

Under His Control

*A Collection
Of
Erotic Stories*



Will B. Gunn

Under His Control - A Collection Of Erotic Stories 6

By **Will B. Gunn**

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Picnic Break

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Autumn stared at her screen, having a strong urge to rip her hair off of her head in frustration.

“Respond to my clicks, you piece of crap!” She yelled at her computer, bashing the keyboard and thrashing the mouse.

“*Argh!*”

“Whoa whoa, I'll have to report you to People for the Ethical Treatment of Electronics, if this goes on.” She heard a man's voice say.

She turned around to see one of her colleagues, in her new job, Gary.

“S-Sorry about that...” She said, reddening up “It's just this f...This damn computer gets stuck all the time!”

“Did you try asking nicely instead of beating it up?” He asked in a mocking tone. She narrowed her eyes at him.

“Funny...”

He walked over to her with a smile on his face, and nudged her aside, grabbing the mouse.

“Let's see, now. How about we try this, and then this, and...” He paused “Walla! You're good to go.” He said, giving her a pat on the back.

“Oh, wow, you're so tense.” He said, feeling her shoulders up “I could give you a massage if you'd like.”

“Not in your life time.” She said, still staring at her screen with a dumbfounded glare.

“How did you do that?” She asked, ignoring his quick and awkward motion to remove his hand from her shoulder.

“Oh, it's a known problem with the company's computers. You just need to kill that process and restart it, and you'll be fine for a while. When it starts happening again, you just need to do it again. It's really no big deal.”

She breathed a sigh of relief.

“You're a life saver, thank you!” She told him.

“You're very welcome.” He said “Why are you so stressed, anyway?”

“Oh, I have to finish these reports, today, and I'm not sure if I'll make it.”

“Then finish them on Monday. this is your first week, nobody expects you to finish your weekly quota, you know.” He told her,

trying to calm her down.

“I want to make a good first impression.” She said.

“Oh, you already did, Autumn. You made such a good impression you're shedding a bad light on me!” He told her.

“Well, good!” She said with a joking grin.

He chuckled and headed out of her tiny office, stopped at the door, and looked back at her.

“Say, I'm heading for lunch in a few minutes, wanna join me?” He asked her.

Autumn sighed in exasperation.

“In the five days since I started working here you've tried asking me out like fifteen times. How many times do I have to say 'no'? I mean, you're cute and all, but this is getting annoying.”

He shook his head with a smirk.

“I'm not trying to ask you out on a date, this time. I'm inviting you to lunch, as your co-worker. Just because we can't be a couple doesn't mean we can't be friends, does it?”

“I-I guess not...” She said, not sure if she should apologize for misunderstanding his meaning.

“So, what do you say?” He asked again.

“Umm...Well, I'm really swamped here. I'll probably have a sandwich at some point and just skip lunch altogether.”

“Where will you get a sandwich from?” He asked.

She narrowed her eyes again.

“From my bag. I brought it from home, silly.” She told him with a snide tone.

“Oh, I see. Well, if you ever feel like having a real lunch...”

“I know where to find you.” She finished his sentence.

“Heh, yeah. Well, see ya. Keep up the good work, but try not to out-shine me so much, will ya!” He said, making her laugh a bit, and left.

Autumn returned to her work, and resumed working on the reports she had to finish. She was a bit distracted when she saw

Gary talk to Misty, a raven haired beauty about Autumn's age. Autumn was slightly shorter than Misty, had silky brown hair and hazel eyes. Her angel's face drew men in like moth to the flame, which is why she had such expertise in turning men down.

Misty started working there a few months prior to Autumn's arrival, and because of their proximity in age and job seniority, the two of them gravitated towards one another, and became friends. Misty turned into Autumn's sort-of work mentor, telling her about the co-workers and bosses, and showing her the less traveled hallways in their sky scraping office building.

Which is why Autumn was surprised to see Misty being so flirty with Gary, and even letting him give her a gentle slap on the behind as they parted ways.

“Did he just...?” She mumbled, not believing her eyes.

Misty said goodbye to Gary, and shook her perfect behind over to Autumn's door-less little office. Gary was clearly eying Misty from behind, checking out her ass as she walked away from him. Quite frankly, Autumn thought her friend was moving her hips a little too vigorously.

“Hey, Autumn. Gary tells me your stressed out.” Misty said, leaning on the door frame.

“A little, I guess.” Autumn said “Are you and Gary...Uhm...Close?” She asked, trying to not be too blunt about it.

“Gary? Not really, why?” Misty said.

Autumn frowned at her.

“No-No reason.” She finally said, but her confusion was obvious, and her suspicion was clear.

“What is it?” Misty asked again, and then made a sudden gasp of realization.

“Ohh, you saw the little, well, you know.” She said, rubbing her ass lightly.

“Yeah...” Autumn said, nodding slowly.

“Well, I figure being nice to him won't hurt my future in this company.” She said.

“Why? He's not in management, he's like us.” Autumn asked, incredulous.

“Oh, you don't know? Oh my gosh, I can't believe I forgot to tell you.”

“Tell me what?”

“Well, Gary is the son of the CEO, Autumn.” She said.

“What?!” Autumn gasped “Him, really?”

“Sorry, I really should have told you earlier..” Misty apologized.

“Nah, it's okay. It doesn't change what I feel about him. I would've refused his courting anyway...”

“Yeah, keep telling yourself that.” Misty said with a chuckle.

“Hey, come on!”

“Oh, I'm kidding! I shot him down to, when I started here. Still, it doesn't hurt to be nice to him.”

Autumn curled her lip, but didn't want to vocally judge her surprisingly slutty co-worker.

There was an awkward moment of silence, and then Misty spoke again.

“Anyway, Gary told me you're avoiding lunch because of work stress.”

“I'm not avoiding lunch, I'll have a sandwich at some point. I have two of them, just in case I'm extra hungry, or have to work late.”

“Oh, that's not bad. You know, plenty of people bring their own sandwiches to work.” Misty said.

“Hey, you know what you should do? Go down to the park with a towel or something, and have a little picnic.”

“What?” Autumn asked with a frown.

“Oh, it's the perfect way to relax a bit, especially in stressful days. Just go down with your sandwiches, and eat under the beautiful green canopy. The park is so big you're bound to find a nice quiet corner.”

“It does sound nice.” Autumn said “But I don't have time for that...”

“Oh, come on! You'll find the time. Trust me, you won't regret it, it's worth being a little backlogged, or staying overtime a bit.”

“Okay, I'll think about it.”

“Great. Well, see ya later, I've got a meeting with the boss.” Misty said, pointing a finger to her open mouth, making vomiting sounds.

“Yeah, good luck.” Autumn said with a cheekish smile.

“Hmm, maybe I should take a little break and have a nice picnic in the park...” Autumn said to herself.

“But I have to finish this batch first.” She decided, looking at a tall pile of reports she had to file on her computer.

It took her a couple of hours, and her fingers were sore by the end of it, but she finished her quota in record time.

“Okay, now it's time for some food.” She said with a triumphant smile on her face, and a growling stomach.

She took one of her sandwiches out, and stared at it.

“Should I try the park?” She considered “I finished the reports faster than I thought, and I do have thirty minutes to spare. Yeah, let's do it!” She decided.

And with that, she gathered her bag and pranced to the floor's lobby with a tablecloth she took from one of the rooms, figuring nobody will miss it.

“Misty was right. This is magical...” Autumn said after taking a deep breath, sitting on the tablecloth with her feet in the grass, drowning herself in the calming serenity and gazing at the lustrous canopy of trees all around her.

“Okay, let's see now.” She said, opening her bag, and taking a sandwich out.

She started chowing her sandwich down, when suddenly someone called out to her.

“Hey, Autumn! There you are!”

It was Gary, and he was practically jogging towards her with a happy grin on his face.

“Oh, balls...” She said “So much for a solitary picnic in the park, I guess.”

He sat beside her on the washcloth, completely ignoring how unhappy she seemed to be.

