again? Or do you already understand who won?

“*Ahem* “ Ms. Norris coughed to get my attention back “I'm just waiting for Jack to start getting his things out of here.” she said coldly, obviously not liking the fact I stared at her daughter so lecherously.

With nothing to lose, I decided I had only one option.

“I have an idea!” I said with enthusiasm.

“I doubt it, and I'm not interested.” The cold bitch responded, taking her phone in her hand, threatening to dial 911.

“I'll show you my routine. After you hear it, I'm sure you'll see that I'll be able to pay my debt.”

This was as good a chance as any to check my new routine's effect on other people. I figured that even if what it did to Julia was a one time thing, it has to be good enough to convince the ice queen and her snowflake princess to let me stay.

“You have got to be kidding me. You think I have nothing better to do with my time?”

She looked at my stuff, probably taken out by some moving company she hired and already sent away.

“Look, kid” she told me “I do appreciate your determination. I think it's completely idiotic, but I get where you're coming from”

It was obviously hard for her to try and be nice.

“But I won't sustain your dreams with my hard earned money. I'm not your mother, and I have enough trouble with this spoiled brat.” she pointed at Lisa

“I suggest you get a job and another apartment. I'm sure you have some friends to stay with until that, right? “ she finished.

It was then that I finally realized why she was forcing herself to be nice all of a sudden. If I stay, and force her to call the movers back, or the police, even more of her precious time would

be wasted.

She hoped to finish this as fast and as cheaply as possible.

“I'll make you a deal, Ms. Norris. Give me half an hour, to convince you with my new routine. If you still want me out, I'll make myself scarce by the evening. You won't hear from me ever again.”

I knew she would agree to my terms. It was a simple cost-benefit analysis, even I saw that. And I was no business man... I had an hour in my routine, but if they laugh half as much as Julia did, I was certain Ms. Norris would at least give me another chance.

It didn't take her long to decide.

“Fine, thirty minutes. And then you're out!” She said, sternly.

“Scout's honor.” I assured her, never spending a second as a scout myself.

“Mooooom, seriously? I wanna gooooo”

“Be quiet, you're eighteen, thirty minutes of your life won't kill you. Maybe it will help you see what professional direction you should NOT pursue!”

Ouch again....

So she opened the door to my empty apartment, and they sat on my...well, her sofa, actually. The only thing that came with the place. I started my routine. Lisa started getting into it and laughing almost immediately. Well, it was directed to a younger crowd. It was obvious Ms. Norris tried her best to not even smirk. Not wanting to give me a way out of, well, getting out of her life.

But she couldn't resist. It started out with a small chuckle, while her daughter was already laughing her lungs out, stretching sideways on her side of the sofa. Before long, both women were in constant fits of breathless laughter. I continued, though slightly distracted by how similar their reaction were to Julia's, wondering if it's possible they'll end up like her.

It's a good thing I'm a professional. Nothing can distract me in front of an audience. Well, other than hecklers...

The two of them were already red in the face. It's been thirty-five minutes, but Ms. Norris was in no condition to notice.

Lisa dropped out first. Probably because she wasn't trying to fight it all through the beginning. She lay on her side of the sofa and, just like Julia, had a moment of distress in her face for a split second, before going completely limp. By that point, Ms. Norris was too far down her own laughing frenzy to notice her daughter's plight. She almost fell off the sofa a few times, giving me fantastic peeks down her awesome cleavage.

At last, almost enduring my entire one hour routine, Ms. Norris made her siren's call. Literally, she shrieked like a damn siren, right before her eyes widened, and she fell head first on the floor. Luckily, it was a short fall, so she didn't injure herself.

I lifted Ms. Norris back to the sofa, stealing a fondle of her magnificent funbags. Heck, might as well call them air bags, I'm sure they'd be more effective in case of a car crash.

I stood before them, admiring their lovely forms. It took me a while to take it all in. This wasn't just a one time fluke, anymore. The two girls before me had the same reaction Julia had the night before. That's when everything finally sunk in.

I did create the perfect stand up routine. The greatest comedians in history can stare in awe at what I've accomplished. I gave birth to something so unbelievably funny, that it made people literally laugh their brains away.

I can make people's minds go against their most basic instincts, even breathing wouldn't come in the way of the laughter, until they shut off their conscious mind to avoid any more abuse. Opening themselves up to some real, and irresistible, mental abuse, obviously.

Or something. Again, understanding what's really happening to people when I perform my brainmelt routine (nice name, don't you think?) is so beyond me, I can't even think of a joke about it.

A few minutes passed, and I braced myself to check on the condition of the ladies on my sofa.

"Ms. Norris, Lisa, can you hear me?"

No response. I remembered at that point that Juliet took a while to be capable of responding. I figured I should wait, for all I knew whatever I said would just get in one ear and out the other.

“Ms. Norris, Lisa, can you hear me?” I tried again.

“Hear...” Lisa whispered quietly.

“Yesssss” Ms. Norris answered.

“Good” I smiled from ear to ear.

This time, I knew the weight of my words, but I didn't really have time to think about what to say. Luckily, I was always good at improvising.

“Okay, let's start slow. Girls, from now on you will be nothing but nice to me. You like me a lot, and being around me makes you happy.”

“Always nice to you...” Lisa droned sleepily.

“Like you a lot...makes me happy...” Ms. Norris agreed mindlessly.

“And I can stay here, rent free if that is my wish, Ms. Norris.”

“Stay here, rent free if you wish...”

I continued to reinforce my words for a couple of minutes, when the shoddy candle in my head lit up again.

“What the hell am I doing, Julia became my eternally devoted girlfriend, and all I can come up with is rent stuff and some 'be nice' bullshit.”

With that, I decided to push the two bitches to the limit. Ms. Norris deserved it, for being such a bitch to me and mocking my dreams. Lisa deserved it, for the same reason Julia did. She's an eighteen year old tease trainee, on her way to a PHD in the art of blue balls manufacturing.

“Scratch what I said about staying here, you should rent this place to someone else.” I said, hoping they can take backsies in their current state.

“Instead, I'll be moving to your home.” He knew they lived alone, in a pretty big house.

“Only, it's not yours anymore. You'll still pay the bills, and take care of the house work, but it belongs to me, now” I paused,

waiting for a response, hoping I'll get the right one.

"You'll stay with us" Ms. Norris said "It's your home, from now on."

"Yours..." her lovely daughter agreed.

Best response I could have hoped for.

"And, since you'll be doing all the cleaning and cooking, I guess that means you'll become my maids. My servants."

"Your servants..." they both agreed.

"I won't be paying you anything. So, in essence, you will be my slaves, as well as my maids and servants."

"Yes..." The two voices sounded lovely together.

"Yes what?" I went on a limb.

"Yes master..." they replied. It was music to my ears.

"You'll do whatever I want. You'll be very happy to obey me. I will use you for many, many things."

"Use us...?" Lisa asked sleepily.

"Yes Lisa. You are now just a thing for me to use."

"A thing...for you...to use.."

"Good girl. I'll use you to clean my new, big house. I'll use you, Ms. Norris, as a money bag. And, most importantly, I'll use you for sexual gratification, understand?"

They both nodded in compliance. My cock was a little stiff. Honestly, if I hadn't completely drained myself with Julia that morning, I probably would've humped them right away.

"You'll never complain. You'll never argue. You'll comply with my desires with no hesitation, even if I desire the most humiliating, degrading thing from you. I deserve everything I wish, and you don't even deserve wishes."

The girls repeated my commands. I reinforced them a few times, to be certain they'll hold.

After about fifteen minutes, I was certain they've soaked my words in perfectly. Problem was, they were still completely out, and I didn't know how long it would take them to wake up. All I knew was that I fell asleep after fucking Julia. And, at some point

during the night or early morn, she regained her senses. Well, a variation of her senses...

I decided I might as well have some fun with the two puppets, as I wait for them to snap out of their condition.

I moved over to Lisa, sitting right next to her. I lifted her up to a sitting position, and started kissing her neck, before fondling her tits through her tight shirt. I squeezed and kneaded them, pinching the hard nipples pointing out of her shirt. The little slut wasn't even wearing a bra. That made me wonder...

I reached between her young, creamy legs, not even needing to lift her extremely short skirt. Yep, no panties, either. She is dressed like a prostitute, no wonder Ms. Norris was so mad all the time.

“From now on, you're my exclusive whore.” I whispered as I continued touching and kissing her all over.

Remembering Ms.Norris, I reached beyond Lisa and grabbed her gigantic tits. I couldn't grab her boob fully like I did Lisa, it was just too big. But still, I squeezed as hard as I could. She didn't even respond.

It didn't take long for me to have Lisa on my lap, arms around my neck. She was like a pose-able barbie doll, and I found that position was extremely fun. I gave her perfect ass a few squeezes every now and then, and I greatly enjoyed fingering her tight pussy, rubbing her clit with my thumb.

I don't know how long I have entertained myself with her young, perfect body. But as my fondling got more ferocious, she started moaning. Then, suddenly, light returned to her eyes. She obviously regained full consciousness. I looked at her, still worried I may have over reached a little bit. But, my worries subsided immediately.

She stared at me meekly and said “Were my tits not good enough, sir? This servant only wishes to please.”

That made my cock jump, as I continued fondling her tits. She gave a big, lewd smile.

“Time to give this young, tight pussy of yours a go, I reckon.”

“Yes master.”

She positioned herself, and started riding me within seconds. Obviously, she was no virgin, but her cute moaning and panting showed me she wasn't as experienced as she wanted people to think.

“How many men have you been with before me?” I asked.

“Two, sir. I'm sorry, I should have kept my cunt untouched for your pleasure, I'm so sorry.”

She was so sincere, it was almost touching.

I enjoyed her for the next few minutes. Her fresh tightness something I hadn't enjoyed since my own high school days. I was glad I had the earlier workout with Julia before. It kept me going for much longer than I usually would, with such a hot girl doing all that work just to please me. I lifted her shirt above her tits and started sucking on them. They were bigger than I thought, but still not even remotely close to her mom's.

Speaking of her mom, it's been a while now and she still hadn't woken up, or at least that's what I thought. I glanced over to Ms. Norris, and saw she was fully awake, watching me fuck her daughter. For a second, I forgot the situation I was in, and started having the gut reaction you would normally have, fucking a daughter in front of her own mother.

“Ms. Norris, why didn't you say you were awake?”

“I didn't want to bother you, master.” she answered, with a candy coated voice I never heard from her before.

“Please don't let me interfere with your pleasure. Do you want me to do something that won't distract you, sir?”

Hearing the ice bitch say those words was almost enough to make me cum.

“Yeah, get on all fours, and lick my feet like the bitch you are.” I commanded.

“Yes master.” she said gleefully.

I never had my feet licked by anyone (did you?), and it felt pretty funky. I never had a foot fetish, but there was something about having Ms. Norris do it that made me wish I did. Every now and then, I looked beyond Lisa's bouncing body, and took a glimpse at her mother's ass, perfectly bent so it pointed straight to heavens. Which is where I was at the moment, and that's an understatement.

"I'm about to cum!" I moaned at Lisa. And, just a moment after saying that, I spurt my load deep inside of her tight cum repository. Of course, it didn't end with just one spurt. I continued hugging her young, petite body like a child would hug a teddy bear, until my cock went limp inside of her.

I tossed her aside and she sat, legs spread on the couch next to me, my cum drizzling from her tight cunt.

"Don't waste it. Eat it." I said.

"Yes master." she said, collecting the cum from her pussy with her tender hands, licking and swallowing it after she lifted it to her mouth.

"Well, we are done here. Let's go to my new home." I said.

"Yes master." they chimed together.

On the way there, I got hard again. I had Lisa suck my cock in the back seat. Her mom was driving casually, as if me skull fucking her little girl in the back seat was the most normal thing in the world.

"Stop here" I said as I spotted a very high class sex shop.

"Buy you and your daughter the most revealing maid outfits they have. If you're not sure about the size, take the smallest option possible." I said,

"Of course, master. Make sure you please him, honey" She said, smiling at her gagging daughter. I came right when Ms. Norris came back, giving her daughter a hardy protein meal, that she swallowed eagerly.

"Wow, this is quite a house." I said, amazed. Ms. Norris was a doctor. How she managed to raise a child through med school, I could never guess, but I was grateful that she raised Lisa to be

such a beautiful flower, for me to pluck. I stood between them, with a hand on both their firm asses.

“Go get dressed.” I said, giving both of them a sharp spank, and watched them walk away from me seductively, swinging their asses from side to side.

Ms. Norris did a good job with the outfits. Both of them had a short “skirt” that didn't even go lower than their butt crack. It was more like a fancy waist band, and nothing more. Their tits were adorned by a strapless bra, their nipples completely exposed, because the cups were just a silky framing around their breasts. The only thing that made it a maid's outfit were the black stockings and the the white tight sleeves on their hands. Oh, and the duster they held in their hands.

They went to work immediately, Lisa cleaning the living room while shaking her pert butt for me invitingly. It was obvious the outfit was not made for someone with Ms. Norris's incredibly huge funbags. It kept dropping, until I told her to just work topless.

It was better, anyway. It was the first time I had her fully exposed boobs in my sight. Watching her tits swing uncontrollably from side to side as she worked was more than enough to make me hard again.

“Bring your tits over here, Nora” Yes, on the way I asked for her name for the very first time. Nora Norris, her parents must have been so cruel. Not as cruel as me, of course. She obediently walked over to me, allowing me to do as I please with her big mounds.

After squeezing them, and sticking my face between them, blowing. I started smacking them from side to side, enjoying her moans of pain mixed with pleasure, as she allowed me to fulfill every desire I could think of.

I never thought tits could be slapped around like you would spank an ass. But, apparently, it's just a matter of size. That thought made me want to punish young Lisa a bit, too, spanking her like the bad girl she was. I had her bend over standing for

me, so I could alternate between spanking her ass and her mom's tits.

By the time I had my fill, both cheeks and tits were glistening red. It was a great sight. But I still didn't climax. Having so much sex that day, I found I could really take my time with it. I mean, why rush when I have sex slaves ready to please me whenever I want, right?

So, I had Nora titfuck me. And boy, she puts the fuck in tit fuck. My cock was swallowed deep in her boobs. I was staring to fear I'll never see it again...

It didn't take me long to cum, spraying her tits with my full load.

"Thank you very much, sir." she said, licking my cum straight from her breasts. That made my cock jump up in a second, I shit you not.

I was pretty raw from all the fucking I had that day, though. So I went for a nice, wet reprieve.

"Bend over for me, side by side. And I want your pussies soaked!" I ordered them.

With a "yes, master" they bent down on the sofa, pushing their asses out for easy access, and started fingering themselves furiously, to get as wet as I wanted them.

Moaning, they shook their asses from side to side as they finger fucked their sloppy cunts. It was a fantastic view.

"Beg me." I said nonchalantly.

"Please master!" Nora started "Fuck my wet, sloppy cunt. I want you to use my pussy for your pleasure."

"No master!" Lisa interrupted, with her sweet voice "Fuck me, please. I am much tighter. She's probably so loose you won't even feel anything! Please fuck me. I'm your sex toy!"

"How dare you, you little bitch! My twat is just as tight as yours! Please, master."

"No way" the rude teen cut her words again "You gave birth already, no way you're as tight and wet as me!"

“Yeah, I gave birth to you, you ungrateful pussy!” her mom responded. It was hilarious to see them argue like that.

I had to interfere, “Now, now, Lisa. You wouldn't be alive and able of being my slave, if it wasn't for your mom, and her sloppy cunt.”

Lisa gave a sad moan “You're right, master. I'm sorry, mom. Thank you for giving me the opportunity to serve master.”