“So, it's pretty relaxing here. You sure know how to have a lunch picnic.” He said.

“Yeah it sure is. How did you know I'd be here?”

“Well, let's say a little bird told me.” He said.

“Is that bird named Misty, by any chance?” She asked.

“That's a possibility, indeed.” He joked.

“So, maybe now you'd like to give me a chance, maybe go out on a date or...”

“If you think I'll go out with you now that I know your dad's the CEO, you're dreaming.”

He seemed a bit flustered by her words, and backed off a bit.

“Ohh, hey, I'm glad we've got that out of the way. Now who do I need to be, to not be dreaming?” He said, picking up the ball he momentarily fumbled.

“You're quick, I'll give you that.” She said, taking a sip of her water.

“Only where it counts.” He said, winking at her.

He sighed, and looked up at the sky.

“You know, I heard the most amazing thing about why the sky is blue. You see, most people think it's a reflection of the ocean's waters, but...”

He started talking and it was like there was no stopping him. He babbled about pretty much every small thing around them, dishing out boring details about the leaves, and the trees, and the clouds.

It got to a point in which she just dropped her sandwich, half eaten, and stared into the distance. Her head felt like a soggy

cotton ball, dense and numb in the face of his constant yammering.

She couldn't even make out the words he was saying anymore. Eventually she even thought she heard herself say something, probably her mind trying to get him to stop.

He droned for such a long time that her vision became blurry, and eventually her eyes just shut off. She started dreaming about weird things like spirals and swinging pendulums, not even knowing where she was anymore. The only thing she knew was that Gary was still talking, and for some reason, she suddenly felt like what he was saying was really important.

Somehow, Autumn managed to bring herself back to coherence. She felt her eyes opening up, slowly, as if she just slept a full night. She couldn't believe it, but Gary was still talking.

“And three.” She heard him say, and her eyes opened up all of a sudden. She blinked a few times, getting used to the light, and looked around at the greenery around her.

He cleared his throat.

“Is everything okay, Autumn?” He asked.

“Oh umm, yeah, sorry, I kinda dozed off.” She said, straightening herself up.

“Did I bore you?” He asked.

“Kinda, yeah.” She admitted, noticing her sandwich fell to the ground.

“Oh, well, I was done with it anyway...” She mumbled.

For some reason, she had a hankering for some dessert.

“Well, sorry about that.” He said.

“Nah, its okay, I...” she started saying, glancing in his direction. His fly was open, and his erect member slid out of it like a snake. For some reason, she felt all hot, flushed, and bothered while staring at it. Even weirder, her mouth began to water at what she saw between his legs.

“Oh, I'm sorry, is it bothering you? I just figured I'd get comfortable, you know...” He said with an arrogant smile, casually rubbing his hard-on.

She blinked a few times, somehow knowing she should be bothered, even though she felt completely comfortable with it.

“No, no, it's fine. It's just that...”

She licked her lips, staring at his cock with a hungry look in her eyes.

“It's just that...”

“Just that...what?” He said with a knowing grin “I must say, you seem hungry, Autumn.”

She blinked again.

“I-I do?” She asked. Autumn closed her eyes and shook her head, to no avail. Her sight fixated on his cock again, as if magnetized to it.

“Yeah, I am hungry.” She said “I really could use some dessert.”

She felt her head gravitating towards his crotch, and she began lowering herself slowly.

He chuckled at her, but she didn't pay much attention.

“Heh, well, be my guest, Autumn. Don't let me stop you.” He patted her head gently, moving his hand within her smooth, flowing auburn hair.

Autumn brought her lips to an inch away from his cock, and sniffed it. It smelled so divine, she just couldn't take it anymore.

“Th-Thank you, Gary. I...I really need your cum for dessert.” She said as if it was the most normal thing ever.

She stuck her tongue out, and gave his hard-on a long, broad lick.

“Mmm...” She made a delighted moan, and opened her mouth wide. She wrapped her lips around his shaft, looked up at him with twinkling eyes, and started bobbing her head up and down slowly, trying to cover as much ground with her tongue as possible. He rested the palm of his hand on her head, and sighed contently.

“How is it, Autumn?” He asked her.

She plopped her mouth off of his cock, and immediately felt an urge to choke on it again.

“It's-It's...Delicious!” She said with a coarse and thirsty voice, and started licking his cock as if it was a water fountain in the middle of the desert.

“I love it, Gary! It's the best thing that ever touched my lips!”

She started ravaging his cock with wild abandon, loudly slurping and gagging on his hard-on, licking every inch of his shaft.

Gary grabbed her by the hair and pulled her off his cock. She made a whiny moan and tried to reach his shaft with her tongue, waving it in the air like a hungry kitten. It was as if she forgot how to speak, and beg.

He stared at her pathetic display for a few seconds, and then moved his cock up, and shoved her face on his balls.

“*Mmhh! Mbleh, Mmh, Mm!*” She made muffled sounds as she cupped his balls with her lips, licking it like ice cream in between loud, indecent, and wet slurps.

Busy burying her face in his crotch, she didn't notice his hand creep towards her shapely behind, sexily raised up in the air.

“*Mm!*” She yelped, feeling a sharp slap on her ass, and jerked her head backwards.

“Is anything wrong?” He asked. She thought for a few seconds, staring at his balls, and uncontrollably sniffing their aroma.

“No, nothing, Gary. You just took me by surprise, that's all.” She said, almost apologizing.

“Keep going then.” He retorted, and rested the palm of his hand on her pert behind, fondling away. She nodded meekly, accepting his exploration of her nubile body, licked his balls one last time, and dove back on his cock.

He spanked her again, but this time she managed to keep her head in place, and even managed to keep sucking as she felt his hands probe her breasts.

“*Mmhh!*” She moaned with his cock deep in her throat, and his hands joyfully fondling her perky tits.

Autumn almost felt proud of herself, being able to restrain herself and keep sucking through his probing of her body.

“Ohh fuck! I knew you'd be giving spicy hot blowjobs from the moment I saw you.” He said.

She circled her tongue around his cock one last time, and plopped her wet lips off it.

“It's not a blowjob!” She claimed, and took his cock deep in her throat again, not even waiting for his response.

“You've got your lips wrapped around my cock and my tip is pecking the back of your throat every two seconds, and it's not a blowjob?” He asked.

“*Mmb!* No, it's not!” She raised her head and said “I'm just sucking you off to get your cum for dessert!”

He couldn't help but laugh, and ended his chuckle with a groan as she hungrily took his cock back in her mouth, not really sure what he found to be so funny. Her cheeks inflated as she gagged on his cock, taking his shaft in, as deep as she could.

“Ahhh, you seem quite desperate!” He said with a smirk. She pulled out again, caught her breath, and licked his cock a few times.

“Will you cum already!” She half begged, half demanded.

“What's the rush, Autumn?”

“I don't have all day!” She said, taking his cock down her throat again, and then puling back up “Plus, I have to taste your cum...Please!”

She looked up at him with begging eyes, frantically moving her tongue along the underside of his shaft.

“You know what could help me cum, Autumn?” He suddenly said.

“Mmhphh...What?...Mbhhh” she asked, barely taking a break to breathe.

“Well you've got such a beautiful, slender, and arousing body, but all these clothes you have on are really harshing my buzz. I'll

cum much faster if you're naked." He told her.

She nodded with his cock half in her throat, and plopped her lips off it.

"Okay, I'll undress." She said sliding her shoulder straps off in a hurried manner.

"Hey, hey, wait a second. If you want to arouse me good, why don't you put on a nice show for me." He said.

"I'm not gonna do a strip tease for you. I'm not an exotic dancer, you know!" She said, her bra already showing.

"Well, I thought you wanted me to cum, but I suppose your heart's not really into it." He said, acting all coy and nonchalant. She stared at him, then at his cock, and then down her cleavage, and sighed curtly.

"Fine, whatever." She said, and stood up, kicking her sandals away with a sexy shake to her hips.