“besides, I always wanted to see what a milf pussy felt like.”

Saying that, I approached Nora, grabbed her hips and shoved into her with a quick motion.

“*Ohh!* Thank you master! Thank you!” She moaned.

From there, I alternated both pussies on a whim. Hearing them thank me as I fucked them, and beg me otherwise. I enjoyed spanking them while fucking them doggy style. It didn't take long for Nora's ass to be as red as her tits, and her daughters ass. I finally blew my load on Lisa's ass and lower back, watching her shake it happily once I was done.

I didn't even notice how late it got. So I decided to turn in. Lisa got a call from her friends to go to some party, but she blew them off at my command. After they showered my cum off, they joined me naked in Nora's king size bed.

I used her gigantic tits as a pillow, and hugged Lisa with my hands on her tits and my limp cock pushing on her ass. I never saw the merit of having a plushy toy to hug in bed, until now. I fell asleep easily, dreaming of a bright future. Brighter than I had ever imagined before.

Chapter Four

I spent the following weeks getting used to my new life. I had Julia move into my new home, and made sure she got used to how I liked things to be. I set some ground rules for the house I now owned. For starters, my slaves are not allowed to use the furniture unless I give them permission.

Since Julia joined the cleaning and cooking work force, I decided to make Ms. Norris a pet, ordering her to stay on her hands and knees at all times, and drink from the milk bowl on the ground. She lived off my leftovers, that her daughter placed in her bowl after I was done eating.

Because the pussies in the house were not allowed to sit on chairs without my explicit consent, both Julia and Lisa placed their own meals in bowls and ate from the floor. Like Ms. Norris, they made sure to point their ass in the air, just in case I wanted to use them while they ate. The difference was they were allowed to stand up after they finished eating, so they could continue cleaning, and serving my every whim.

Julia was reluctant to accommodate my wishes at first, but at the end, her love for me and the fact she simply couldn't imagine life without me made her as obedient as Nora and Lisa. At night, I continued using Nora's tits as a pillow and either Julia or Lisa as my night time squeeze toy.

I usually had a hard on at some point in the middle of the night. I only half woke as I gently pumped into my toy's pussy until cumming. I usually barely remember it. It might even happen more than once a night...

I always had my cock sucked while I ate, or watched tv, or read the paper, or wrote new material, or just bummed on the couch. Basically, whenever I didn't fuck one of their other holes. I like blowjobs, surprised? I wasn't always hard, but I found a wet mouth is pleasant even on a limp cock.

After three weeks, Angela got tired of Julia avoiding her. Of course she only knew me and Julia "started dating". But, she

started smelling something fishy, and gave me a surprise visit at my new home. With my slaves being “out” (or hiding in the closet, doesn't really matter) I let her in.

She wanted to see Julia, and demanded an explanation on what happened to her.

She actually thought I kidnapped her, or something. Smart girl! Not smart enough, though. It wasn't easy to convince her my new act will help lighten the mood, since, and I quote, “This isn't the time for stupid jokes!”

But I was persistent, and she agreed to let me perform for her as long as it gets me to shut up and be serious.

Well, long story short, I was right about her having a fantastic ass. I should know, with the amount of times I've fucked it over the next few weeks. One of my favorite games was to have Lisa and her mom shove their faces into Angela and Julia's cunts, and fucking the pair of slaves that managed to reach an orgasm first. They were always very competitive

There isn't much more to tell. I kinda gave up on my dreams of stardom. I realized I may have found something better. I'd rather continue performing at the clubs and have a list of tight submissive pussies to use that grew with every performance. I reached for the stars and got to paradise instead.

That's why I used Nora's money to buy me a brand new comedy club, where I performed on 'special occasions', like when a sorority full of young luscious college girls had a public event. I don't need any new material anymore. All it takes to win the crowd is one go of the best comedy routine ever written.

So, what's in the routine, you wonder? Well, I'm sure you do. I'm not stupid enough to tell you. I'm not extremely bright, but I'm smart enough to not give away a golden goose. Or a golden egg laying goose, or whatever...

But, hey, don't despair! You might end up hearing my routine at some point, if you ever visit a certain comedy club at certain times. I also have a perfect way for you to figure out if you found me: If, after the show, you have an urge to shower me with gifts

and money, and bring your hot wife/daughter/neighbor/colleague for my next performance.

Or, if you're a hot woman yourself, and have a sudden urge to dedicate your life to serving my every whim. Then, there's a good chance you had the honor of attending the funniest show in the history of mankind.

And, personally, I think it's a fair trade. After all, it's not my fault if you laugh so hard, that you lose control.

Chapter Five

The large room was filled with tables. Each table had four naked sorority girls bending over it, waiting for their master to sample their goods. They just finished soaking their master's commands in their pliable minds, after he finished his comedy show.

Danielle heard Tina moan as their master entered her, fucking her young pussy, that now belonged to him.

“Wow, a virgin. I didn't think there are any virgin college girls nowadays.” Jack said, enjoying the tightness, trying to ignore the blood dripping from his new toy.

Danielle felt really bad. She was so jealous of Tina, for being able to give her virginity to their master. Danielle didn't save her pussy for him, she felt so stupid for that. She hoped her young pussy was tight enough for her master to enjoy. Danielle knew half the girls were likely to be sent away to work the streets for their master, and she wanted the honor of serving him at his home, with all the other prime slaves. Nothing would make her happier.

She'd be honored to shake her money maker on the streets like the common whore she now was. Her body was his property to rent and sell as he pleased, but she still hoped to have the higher position.

“That's a great pussy. And you're pretty hot too. You're definitely coming back home with me” he said, giving Tina a smack on the ass as he pulled out.

“Thank you so much, master!”

Then, Danielle felt it. Her master's strong hands were on her hips, she couldn't wait. In a split second, her master plunged his cock deep into her wet pussy. She moaned a thank you and took the hard fucking she deserved.

He pulled out of her cunt and started fucking her ass. It was her first time, and quite painful. But Danielle knew she had no

right to deny him his pleasure. He fucked his fuck doll for a few minutes, and then.

“You're definitely hot. But I have an abundance of hot blondes in my home. And you're not as tight as the other pussies here.”

“I'm so sorry, master.” Danielle moaned as her ass was violated.

“You'll be working on Wilsons avenue. It's a poor area so price yourself properly. My last girl there was gang banged by a bunch of hobos, and arrested. They didn't even pay her. Try to do better!”

He said with a sharp spank on her well fucked ass.

“Yes master. I'll make you as much money as my fuckholes can muster!”

With that he left Danielle. Forgotten, as he moved to sample his other toys. There were three other virgins there, to his surprise.

Danielle had one more moment in the warm gaze of her master. As she lapped at Michelle's cunt for his enjoyment while he fucked Michelle's throat. Michelle was to be one of his high class prostitutes, working on call in the rich zones.

He fed Michelle his cum and ordered her to share it with Danielle, who squealed in pleasure at the honor of tasting her master's seed before sending her to be gang banged in some back ally until she was arrested or worse.

She kissed Michelle and lapped at her tongue, hungrily fishing for as much cum as she could get. Her ambitions of taking Michelle's job as sorority head long forgotten. A girl called Lisa joined their kiss, as she was fucked doggy style by their master. The girl was obviously their age, and pregnant. The bartender, a blonde with 'Julia-slut' tattooed on her now exposed tits, was also in the advanced stages of pregnancy.

After their master had his fill of using the sorority girls, he took his chosen ones in his limo, and left the rest to be guided in their new jobs by a topless woman in her late thirties.

Apparently, she was not allowed to ever hide her huge tits that had “bedding accessory” tattooed on them.

“Okay, new bitches” Nora started.

“Now that you know who your pussies, asses and tits belong to. I'll teach you how to survive the streets, and bring your owner the maximum income.”

“Remember that you are nothing in his eyes, other than monetary income. You're not even fit to grovel at his feet, cause if you were, he would've taken you with him to his home.”

“If you ever get arrested, make sure never to implicate our master. And if you are released, come back to me and I'll reassign your asses, so you can continue your jobs.”

“Never dare approach our master in any way, or anywhere. He doesn't want to deal with lowlifes like you. If the police raid our little prostitution ring, I'll be arrested, and you'll all pretend I was in charge. So our master can be free to find a replacement for my worthless ass and your bodies.”

“You should pray that when your master can no longer use you to make money, and has a slave with bigger tits that he can use as a pillow, you'll be given the opportunity I got, to continue serving him in my current role, as his bitch coordinator.”

She finished, and spanked herself hard. Probably some command given by their master to further her humiliation.

“Now, I'll give you the instructions of where and when you'll deliver the money you make to me. So I can deposit it in master's off shore account.”

Meanwhile, in his limo, the best comedian in the history of the world enjoyed watching the sorority girls at his command engage in a lewd, lesbian orgy. While sipping champagne from a glass, and having a recently deflowered teen suck his cock

Who needs fame when you can live like a god in obscurity?

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The Mission

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Chapter One - Karin

“Okay Karin, you're done, for now” Dr Abrahms's voice echoed from the speakers. She let out a deep sigh of exhaustion, and slumped to her knees, breathing heavily and panting as if she'd just ran a triple marathon. Which, come to think of it, wasn't that far from the truth.

She was out of it for a few seconds, but then, realizing this position made her look like a wounded gazelle, she jumped back to her feet and donned her usual look of stern determination.

I can't afford to look weak
she told herself.

“You did great” she heard the doctor's voice say, as she started walking to the door.

“Be here at six p.m. sharp for your last session”.

She checked the time, *two hours break, that's all? It's madness!* She thought, but gave the doctor a quiet thumb up and left the room without even looking at his direction.

Astronaut training has the reputation of being tough, to say the least. But, what she's been through over the last few months goes above and beyond anything she dared to expect. She didn't even get a day off for her eighteenth birthday, a month ago. Though it was her sister, Kelly, who did most of the complaining on that matter.

Karin couldn't let anything interfere with her preparations for the mission, so she told Kelly she would just have to celebrate hard enough for the both of them. She never liked parties anyway. She understood the importance of her training, and the mission, all too well.

Being one of the first two people to set foot on Mars, such an honor requires my undivided attention. So, she was fine with whatever training regimen Dr. Abrahms and The Space Agency laid out for her, and nothing will stop her from excelling in it. She was used to excelling...

Karin was a genius. She graduated from elementary school at the age of eight, high school at eleven, and received her PHD in chemistry a year ago, when she was just over seventeen. It was only a couple of weeks later, that she heard The Space Agency was looking to recruit two brilliant and athletic individuals for the first manned mission to Mars.

A trip to mars would take over two hundred days, one way, and so provisions are a real issue when planning such an endeavor. That's why the agency decided to send the least amount of people necessary, and after some deliberation, they concluded two was the magic number.

When Karin heard about it, she immediately decided to go for it. Unlike most of the shut-ins in grad school, who were happy to be locked in their labs, in front of their white boards, for the rest of their lives, Karin simply couldn't stay in one place. She was aching for an adventure, and no adventure was greater than this.

As for the mission requirements, the brilliant part was a given, but she had brilliant physique as well. She always made sure to stay fit and healthy. She was sure she could handle whatever training they threw at her.

The real problem was the deciding committee felt she was too young, and inexperienced, to be chosen for such a mission. Of course the committee consisted solely of men, so she doubted the integrity of their decision making, right off the bat. Throughout history, men treated women as objects and property, and even though things seemed better today, the feminist movement still had a long way to go, in Karin's opinion.

Ever since her high school history teacher , ms. Jackson, gave a lecture about discrimination against women in the twenty-first century, Karin knew she had found yet another goal in life. She became a member of the local feminist group in her college, and quickly gained enough respect to be invited to give lectures on the modern oppression of women.

In fact, her first appearance on the local news was as the 'genius sixteen year old graduate school student' talking about modern feminism, and arguing with some caveman on whether

gender equality has already been achieved or not. She was appalled by the commercials on TV, that used attractive women wearing skimpy clothes (or none at all) for no apparent reason, and she was annoyed to no end by the fact women still made less money than men, on average.

That was another reason she was so determined to go on this mission. She checked the male/female astronaut ratio throughout history and wasn't surprised at all to discover only twenty-five percent were women.

She also discovered she would be the youngest person to ever go to space. What better way to empower women world wide than to go down in history as the first person to set foot on Mars, and the youngest astronaut in history.

Honestly, perhaps equality shouldn't be the goal for the feminist movement. After thousands of years in which men ruled the world and treated women like property, while killing each other off in senseless wars, maybe it was time for women to be on top for a few centuries.

She stood in front of the committee, and tried her best to convince them she is qualified, despite her age. Ready to bust some balls and show them off in their own fields of expertise. They couldn't deny her brilliance, and yet, it required the persuasion of Dr. Abrahms to convince the old farts to accept her.

He was the first she had managed to convince. It was surprisingly easy, too. Luckily for her, he was also the chief scientist of the project, and was pretty much in charge of everything from the spec of the spaceship to the training regimen the astronauts had to follow. He was famous for his brilliance. Even though Karin considered herself his intellectual equal, she knew she has a long way to go before she reaches his levels of scientific knowledge, and expertise.

Of course, she preferred a woman as her partner for the journey, and wasn't shy in letting everyone know. She even went as far as to say she won't be comfortable spending nearly two years alone with a man, and she might reconsider the mission if one was chosen.

Of course, that was an empty threat, and they all knew it. She would be an idiot to give this opportunity up. She wouldn't back down, even if they chose to resurrect Hitler to be her partner for the journey.

When Karin finally met her partner she started seriously wondering if zombie Hitler wasn't a better choice...

Chapter Two - Michael

thirty-five years old Michael Thompson looked at his board, trying to solve the mysteries of the universe. He has a PHD in Physics, Geology, Micro biology, and chemistry. He had collaborated with scientists in many other fields along the years and likes to see himself as a jack of all trades.

He was ecstatic when Dr Joneleth Abrahms (or Jon, as he called him) chose him for the expedition to Mars. He had much more control over his 'training regimen' than his 'partner' to the journey. That was mostly because of Jon's real plans for the hot young thing.

When Jon told him of his master plan he actually wanted to stay on Earth and be an active part of it. Somehow, Jon knew he wouldn't have a moral problem with his plans. On the contrary, he was hoping against hope for Jon's complete success.

He was a little disappointed to find the expedition to Mars was just a distraction for the public, while Jon used his access to the most advanced technology and government resources, to further his real goal. He felt a lot better when Jon showed him a picture of his young partner to be.

She had long, smooth black hair, dark eyes, and a perfectly petite physique. Her tits were just the right size. Not gigantic but enough to have something to grab. And, even though he only saw her front in the picture Michael was sure she had a perfectly cute ass, that went well with her thin physique.

Jon told him she was extremely smart, and a raving feminist, to boot! Which explained why he chose her...

If the process works on her, it will certainly work on any other woman. Luckily, the choice was Jon's to make, since more than half the deciding committee are in on his masterplan. It was finally time for Michael to meet the little vixen for the first time, only two weeks before the launch.

Jon told her he needed both participants to be perfectly independent in the mission, since the two of them will each have

the workload of five people. He told her that making sure both are capable in all fields is more important than them getting to know each other.

The real reason was that Jon wanted no one “polluting” the subject, and to brief Michael properly in the details of what is expected of him.

Not that I needed him to instruct me. Thought Michael, with a wicked grin.

Michael made his way to room 605, where they were supposed to meet, when he saw her walking towards him.

“Karin!” he yelled to her. She looked better than he expected, in reality. Wearing her training tights. He felt a boner creeping, just thinking of Jon's plan coming to fruition. She stopped in front of him and looked at him, with some disdain, and mainly with boredom.

“What do you want?”

“I'm Michael, your roommate for the next two years.” he smiled at her. Her face didn't change “How did you recognize me?” she raised her eyebrow. In spite of Jon's instructions, Michael decided to tease her a little bit. Call it scientific curiosity.

“I saw a hot, young chick, and made an educated guess. Not many of those around here.”

She clenched her jaw and narrowed her eyes in obvious anger.

“I wish you'd call me that again” She said with a sly smile, trying to mask her fury “And give me a good reason to complain about sexual harassment, and have you fired from the mission.” The smile was gone now and he waited for some indication of sarcasm, or something. Nope, she was dead serious.

Sheesh, Talk about a ball buster, she's looking at me as if she wants to have me neutered.

Her attitude is even worse than what Jon said. *For now*, he told himself, while peeking at her boobs.

“Where do you think you're staring?!” she screeched “I won't warn you again, keep your eyes where you won't lose them!”

“Hah!” He bellowed “It's cute when you make empty threats. If you make a fuss, which of the two of us do you think will be

replaced?”

“Dr Abrahms will...” She started.

“Not have you endanger the mission by bringing unrelated drama to this mission. His only concern is the mission's success. And we both know my credentials out weight yours.”

She wasn't even blinking, and was seething with rage. She knew he was right, of course, just as much as he knew how wrong he was about Jon's real priorities. That made him chuckle, inside.

“You know” he continued “the mission is two years long, and I know how sexually charged girls your age can get” he stared her straight in the eyes now “I'm sure you wouldn't mind my company after a few weeks” he winked at her.

She was ready to explode, her eyes popping. Her jaw clutched, and her teeth bare. Michael saw Jon approach, just as she stumped her foot to the ground “Fuck you! You chauvinist pig! Make sure you don't even look at me during the mission, or you'll die in space!!”

“Ahem...” Jon cleared his throat to get her attention “is everything okay, here?”

“No, Dr. Abrahms!”, she said, turning to Jon, “but don't worry, I won't let it affect my work.”

“Make sure it doesn't, Karin.”, Jon replied, sternly.

“I think we can skip this meeting, I'm going to rest before the next session.” She said, and started walking away, not even waiting for Jon's approval.

I was right about her ass thought Michael, happily.

“What a fire cracker!” Michael exclaimed.

“You couldn't resist, could you?” Jon said sternly.

“I could have, I chose not to. What's the worst that could happen? She won't back off now, this close to the big launch. Will she, Jon?”

“Please refer to me as Dr. Abrahms. At least until you're in outer space” He gave Michael an evil smile with cold eyes that he was sure Karin never got to see.

“Understood Dr. Abrahms” He said with a nod.

“Well, it appears this matter is concluded. Return to whatever it is you were doing, Dr Thompson” He said, and walked back to his own lab. Michael Went the other way to take the elevator back to his 'training grounds'.

On the way down Jon's personal assistant, Michelle, got on the elevator. *Perfect timing*, Michael thought. Now, with his erection after seeing Karin, Michelle was just the thing to sate him.

She was in her early twenties, blonde with blue eyes, and big tits. Her body was tight and slim, as you would expect from a hot little number her age. She wore a low cut shirt, and a skirt that was thigh high. Most importantly, Jon had already processed her, and she was ready to serve anyone who was in on Jon's plan.

Michael stood to her left, and grabbed her ass with his hand, while fondling her breasts with the other. Moving from one large mound to the other. She didn't resist or responded in any manner. She knew her place, and did only what she was told, when she was told. He moved behind her and grabbed her tits while pushing his hips strongly, feeling her soft round cheeks on his fully erect cock, through both their fabrics.

I can't wait till we get to my quarters, He decided. He pushed a button and the elevator came to a halt. There were plenty of other ways to move through the complex, and no one would notice if the lift was held for a few minutes.

He grabbed her shoulders and forcefully lowered her shirt, revealing her breasts.

“On your knees, bitch.” he commanded.

“Yes master.” she replied, and instantly obeyed. He unzipped, and shoved his cock in her mouth, driving it all the way in, with one quick motion. Then, he started fucking her face.

“Eyes on me.”

“Yehshh mahther”

She looked at him, as he masturbated with her mouth, getting his cock properly wet for what he wanted to do next. After about a

minute he took his cock out of her mouth, with a wet slurpy pop.

“Time to use those tits properly, doll.”

“Anything you wish master. I exist to please you.”

She wrapped her double D's around his cock, and started pumping, moving her entire body up and down, eager to please.

She gives fantastic titfucks, He grinned and grabbed her gigantic tits from both sides and started pumping his hips. Every time he shoved, his tip touched her lips. Making quick slurping sounds, trying her best to please him.

“Lose the panties” he said, after lifting her from her knees, and turning her around. She lowered her panties towards her legs, bending over.

“Ah!” she moaned, as he lifted her skirt and entered her before she could fully remove her panties. Pumping her as hard as he could, he spanked her every few seconds, alternating cheeks and sometimes smacking both cheeks, before shoving his cock deep in her. She moaned, but not loud enough to be heard outside. She wouldn't orgasm unless given permission.

This is about my pleasure, bitch! Not yours!

As he neared his climax, he grabbed her hair and pulled her head up. A few pumps later, he exploded deep inside her, Giving her ass a few final strong slaps. He stayed inside of her for a few seconds, and then pulled out, and walked back to the other side of the elevator, watching his cum starting to drip from her well used cunt.

“Thank you for using me, master.” she said, with sincere gratitude.

“I seem to have reddened your right cheek more than your left” He said with an evil grin.

“Smack your left one till I decide they are the same color again.”

Spanking was one of Michael's many fetishes.

“Yes master, I obey your every whim.” She started slapping her ass with her left hand.

“Harder bitch!”

“Yes master” she said, spanking herself as hard as she possibly could. Michael started rubbing himself while watching, and soon realized he was about to come again. He walked to her and came again right on the cheek she was busy slapping, so her hand splashed the cum all over her ass.

“You can stop.”

“Thank you master”.

“Lick the cum off your hand”

“Yes master” she said as she dutifully licked her hand clean. He started the lift again, and told her to straighten herself up. When they reached her floor, Michael gave her one last spank, and she left meekly, going back to her other duties.

I can't wait for Karin to finish her “training”. Michael thought

Chapter Three - Karin

Karin sat in class, wearing her astronaut training uniforms. Ms. Jackson, her high school history teacher, was giving a lecture about something in a very sexy version of what a respectable career woman would wear. Her breasts almost spilling out.

She was saying something, but Karin couldn't concentrate on anything other than her body's motions as she walked. Her creamy hips swinging from side to side, her breasts jiggling and her long, silky, dark brown hair, moving like the waves of the ocean. Karin gave a soft and sudden moan which brought Ms Jackson's attention to her.

"Am I boring you, Karin?"

Karin gasped "No, Ms Jackson", she crossed her legs and hoped Ms Jackson didn't notice her hand was at her crotch.

"I can see that" She replied slyly "It seems you are just a little...Distracted"

The sexy teacher approached Karin slowly, swinging her hips, making Karin blush. When she reached her desk she brought her face to Karin's and kissed her passionately. Karin sucked on her tongue and felt like she died and went to heaven.

"I can't have my best student be distracted in class, now, can I?" giving Karin another wet peck on the lips.

Karin nodded, her face flushed. She took her bottoms off and got on the table, spreading her legs. She whimpered as she felt Ms. Jackson's lips gently kissing her clit, teasing her.

"Oh yes I know exactly how to make you WAKE UP and concentrate."

"Ohh yes, I really need that, teacher" Karin moaned, pinching her nipples.

"Well, then I'll WAKE you UP". Ms. Jackson said, awkwardly.

"Please Ms.Jackson" Karin couldn't wait anymore.

"WAKE UP". *Okay, now it's getting weird* She looked down at Ms Jackson's blurry face.

“WAKE UP”. Everything swirled for a second, and then turned black.

Karin opened her eyes, she was in bed, and was quite moist. Her phone was screeching “WAKE UP! WAKE UP! WAKE UP!”

She got out of bed, and walked towards it, to shut it up.

It's been a while since I've had this kind of dream, must be all the stress.

She checked the time, 17:45...*I'll just have to pretend I had enough rest before my last training session...*

She decided to take a quick shower to wake herself up, and maybe relieve some frustrations still around from her incomplete erotic dream. She entered the shower and felt the scalding stream on her body moving from hair all the way down to her feet. She tried to focus on her classroom fantasy, but couldn't concentrate. She was so excited about tomorrow.

I'm going to launch into space tomorrow, all these months of training will finally come to fruition.

The only thing bringing her down was knowing she's about to take a two year long trip with that misogynistic pig Michael. She's had men blatantly staring at her before, but usually her harsh words brought their eyes back to the floor where they belonged. That bastard was actually egged on by her response.

When the mission is over, I'll go to the media and properly shame him. I'll make sure he is remembered as the first pig to ever go to space! If he really thinks he has a chance with me on the trip, then whatever drug he's on should be outlawed.

Karin was always solely focused on her studies, and her ambitions. She never had time for romantic relationships. She didn't have any sexual experience (outside of her own fantasies) but she knew she was attractive, and could start that 'mission' whenever she felt like it, If she ever does feel like it.

Even her fantasies never had men in them. She usually dreamed about other women.

I guess that makes me a lesbian , she thought, there's no need to come out of the closet before I actually start to explore my sexual identity with other people, is there?

Not that she was hiding it or anything, it just didn't seem to be important right now.

Her hand brushed her hairless vagina lightly. Dr. Abrahms insisted she would be entirely hairless. It was weird, and Karin couldn't think of any scientific reason for it, but every super genius had their strange quirks.

Coming from anyone else, such a demand would've had her blow a gasket. But, she trusted Dr. Abrahms to not have any ulterior motives. He was the only man she never caught taking a glimpse at her body, in a sexual manner, and she spent the last six months doing extensive physical training in front of him. He never lifted his eyes off his work, As if science is literally his mistress.

She heard her phone ringing, waking her from her musings.

Oh crap! I completely lost track of time!

She rushed out of the shower, grabbed a towel, and ran to her phone. 17:56, she sighed in relief.

I can still make it on time.

She couldn't afford to be late for Dr. Abrahms. He took perfectionism to an OCD level.

It was her sister calling.

Kelly you just saved my life, She chuckled.

“Hey Kel. Listen, I have to rush off. I can't talk.”

“But this is the last chance we'll have before the launch!”

“I know, but we can still talk after it...”

“Unless something horrible happens”

“It won't.”, Kelly was quite a worrywart. Ever since their parents died in that car crash. Karin understood her, and was so thankful to her for pretending to not be freaked out when Karin told her of the mission.

“Everything will be fine, and we'll talk on the day after tomorrow.”

“Okay I just wanted to tell you something...”

“Sorry Kel” Karin interrupted “but I'll be late if I don't leave right now”.

“But!...”

"No buts, I gotta go" Karin asserted.

"Ok...I love you." Kelly said, disappointed.

"Love you too sis, Bye" She hung up.

I almost wish she would've argued some more...

Karin and Kelly were twins, but they were definitely not identical. Kelly was naturally meek and shy. And, the fact she took up the housework at their grandfather's place (where they lived after their parents died) didn't help her attitude.

It was her coping mechanism, Karin thought, She wanted to be helpful so me and gramps won't be so sad all the time.

Karin hoped she would become a little more assertive and confident, especially now that she graduated from high school, and needs to start her adult life. Karin felt they were close, though she knew Kelly felt sisters needed to be closer. Karin was just so busy all the time...

As Karin reached the training facility she was met with Michelle, Dr. Abrahms's personal assistant.

As usual, she was appalled by what she was wearing.

Does she think dressing like a porn bimbo will get her a raise,? I'm sure Dr. Abrahms is more insulted by that notion, than anything else.

"Where's Dr. Abrahms?" she asked derisively.

"He's waiting at the Centrifuge. He sent me to fetch you." Karin swallowed nervously. Centrifuge test? Like the one fighter pilots had to go through in the nineties?

It's a test in which you sit in a capsule attached to a big metal arm that starts spinning around in circles, extremely fast, testing your endurance under massive G forces. Karin remembered that eighteen percent of the pilots lost consciousness and started convulsing. They later described the same dreams of floating miles above ground, and having tunnel vision, as people who've had near death experiences.

Of course, that served as proof that such experiences are a biological and chemical response some people have when their

brain is under severe stress, and not them seeing the gates of the next world.

Either way, Karin was sure this will be the worst training session ever. She even gave up on lecturing that floozy about female empowerment. *She won't listen anyway, and I'm so nervous I might barf if I open my mouth...*

Meanwhile Michelle seemed almost happy at Karin's apparent horror. *What a bitch!*

They reached the giant circular room where Dr. Abrahms waited next to the capsule, to strap Karin in. "Is this really necessary Dr. Abrahms?" Karin asked, hoping the answer would be no.

"You are about to go where no human has ever gone before. I intend to use every method known to man to make sure you're ready." *Known to man? What about women?*

She nodded, not in the mood to correct him, and approached the capsule.

As she was sitting she suddenly noticed Dr. Abrahms looking at her, in the same creepy way many men did.

Did I misjudge him? Well who cares, I'm going to mars tomorrow and right now I'm about to feel as if a hurricane wants to rape me...

"Okay Karin let's begin." she took a deep breath, and the capsule began to move.

What's the point of the helmet anyway?, She wondered, I'm so agitated I can't even think straight, But I'm sure a helmet won't help if something bad happens under these conditions.

Just as the capsule began accelerating, it stopped suddenly.

"Oops, we seem to have some technical difficulties" She heard Dr. Abrahms say.

Thank goodness, maybe he won't be able to fix it, and I'll be off the hook.

"Well, maybe we don't have..." she started, but stopped mid-sentence.

Her vision blurred a little, and her scalp felt like it was barbequed.

“My head is burning up” She said.

“You're just a little anxious. Breathe slowly and deeply”

He's right, that's what I should do.

He's always right...

He was wrong, but it was too late. Everything went black, and then blinding white, and black again, making her feel sick. Maybe she was already having the NDE like hallucinations? If that was it, it wasn't as bad as she thought. She actually started to feel rather nice.

He was right, I should have listened to him, and obey with no questions.

Not really sure who 'he' was anymore, she heard herself think things she felt her brain did not prompt.

I should always listen to, and obey him. It's the only reason I exist, the only thing that can ever make me happy.

“What? Wait...” she heard herself saying. It even felt like it was her, almost.

Not that my happiness is important. I can't let my own ambitions interfere with my master's happiness.

“Master? I have no master! I am an independent woman! I will change the world, and put men in their place for the first time in history!!” that weird voice shouted again, but it felt more distant and less like her by the moment.

She didn't know where that voice was coming from but the words made no sense.

Independent woman? No master? Put men in their place? A man's place is on a throne with a woman kneeling before him, ready to obey his every command.

No truth seemed clearer to her, now.

“What's...happening...” the voice was getting weaker and weaker.

Good, It was distracting me from focusing on my master.

Then, Karin understood what was going on, remembering Dr. Abrahms and the capsule.

He is brainwashing me to be his slave, she realized, not with horror or fear, but rather, with a feeling of adulation and happiness.

Master is so smart and wise, I am so lucky to be his property.

“...Not...property...I'm not an object to be...” the voice was but a whisper now and Karin easily ignored it, until it vanished completely. She was now giving her full attention to her master's programming. Learning what her life would be like from now on.

Chapter Four - Joneleth

Dr. Joneleth Abrahms was fifty years old, at some point in his life. Still was, as long as no one knew any better. His age didn't impact his sexual virility, though, or so he liked to think. Especially as he was slowly being ridden in his chair by his hot young assistant, as he monitored Karin's vitals on the screen in front of him.