She slid her other shoulder strap off, looking over her shoulder with a smoldering sexy glare, blowing a kiss for him. She swayed in front of him and started untying the belt holding her dress to her hips, moving her hips in circles like a belly dancer.

"Oh yea, work it, bitch." He said, making her frown at him.

"What? A little dirty talking with my private little stripper." He said with a smirk.

Autumn rolled her eyes, turned around, and leaned her body forward, wiggling her ass for him. She slowly lifted her dress up until her silk panties showed, and then twirled around quickly, pulling her dress off, altogether.

In her bra and panties, she got on her knees, and writhed her body with a sexy smile, feeling up her tits with one hand and circling her hair around her finger, with the other. Then, with the same alluring smile, she leaned towards him and squeezed her tits together, making a tight O-form with her lips.

She started crawling towards him, like a sexy little kitten. He squeezed her tits through her bra when she reached him. She sat

herself next to him, making sure her head was lower than his, so he could look down on her.

“What do you think about my stripping skills?” She asked, rubbing his cock with her dainty hand.

“I think you chose the wrong profession.” He said “But, you know, when I said naked, I meant fully naked.”

Before she could even respond, his hand crept to her back and unclasped her bra. Her bare tits jiggled wildly as he ripped it away and threw it to a nearby bush.

She somehow felt more exposed at that moment, but as he continued fondling her bare breasts, a smile formed on her face.

“Whatever you prefer.” She said, batting her eyelashes at him. She hooked her thumbs in her panties, and slid them down her smooth legs. There she was, fully nude on a makeshift picnic rug, staring up at Gary with moist eyes filled with hunger, anxious to gulp down a load of his cum.

She felt his hand nudging her head down, and her eyes fixated back on her only desire.

“Now, carry on.” He told her.

“Heh, you're very bossy, aren't you?” Autumn said, rubbing his cock. She wanted to tease him a bit, but she couldn't hold off her urge to drink his cum, any longer.

“Yes sir.” She said, gave his cock a blissful kiss, and choked on it like a ravenous whore.

Gary moaned and arched his head back, patting her smooth brunette hair with a big smile on his face. Wanting to set her pace, he wrapped her hair around his hands, and used it as leverage to pound her face even harder than before. The sounds of her gagging and slurping were like music to his ears.

“Take that, you pretentious little whore!” He said quietly. She heard him, but ignored his insults. All she wanted was for him to cum, and she was willing to take any form of physical or verbal abuse, if it helped him climax.

His arms got tired, so he let go of her hair, and she pulled up with a loud gasp for air.

“You still didn't cum?” She asked, sorrow and disappointment oozing from her voice.

“Please, cum...” She begged meekly, licking his cock tenderly and shamelessly.

“Call me master.” he suddenly said, breathing heavily as his arousal grew, and his cock throbbed.

“What?” She asked with an insulted frown.

“If you call me master, I'll spray my load all over your pretty face.” He promised her.

She blinked a few times, and then shook her head.

“No! That's where I draw the line. I'm not calling you that...” She determined with fire in her eyes, still sneaking wet kisses on his cock every few seconds, while glaring at him angrily. He looked down at her.

“That's where you draw the line? Hilarious...I love hypnosis...” He mumbled.

“What did you say?” She asked, and gave his erection another loving peck.

“I was just saying you should 'Know Your Place’” He said, and her mind became numb before she could respond.

She continued sucking him off, because it was the most important thing in the world. Well, other than what he was saying, perhaps. For some reason, she still couldn't figure out exactly what he was saying, but somehow she knew it was okay. The part of her that should have been listening to his words, and taking them in, was doing so.

The part of her meant to suck his cock only had to bob her head up and down, and work her tongue around his shaft. There was nothing else in her foggy, dazzled mind. She heard him say another distant, intelligible word, and suddenly the fog cleared, and the numbness subsided.

“So, what were you saying about my properly decent request?” He asked.

She plopped her lips off of his cock, and took a moment to think it through.

“Nothing important, master.” She said, licking his erection, looking up at him with a naughty wink.

“Sorry, master, can't talk. Too busy sucking your cock.”

“I see you...Ohh...You have no issue with calling me master, anymore.”

“I don't know **Suck** Why I refused in the first place **Slurp** Master.” She told him, hoping that he will soon reward her efforts. She had to get her dessert, after all.

Autumn felt his cock madly throb in her mouth, and just like that, he pushed her face to his crotch, and rose to his feet. He pumped into her face a few last times, and pulled his cock away, rubbing it in front of her.

“Open wide, my little cum gulper!” He said, pointing his cum cannon onto her pristine face. She did as she was told, opened her mouth wide, and took her tongue out, ready to be sprayed with his cum. She flinched when the first spurt shot squarely on her face, but after that she took his load with a welcoming mouth and open eyes, not wanting to miss a single drop.

With her mouth so open and ready, he could have easily shot his entire load down her throat, but he intentionally aimed some of it on her face and hair.

“Ohh, yeah, that was great!” He said with a smile on his face, looking at the cum drenched Autumn.

“It's a good thing you're nude” He mentioned “ I got your tits a bit. It would've really ruined your pretty dress.”

“Mm, yeah!” She said, gathering the thick liquid with her fingers, eating it all up.

“Thanks for the dessert, master.” She said, smiling. A small strand of cum still glazing her upper lip.

He stood before her, his flaccid cock between her moist eyes.

“Well, aren't you going to clean my cock with your tongue?” He asked.

“Umm, why would I do that, Gary?” She asked, defiant.

“What happened to master?” He asked back.

“I had my dessert, no need for this role-play anymore.” She claimed.

“Think about it this way.” He told her “After you're done with a nice bowl of ice cream. What do you do with the bowl?”

“I lick it clean, to get the last bits of ice cream left in it.” She uttered with no hesitation, still staring at his limp erection.

“Ohh, now I get it!” She said with a smile, extended her tongue, and started licking him clean, from stem to tip.

He even glazed her cheek with one final late spurt, before pulling his pants back up and watching her put her dress back on. She didn't even bother with her panties and bra - For some reason, she completely forgot that she never liked wearing undergarments, of any kind.

“It's a good thing you reminded me, Gary. I've been feeling weird all day, and I bet it's because of these restricting underwear, that I had on.”

“Always happy to help, Autumn.” He said, looking straight at her face, which glistened with the cum she licked off. She still had a bit of white cream on her lip and cheek, but he chose not to tell her, so he could enjoy the stares she was bound to get from the people around them.

On their way back to the building, and into the elevator, people kept whispering and pointing at her.

“I bet they're all jealous of the dessert I got.” She said proudly.

“Hold the doors!” A woman yelled for them, right before the elevator's doors closed. Gary pressed the button quickly, and the doors opened to usher Misty into the lift.

“So, how was the picnic?” She asked Autumn.

“Really delicious.” Autumn said with a sparkle in her eyes.

“I can see that.” Misty said, nearing her face to Autumn's, as if to kiss her. Instead of flinching, Autumn stayed put, and accepted

the small peck on her upper lip.

“What the...?” She asked once Misty's lips left hers.

“You had some leftovers.” Misty said, her face still close enough for Autumn to feel her friend's warm breath on her cheeks. Misty then proceeded to lick Autumn's cheek, cleaning the last shred of semen from Autumn's face.

She backed off again, and smiled at Autumn.

“Ahem...Thanks, I guess.” Autumn said, her cheeks dyed with a light pinkish hue.

The rest of her day went great. She was praised by her boss for finishing all her reports on time, and got to go home early. She later drowsed off in front of the TV, and woke up with her legs spread and her fingers deep in her pussy, even more tired than before. In fact, she was so tired, that she just went straight to bed, wishing herself a happy and relaxing weekend.

Her phone woke her up on Saturday morning, and she realized she slept late.

“Well, that's what the weekend is for.” She said groggily, and picked up her phone.

“Hello?” She answered.

“Hey there, sleepy head.” Gary's voice came from the other side.

“Gary?” She asked “How did you get my number?”

“You gave it to me during our little lunch picnic, remember?”