Michelle was perfectly quiet as she rode him, knowing he wanted to remain focused on the process he was putting the young genius girl through. Her legs were on the floor, so she carried her own weight and did all the work, while he got all the pleasure.

Just as it should be, he thought.

He took his eyes from the monitors, and looked at the young woman, her eyes fluttering, her body completely calm.

She is at a very advanced stage already, this is going better than I thought.

Karin Williams was the perfect test subject, to make sure his process was flawless, and that no one would be immune to it. Not only was she a genius that came once a century, but she was also a rabid feminist if there ever was one. Jon was sure what she really wanted wasn't equality, but for women to rule the world.

Well tough luck, little bitch. He thought and gave Michelle's tits a little squeeze.

He made sure she was chosen for this mission despite her young age, and spent the last six months empowering her mental and physical fortitude. Reinforcing her feminist ideas, and boosting her confidence. Why? To be perfectly sure his process would crack even the toughest, most brilliant and willful woman.

So far, it seemed to be working perfectly. He gave the monitors another glance.

This is going so smooth, I can afford to have a little more fun. He stood up, his cock never leaving the warm embrace of Michelle's pussy and started pumping her hard, doggy style. He

still wanted silence though, *can't afford to lose concentration too much*, he figured.

Jon was always fascinated by all aspects of science, and had an ability to master them like none other. That, of course, gave him plenty of opportunities to expand his knowledge and research. In the form of research grants and awards.

He has been on the short list for a Nobel prize for a few years now, but honestly, his ambitions were much greater than that. He wasn't looking to rule the world, he just wanted to change it for the better.

It all started when he was in his late twenties. For the first time, he took his focus off of science and considered the social issues plaguing the world. From poverty to wars, he studied the history of mankind. He eventually came to a conclusion, that had nothing to do with the fact his girlfriend broke up with him, a week earlier, saying he was a “boring workaholic”.

Really, completely unrelated. I swear on my fifty year long life.

He decided, after listening to *Land of Confusion* by Genesis , that the world really did have too many people in it. Mind you, that was before the age of environment enlightenment we are in today. At least, too many people equally taking, and fighting for, the resources of this world, and adding to the pollution, both social and environmental.

The solution seemed simple. Feminists claimed men ruled over women unfairly throughout history. However, Jon had to disagree. In his eyes, the control was simply never strong enough.

In the past (and in some third world countries today, actually) women were property, sure. But the real problem was that men were worried their women would be coveted by other men, and that their women would be tempted. That's why women were kept in bee keeper suits, not allowed to show even a strand of hair to other men.

Jon believed that if women would truly become the hapless slaves of men world wide, with no dreams or ambitions, then a new world order could emerge where the possessiveness of the

past would not be an issue. We are not animals, after all, and if we can all get what we want, when we want it, there should be no issue.

Not to mention, taking human rights from half the world population would effectively kill unemployment, and stop our over use of the world resources. The healthcare systems will only need to take care of half the patients, and thus, give better healthcare to everyone.

And, essentially, extreme poverty will cease to exist. Of course women will still require sustenance, but if they are rendered helplessly servile there is absolutely no need to spend anything but the bare minimum of our resources on such matters.

Jon had many other, very well thought of reasons to believe his plan would make the world better. And again, none of which had anything to do with his stupid whore of an ex girlfriend. Back in the present, Jon just came in Michelle's tight cunt and now she was licking his cock clean, making him hard again.

Damn, it's been a while since I was last able to go at it twice in a row. I guess it's the excitement from watching my plans for Karin finally coming to fruition, and so perfectly. Too bad I promised her virginity to Michael, but I'll keep my word.

After all, Michael is about to go on a two year long mission to Mars, and miss all the fun down on earth. Not that he could complain. Regardless of what happens on earth meanwhile, he will still go down in history as the first man on Mars. And he will have his own personal little cum dumpster to take care of his every need.

While I labor here on earth to create a better world by the time he returns.

Michelle was still licking him gently, and diligently.

The process was done. Jon wasn't this excited since his very first successful test subject.

“Karin, remove your helmet and place it gently beside you.” he said sternly.

“Yes master.” she responded. his cock jumped back to a full erection upon hearing that.

“Should I suck harder, master?” Michelle asked him.

“No.” he replied “I want to be able to have some fun with Karin.”

I promised her virginity to Michael, but that doesn't mean I can't enjoy her body in other ways.

“As you wish, master” Michelle said and continued with her duty.

He got up, unzipped, and entered the centrifuge room, Michelle right behind him.

“Get out of the capsule, Karin.”

“Yes master.” She got out and, after a second on her feet, she fell to her knees. Her head bowed down, looking at the floor.

“Why are you on your knees, Karin?” he asked, innocently.

“It's my proper place, master. On my knees, at your feet, ready to please you in every way you require.”

He wanted to leap to the moon and back in joy. It was perfect, twenty minutes ago this girl would rather bite off her tongue than to say such things.

“I thought you were a feminist. That you believed in gender equality and that women shouldn't ever bow their heads down to men.”

She bowed her head lower and said “I'm so sorry master. This worthless slave knows no punishment would be enough. I beg your forgiveness.” she put her hands on the floor and bowed down so her nose touched the floor, and her cute ass was up in the air. Jon loved seeing her like that. He unzipped his fly again, knowing he achieved one-hundred percent success.

For a second he thought back on the strong willed woman she was before, and almost felt bad, but that ended quickly as ideas of how to use her started rushing to his head.

“Shake your ass from side to side like the happy little bitch you are.”

“Yes master. Your worthless bitch obeys.” He walked to her and started touching and fondling her ass. Before, she would've killed him for such a thing. Now, she continued to shake her perfect butt, eager to please.

“Have you ever kissed anyone?” He asked.

“Yes master, my parents, my sister, and my grandfather.”

“No, I don't mean that” , *I hope* , “I mean a romantic kiss, with a love interest.”

“I'm sorry master, this slave misunderstood” she said “No master, I never kissed anyone romantically before.”

Wow, I'm currently fondling the ass of a truly pure, untouched virgin. And I promised her pussy to Michael , he reminded himself. *Nevertheless, I can enjoy her other perfectly arousing parts.*

He stood in front of her. “Lift your head and return to a kneeling position, slave.”

“Yes master. Thank you master.” She sounded happy, perhaps thinking this meant she was a little forgiven for her previous naughty attitude.

Not even close, heheheh.

As she assumed the position he was standing before her, his bare cock inches from her face.

“I think it's time you had your first kiss, slave! With me!”

“Yes master, I will be honored. Should I stand up?”

He laughed.

“Hah! Of course not, little fuck toys like you aren't worthy of kissing a man's lips.”

“Of course Master. I'm sorry for being such a stupid little fuck toy.” said the former genius girl.

“Your first kiss will be with my cock. Make sure to do it with the proper love and adoration.”

“Yes master. I love your cock. Thank you for finding me worthy of such an honor.” She said.

Jon looked down at the cute eighteen-year-old, as she moved her head towards his cock, which was throbbing with anticipation by now. Then, he felt it. Her mouth gently kissed the tip with a lover's passion. Moving her tongue, giving his a cock a moist french kiss, before parting her lips from his cock with a single adorable kissing sound. It only lasted a few seconds, but to Jon it felt like time stood still. Like the slow motion kiss at the end of romantic flicks.

“Keep going” He told her.

“Happily master, I wish only to please you.”

From there, she continued on to a full make-out session with his cock. Kissing his tip, and then sides. Making small kissing sounds as she made love to his cock. Kissing lower and lower, Until she reached his balls.

“May I kiss you balls, master?”

“Of course slave, keep going”

“Thank you, master”

She continued to kiss his balls passionately, using her tongue perfectly.

I can't believe this bitch is doing this for the first time. This is amazing.

After another long french kiss with his balls, she started moving up again. This time just with her tongue, licking the underside of his cock and finishing with a long kiss on the under side of his helmet.

I can't take it anymore.

“Ohh damn! Time to fuck your face like the whore you are.” putting his hand on the back of her head.

“Yes master, my mouth is ymmffbmffmf” He shoved his cock in her mouth before she could finish. He pumped her face slowly, going deeper with every thrust.

“Move your tongue, bitch.” He moaned.

“Yehsss mahter” she slurred, her mouth full of cock.

He took his hand off her head.

“On your own now.”

“yeth mathter” She replied and began moving her head, at the same insane pace as before.

“I want my entire cock in your mouth. I want to feel your lips on my balls.”

“Ofbv course mahter” she said without even pulling back.

Without hesitation, she took his cock fully in her mouth, making some gagging sounds. She was still moving her tongue vigorously around his cock. He put his hand back on her head and plugged her nose with the other hand, choking her.

She didn't struggle, she just looked up at him with pleading eyes. He released his grip and she pulled back quickly, making a loud gasp.

“Thank you for allowing this worthless slave to breathe, master.” She said while panting for air.

Jon took a moment to admire his current situation. Suddenly, he remembered Michelle was still behind them.

“Michelle, you obedient little piece of ass. Get yourself here so I can fuck some pussy too”

“Right away, master”. She rushed towards him, dropping her short skirt on the way, to give him easy access.

Jon had Michelle put her bare foot on Karin's head so her legs were spread for him. He alternated between fucking Michelle and skull fucking Karin with Michelle's foot on her head.

I wish I could see the real Karin's reaction to all this. Jon thought while pumping into Karin's mouth, her tongue moving to give the greatest pleasure.

Heh, I dare complain in this situation, He laughed to himself, moving back to Michelle's wet hole.

Jon neared his climax. “Michelle, when I cum on Karin's face, you may orgasm.”

“Ahh! Thank you master, this slave is unworthy of your kindness.”

He switched to Karin's face for a few seconds and then pulled out and poured everything he had on the virgin eighteen-year-old. Cum splattered on her entire face, from her forehead to her nose, and all the way down to her lips.

Michelle gyrated her hips, moaning loudly, her leg pushing hard on Karin's head. Karin didn't move, so Jon could hit her with his entire load.

"Thank you for using me master. I am so happy I pleased you." Karin said.

Some of his load trickled down her right eye and made her shut it, while the cum on her chin trickled down to her shirt, staining it.

"Lick it off your face and eat it all."

"Yes master. I am your cum receptacle." *The programming worked perfectly.*

Karin looked like an adorable puppy, taking his cum in her hands, and licking them slowly.

The chamber's door opened. It was Michael. First staring at Karin, still with a lot of cum on her, diligently licking it all off. Then, to Michelle, now sprawled on the floor after an orgasm that was denied for such a long time.

And finally, his eyes set on Jon.

"Couldn't resist, could you?" he said, the irony of his words not lost on Jon at all.

"I could, I chose not too" he responded with a chuckle. "But I keep my promises, she's still a virgin."

"Not for long, are you, you little slut?" Karin realized he was talking to her.

"For as long as you wish master, my body is yours." Jon saw the spark in Michael's eyes as the ball busting bitch said those lovely submissive words.

Karin instinctively knew who her masters were, by the tone of their voice alone. It was actually one of the hardest parts of the programming. It might not be needed, because Jon can just

command her once she's programmed, but he always liked a challenge.

The programming was easy to explain. She still had her memories, and mental faculties. What changed was her decision making and priorities. If someone called her a slut before, she would go berserk with anger. Now, she would thank her abuser, and hope she continues to please him.

“Did you inform Karin of the changes to the mission yet?” Michael inquired.

“Heh, no, I didn't” Jon said with a grin “thanks for reminding me.”

“You're very welcome.”

“Listen up Karin!”, he said sharply, making her jolt to attention, opening both her eyes, now that they were bereft of his semen.

“Yes, master.”

“I realized I made an error, calculating the load of provisions for your mission to Mars.” he said mischievously “It seems the vessel will only be able to carry enough food for one person. So me and Michael decided you will have to get your nutrition elsewhere.”

Karin gasped.

“I'm so sorry for being such a burden, master!” she whined.

“It's really not a problem, pet” Michael said “I will be in charge of feeding you. Of course, you will have to work to extract it from my cock. Cum is known for its nutritional values. A chem major like you should know.”

“Of course master, I can't thank you enough for agreeing to feed this worthless slave.”

“I won't always cum in your mouth, though, since you have other holes I want to use. So, you will have to go hungry sometimes.” Michael seemed to be enjoying the verbal abuse.

“Anything you wish, master.”

“You'll also have to do all the manual labor”

“Of course, master”

“There will also only be room for one bed-and-half sized bed.” Jon interjected. “But, I'm sure the two of you will find a solution.”

“Well I'm sure Karin's tight and soft body will be a great bedding accessory. Right, my little sex toy?”

“Of course, master. I'm your object, to be used as you please.” Michael was now rubbing his crotch, suddenly looking around.

“Jon, this seems a little risky, doing this right here, and not taking them somewhere more private.”

Jon was almost insulted, but also glad the usually brazen Michael was actually giving some thought for discretion.

“I made sure the only people in the entire facility at this time are my people.” He answered.

“Oh well, I guess I shouldn't have doubted you.” Michael said.

“I prefer it when you do. I am not incapable of errors. I chose my associates for their intelligence, not their power.”

“I have another question, then. I was wondering, is she still in there, somewhere? Still aware on some level what she has become?”

Jon smirked “What would you prefer?”

Michael made a pondering look for a few seconds and said “I haven't decided yet.”

“Well, “ Jon started “If my calculations are correct, and seeing the results” He glanced at Karin's submissive stance “there is reason to assume they are. I believe a small percentage of women will be able to remain aware in some dark, and completely locked away place in their subconscious. With no chance for escape, of course. But, most of them will be fully changed, with no trace of their old personality. I Can't check a woman after the process is complete, though. And, honestly, I mostly care that either way they can't revert back. And I've made sure of that.”

“That's perfect!” said Michael “Like Schrodinger's brainwashed slave girl!”

“What a geek...” Jon mocked, and they both laughed out loud.

Chapter Five - Karin

Karin crawled on the floor slowly, leading her master to her room, where she can serve him properly. She made sure to shake her ass seductively from side to side, so her master had something to enjoy as they moved forward.

She donned a stupid smile on her face, and dangled her tongue out like a dumb bitch. Karin wasn't dumb, but she would be anything her master desired. She finally had her priorities straight.

I am a tool, for him to use. A sex toy, or a stepping stool, doesn't matter. I'm a thing in his possession.

She thought back to her time before the brainwashing, and simply couldn't, for the life of her, understand how she could have been so wrong. It was probably Ms. Jackson's fault, mostly. Infecting her young mind with thoughts of independence, and girl power.

Women like her, who try to stop perfectly fuckable girls like me from fulfilling their life's goal of being sex dolls, should really be arrested, and fucked, Karin decided.

She continued crawling, staring straight ahead, knowing the owner of her life was right behind her, enjoying the view.

“Stop, bitch.” Michael said.

“Yes, master.” She stopped immediately, but continued to wiggle her ass for him.

She felt his hand on her ass, and cooed lewdly.

“I just noticed something, slave Karin.” He said.

“What is it, master?” She asked.

Spank

“*Oh!*” Karin yelped in surprise “Thank you, master”

“Well,” He said “You are still fully clothed. I think it's time to mend that.” He reached over, and started removing her bottoms, slowly unwrapping his prize, in the middle of the hallway.

“Yes master. My body belongs to you.” She said, her pussy moistening, as she realized what was to come. She wasn't sexually attracted to him, but it was her duty to make sure her body was accommodating for him.

“Funny you should say that, Karin. Just two weeks ago, you threatened to take my eyes out for checking your tits out.”

Spank

Her pants were removed, and that smack came down on her panties.

Karin immediately felt shame for her previous behavior towards her master. She was so rude to him.