She furrowed her brow, trying to think, but nothing came to mind.

“Oh right, I remember now.” She lied, and then sighed.

“Why did you call?” She inquired.

“Well, I was wondering if you're in the mood for some weekend fun at my place.” He said.

“That's sweet of you, but I'm not that interested.” She tried to let him off easy.

“Not really up to you, sweetums.” He said curtly, and then said “Know Your Place.”

A familiar fog engulfed her as she nodded at everything he said, without understanding a single word. She even thought she heard her own voice say something, but that made no sense. She didn't feel like she could utter a single word, in her drowsy state, let alone form a sentence.

By the time the fog cleared he hung up the phone, and Autumn was left staring at hers, with dimwitted eyes. With her consciousness returning, she shook the cobwebs from her eyes, and tossed her cell phone on her bed. She suddenly remembered she had to get ready to go.

"I can't be late!" She said hurriedly, removed her pajamas, and got in the shower.

She had no idea why, but she felt like she had to come to Gary's place, and somehow she knew his exact address, without him ever telling her.

"Maybe I'm psychic..." She laughed as she looked at her closet.

"I've got nothing proper to wear..." She thought, and then the solution dawned on her.

"I could just go nude." She realized, tied a long leather robe around her naked body, put her sandals on, and left her apartment.

"Yeah, that was the right decision." She thought to herself, feeling comfortable on the bus, with nothing but a thin layer of fabric covering her young, lewd, and naked body.

She knocked on his door, blushing a bit, not sure what to expect.

"Autumn, what are you doing here?" He asked after opening the door. She thought for a second, fishing for an answer, and then...

"I'm here for some fun." She said with a big smile.

"Well, then, come on in." He said, patting her ass through her robe as she moved past him.

She stopped in the middle of his living room, unbuckled her robe, and let it slide off of her nubile body.

“Nice tits, as always.” He said, pinching her nipples joyfully.

“Thanks.” She said gracefully.

He walked around her for a few moments, touching, squeezing, fondling and patting. She stood still and smiled at him, allowing him to squeeze her tits and grab her ass, and even dry hump her for a bit, while grabbing her tits from behind.

She inhaled a swift breath of air as she felt his fingers rub her smooth pussy, teasing her clit and playing with her lower lips. He stuck his finger deep in her cunt, making her yelp. Then, he traced his finger up her hips, to her lean belly, up to her tits, around her nipples, and up to her mouth.

“Open up.” He told her, and fed his finger to her. Autumn meekly sucked his finger, which was drenched with her pussy juices.

“How do your own juices taste?” He asked her.

“It's good...” She said hesitantly, and kept sucking.

He took his finger out, and moved it from right to left, before her eyes.

“Tsk Tsk Tsk, this is our private fun time. You need to be respectful and call me master, here.” He said, and flicked her nose.

“Oh...” she said, her eyes crossed, focusing on his finger between them. He stuck his finger in her pussy again, and fed it to her once more.

“Now, how does it taste?” He asked again.

“It's good, master.” She said straight away, meek and obedient.

He slowly pulled his finger out of her mouth, and then traced it back to her nipple.

“Touch your toes.” He said. She stared at him for a moment, and then realized she had to obey. It was his home, after all.

“Yes master.” She said respectfully, and bent forward.

“No no, keep your legs straight.” He told her and spanked her buttocks lightly. She touched her toes with her legs straight, and waited patiently until she felt his touch on her pussy lips. He started fingering her pussy, first with one finger, and then with two, increasing the pace of his penetration with every thrust.

“*Nnn! Ngh!*”

He fingered her until she whimpered and moaned, her pussy wet with desire.

“It doesn't bother you, right?” He asked.

“No master. It's fine.” she confirmed.

“Good.” he said, grabbing one of her ass cheeks, and jackhammering his fingers into her.

“*Ahhhh! Nyaaaaa!*” She moaned loudly.

“Now, let's see if you squirt!” He said with a booming voice, like a TV game-show host.

“Yes, maaaaaaasteeeeer!” She said as an orgasmic tidal wave shook through her petite body. Her cunt squirted like a water-gun, and her juices splashed on his marble floor.

“Not bad.” He said, bringing his wet fingers down to her face, so she could lick them clean.

“Thank you **Lick** master.”

She heard him unzip his pants, and then saw his pants and underpants drop to the floor, next to her head.

“You really got me hard.” He said, and she felt his cock tease her pussy lips. He rubbed the tip against her cunt, and prepared for insertion. Placing both hands on her hips, he forcefully thrust himself into her.

“*Ah!*” She moaned, feeling him deep inside.

“I knew you'd have a tight pussy, Autumn. This is really fun, isn't it?” he said, and started pumping. She struggled to stay in place, keeping her legs straight and her fingers on her toes.

“Yes master. *Nhh*. It's fun, master!” She said in-between meek moans.

Before she knew it, she felt sticky cum shoot into her freshly wet pussy, for the very first time in her life.

“*Hrrm*, that was great!” He said, plastering his crotch to her ass, and then spanking her heartily.

“Good pussy *Spank**”

He pulled out of her slowly, enjoying every sensation of his new toy, and then took a few steps back, looking at his handiwork.

“Thank you, master.”

After he rested a bit, with her still in her bent-over position, he explained how their fun will continue. She was to stand next to the TV, popping her ass out at the direction of the sofa, while he played a video game. He trained her to recognize the sound of him leveling up, and every time he did so, she had to...

“Congratulations, master. This pussy is yours to celebrate with.”

Then, she wiggled her ass for a few minutes, inviting him to bang her from behind.

Her legs got tired after a few hours, but whenever she felt like she couldn't take it anymore, she reminded herself of her place, and that she should be respecting Gary, in his own home. Besides, he would occasionally pause his game after leveling up, walk to her, and fuck her silly.

It was difficult, at first, but when she got used to her position she managed to have some fun with it, even reaching a few orgasms as he fucked her, when he gave her permission, of course.

“I'm your cum dump, master.” She gladly repeated what he wanted her to say, thick white liquid oozing from her cunt after over five creampie.

Hours later, he reached a breaking point in his game.

“Well, I'm hungry...” He said.

“Me too, master.” She said, wiggling her ass, her inner thighs drenched with his sperm.

“You can suck me off while I eat.”

“Thank you, master.”

She wiggled her ass for him, in silence, as he sat on the sofa, staring at her. Then, she heard him clear his throat.

“You're making my lunch, Autumn.” He informed her “I thought that was clear.”

“Oh, of course, master.” She said, waddling off to the kitchen, her legs wobbling slightly.

Autumn certainly never thought she'd be sucking a guy off while he ate food she prepared for him, at least until she was married, or something. She was surprised at how natural it all felt. Choking on his rod, she didn't even crave the tasty food he was eating, only thinking of the moment his raging hard-on will start spurting hot loads down her throat.

She didn't have to wait that long, and gulped down his full load before he was half into his meal.

“Back to position, slave.” He told her.

At first, she had a bit of an issue with being called slave, but then he reminded her of her place, and she willingly accepted it.

“Yes master.” She said, and stood in her position next to the TV, ready for him to continue his game.

He played his game long into the night, and at thirty past midnight he decided that he had enough. He just needed one last go at Autumn before turning in for the night. Her thighs ached and her pussy was numb, but she stayed in her position nonetheless, popping her ass out and ready to be fucked. She was well aware of how late it was, but she wasn't going to disrespect him after all the fun he had with her, all day.

She was so grateful to him. To think she could have spent her Saturday at home, wasting her time lounging and resting, instead of coming over to his house and be played with. Her eyes were puffy and tired when she felt his touch on her ass. She wiggled it instinctively and weakly mumbled “I'm your cum-dump, master”

He easily penetrated her cunt and started pumping.

“Wow, I fucked your cunt so many times today, I'm a little bored of it. Plus it still has cum running out of it.” He complained, and pulled out. Instead, he teased her ass, and started pushing inside, inch by inch.

“Hng! That's the wrong hole, master!” She claimed.

“No it's the right hole, slave.” He informed her.

“O-Oh. *Mfff*. I see, *Mmm*.” She said through the pain, and then felt a spank on her ass.

“Sorry!” She yelped “I...I see...Master.” She corrected herself.

He pushed his cock all the way in, kissed her slender shoulder, and groaned.

“Ohh, now that's a tight hole!” He said happily.

He started pumping into his exhausted slave, kissing her lower back while enjoying her weak whimpering. Before long, the thumping sounds of his crotch spanking her ass filled the room, and Autumn had to bite her forearm to keep from screaming as her anal virginity was taken so toughly.

His rod swelled and throbbed, and he made a feral grunt.

“Time to give you the final load of the day, slave!” He breathed in her ear, and moaned loudly.

“*Ahhh! Mmm!*” He let out a barrage of low groans, once for every spurt he shot into her. With the final spurt, he pushed into her as deep as he could, shot the last of his load, and pulled out of her at once, with great force. Her knees buckled from the force of his release, and she slumped to the floor, cum oozing from both her holes.

He walked a few steps back, and looked at her.

“Now, now, straighten those legs.” He said.

“Yes. Master.” She said, barely, and did as she was told, straightening her wobbly legs, and lifting her ass back in the air. She wiggled her ass on command, displaying her disgraced and cum-filled holes for him. She had so much cum in her, that it drooled all the way to her feet.

“Well, I'm done with you. Put your robe back on and head home.” He told her.

“Yes master.” She said with a sigh of relief, and scurried to get her robe, swiftly putting it back on.

“You can use tomorrow to rest and recharge a bit. I'll see you on Monday, for our usual lunch-break.” He said, and led her to his doorstep. Without even a word of farewell, he spanked her ass, and closed the door behind her. Public transportation was very scarce at that time of night, and she had to wait in the freezing cold until one-thirty a.m. for her bus to arrive.

The bus was practically empty, though, and she managed to catch valuable forty winks on her way home, sitting her bare ass on her robe, staining it with loads of cum. Somehow, she knew the robe will not be useful from that day forth, unless she went to Gary's home, to have some fun.

The trip seemed shorter than usual, probably because she was sleeping most of the way, and she was back at her doorstep in no time, or at least it felt that way. She couldn't even bring herself to shower before collapsing in bed, almost feeling comfortable staining her sheets and blanket with semen. She cuddled with her pillow, and smiled.

“I'm so happy he had so much fun with me today.” She whispered to herself, and fell to a deep slumber.

Autumn spent most of Sunday in bed, naked and sticky. She only managed to bring herself out of bed in the early hours of the evening, and that was only to take a warm shower, change her sheets, and return to bed. On Monday morning, when her clock sounded its morning alarm, she awoke refreshed and energized, ready for an eventful second week at her brand new job.

Her day continued looking bright, as she reaped more compliments from her boss about how efficient she was, and she even managed to finish some extra tasks he gave her, before lunch.

The only thing that bothered her was a weird tingling feeling coming from between her legs. Also, as she sat alone in her tiny office, she was sure she heard a distant vibrating sound, but when she went to the bathroom to check her twat, she saw nothing out of the ordinary.

Under her dress, there was nothing but her smooth, tight pussy, and the pink, battery-operated dildo she always had secured in it, while she wasn't being fucked by anyone. For the life of her, she couldn't figure out what was making that weird noise, and why she felt such warmth and arousal between her legs.

“Maybe it's because I wore underwear to work last Friday.” She figured “I don't know what came over me, seriously. Who wears such uncomfortable things nowadays, anyway? Panties for women are so ridiculous.” She mumbled to herself, and chuckled at all those women still clinging to their undergarment, instead of properly shoving a plastic cock up their cunts.

It was finally lunch time, and she got up from her chair, and headed for the park, to have her picnic. She didn't need to bring anything, this time, since Gary said he'll take care of everything. When she arrived at their secluded little spot in the park, Autumn saw Gary and Misty, engaging in some doggy style sex on a blue picnic rug.

“Thank you for fucking my cunt, master.” Misty said over and over again, like a broken record. She was on her hands and knees, ass in the air, and her face was planted on the grass. Gary was on his knees behind her, pumping away with a big smile on his face.

Autumn was shocked for a second, but then she reminded herself of her place, and calmed down.

“Hi, master.” She made her presence known.

“Oh, Autumn, lovely of you to join us.” He said “You can stop repeating your mantra, Misty **Spank**”

“Yes master.” Misty said with blank eyes, and silently took her master's casual fucking.

“Let's see how well you follow instructions, Autumn. Lift your dress so I can see your cunt.”

“Yes master.” She said, and revealed her pussy to him, wanting to prove how good she really was at following orders.

“Nice. And did the dildo bother you at all?”

“Of course not, master. I had a bit of a tingling in my tight snatch, but I don't see how that could be related.” She said innocently.

“Sure you don't.” He said, pulling out of Misty.

“Thank you, master. Use my pussy anytime you want.” Misty said blankly.

He sat down on the picnic rug, and looked at Autumn.

“You won't be needing the dildo for the next half hour, or so.” He told her. She nodded with a perky smile, unfastened the dildo, and let the moist plastic rod drop on the grass.

“I'm ready, master.” She said.

“Great. Just one more thing before I have my fun. Turn around and show me that ass.” He told her.

“Of course, master.” She said, slowly turned around, and popped her behind in his direction.

“Did you feel the anal beads up your ass?” He asked her.

“What? I have anal beads up my ass?” She asked back, and felt for it with her hands.

“Oh, I do.” She said, feeling the purple beads lodged in her ass
“No, master, I had no idea.”

“Great. That's exactly what I wanted.”

Autumn blinked a few times, trying to understand what he meant.

“I'm happy to satisfy your wishes, master.” She finally said, realizing it doesn't matter if she understood him or not, considering her new place in life. He watched her take her anal beads out of her ass, slowly and sexily, until they dropped to the floor next to the dildo.

“Good, now ride my cock, Autumn.”

“Yes master.”

She ran over to him with energy and enthusiasm, and hopped on his cock, wearing an inviting smile on her face. He buried his face in her perky tits, grabbed her ass, and guided the pace of her bouncing to fit his preference.

He emerged from between her tits, and glued his forehead to hers, smiling at her happy face.

“Are you enjoying yourself, master?” She asked between slutty moans, riding him with charm and fervor.

“For sure, you're a very fun slave.” He told her, and she suddenly felt a spike of arousal in her twat.

“Thank you, master!”

“I can't believe I'm doing this, master. I mean, only last week it would have been unthinkable for me to be riding you in public, like this. Not to mention calling you master, and all...” She said, pinching her own nipples for him.

“Feels natural now, doesn't it?” He asked.

“Yeah...” She said with a content sigh, and continued bouncing on his cock.

“Well, it makes sense.” He told her “Ever since our little lunch picnic on Friday, you've been my plaything.”

“I-I have?” She asked, slowing down a bit, only to receive a spank on her ass, prodding her to pick up the pace. “Of course you have.” He said, looking her right in her glinting eyes.

“I put you in a trance, and spoke straight to your subconscious. I took control of your subconscious mind, and do you know what that means?”

“No master.” She said with a grin, reflecting her master's happiness.

“Well, of course you don't.” He said with a smirk.

“Your conscious mind is a slave to your subconscious mind, and your subconscious mind is completely under my control. You may feel like you're in control, most of the time, but the truth is I'm pulling your every string, and playing you like a puppet.”

His cock started throbbing inside of her, as he gave his speech.

“Your conscious mind unwittingly plays along, remembering what I want it to remember, forgetting what I want it to forget,

and most of all, thinking what I want it to think.”

“Oh...” She said, reaching back and down to gently fondle his balls, as she felt his cock throb, and knew that his climax is nearing. Most of what he said just flew past her. She found it really hard to think while staring into his eyes. One thing was clear, though, her master was so happy, he was on the top of the world.

“I'm glad you're having fun, master.” She said, genuinely feeling good about herself. She felt more in place than she ever did before.