“I'm so sorry, master. You can stare and touch and fondle and fuck any part of my body you desire. I should have gone to my knees, where I belong, and sucked your cock as you deserve.”

Michael finished removing her panties, and gave her ass one last smack, before checking her pussy out. Karin hoped looking at her virgin cunt would help her master forgive her for not allowing him to stare at her boobs before.

At his command, Karin removed her shirt, exposing her perfect, perky tits for him to fondle.

“This is bouncy, gravity defying heaven!” He exclaimed.

“Thank you for your kind words, master.” She told him, happy to be his squeeze toy.

He finished fondling her tits, and moved behind her again. She still kept staring forward, not allowed to do otherwise. Karin assumed he would spank her ass some more, so she was surprised when she felt his tip entering her wet pussy.

Before she knew it, he rammed his cock deep inside, tearing her hymen with a groan of satisfaction that warmed her heart.

“No better way to humiliate a girl like you, than to deflower you like a bitch in the middle of the hallway, with no warning!” Michael bragged as he pumped into her tight fuckhole.

It did hurt, but it was easy for Karin to ignore the pain. Her only hope was that her master enjoyed using her pussy to get off.

And, she could tell by his moans that he did.

She never expected her first time to be like this. Her virginity thrown away like yesterday's trash in the middle of a public hallway. No romantic foreplay, no preview make out session, and no regard to her own feelings and desires.

Just as it should be, she thought happily, as she felt her master throb inside of her, ready to cum.

He took his member out, and sprayed her ass with his gift. To her, it was a wasted meal. But, it was for her master to decide, where to cum on his property.

“Good girl!” He said, giving her ass a slap with his cock. She was so happy at the compliment. It was the proof she needed, to know she can please him properly.

“Thank you very much, my master.”

“Continue crawling to your room.” He said, as he got to his feet.

“Yes master. Thank you, again, master.”

And so, she continued wiggling her, now naked, ass from side to side, as she led her master to her room. Hot cum falling to the floor from her ass, and hot blood dripping from her deflowered twat, painting the hallway floor with red and white. Two colors that combined perfectly in her young pink pussy.

She felt no shame, as some people crossed their path, and looked at her. She was obeying her master, and nothing was more normal than that. They were begging her master to give them her body to use. He told them they can have her later, if there's time before the launch.

Back in her room, she stood at attention beside her bed, as her master removed his own clothes and lay on it, getting comfortable.

“Okay, time for you to do some work, slave. Get on top of me, and ride my cock.”

“Yes master. As you wish.” Karin happily got on the bed, spread her legs above his member, impaled herself, and started

bouncing in a steady rhythm, Gyrating her entire body to add to his pleasure.

“Oh yeah! This is great!” He moaned, and grabbed her funbags.

“I'm happy to please you, master!” Karin said as she rode her master.

Yes, she was more than happy. She was complete. She was fulfilling her purpose. She remembered thinking that women should be the ones on top in the future. And, even though that notion was a product of her misled feminist ways, she now realized she was always aware of her true calling. To be on top of her master, at his command of course, and ride his cock. Doing all the work, so he can relax, and enjoy her tight pussy, and fondle her body as he pleases.

Yes, and this was work she was happy to do for free.

I can't believe I moaned about women getting paid less than men in the work force. I should be grateful to be allowed to do any work to please my master, and only hope for his cum as payment for my service.

Karin thought to herself, as she rode faster and harder.

After a few minutes, her master exploded deep inside her. She stayed on his cock until he went limp. Michael ordered her to push the cum out of her cunt, and into her hand, and eat it.

“Thank you for the meal, master.” She said, although it would've been more hardy if he blew his load straight in her throat. Of course, she made sure to follow his instructions in a seductive and pleasurable way, as befitting a sex doll like her.

He spent a few minutes watching her perform her cum guzzling show.

“Okay, time to sleep.” He said, and tucked himself under the soft blanket, resting his head on the pillow.

“Do you want to use me to warm your bed, master?” Karin asked, meekly, still eating her meal from her pussy.

“Hmm, well. I'll have more than enough nights to use you for that.” He said “Right now, I think you deserve more punishment for your previous behavior.”

“As you wish, master.” She bowed her head down, in shame.

“Stand against the wall over there, with your ass pointing to me, and spank yourself as hard as you can. Oh, and count them, aloud, slave. Don't stop until I tell you to.”

“Yes, master.” She said, assumed the position, and started diligently smacking her ass, punishing herself for her master's pleasure.

Spank

“One, master.”

Spank

“Two, master.”

Spank

“Three, master.”

She continued her duties, happy to be in full view of her master. He watched her, with a big smile on his face.

Before long, Karin noticed her master fell asleep. She was quite tired herself, and knew spanking herself had little meaning with her master fast asleep, and unable to enjoy looking at her. Nevertheless, she continued spanking herself, disobedience was impossible, regardless of what logic dictated.

The only leeway she allowed herself was counting the spanks in a whispering voice, so as to not wake her master up. She continued spanking herself as hard as she could, of course, making a loud noise every time her hand connected, but that actually seemed to help her master sleep. She was so happy about that.

As morning arrived, Michael woke up to the sound of flesh hitting flesh.

Smack

“Nine thousand eight hundred and sixty two, master.” Karin whispered, her throat groggy, and both her ass cheeks crimson

red.

“You're still at it, I see. It's amazing how absolute the control is.” Her master said.

“I'm glad you approve, master.”

Spank

“Nine thousand eight hundred and sixty three, master.” Karin said aloud, seeing her master was fully awake.

“Wow, that's quite a lot.” He said.

Spank

“Nine thousand eight hundred and sixty four, master.”

“Tell you what, when you reach ten thousand, you can come here and blow my morning wood. I bet you're quite thirsty.”

“Yes master. I am, master. Thank you so much, master.” She said.

Spank

“Nine thousand eight hundred and sixty five, master”

“Hahahaha! This expedition is going to be fantastic!” Her master bellowed, making Karin happy to be alive.

* * * *

Elsewhere on the compound, Dr. Abrahamson pondered the next phases of his plan to change the world forever, as a former law student named Michelle gave him one of her famous tit fucks.

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A Wonderful Life

* * * * *

Chapter One

Ever wondered if heaven exists?

I have.

Well, it's one of those existential questions everyone stumbles upon, at some point, right? The question of life after death, or bliss after death.

I gave up on that notion a long time ago. There's no way to know for sure, after all. One concept has never stopped intriguing me, though, and that's the so called 'heaven on earth'. Have you ever really wondered about that?

Is there a place, or a time, that will make you say “Meh, screw garden of Eden, I'm staying right here, where the real fun is at.”

I found myself pondering on that, many times, thinking of blissful scenarios that will make me wonder if I had died, and reached my own personal paradise. What would it take? A drug that induces perfect bliss that never wears off? As a chemist, that sounds appealing, indeed. Endless riches, and the ability to buy anything your heart desires? Hmm, perhaps.

But no, that wouldn't be it. Now, I know exactly what heaven on earth looks like, and I intend to get it all, just for me. Thanks to my diligent work, my unparalleled brilliance, and just the right amount of luck, I will get my very own paradise.

I bet you're thinking “What the hell is this dude rambling on about?”

I don't blame you, and I guess I have some explaining to do. Although, in the end, it's really not all that complicated.

Like I said, I'm a chemist. Actually, I have a PHD in Chemistry, and am the leading expert on brain chemistry. I still need to convince the rest of the scientific world of that fact, being a young, and very under appreciated genius. Still, I'm certain my knowledge surpasses all the so called 'world rate experts' out there, and my latest discovery has proven that.

After getting my PHD, I chose not to stay in the university, and pander to idiotic old professors, in hopes I'll get a research grant. No, I decided to find a high paying job in the pharmaceutical industry, and use their facilities to further my research.

Well, that worked almost as well as I had planned. Other than the good pay, and the using of their facilities to further my own goals. Apparently, it's not that easy to fool a multi-billion corporation to overlook your 'private endeavors'. I was almost fired, and luckily got off with just a warning.

So, I went with the next best thing, spent all my savings to rent a tiny little venue, and made it into my private lab. Sure, I never made any money, and survived on cheap TV meals, but I knew if my research bears fruit, none of it will matter. I could've given up, or gone crazy, but I persevered. And boy, did I reap some great rewards.

I already said I was the leading expert on brain chemistry, right? Well, I've proven it one rainy day. Well, okay, it was rather sunny that day, but I worked my ass off at work, and spent all my money on my research. Honestly, every day seemed rainy, back then. Looking back, I realize I've made quite a lot of stupid decisions...

That doesn't matter now, though. Doesn't matter at all. How shall I put it? Hmm...

Well, I'll just go ahead and say it, no need to digress. I've finally made a breakthrough, and found how to alter the brain's chemistry, to usurp free will.

That's another big question, both philosophical, and scientific. Does free will actually exist? My answer has always been a clear and resounding No. We don't know everything about the brain, but we do know it's all summed up with electrical and chemical energy, in the end. The brain must follow the laws of nature, and therefore, certain causes must result in certain effects.

If your Nervous System is functioning, and you stub your toe, you'll feel great pain. Depending on who you are, you might grab

it, and angrily swear and curse, or try and slowly breathe the pain off. Either way, the decision to respond a certain way was made the moment your toe was hit. The rest is nothing more than a chain of chemical, and electrical reactions.

If you can change the chemical balance in the brain, you can change the reaction processes, and even the thought processes. If you can chemically alter a person's brain, you can essentially control their mind.

At least, that's what I've always believed, and I was intent on being the first to discover how to do it. And, like I said, one rainy...err...rather sunny day, I did it. What I found wasn't only a formula capable of making someone slightly change. No, I did something much more amazing. I found a way to make anyone become hopelessly subservient to my wishes.

Well, the wishes of the person who's DNA is mixed within the concoction. Details, details...

And when I say hopelessly subservient, I mean it. Anyone who undergoes such a process, will feel an unending need, and desire to please me, no matter the cost. Imagine you haven't eaten in two weeks, haven't drank in over a day, and haven't slept in a week. Imagine someone is suddenly offering you a hot meal, a refreshing beverage, and a soft bed to sleep on. Imagine it's the only chance you have of survival. What would you be willing to do, to have that?

Take that feeling, and magnify the desire, and happiness you get from giving that person anything he wants, tenfold. That is what any person would feel toward me, after my little mind control potion is done altering their brain. And it only takes a couple of seconds to take full effect. After all, it attacks the brain directly, and the brain is very fast to adapt to new situations, and new realities.

My first test subject was the hot secretary at my work. I was so sure it would work, that I skipped masturbating that morning, thinking I'd save my load for her hot, bitchy mouth. I tried asking her out before, but she just snorted in derision, and told me to 'get

a life'. She was young, and pretty, and wanted nothing to do with a lab geek like me.

I had a raging erection as I came near her, and quickly sprayed a pure dose of my discovery, right in the face. I expected a few seconds of confusion, before she ended up worshiping at my feet. Instead, I got her hot coffee thrown on me, and an angry smack on my face, as she demanded to know what the fuck was wrong with me.

I don't take well to disappointments, and after I realized my big discovery fell flat, I ran out of there with my tail between my legs, ignoring my manager, and anyone else who tried to stop me. I managed to hold off crying until I got back to my tiny apartment, and started sobbing as I got there.

I felt so stupid. I knew there's a good chance I just lost my job, and I just couldn't afford that. I cried my eyes out in bed, as I realized I might end up in the streets. I had a whole "This isn't what was promised to me." moment. It was quite pathetic. Well, at least I can laugh about it, now.

As if reading my mind, my crony landlord came. An obnoxious man, if there ever was one, he notified me that I broke another of his stupid rules, and must pay a fine. I was in a rotten mood as it is, so when he told me he's kicking me out, and to get my stuff out by that very evening, I just lost it

I took the hose from under the sink – The one I asked if I can remove, because a tiny apartment has no need for a freaking hose. I'm telling you, that guy was utterly insane. Anyway, I took that damn hose, and gave him the shower of his life. Yes, I knew I could end up in jail, but I didn't care anymore. My dreams failed, so I figured going crazy was quite appropriate.

In my rage, I started emptying my pockets, and throwing it at him. Another cliché "Here, you want to bleed me dry! This is all I have!" moment, that I am quite ashamed of. Ashamed or not, that moment shaped up to be the decisive moment in my life.

I wonder if there's a parallel universe, where I just decided to buckle down, and live my life as a worn down chemist for some

faceless conglomerate. A universe where I conceded to the fact my life's work failed, even though it was a complete success.

Yes, you heard me. It worked! like a charm, I'd say. A charm would be a good word for it, especially since even I still don't get exactly why it worked. One thing was obvious to me, though, especially when I tried it on my neighbor, who rushed out of his house because of the noise.

It was the water. Somehow, if you mix my concoction with water, it has the desired effect on the brain. I tried to figure it out. I tried adding things to the mix, but nothing seemed to make sense. I suddenly had much more time to work on my project, since I had both my landlord, and neighbor give me all their money, and property. They were all too happy to comply, as I sent them to beggar on the streets.

I know, it seems mean, but you don't know those two. They made my life a living hell! Honestly, I don't even regret what I did. They deserved it. Anyway, after a few days of constant work, I decided to screw it, and just enjoy my discovery. Okay, maybe what I actually decided was to take revenge on that damn secretary, and finally shove my cock down her throat, and have her beg for it.

After all, it's not like I needed to douse the mix with diamonds, or anything. All I needed was some rudimentary materials, and I bet you'd love it if I specified, hehe. Some of my DNA, and honestly I sometimes feel I have too much of that, as it is. And, the surprise ingredient – Water!

Only the most common natural resource in the world, that exists in abundance, even in our human bodies. And, yes, I did try to harness the water within the human body to make it work. Anyway, even if it worked, it still wouldn't explain the necessity of water to the process. Meh, I'm obsessing again, let's just go on with the story. Because, trust me, this was all just the prolog.

Now, back to the heaven on earth. I planned on starting small. Getting my hot, sexy secretary slave, and go from there. The day before my triumphant return to work, I saw the most amazing

story on the news. They titled the story “Model Summit 2013”, which was a horrible title for it. What should they have named it? Yeah, you guessed it. Heaven on freaking Earth.

The story drew me in, instantly, mainly because of the two hot bikini clad babes that appeared on the very first frame of the broadcast. The voice of the reporter came, and explained the essence of this event, the first of its kind.

Apparently, the modeling world, or at least some of the top companies in it, decided to send their models to a joint retreat, somewhere in Hawaii, where they can frolic topless, have lesbian make-out sessions, and generally make every guy's wet dream a reality.

Well, the story didn't mention them being topless, or making out. They spoke more of them sharing experiences, and bonding with other women in the high-end flesh trade. But, hey, can you blame me for letting my imagination roam a bit?

Anyway, you heard me. A bunch of the hottest women in the world, who actually get paid to walk, because they're so damn beautiful. They were going to meet for a joint vacation, next to the largest body of water in the world, also known as the Pacific Ocean. It was perfect, and just when I thought it couldn't get any better, they said even Sports Illustrated and Playtoy were sending their models there.

'Sports Illustrated' - The so called 'sports' magazine that had the hottest models on the cover, and nobody bought for actual sports, unless jerking off is considered a sport. They had the hottest babes the world has ever seen, doing bikini shots. Being on their cover was every model's dream, actually. And, Playtoy magazine, that specializes in semi nude shots of busty women, and some stories, whose whole purpose is to give husbands an excuse, if they are caught with it by their wives.

Why did that fact make it so much better? Well, I sometimes watch the fashion channel. Come on, a bunch of hot young supermodels walking back and forth in skimpy clothes, who wouldn't watch it? Well, the problem with those runway models,

if one would nitpick, is that they're often flat chested, or at least have rather tiny tits. Don't get me wrong, they're still fucking hot, but they're sometimes so petite, that you don't feel like there's anything to grab.

Well, not in this little gathering of hotties, though. Nope, they had everything there. The hottest bitches in the modeling world, with tits in any size you'd like. You had the ones with the small, and perky tits. You had the Sports Infiltrated models, with their well rounded, perfectly proportioned bodies, and medium tits that defied gravity. And, you had the Playtoy kittens, who made a living off of showing their big tits to the world.

Told you I found heaven on earth, didn't I?

Chapter Two

I knew I had to act fast. I scratched my plan to get the secretary, because, with all due respect, fucking her haughty mouth can wait. Luckily, I had more than enough money to get me a ticket to Hawaii, thanks to my generous landlord, and neighbor.

I booked the first flight, and got there a day before the models were scheduled to arrive. Unsurprisingly, I wasn't the only man who just happened to be there, hoping to get a glimpse of the hot babes in bikinis, or even sun bathing, European style.

The management of that very special event was ready, of course, and made sure to have a completely private beach strip, surrounded by a bunch of body guards, who I assume were all eunuchs, since no straight man with a functioning penis would just stand outside and guard, am I right?

After seeing the security, most of the men lost all hope, and started drinking their sorrows away, booking places on high end casino games, perhaps hoping to get rich, and get the models that way. Not me, though. Well, I had something no one else in the world had, after all.

Also, I took note that the security guards themselves were not allowed on the private beach. It made sense, since they would probably be as much of a bother, to the hot models, as any other man gawking at their bodies. So basically, I knew that if I got in unnoticed, and my potion works, I can do whatever I want.

I had to check something first, though, and tried finding a proper specimen to test on. First of all, I wanted to make sure the substance worked with salt water from the ocean, since I only tried it with fresh water so far. I didn't want to just pour it in the ocean, because then I'd have to cope with dozens, maybe hundreds of slaves I don't really want. Plus, it might cause a panic, and drive the models away.

So, I found a small bucket that people use to build sand castles, filled it up with water straight from the pacific ocean, and added my special mixture to it. The second thing I had to check was the limits of those affected by it. Now, according to my research, there shouldn't be any limit to the obedience. There shouldn't be any problem for me, to have those affected perform any kind of degrading, or sexual act.

On the other hand, I still had no idea why water made it work, and I really didn't want any other surprises down the road. There were obviously still things I didn't understand, and I learned caution, if nothing else, after my first failures, and silly mistakes.

Long story short, I searched for a hot babe on the bitch. One I'd wanna fuck, and one that will have a good reason to refuse me. Someone's girlfriend, or wife. Someone who had ambitions other than becoming my sex toy for life. I had to make sure the person affected will obey me beyond all reason, or prior emotion.

I went to a less crowded strand of beach, thinking it will be easier to corner someone alone, than in one of the heavily crowded beaches. There were only a handful of families there, and a few couples. I immediately picked the two best candidates.

There was a teen girl, fresh out of highschool, celebrating her graduation with her family, and a couple of friends. She spoke of going to an ivy league college, and I knew ambition when I saw it. If I could get her to forget about those dreams, and focus on serving me, it would be just the proof I needed.

The other was a woman in her early to mid twenties, who was there with her husband, and small child, making sand castles. I knew that if I can get her to cheat on her husband, and leave both him, and her child behind, on my whim, I could get anyone to do anything.

So, I waited, patiently, for a chance to get one of them, trying to be as incognito as I can, while clutching the bucket In my hand. I realized then that my decision to give up on my first childhood dream, to be a secret agent, was certainly the right one.

The first of them to give me the opportunity was the young mother. She went on a 'quest' to find colorful rocks for her child, and I went after her, making sure no one saw me following. She wore a two-piece swimming suit, and looked quite hot in it. She had D-cup tits, that still had more than enough youth in them, even though she had a child. She was skinny, and had quite a nice body.

I smiled, as I got a closer look at her, and approached her from behind nervously. She heard me, of course, and turned around to face me.

“Oh, I'm sorry.” She said with a light french accent “Why are you creeping behind me like that?” She asked immediately, obviously concerned.

All I could do was stare and mumble, which creeped her out even more. A few seconds later, I came back to my senses, and poured the water straight on her chest, before she could try going back to her husband.

“Oh...What...” Was all she managed to say, before it started taking affect.

“Phew, it worked. Okay, first test successful, salt water works.” I mumbled to myself.

“Now for the fun test.” I said “From now on, you'll call me master, and display happiness when you obey my commands.” I told her.

“Yes master.” She said, and smiled.

“Good. Strip out of your swimsuit.” I told her.

“Yes, master.” She said, and undressed immediately.

I tossed my bucket aside, came closer to her, and started fondling her tits. She just smiled, and allowed it.

“How old are you?” I asked.

“Twenty four.” She said.

I moved one hand to rub her shapely ass.

“Is that your husband over there?” I asked her.

“Yes master.” She said.

“I want to fuck you, right here, with him just a couple hundred feet away. Is that a problem?” I asked.

She smiled, and looked at me.

“Not at all, master. I am your slave. I exist to serve you.”

I smiled back at her. Well, I got a verbal confirmation, now I just had to check if she can take the actions, as well

“Bend over those rocks.” I said, and pointed to a nearby rock formation.

The naked french tourist did as she was told, and I followed her, poking her wet cunt with my already erect cock. Then, I had an idea.

“Hey, were you ever fucked up the ass?” I asked her.

“No master.” She answered. I never fucked a woman up the ass, as well. And, I figured that as long as I was testing boundaries, I might as well try it out.

I didn't even tell her anything else – I just switched holes, and started pushing myself into her tight asshole. I was half way in, when she started whimpering, and I got worried.

“Is there a problem?” I asked.

“No master. Please, go on.” She said casually. Even I was amazed at how well she was taking it.

“I'm taking your anal virginity.” I informed her, as if she didn't notice.

“Yes master.”

“You should thank me.” I told her, feeling mischievous.

“Thank you so much, master.”

As the base of my crotch touched her firm ass, I started pumping in and out slowly.

“You're nothing but my little fuck toy.” I said.

“Yes master. Your fuck toy.” She agreed.

Before long, I was humping her ass like there's no tomorrow. She only moaned, whimpered, and begged for more. Silently, because I didn't want anyone to hear us.

“You're going to come with me to my hotel room, and serve me for the rest of your life.” I told her “You'll never see your family, ever again.”

I grabbed her throat, and pumped even harder

“Yes master. Thank you, master. As you wish, master.”

There was no hesitation in her voice, and no regret. Just complete acceptance. It was enough to completely finish me, and I started cumming hard. I pulled out of her tight ass, and sprayed my cum all over it. Then, I had her bend over for me, and show off her cum covered ass.

After thoroughly enjoying myself, I told her to put her bikini back on, without wiping my cum off of her lovely ass, to 'remind her of her purpose'. I sent her back, and ordered her to try and get that hot teen over to me, while I filled my bucket again, and poured the drug in.

She actually managed it, which proved she still had most of her mental faculties, in tact. The girl was eighteen, as I expected, and not a bad cock sucker, as I found out quickly enough, right there on the beach.

I took them both to my hotel room, and banged them like there's no tomorrow, while planning for the next day. My tests were a complete success, and now all I needed was an entry plan to the guarded private beach.

After I finished telling my slaves their part of the plan, I pierced the eighteen years old's cunt, and started fucking her. Apparently, she dreamed of becoming a lawyer specializing in women's rights.

“What should we do after you're in, master?” She asked me, as I fucked her.

“After I've managed to get in? Well, If I succeed, I'll have the hottest women in the world as my slaves. I'll have no use for you. I suppose I can throw you away, like yesterday's trash.” I said with an evil smile.

“Yes master. I'm happy to be your property, to dispose of whenever you please.” She said, rubbing her clit happily as I

fucked her.

“After your part is done, I want you to leave Hawaii, and go somewhere to work the streets as hookers. Anywhere you want, as long as you go together, and go to a city neither of you have ever been to.” I said, with a final stroke of genius.

“Yes master.” The young mom said, and passionately kissed the cute teen.

“We are going to have so much fun, being whores for our master.” She added, rubbing her nose cutely against the hot, fuckable teen. I had the young mom suck the cum out of the teen's cunt after I was done, and went to sleep, with the two of them licking my limp shaft all night.

Chapter Three

The next morning, me and my two slaves surveyed the location. According to the intel I gathered the day before, there was one entrance that only had two guards guarding it, at lunch time. My plan was to see if the security guards there really were eunuchs. I figured I had enough days to try and get in, if that didn't work.

I sent my sexy slaves to do their work, with a slap on the ass, and watched as they seduced the security guards. A hot french tourist, and a local highschool graduate fawning over them, I figured it won't take long for them to forget their duty. Assuming they had male genitalia, that is.

I was right, and less than five minutes later, the guards left with my slaves, claiming that one of them was feeling ill, on the radio, and requesting replacement. Luckily, my slaves made sure they couldn't wait for their replacement to come, and I was able to slip in before the horny guards were substituted.

After getting inside, and seeing my paradise from a few hundred feet away, I started exacting my plan. This time, I wasn't as careless as before. I had to do this right, and that meant not making even one miscalculation.

I dropped a leaf on the water, and made sure the water currents are flowing just as my research indicated. Well, research might be a big word for what I did. Can you believe there's an app that gives you a breakdown of the water currents, in the ocean around you? It's amazing.

Anyway, I knew it would take between five to ten minutes, for my substance to reach the beach where the models were, and I tried timing it in a way that made sure enough of them were in the water. It was crucial, if I wanted to lure the rest of them inside. There were no other guys in sight. Not that it mattered, once my mixture touched their skin, their brains would fixate on my DNA, and my DNA alone.

I took a deep breath, gave another glimpse at the hot babes splashing water at each other, only fifty feet away, and poured the highly concentrated substance in the water. It was colorless, so I had no way of knowing for sure it was flowing in the right direction. I kept a little bit for emergency, just in case.

“Oh yeah, splash that water on each other, babes. That will make it work even faster, I reckon.” I said with gritted teeth, filled with anticipation.

I waited eight minutes, and started swimming towards them, with a snorkel, so I won't be discovered. I only wore my swimming shorts, and planned to get rid of them once the process was complete. I planned for the models to lose their bikinis quite quickly, as well, after all.

It took me a little over a minute to reach near the bathing models. It was a group of hotties I recognized from Sports Infiltrated. They all had either C-cup, or D-cup tits, and perfect curves. The kind of curves that gets you on the cover of the most desirable magazine. Some of them wore bikini thongs, and I had a perfect view of their sweet asses.

There were also other models, that I guessed were runway models. I didn't recognize them, but they had the slender petite look I knew from the Fashion channel. There were also two Playtoy kittens. And, get this, they were topless! Their massive, and probably fake boobs made my heart skip a beat.

I was so blundered by my surroundings, that I forgot I wanted to check if the models were affected by the drug, and that I planned to turn them into my sex slaves. I felt like a creep peeping on them, and was trying my best to not get noticed. At some point, I realized any person with a brain, and proper senses would've seen me by now, and I reminded myself why I was there.

That was when I noticed the models were not talking to each other, or splashing water at each other, or doing anything, really. They just stood there, doing nothing. Well, it's been over ten minutes, at that point, and I expected their minds to be fully altered by that time. Still, I guess I was so flustered that I

couldn't bring myself to stand up from the water, and show myself.

Luckily, the women's brains were now coded to respond to my very DNA, and the hot blonde next to me, wearing a golden bikini, with lacy bottoms, noticed me. This was the moment of truth. She stared at me with the eyes of a delicate gazelle.

I stared back, with the same terror I always felt when a hot woman looked at me, almost expecting her to freak out, and slap me. For some reason, I couldn't escape these emotions. However, what happened next gave me the confidence that I would never have to feel anything other than superiority, over these hot babes.

The hot blonde got on her knees beside me, and stared at me. It took her brain a few seconds to parse the fact she was compelled to serve me, and then...

"What can I do for you?" She asked, docile, and obedient. A wave crashed just then, right on her face. She didn't even flinch.

I started breathing heavily, panting even. I don't know why I reacted that way, with such exhilaration. I mean, it's what I expected to happen, right? Well, when the other women stared at me as well, and I saw the same devotion in their eyes, I forced my senses back, and continued my plan. I wasn't done just yet, after all.

I stood up abruptly, and got their attention.

"From now on, you'll call me master, and follow my every command with words of confirmation like 'yes, master' and 'of course, master. Understood?'"

All of them responded properly, with a 'yes master', and some with an 'I understand, master'. When the last of them confirmed their understanding, my cock was already rock hard, and I was ready for the real fun to begin.

I always believed foreplay was invented by women, and with a bunch of hotties who needed to obey me more than they needed to breathe, I felt no need to delay the so called 'main event'.

“Okay, my little sex slaves. Now, I'll choose one of you to fuck. Go ahead and stand before me, in a row.”

“Yes master.” One said, and then another. I wondered if I can get them to say it in unison, at some point.

“I'm going to treat you like nothing but hot pieces of ass, and tits. I'm going to rank you based on your pussies, and other fuck holes. I'm going to sort you based on the size of your boobs, and other sexual attributes.”

Another sequence of acknowledgment came from my new toys.

“You don't have a problem with me treating you like objects, right? You have no issue with my last commands?” I wanted a final confirmation.

“Yes master.” They all said. It was music to my ears.

I didn't waste too much time choosing my first toy. I'll have plenty of time to use them all, anyway. I chose a blonde I recognized, not in name, but still. I grabbed her tits, turned her around, and bent her over. With one swift motion, I tore her flimsy bikini bottoms off, took off my shorts, and put my cock in the opening of her tight and perfect pussy.

Just having that woman, naked, bent over, and obedient, is every man's dream. Literally, men all around the world dream about just one night with her. And little ol' me, well, I had her for as long as I wanted. It was the best feeling ever. I felt true power, for the first time in my life.

“I'm going to fuck you now.” I informed her, just for fun.

“Yes master.”

“You should thank me for it.” I decided to be a little cruel with my sex doll.

“Thank you for fucking me, master.” She said, and just then, I plunged inside her, spearing her from behind, as the waves moved around us.

“Ohh yeah! Ahhh...One last thing, bitches...” I said, as I steadily pumped into her cunt “I want you to act like you love me, and adore me...Ahhhh.... I want you to be my loving sex

toys...Nghh!... unless I tell you to just be my unresponsive sex zombies.”

Hey, these women are the best in the world, and I might as well enjoy the full extent of their service, emotions and all. As long as they are my eternally devoted little bimbos, what's the harm? The models immediately changed their mindless tune.

“Oh, thank you so much, master! Please fuck your little whore!” She said. I spanked her in response. I definitely could get used to hitting their hot asses, with both my hips, and my hands.

The other bitches around me took their tops off, and started bouncing their tits for my pleasure.

“If you get bored of her pussy, master, mine is always available.” A blonde, who was actually in a famous movie, told me.

“You want to make me happy? then make out with each other, and show me how I can use those big tits.”

“Ah! Of course, master!”

She grabbed a redhead next to her, and started sucking her nipples. Soon, I was surrounded by hot models pressing their voluptuous tits against each other, and sucking each other's nipples. The ones who had smaller tits went between the legs of others, took their panties off, and started licking their wet cunts.

Because they were so low, the waves kept crashing on their faces, but they didn't let it stop them. Watching them lick and caress other pussies, just above sea level, was quite surreal. Every time a wave crashed on their tenderized, shaven pussies, they moaned even more than when they were licked down there.