“Of course you do.” He said, grabbed her tightly, speared her down so his full erection filled her tight cunt, and started cumming.

“Ahhh-ha-ha-ha...Because I told your subconscious that nothing is more important than my happiness.”

He pressed her body into his, and convulsed in pleasure with every warm spurt he unloaded into her, clawing her with his nails like a rabid beast. Once he was done, he leaned back on his arms, and breathed heavily, with a big smile on his face. Autumn remained straddled on top of him, almost as breathless, and waited for him to tell her to get off.

“Master, may I ask something?”

“Of course, Autumn. It's the least I can do after blowing my load so deep in your twat.”

“Is your dad really the CEO of our company.”

Her question made him laugh out loud.

“Oh, bitch, I don't even work at that company. I just use it as hunting grounds for new slavegirls.”

“Oh...” She said, her mind working overtime.

“Should I quit, so I'll have more time to serve you?” She asked.

“Good thinking, bitch, but no. You need to stay there and inform me of any fresh cunts I can own. This is Misty's turn to quit.” He said, and spanked the other girl, still on her hands and knees, with her ass raised high.

“Thank this bitch for relieving you from your scouting duties.” He told her.

“Thank you, Autumn. Now I am finally free to serve my master.” Misty said in a drone-like voice.

“Forgive her monotone, she's currently in a deep trance.” He said, and laughed again.

A mere ten minutes later, Autumn and Misty rode the elevator back to their company's floor.

“So, what's your plan for the rest of the day?” Misty asked.

“Keep working on those booooring reports.” Autumn said, rolling her eyes “Oh, and calling some hot friends to see if they want to intern here, or something. How about you, Misty?”

“I'm gonna go tell the boss that I quit, and head over to master's place.” She said, and Autumn nodded with a smile. Anyone looking at them would think they were just chatting about the weather.

“It's a good idea to call your friends. Trust me, it can take weeks before another hot girl comes to work here, if you just wait. My older sister waited for like three months before she managed to get me hired here. She's his slave, too, of course.”

“Can I call you for pussy scouting advice?” Autumn asked “I mean, considering you're my predecessor and all.”

Misty curled her lip.

“I'm not sure...I'm gonna be real busy serving our master, and all.”

“I guess.” Autumn said in an understanding sort of way.

“Well, see you at some point, then, Misty.”

“For sure! Good luck recruiting master's next conquest.” Misty said, gave Autumn a peck on the lips, and walked away to their boss's office. Autumn sat back in her chair, her dildo and anal beads locked in place, and sighed.

“I love my new job.” She said, and dialed the number of her hottest friend.

“Hey, girl, what's up?”

“That's great! Listen, I've been thinking, you know how you're tired of being a salesperson at some shabby clothes store? Well, I have just the thing...”

She knew it won't be easy to get her master a brand new cunt to enjoy, but her determination to succeed burned brighter than the sun. Her own future depended on it, after all.

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Lost And Found

* * * * *

Dawn was happy and content with her life.

She was busy making her boyfriend breakfast, to serve for him in bed, as usual. She was still in her sexy nighty that showed much more than it covered. The semi-transparent fabric barely covered her crotch, and anyone looking at her from behind could see the lower part of her ass easily, especially if she bent over. She often liked finding reasons to bend over for her boyfriend, so she could see his reaction.

Dawn never even wore anything other than her sexy pink nighty anymore, which wasn't really like her. Usually, she would have a problem with walking around semi-nude, even in the solitude of her own apartment. And her boyfriend's house wasn't a fortress of solitude, that's for sure.

Sure, his home was in the middle of nowhere, miles from any hint of civilization, but it was filled with many lost girls, just like Dawn and her little sister, Eve, who found themselves destitute for one reason or another, and were taken in by the generous man Dawn was proud to call her boyfriend.

She didn't mind changing her habit about wearing revealing clothes, though, for several reasons. First of all, the other girls living with them didn't really care about showing some skin, and other than those girls and her boyfriend, no one would possibly see her in this remote place.

And, he has seen all she has to offer anyway, many times. Another reason was that her boyfriend really likes it, and she

would do anything to make him happy. True love is what she felt towards him, and trust that could never be broken.

Dawn was never the kind of girl to be some walking, booby bouncing, ass wiggling eye candy who serves her man breakfast in bed. But, this was different. He was different. He was so kind, just, and giving, that she felt she almost owed him this kind of devotion.

And generous, Dawn's boyfriend was so generous. Look at dawn and her sister, Eve. They ran out of fuel two miles away, and decided to walk and find the nearest town, for the lack of cell phone reception. Instead, they found his lonely house, and decided to ask the residents for help.

They hesitated at first, finding it weird that there was a half-naked young woman tending to the front garden, who told them they must speak with the master of the house for help.

It all made sense after they met him, though. He was so nice and hospitable, and even offered them a free treatment. You see, he's one of those crystal "healers" that supposedly fix you up by hovering crystals over your body, and letting their "resonating power" heal you. Neither Dawn nor Eve believed in such nonsense, but they played along because he was so nice.

Dawn still didn't believe those silly crystals had any real power to physically alter someone's health, but she had to admit the crystal he showed them was quite amazing, and beautiful. How the light reflected from its seemingly infinite sides to its very core, it almost felt like she was swimming within it, at some point.

Dawn vaguely remembered being worried that he might be trying to hypnotize them, but that was ridiculous, of course. For starters, hypnosis doesn't work unless the subject consents to it, and more importantly, her boyfriend would never do something like that. He is just too nice, and awesome, and trustworthy and...

Dawn got lost thinking about how amazing her boyfriend was, and almost burnt his toast. Luckily, Daphne woke her up in time.

Daphne was in charge of cleaning the house. And since she was a sort of a maid for him, she referred to him as master. A lot of the girls he rescued called him that. Dawn sometimes did so as well, because he liked it so much, and Dawn loved to see a smile on his face.

The girls all stayed there to tend to his house, and him, indefinitely, as a form of gratitude. Sometimes, Dawn thought she caught some of them fooling around with her boyfriend, but he assured her she was just seeing things. And he was always so trustworthy - she just had to believe him. She wouldn't blame the girls if they wanted him, of course.

He was perfect in everything, including in bed. Dawn never liked lovers who are too take-charge and forceful, but he changed her mind. When they made love, he was in control, telling her exactly what he wanted, or tossing her about on his own, and she loved every moment of it, because it was him. Because true love conquers all, even a strong aversion to being the submissive one in bed.

Honestly, if Dawn's previous boyfriends saw her with her current one, they would stare in shock at how the previously dominating and bossy bitch could be so submissive, and docile, when a truly strong and wonderful man is in bed with her.

Dawn still had fond memories of when her boyfriend wanted to try oral for the first time. She was riding him in bed, doing all the work, as usual, when he politely asked her to try oral sex.

"Damn your pussy is good. Okay, time to fuck that throat. Blow me." He said.

At first Dawn hesitated.

"I-I've never done that before, honey. It's demeaning, and kinda disgusting" She told him.

"Well, then I guess we're breaking up." He told her coldly, though she knew he was just trying to hide his emotions.

"No! I-I...Please don't break up with me!" She begged.

"I said, suck my cock!" He said sternly. Dawn really learned to appreciate his power in bed that day.

Only a few seconds later, her mouth was stuffed with his rod, as he pushed his hips into her face forcefully, going as deep as he could.

“On your own, now.” He said, and she continued fucking her own throat with his cock, trying to go as deep and as fast as his hands made her go before.

That wasn't only her first ever blowjob, it was also the first time a man came in her mouth. She felt so proud, as she swallowed his load, knowing she satisfied her boyfriend. Today, she often wakes him up with a blowjob. Tuesdays and Thursdays actually, the same days she serves him breakfast in bed.

Her boyfriend promised her that her concerns about the other girls waking him up with a wet kiss on his cock, on the other days, were unfounded, and that he simply wanted to savor the feeling of her mouth on his cock, and not make it a daily thing. Dawn believed him, as always. Giving him a blowjob became one of her favorite things to do. She couldn't believe she avoided that activity up till now.