And, the women doing the licking had to try hard to sort their breaths, every time a wave crashed on their faces. Each time, though, they got their faces buried back in the spread open cunts faster. They were definitely learning from experience.

It was amazing, they all had perfectly shaved cunts. I think most of them had their pubes removed with laser. I continued to ram into the pussy of my choice, as hard as I could. She even started moving her own body back and forth, to help me. The

waves crashing around us, and the mass of playful tits before me, made me wonder if I was actually dreaming.

I wasn't dreaming, though. It was real. I was in the ocean, close to shore. And I was fucking one of the top twenty hottest women in the world. Even better, I had the other top twenty somewhere near, just waiting to be used like sex toys.

It was then that I saw phase two of my plan unfolding before my eyes. The ladies on the bitch saw me fucking their colleague, and seemed quite distraught.

"They took their sweet time." I mumbled, though I knew the water would be well doused with my drug, at least for the next forty minutes, or so. I only hoped they would be confined within the private lagoon the modeling agencies rented. I didn't want to enslave a beach full of unattractive tourists, after all.

They started screaming at me to stop what I was doing.

"Do whatever you can to get them in the water." I ordered my slaves. My slaves started motioning the other girls to come in, and some did. Now, that the drug was in the water, it only took a few seconds for the women getting inside to be altered.

"Make sure no one runs to get help." I told them, and kept fucking my hot model slave.

Some of my slaves got out of the water, and started to flank the others, so even if one of them doesn't eventually decide to get in, and get a closer look, my slaves would force them in. One of them, a twenty-one years old I recognized as the 'sexiest woman of the year' according to some magazines, looked to be the fiercest. She had smooth dark hair, blue eyes, and a perfect catlike physique. She definitely deserved the title given to her.

And, she actually managed to surprise me, and scare me a little. She got only a few inches away from me, and still had an angry look on her face.

"What the fuck...are...you...." She started yelling, and then her voice died out. She may have been strong compared to the others,

but one cannot fight the chemistry of their own brain changing, after all.

“What am I doing?” I asked, mocking her.

“Well, I was just about to cum in this blonde bimbo's pussy.” I said, and spanked the blonde bitch.

“I don't quite recall her name, not that I care that much, but damn her pussy is hot, and tight.”

“Thank you, master. And, your slave's name is...” She started, but I interrupted.

“Whatever I choose. Blondie Fuckbunny would be good, I reckon.

“Yes master. Your slave's name is Blondie Fuckbunny. Thank you, master.

“You know, now that you're here, Kyra.” I addressed the dark haired woman, who's name I obviously knew, all too well.

“I think I might cum in you, instead.” I told her.

She nodded slowly.

“Whatever you wish.” Was all she said.

“Meh, I don't feel like going over it every single time. Slaves, tell the new pussies my first...umm, let's see...three instructions to you. Yeah, that should do it.”

And it did. My slaves told my new girls how to call me, and how to behave, while I continued to bang my current consort.

“Master, please cum in me!” Kyra Monic begged, now that she soaked her instructions in.

She undressed, and showed me the sexiest tits in the world, along with the sexiest ass, and cunt.

Just seeing her move her lithe body for me made me cum. I tossed the blonde slave in the water, just as a big wave crashed, and grabbed Kyra by the hair. I flipped her around, just like I did to the pussy I just discarded, and rammed deep into her, with one strong push.

“Ah! Yes, master! Use my pussy, master!” She cried out, and I felt my orgasm starting. It was amazing. The first time I blew my load inside of a hot, tight cunt, that day. And, I did it knowing it

was formally the hottest fucking cunt in the world. Not only that, but she actually begged me for more.

Hearing her happily beg to be used, and feeling her warm pussy walls tighten around my member, in an attempt to squeeze as much of my man juice as possible, was more than enough to make me pour the biggest load I've ever mustered, right into her needy cunt.

And, after I was done, and felt the waves gently crashing around me – She turned around, got on her knees, and licked my cock clean. The salty waves kept crashing on her face, but she didn't care, she only wanted to please me.

I was surrounded by bunch of hot, naked, and completely subservient women, knee deep in the crystal clear ocean. Before me, a tropical beach, and a mansion that housed the hottest supermodels in the world, for a whole week. Supermodels who would be my unconditional slaves, and no one would dare to bother us. Are you surprised my cock was hard again by the time Kyra was done cleaning me?

“Are there other bitches I still haven't enslaved?” I asked, and some of my obedient fuck toys nodded silently.

“Get them in the water as fast as possible. Drag them if you have to.” I ordered.

“Yes master.” Was their only response, as they rushed to bring, and enslave whoever was left.

I watched their asses swing sideways as they ran towards the shore, and then into the mansion. Kind of made me wonder why they always use slow motion when showing hot women jog, since this seemed much hotter, at a glance. Or maybe it's just the fact I had full control of those hot asses, and could enjoy them as much as I wanted.

“I'll tell them to pretend to run in slow-mo later, and see the difference.” I decided.

I walked onto the shore, and felt the cold air seep into my body.

“I should've left some of them here, to keep me warm.” I mumbled. But, before I could say anything else, they started running back, with the last of their colleagues in their hands.

Apparently, when you tell a bunch of your devoted bitches to hurry, and use force if necessary, they won't take long before resorting to force. I just hoped none of the models managed to call for help, in the process...

A couple of minutes later, I took a deep breath, and sighed in relief, as Kyra informed me that all of the models attending the resort were altered, and are now my slaves. There were about sixty of them, all in all, and they were all the kind of hotties who would be enough for any man, on their own.

I walked before the dozens of kneeling, naked models, arbitrarily chose one of them, and fed her my cock.

“Okay, bitches,” I said out loud, as the nameless top model slurped, licked, and sucked on my shaft.

“Here is what we are going to do. Listen carefully, because I won't forgive you, if you dare to dampen my fun.”

Chapter Four

I lay comfortably in the sun, on my very special beach chair. It wasn't made of wood, or plastic. It was made of five hot models, on their hands and knees, sharing the load of their master's weight on their backs. Well, technically, perhaps some of it was synthetic, namely silicon. I had one of those Playtoy kittens down there, I think.

Another busty slave completed the bitch chair, by sitting on the edge of the row, at a ninety degree angle to the others. When I wanted to sit at an angle, I rested my head on her fun bags, and if I wanted to lie down straight, I had her position herself like the others, on her hands and knees.

It took a bit of practice for them to do it properly, with the slight difference in their height, and their occasionally wobbly knees. But, once I sat there, with my head resting on those big tits, and my body stretching on their hot naked, and unmoving backs, it was all worth it.

I had two hot blondes, eighteen and nineteen years old, suck me off together, while I watched a game of nude volleyball between two teams I hand picked. The first thing I did was divide my slaves into three groups. The busty Playtoy bitches, the Sports Infiltrated hotties, and the runway fashion channel Lolitas.

I told the third group to be in charge of serving me cocktails, and exotic fruit. One of them fed me grapes one at a time, while I rested my head on my boob cushion, and watched the game. I would fondle her petite tits, when I wasn't busy guiding the hot blondes on my cock, or drumming away on the hot asses I was lying on.

The beach was filled with petite hotties, running around bringing me drinks, and food, and whatever else I might like. Trying desperately to provide me with anything I might need. All of this, while I planned out loud on fucking their petite bodies

every which way, and watched them smile and say how happy it would make them.

I picked the two volleyball teams out of the other two groups. They weren't that good volleyball players, but that really wasn't the point, and they all knew it. They made sure to jump, shake their asses, and even do the whole teammate spanking, after every point they scored. Of course, they spanked each other much harder, and sometimes sucked on each other's nipples, or went down to give each other's pussies a small lick.

One of them suddenly dove after a ball in my direction, and when she got up, her massive jugs were covered in sand. And, they were as big as the volleyball she picked up, mind you.

“Stay there, and shake those titties.” I told her.

“Yes master.” She said, and started bouncing her tits up and down. Sand started falling from her well formed boobs. I raised my head from my boob cushion, to have a better look at the bouncing, sand covered tits.

I grabbed the two blondes by their flowing, golden hair, and started moving their heads up and down, with my cock between their mouths.

“Oh yeah, move those tongues, and keep bouncing those hot titties!”

My cock-sucking hotties increased the pace of their licking, after I said that.

You know how sometimes you see a model in a magazine, and say she's probably photo-shopped? You know, with her perfect smooth skin, her golden hair, and her crystal blue eyes. Not to mention her thin, perfect physique, containing no excess fat whatsoever. Well, I found out they actually look like that, Photoshop or not, and I had two of them worshiping my cock with their angel faces, and hot teen mouths.

Seeing I enjoyed myself, the other volleyball players rushed to the ocean to wet their tits, buried them in the sand, and stood in line to shake them for me. I liked their innovation, to say the

least. And, even though they never finished the game, I found the row of sandy tits to be much more appealing than any topless volleyball game.

The hot, perky redhead fed me another grape.

“Master, shall I go get more grapes?” She asked.

“Yes, go ahead.” I said, dismissing her while enjoying my blonde cock suckers.

I looked back at her for a second.

“Mmm, yeah, I'll fuck that tight cunt soon!” I yelled at her.

“This tight pussy can't wait, master.” She smiled back at me, and gave her pussy a light rub.

I kept pumping between the lips that adored me, until I felt myself start cumming. I had the state of mind to move one of the blondes away, while pushing the other one on my cock, letting myself go right in her mouth.

“*Hrrm!* I hope I don't need to tell you to swallow my load, angel face.”

She didn't answer, but I felt the increased suction in her mouth, swallowing every last drop of my load. By the end of it, only a small thread of cum lay on her cheek. It got there before I managed to stick it deep in her mouth. I plopped her mouth off of my cock, and stared at her beautiful blue eyes.

“Thank you for the meal, master.” She said.

“Oh, you're very welcome, bitch.” I said, and fondled her petite tush, before lightly spanking it.

I lay back on my boob cushion, and sighed happily. The blonde I discarded begged me to kiss her felatio partner, to at least have the after taste of my cum. I allowed it, and watched the two perfect sex bunnies kiss each other, entwining their tongues together hungrily, and making wet kissing sounds.

At my command, the two hot blondes started jerking my limp cock back to life, with their dainty, slender, and gentle hands, while still kissing each other passionately.

“Continue the game. I need something to entertain me.” I told the two volleyball teams, and they shuffled back to stand at both sides of the net. Before long, tits started bouncing once more, and asses started shaking, for my viewing pleasure, again.

The hot redhead, from the petite runway group, came back with more grapes about twenty minutes later.

“Took your sweet time, sweet tits.” I berated her, while fondling her tits..

“So sorry, master. This worthless twat had to get dressed, and go buy more grapes, at the supermarket.

“I see.” I yawned, not really listening to a word she was saying. I looked down at her tight, bald pussy, and my cock jumped up. The two blondes were still jerking my hard-on, and sucking face.

“Take her grapes.” I told one of the other servant girls.

“Ride me, sweet tits.” I ordered the redhead. She smiled, showing a mouth full of perfect white teeth, and spread herself over me. “Happily, master.” She said, guided my cock into her cunt, and started riding me slowly, and seductively.

I put my hands on her hips, and enjoyed the relaxing feeling of having her gently ride me, while resting my head on a soft pair of tits, and hearing soft whimpering sounds from my special chair. After all, the weight they had to carry was increased, as the redhead started riding me. She started moaning as well, and making self degrading declarations of her own worthlessness.

I won't say I got bored, but I did feel like a change of pace was needed.

“Faster, bitch.” I said, biting her perky nipple “Much faster.”

Hearing that, her eyes widened, and she paused, for just a second.

“Yes master. Anything you wish.” She said, and started riding me as if I was the last man on earth. I was amazed that such a petite, tight cunt could ride me so ferociously, and I knew her service would reward her with a massive creampie.

I told my boob cushion to position herself for horizontal laying, and enjoyed the slave bouncing on me to the fullest. Like the blondes, she was most likely in her late teens, or early twenties. She had the same perfectly smooth skin, and perfectly proportioned body, just a little bit more on the petite side. Her eyes were green, and that, combined with her red hair gave her the most magical appearance I have ever seen.

I lay there, and enjoyed myself. I had one hot bitch riding me as hard as her tiny body could. I had another hottie feed me one grape at a time. And, I had the hot sun bathing me with tender warmth.

It was easy to get used to just blowing my load wherever I wanted, but I still acknowledged how amazingly lucky I was, to not suffer through the usual 'I can't believe you came in me' and 'I wasn't done yet.'

I also didn't have to hear 'Oh! Your choking me with your cock' and 'You're being too rough' When I fucked their throats. The closest thing to complaint they ever made was gagging a bit, and I guess that's a physical reaction they can't really control, if I'm being too rough...

Thinking about how privileged my life became, I casually blew my load in her tight twat. She felt my orgasm starting, and speared herself on me, as deep as she could.

“Thank you maaaaaaster.” She said happily.

Once I was done, I told one of the busty ladies to eat her cum-filled muff, as I watched. I found myself wondering if she was actually a lesbian, as I watched the hot big boobed bitch happily munch on the pussy I ejaculated in. She was doing it so enthusiastically. It has gotten a little hot, so I had some of my slaves wave palm leaves in my direction, to cool me down.

The rest of the day was pretty much the same. I lay down, and occasionally enjoyed fucking my slaves every which way, while having others put on shows for me. Sometimes games, like volleyball and hula hoop, and other times I just had them stretch

and do pretend yoga, where the real purpose was to relax me, rather than them.

I started feeling the sun's power on me, at some point, and had my slaves rub sunscreen all over me. The last thing I wanted was to get burnt. Plus, it opened up another fun game of rubbing sun screen all over their hot titties, and watching them rub it all over themselves, as well.

All in all, it was probably the best day in my life, and I had a full week to have fun, just like that. Needless to say, I set my alarm clock to wake up early, and told my slaves to be ready for a very interactive shower.

Chapter Five

I woke up on the last morning in the resort, feeling my alarm clock sucking my cock. It was Kyra's day to wake me up, at seven a.m. sharp, with a nice wet blowjob. I stayed in bed, and just looked at her sucking away. After I came in her mouth, and she swallowed, and thanked me, I got up.

I took my morning bath with my favorite squeeze toys, and had one of the busty blondes tit fuck me, allowing her to come up for air every now and then. When I felt I was about to cum, I stood up, sprayed my load on her tits, and told her to lick it clean before continuing to bathe me.

After my bath, I sat on the sofa and watched some TV, with five hot naked bitches shaking their asses slowly, right next to the TV, just in case I got bored. I had one of the dark skinned beauties face planted on my cock, lying on her belly on the sofa beside me, so I could spank her ass while she fucked her own throat on my hard-on.

When I finally fed her the meal she was working for, it was time to head to the airport. The models succeeded in hiding me from the press, and their managers, until we were back on the mainland, and inside the modeling agency offices.

My plan was simple. Each of my slave models would make sure to pour a glass of water doused with my drug on everyone they know in the industry. From the biggest CEO, to the lowliest janitor. Because the drug would imprint them on my DNA, the models could do the programming for me, and tell the new drones about their new reality.

It worked like a charm. Only a week later, unbeknownst to anyone in the media, or law enforcement, all the CEOs accepted that I'm the real boss. Everyone I deemed useless got fired, and I made sure they were all devoted to fatten my pockets, and increase my pleasure, while keeping my existence completely discreet.

“To the new kingpin of the modeling world.” I said, and clinked my glass with the former CEO of Sports Infiltrated magazine. He was still formally the CEO, but in truth he was only the figurehead, and nothing more.

“To you, my lord.” He said, and drank his water, while I sipped from my own glass of expensive champagne. Hey, why should I waste alcohol on some lowly employee, right?