Breakfast was done, and Dawn fixed the food on a nice tray with loving care, and started carrying it up the stairs to her boyfriend. As Dawn went up the stairs, she heard loud moaning voices from her boyfriend's bedroom.

“Take that! You tight little whore!” Her boyfriend yelled.

“Yes master. Fuck your sex toy as hard as you want! Thank you, master!” The voice of a young woman came. A voice that was very familiar to Dawn. Though she wrongly suspected her boyfriend so many times, Dawn became suspicious despite herself. She felt so bad about still not trusting him, and ended up thinking about how great he is for not dumping her sorry ass for always doubting him.

Until she opened the door...

What she saw shocked her so much she dropped the tray she so carefully prepared, flat on the floor.

“H-Honey?! Oh my god! EVE!” She screamed. Dawn's younger sister, Eve, was riding Dawn's boyfriend with a big smile on her face.

“Thank you so much for fucking me, master. I’m your sex doll, your puppet, your cum dump! AH!” Eve moaned, and shook her hips back and forth even faster, while he spanked her hard and pinched her nipples.

Dawn couldn’t believe what she was seeing.

“What the fuck is going on here?!” She screamed, fuming.

“Oh, hey babe. Just checking your sister’s tight cunt.” Her boyfriend said with a pleased smile.

“I’m pleasing my m—“ Eve started, but a sharp spank from him stopped her, and she continued riding, fully focused on the man she was riding.

“I can’t believe it! I trusted you! I loved you so much! And...” She paused, looking at Eve, who was still shaking her hips.

“My sister?! How can you cheat on me with my own sister?!” Dawn said with tears in her eyes.

“Oh relax, bitch.” He said with cold eyes. Dawn was shocked, how can her perfect boyfriend talk to her like that.

“How can you talk to me like that?!” She demanded

“I’ll show you. ‘twatleberry pie’.” He said. Dawn felt a little woozy, and suddenly felt as if she’s floating in space. Well, almost...

She recognized this feeling, somehow, but couldn’t remember where from. She was almost fully calm and relaxed, when the image of her kind and loving boyfriend with his cock buried deep in her sister’s wet cunt brought her rage back up again.

“What the fuck is wrong with you?!” She screamed, shaking herself back to coherence.

“Oh boy. That’s unexpected...” He mumbled.

“I trusted you! I trusted both of you!” Dawn cried, and made the hardest decision in her life, or so she felt. She decided to leave the house she came to call her home.

“I’m out of here!” She said, and grabbed her clothes and cell phone.

As she rushed outside, she saw her reflection in the mirror, wearing her skimpy nighty.

“I can’t believe I wore these clothes for you, and catered to your every need! I sucked your cock, you fucking jerk!” Dawn said, and slammed the door behind her

She got to the road, still crying uncontrollably, still not believing she could trust such a jerk.

She considered putting her usual clothes back on, but decided her current state of dress will make it easier to hitch a ride. She outstretched her thumb, and her long shapely leg, hoping to lure some horny driver despite her eyes, which were puffy from crying. It may have seemed slutty, but that road had so little traffic, that if Dawn didn’t use everything she had in her arsenal, she might starve before she finds a ride.

Her phone started ringing and made her jump. She actually forgot what phones were for, by now, and was sure this place was completely out of range. Did her boyfriend lie to her about that, as well? Maybe, but on the other hand, she hadn’t had any calls since she and her sister got here, so it was probably true...

Her caller ID showed “Little Evey”, it was her little sister. Dawn loved her sister so much, and always took care of her. But now, all she felt for her sister was loathing. Still, she answered...

“What do you want...?” She asked, with a mean demeanor.

“Dawn, don’t be like that. Come back home, and we can talk about this.” Eve said, in a slightly dreamy voice, as if she is sleepwalking.

“There’s nothing to talk about. You had sex with my boyfriend, and stop talking as if you’re high on weed! It’s not funny!” Dawn snapped.

“You have nowhere to go, Dawn. You might as well come back, and we can sort everything out with the master.” Eve said.

“There’s nothing to sort out! You haven’t even apologized yet...How did you become such a dirty slut?!” Dawn was rapidly losing the cool she tried to maintain.

“Thank you, Dawny” Eve said, and Dawn couldn’t figure if she was being sarcastic “But where will you go?” Eve asked again.

“I’ll hitch a ride somewhere and go back to...”

Dawn paused, realizing she doesn't really remember what she has to go back to.

"Back to...where?" Eve asked, in a tone that sounded mocking, but still rather drone like.

"Doesn't matter!" Dawn snapped again "Anywhere but here..." She resolved sadly, thinking about how perfect her life seemed just that morning.

"Dawn, listen to me." Eve said, sounding more assertive all of a sudden "I'm really sorry for what I did, but I'm your sister and I'm worried about you. Hitchhiking is dangerous! There are a lot of creeps out there just waiting to abuse you. Please! Come back and I promise me and master can explain!" She begged.

Dawn considered it for a second.

"What possible explanation can you give?! And stop calling him master! He just owns the house. The stupid jerk has a name!"

"Really? You know master's name?" Eve asked, curious.

Dawn suddenly realized she didn't even know his name. This was all getting really weird, and she felt as if some fog in her head was starting to clear.

"Ehhh...Uh..." She wrecked her brain, trying to remember his name "Oh, who cares! I should just call him a fucking jerk-off cheating douche bag asshole!" Dawn didn't notice Eve already hung up.

Probably because she couldn't listen to someone talk that way to her wonderful master. Enraged, Dawn threw her phone on the road, breaking it, and continued to wait for cars to pass.

Luckily for her, a car stopped for her within the first five minutes of waiting. The driver was a woman in her late twenties, and had a very respectable look to her. She looked at Dawn with obvious concern, probably due to her state of dress.

Normally Dawn would reassure her that she's okay, but she was so confused and upset that she decided to just be quiet, and sort her life out once they got to the nearest town.

"So, what's your story?" The woman asked Dawn curiously.

“Uhm...It’s nothing...” Dawn said, staring at her own knees in shame.

“Come on, don’t be shy. If someone harmed you in any way, I can help.” The woman said. It wasn’t weird for her to say that, Dawn figured, considering she was half naked on the road, hitching rides. But still, the way that woman said those words, it’s like she knew something.

“I’m fine...It’s just...My boyfriend...” Dawn said.

“Boyfriend?!” The woman said, clearly puzzled. The woman was taken by surprise, which didn’t really make sense to Dawn.

Boyfriend issues should have seemed quite mundane and obvious, Dawn thought.

“I’d hate to intrude” The woman said “But, did you leave that house a little off the road from where I picked you up, the one with all those women?” She asked.

“Yeah...” Dawn answered “It’s my boyfriend’s house.” The woman frowned at that.

“And what exactly happened?” She continued to inquire.

“I caught him....With my younger sister...You know...” Dawn held the tears back.

“Do you know his name? The owner of that house? Your...Uhm...’boyfriend?’” The woman asked.

Now Dawn was getting suspicious. Who would ask someone if they knew their boyfriend’s name? It should be a given that she knows it.

“Didn’t you mean to ask what’s his name? since I’m his EX girlfriend, and all...” Dawn asked in return.

“I know what I asked, honey.” The woman looked at Dawn with pity in her eyes “Do you know his name?” She repeated

This woman freaked Dawn out even more, especially because she still couldn’t remember his name, no matter how hard she tried.

“I-I...” Tears started streaming from her eyes again.

“Shhh, it’s okay. Just relax and think. Did he ever tell you his name? How did you call him?” The woman guided her in the haze of her mind.

“Umm...” That was when Dawn realized it. He never even told her his name!

“No I, umm, I can’t believe I never asked for his name...” She was shocked “I always called honey, or my boyfriend, or master. But only cause he liked it, and he was the master of the house, and all. We all called him that...” She said, some more of the fog clearing.

“All the other women there?” The woman asked, and Dawn merely nodded.