“Ahhh, your daughter is a really great cock sucker.” I said, and looked down on the kneeling blonde, who was busy pleasing me.

“Almost as good as your wife, here.” I added, fondling the ass of my special chair, which was actually the man's young gold-digging wife. The good CEO was compelled to make sure no one found out about me. So, when his twenty two years old wife realized something weird was going on, and told his eighteen years old daughter, they joined forces to confront him.

His response was to enslave them both to me, of course.

“Thank you, sir.” He said “I must admit I only know about my wife's cock sucking skills, and not my daughter's.

“Oh, don't worry about that. You'll never get to enjoy any one of them, ever again. They're mine, now.” I said quickly, as a gut reaction. I was a little taken aback, I admit, that he was apparently open to the idea of incest. I guess I was still not fully adapted to how absolute my control really was.

“Of course, sir. I wouldn't think of it.” He said. It was fun to hear, considering he just said he wouldn't consider having any sexual relations with his young, hot wife. It felt so fiendishly delightful, as I came in his daughter's mouth, and had her spit it in her step mother's mouth, while I remained seated on her back.

“Okay, time to go check the employees.” I said, and rose to my feet.

“Stay here, and do whatever it is you need to do to keep this place running.” I told the CEO.

“You two. Heel” I addressed his daughter and wife, and they started crawling after me.

It was probably hard for the daughter to ally herself with that gold-digging bitch, in their futile attempts to make their father/husband see reason. I'm glad I could bring them closer together, to a point where they had no problem following me on their hands and knees, occasionally bumping their asses together, as they moved.

I went straight to where they held the current photoshoot. It was a young starlet who played as 'hot tits number two' in some secret agent movie. She had about two lines in the movie, and was obviously just meant to draw the men in.

Sports Infiltrated was just a magazine, but since I now pretty much owned the modeling world, the lines blurred a bit, and she was shooting for a clothing campaign right there in the magazine offices.

She wore skimpy clothes, and posed for the camera, at the egging of the cameraman. It was just a normal shoot, meant for a wholesome magazine, and for the whole family. Yeah, she wore skimpy clothes, but nothing controversial.

I warmed my cock up with the make up artist, who was quite the little hottie, even though she wasn't a model. I walked on the set, lifted the model's skirt, tore down her panties, and started fucking her to my heart's content.

The cameraman and crew on set knew better than to try and stop me, or tell me they must get these pictures out today, or any such bullshit.

“Okay, let's take a short break until the boss is finished.” He said, with an Italian accent. Just like that, they all shuffled away. Some ate lunch, while others chatted. I had told some of the hot bitches there to kneel next to me, and beg for a facial, though I still hadn't decided where I wanted to dump my load.

As for the hot model. Well, even though she was probably used to being treated like a princess, before her enslavement, and even though she had her makeup on, and her game on, she didn't complain at all.

“Yes master. Please, enjoy my pussy, master. Thank you, master!” She moaned happily. Well, to be frank, she was probably grateful to be let out and about, since she usually stayed in a cramped space in my new mansion. Well, it's not like she could afford her own place, with her skimpy salary that currently stood on, well, absolutely nothing. Why pay my sex slaves money? I mean, isn't it their job to make me money? Of course it is.

I kept riding her like the bitch she was, pinning her to the bed which was part of the set, until I was about to cum. I wanted to blow my load on one of the faces begging me for it, but I couldn't make it. Instead, I just jerked my cock off on her lower back, and ass.

“Ohhh, thank you, master.” She said, rubbing my cum all over her ass like lotion.

I did use those other bitches eventually, and had them lick my cock clean.

“Okay,” The photographer said “Break's over. Clean her up, and get her ready to continue.”

Of course, her makeup was all messed up after the rough fucking, and her clothes were a bit torn, so they had their work cut out for them.

After I was sufficiently clean, I continued walking, with the gold-digger and the CEO's daughter crawling after me. In the hallway, I stopped, and looked at them.

“Heaven on Earth.” I said, as I allowed them to rub their tits on my legs, while kissing my flaccid cock back to coherence.

“I certainly found it, didn't I?” I rhetorically asked the hot eighteen years old, who was kissing the tip of my cock like a lollipop.

“Yes master.” She said, and kissed again “There's nothing your slaves want more, than to be your Heaven on Earth.”

I took a deep breath, closed my eyes, and gave myself to the moment.

Chapter Six

“So, what do you think about my chances?” The cute eighteen years old brunette asked the slightly older woman. Her hair was smooth, and her eyes honey colored.

“Oh, you have the 'girl next door' look nailed down. I think you'll do okay. Are you sure about this, though? You look...naive...a bit, and innocent.” The dark haired woman next to her said hesitantly, not wanting to cause a scene.

She was twenty-three years old, and have been trying to make it in the modeling world for quite a while, but couldn't get passed the local level. This was her chance.

“Oh, I'm sure. Don't worry about me.” The innocent brunette said arrogantly.

“Lucy Tanner.” A woman holding a chart called out. Her hair was held tightly in a bun, and her clothes were rather slutty for how serious she behaved.

“Oh, that's me!” The cute brunette said.

“Step right in for your audition” The woman said, and pointed inside. The young eighteen years old was thrilled, jumped up, and practically ran into the next room.

Like with all the other girls, a yelp was heard right as she entered, after a faint splashing sound.

“This is starting to worry me.” A blonde aspiring model said “Why are they all screaming like that when they go in.”

“Oh, relax.” The same dark haired woman said “It's probably some silly prank they pull on everyone who walk in to audition, to lighten the mood. They did it at an audition I had for a big modeling campaign, for some car company.”

“Did you get it?” Another younger woman asked.

“Do you think I'd be here with you, if I got a big modeling campaign for a giant corporation?” She asked sarcastically.

“Guess not...” The younger woman said, looking at the floor.

“Look, I won't lie to you. I'm only twenty-three, and I've had my share of disappointments. And, I've seen plenty of younger

girls like you moving forward to become bigger than I ever was. If you can't handle that, might as well get out right now.”

The room filled with aspiring models nodded in agreement, and soaked in the experienced advice from the seasoned model. Modeling is probably the one profession where a twenty-three years old can actually share wisdom. But, most of the girls there were fresh out of high-school, and were auditioning for the very first time, so even a woman with a few years under her belt was considered an elder.

“You know what? I heard that the silhouette of the modeling world is auditioning us himself.” One of them said.

“Oh please! You don't really believe that, do you?!” Another girl said.

The 'silhouette of the modeling world' was an urban legend that started less than a year ago. They say one man somehow took over all the big agencies, and modeling magazines. They say whatever he says, goes, in the modeling world, and that he rules that world with an iron fist.

“I don't know, I heard he was real.”

“Right...” She said, rolling her eyes “All the rivaling companies came together under one anonymous man. Against any business sense, and against the law, mind you. You know there are laws that prohibit monopoly...” She tried to beat some sense into the younger women.

“I guess you've got a point. Why would they start this rumor, then?”

“The question is who started it. Honestly, it sounds to me like something a geek who can't get laid would dream of.” She snorted derisively.

“Besides, if such a figure would actually do auditions like this, I would've seen him a long time ago.” She added.

Inside the auditioning room, I sat and enjoyed the latest aspiring model, to have the fortune of entertaining me. She had smooth brunette hair, honey colored eyes, and a pristine virgin

body. Like the other young lovelies, she yelped at first, when the water were poured on her. After a few seconds, though, she was ready to serve.

“Oh, master, I love you, master.” She moaned, as she bounced back and forth on my cock.

“Thank you so much for popping my cherry.” She said with tearful eyes, and a happy smile.

“Oh, trust me,” I said, spanking her cute ass a few times “The pleasure is all mine.”

I started nibbling on her erect nipples, a feeling that was obviously quite foreign to her.

“Even though most cunts who pass through me are fresh outta school, it's pretty rare that an innocent little birdie like you comes along.” I told her, grabbed her hips, and ground her on my crotch, with my cock deep inside of her.

“They're usually more experienced, and certainly not virgins. I'll have to clean this blood after I'm done with you.” I added.

“I'm sorry, master. I saved my tight cunt for you, master.” She moaned heartily.

After enjoying her a bit, I made my decision about her, and was about ready to move on.

“Oh yeah! I think you'll do just fine in the modeling world, honey.”

“Oh thank you, master.” She said, increasing her movements on my cock. It was amazing how naturally she did it, being a virgin and all.

“You'll have to shave that little cunt, though. I don't like pubes.” She only had a little landing strip, but I had the privilege of being picky about it.

“Of course, master. Sorry, master.” She slowed down a bit, to meaningfully look at me with her honeydew eyes, making me even harder, before bouncing up and down more rapidly.

“As for pay. You'll get precisely zero dollars per shoot, and will have a chance for a raise every three hundred years. Since you'll

have no income, you'll live in what we call 'the kennels', where I keep bitches like you when I'm not using them to make money, or to sexually gratify me.”

“*Ohhh!*” She moaned as I bit her nipple “That sounds perfect, master. Thank you!”

“In the kennels, you'll only get basic sustenance, and shelter. I try my best to spend the least amount of money on unused cunts. So, you should appreciate every second I allow you to do actual work, and let you out of there.”

“I'm so honored to be able to please, and serve you, master. No matter where I am.” She said, and I spanked her ass as reward.

“Great.” I said, and tossed her aside. I wanted to move on, and try as many of the tight pussies outside as I could. She fell on the floor, as blood from her popped cherry flowed onto it.

My assistant-whore gave her the standard contract to sign on, stating that she is now just an object owned by me, and guided her to the side door. She crawled, and left the room, on her way to the kennels.

“Clean this up, bitch, before we continue.” I told my assistant, and she immediately dropped to her knees, and started cleaning my cock with her tongue.

“And put that new bitch down for the Japanese sex doll company. Her innocent look is exactly what they want to advertise.”

“Yeth sssir..” She slurred out, with my cock in her mouth.

“Okay, that's enough. Who's the next one?”

“Nikki Percil.” She said, and my eyes widened in surprise. I recognized that name, but completely forgot about her.

“Nikki...” I repeated “Oh, yes! Now I remember. I overheard her say she was trying to start a modeling career. She just never made it to the big leagues. This is fucking perfect!”

Nikki was the secretary at my old workplace. The one I tried to enslave first, and failed. The one that slapped me after I failed.

The one I planned on getting, once I figured out the water trick, before I got side tracked by taking over the modeling world,

and making the world's hottest women into my slaves. It's understandable that I forgot about her. But, now, that she was there, all of those memories came back.

“I'm going to enjoy this.” I said fiendishly.

A minute, and a splash of water later, Nikki crawled into the room with a slutty smile on her face, ready to please me. Her tits were out, dangling as she crawled, and her pussy was properly exposed.

“Oh!” She said in surprise, as she recognized me.

“I-I...” She mumbled, worried I might hold a grudge, and she had a very good reason to be worried.

“I'm so sorry for my past transgressions, sir. I...”

“Shut up.” I interrupted “And get that hot mouth of yours on my cock. I've been wanting to deep throat you, ever since I met you.”

“Gladly, master.” She said, and crawled towards me with a smile. She probably thought my ordering her to blow me was a sign of forgiveness. How naive of her.

She crawled to me, kissed my balls, and rolled her tongue up my shaft slowly. I enjoyed it, but I had other things in mind for this particular bitch.

“Oh, you stupid little sex toy,” I said, grabbing her head with both hands “I said deep throat.”

And I plunged her down on my cock, all the way in, and then I shoved her down even more.

She made gagging and gulping sounds with every thrust of her head. She didn't struggle against it, though. On the contrary, she moved her tongue and tried her best to please me.

“I've always wanted to teach you your proper place, bitch!” I said.

“Muh! Mbbuh bhhhh” She said, as I pumped into her face.

“What was that, cunt?” I said, briefly pulling her head off of my cock.

“Yes! Ma--” She started, and I shoved her back in before she finished her sentence.

“Like I care, bitch.” I said.

“Look up at me while I fuck your face, bitch!”

She looked at me with adoring, tear filled eyes. There was nothing she wanted to do more, than to please me.

“This is what you're worth, you stupid whore!” I said, fish-hooking her with my cock, and slapping her cheek - The same cheek my cock was pressed against from the inside. Then, I did the same with the other cheek, degrading her as much as I wanted.

I pulled her head back again.

“Thank **Lick** **Slurp** Thank you, master ...Mbbhhhh” She said, licking my tip like a crazed dog, before I shoved her on my cock once more.

As a last bit of humiliation, I had her deep throat me on her own, and she cruelly impaled her face on my cock until I came. Feeling myself ejaculating, I told her to swallow it, leaned back in my chair, and enjoyed the moment. She finished swallowing, and held my limp cock in her hot mouth, halfway in.

“Now,” I said, as she looked up at me, with my cock in her mouth “about your modeling aspirations.”

“I don't know why you didn't make it in this world so far.” I smiled cruelly “But, I know why you won't make it from now on.”

“I own this world now, and all the hot cunts in it. And, I don't think you deserve to be my property.” She whined like a lost dog, with my cock in her mouth, moving her tongue to try and appease me.

“Whine as much as you want, you fucking whore. It won't help.” I said, and slapped her across the face, sending her to the floor.

“From now on, you will never go to any modeling audition, ever again. You will give up on your dream, and live the rest of your life in despair, as a lowly secretary.”

She started sobbing on the floor.

“You'll always remember you weren't good enough to be my toy. You'll try your best to have a different man in your bed every

night, and never ask for any money. But, they'll never hold a candle to this one time that I fucked your face.”

“You'll never be able to find love, because no man will ever be as good as me. But, you'll never try to get me, because you know I simply have no use for you. Do you understand?”

“Y-**Sob** Yes, master...” She said.

“Get out of my sight. Bitch.” I told her, and she started crawling out the door. That may have seemed cruel. Well, let's face it, it really was. I'm not going to tell you what she did to me, that warranted such a cruel punishment.

Mainly because I don't really want to remind myself of those hellish days, and I'm pretty sure no one would be interested in hearing it, anyway. Suffice it to say, the damn bitch deserved it, and now that I got back at her, and finally fucked her face like I always wanted to, my paradise was truly complete.

“Make sure the door hits you on the way out.” I told her, as she crawled away, shaking her naked ass from side to side. She stopped at the door, and one of my slaves slammed it on her ass. Her yelp of pain at that moment was priceless.

“Well, I'm done, I guess. Go pour some of the water on the rest of the girls. I'll try them out later.”

“Yes master.” My assistant said. Nikki left the room in tears.

“What happened?” One of the other girls asked. Nikki ignored her, and just left.

“She was probably rejected. Maybe she gave up on trying.” A smarter one said.

“Oh...” The first one understood.

“We need to make sure to be strong, and be ready for failures in this business.” A third young woman, and another first timer, resolved.

They all nodded, just as five topless girls burst in the room, and sprayed them with water. They barely had time for shock, before the chemicals in their brains reacted to the special concoction, and they lost their freedom.

Their master came to the room, just to see the new slaves he still had to 'audition'. They all stood at attention, and smiled for him. He stopped next to a hot, young blonde, and pinched her sizable tits.

“You know,” Their master said with a smile “I might be up for some more auditions. Drop down on your knees, and use these lovely tits to please me.” He told her.

She couldn't believe her luck. Not only was she accepted into the modeling world, but she was about to give her wonderful master her first ever titfuck. She hastily dropped her top, that she won't be needing anymore, anyway, and hugged his manhood with her wonderfully owned fun bags.

“Heaven on Earth.” She heard him say, as she felt his shaft throb, and harden between her tits.

“Who the fuck needs paradise, anyway...”

He smiled, and burst into a happy fit of laughter.

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