“Does it make sense to you, honey, that so many women would serve him, for free? Live in his house, and never leave?” The woman asked, obviously trying to lead Dawn to a conclusion.

It didn’t make sense to Dawn. It never did. Dawn and eve were there because there was nothing else they had to do, and nowhere to go, so why not? Just then, something finally snapped in Dawn’s mind. A dam broke and so many memories flooded her mind, at a pace that almost made her faint.

She was studying law! In fact, she just finished her bachelor’s degree, and was about to start her internship. Eve was two weeks from her high school graduation when they left for this trip.

Their parents paid for the trip, as a present for them both successfully finishing an important stage in their lives - college for Dawn, and high-school for Eve. This was supposed to be a hike that represented their ability to reach any peak they ever wanted.

Before Dawn could wonder how she could forget all of that, something that made her heart miss a beat struck her. Parents?! Holy shit, her parents! They must be worried sick! How long has it been? How could she forget to contact them, and tell them she and Eve were okay?

Were they okay, though? Dawn had no idea what was going on. Remembering only served to make her even more confused.

The woman stopped at the side of the road to try and calm down a crying and hyper ventilating Dawn.

“How could I forget about mom and dad?!” She cried “What’s going on?!”

“You need to relax. Look, I’ll get you to some people who can help, but you have to calm down. Just breathe. In, and out...and in... and out... slowly... that’s right. Good girl.” She patted Dawn’s head like a mother would, and continued the drive.

After Dawn calmed down a bit, the woman figured it was a good time to tell her the truth.

“What’s your name, honey?” She asked.

“Dawn, yours?”

“Fiona. I’m a journalist. I came here to investigate the disappearance of many young women.” She said. Dawn swallowed nervously and audibly.

“Women disappearing?” She asked.

“Yes. They just pass through here, and are never heard from again. But I think I know what happens to them.” She said, and Dawn understood immediately, now calm and fully lucid.

“He gets them. That man that I called my boyfriend.” It felt so surreal. How could she call him her boyfriend and love him so much? She barely knows him...

“Yes” Fiona said “From what I gather, he uses some sort of hypnosis method to control them. I still don’t know how, though. It should be impossible...”

“The crystals!” Dawn realized suddenly, and Fiona looked at her with asking eyes, so she explained.

“He told me and Eve he was a crystal healer. He probably used them to hypnotize...and control us.” She gritted her teeth as she said that, becoming angry at the notion of being controlled like that. She never considered herself the kind of girl who’s easy to control.

Her rage was replaced with fear and worry, as she realized something.

“Wait! We have to turn back!” Dawn said, surprising Fiona.

“What are you talking about? You’re the first woman who managed to escape him! We have to get you to the police and...” Fiona said, but Dawn interrupted her.

“Eve is still there!” Dawn said, distraught, realizing she left her little sister in the clutches of that man.

“This explains why her voice sounded so distant when we talked. Oh my sweet little Evey, how could I leave you there?” She cried, frantically searching for her phone, only to remember she shattered it on the road before Fiona picked her up.

Dawn couldn’t get the image of her little sister, sweet innocent Eve, riding that man’s cock, calling him master. She felt so ashamed that she wasn’t able to protect her.

“Turn this car around! We have to go get her!” She screamed at Fiona, already considering a tuck and roll out of the car if Fiona refused.

Noticing that, Fiona locked her door from the driver’s seat.

“No Dawn. We can’t! Who knows what he can do to us if we go back?” She said.

That didn’t appease Dawn.

“Let me go!” She cried and banged on the car’s door “If you don’t let me out right now I swear I’ll make you crush this car!”

“Listen to me you little brat!” Fiona screamed, shutting Dawn up “We are going to get help. You will file a complaint against him, and then we can go back there with the police and free all the girls. Do you understand? This is the only way!” She finished.

“But he knows I’m out. What will he do to Eve if he knows we called the police on him?” Dawn asked.

“He thinks you’re a lost little lamb with no memories or any idea where you are. Without me it would’ve taken you days to figure it all out, if you ever managed to at all. Don’t worry - we will save your sister. Trust me.”

Fiona was right, Dawn knew that, but the thought of her sister still serving that man, her innocence taken bit by bit, it simply killed her. Eve was a virgin before that man. She had dreams of losing her virginity to her prince charming, on her wedding night.

Dawn didn't really think Eve would wait for her wedding, but she wanted Eve to discover the real world on her own, with Dawn right there to give a shoulder to cry on, and a sisterly hand to hold. Instead, she had her cherry popped by some hypnotist that probably saw her as nothing but a sex doll.

"I can see you're...upset." Fiona said, and knew it was a massive understatement. Dawn didn't even respond. She felt as if she'll explode if she did.

"Here, take this." Fiona said, handing her a pill "It will calm you down until we get there."

Dawn looked at her suspiciously. "What is it?"

"Just something to make you relax" Fiona said with a smile.

"And you just keep it in your car?" Dawn asked.

"Being a journalist can be stressful work, you know. I sometimes need help keeping my cool." She said.

That made sense to Dawn, considering their current situation. So she took the pill and swallowed it with a big gulp. For some reason, that reminded her of the times she swallowed that man's load after blowing him.

Dawn felt the effects of the pill almost immediately. Her anxiousness receded, and she felt at ease, waiting for Fiona to bring her to the authorities. In fact, she started feeling a little too relaxed. Actually, she felt significantly drowsy, and her vision was blurry.

"Umm...I think that pill is doing something weird...to me..." Dawn mumbled.

"Well, you look more relaxed to me, Dawn. What's wrong?" Fiona asked, sounding different somehow. Fiona sounded as if she became more relaxed herself, but she didn't take those pills, Dawn would've seen if she did.

"I feel dizzy. My vision is...kinda blurry..." Dawn said quietly.

"Did you eat anything today?" Fiona asked

"No...I always made him breakfast...and served it to him... with a blowjob, before eating my own meal..." Dawn said.

"Good girl." Fiona whispered.

“What?” Dawn asked, confused.

“I said, you’re probably feeling like that because you took that pill on an empty stomach. It will pass. Just breathe...in and out... slowly...Good girl.” Fiona said, and Dawn almost closed her eyes, obeying the older woman’s reassuring words.

“Don’t close your eyes Dawney. Not yet, at least.” Fiona said, making Dawn open her eyes, hanging on to Fiona’s calm voice.

“I’m so happy you took that pill, Dawney. It will make my job so much easier.” Fiona said with smile, but Dawn was too drowsy to parse the meaning of the words properly.

“Okay, now to get you a proper focus.” Fiona said, and turned the windshield wipers on. Dawn’s addled brain told her something was weird.

“Why...did you...turn the wiper...ers on?...” Dawn said slowly.

“Because of the rain, honey. It’s pouring out there. Look.” Fiona said with a confident voice.

It was really weird. Dawn was sure it was a perfectly sunny day just a second earlier. But now, the rain was pouring on the windshield so heavily it was like white noise on the TV. The wipers were moving rapidly in a feeble attempt at fighting the downpour. From side to side, left to right, the wipers moved.

“Do you see the rain, Dawn?” Fiona asked.

“Yeah...It’s pouring...so much...” Dawn said sleepily, but kept looking forward, staring at the wipers moving, and the rain.

“Good girl. Does the rain scare you, Dawn? Aren’t you terrified of drowning, scared of a massive flood?” Fiona asked.

Dawn was never scared of rain, but she was really scared of floods, and even more scared of drowning.

“Y-Yeah...” Dawn said nervously, covering her mouth and shaking like a little girl, in fear of the pouring rain.

“Don’t worry, honey. That’s what the wipers are for. Watch them, as they move from side to side, as they wipe the rain drops away. Watch as a drop of rain forms on the window like a tear in

your eye, and then swiftly wiped away by their constant and determined movements, side to side, left to right, and left again.”

“Side...to side...” Dawn parroted, as she watched the rain drops being wiped away.

“The rain drops are your worries and fears, Dawn. They are your fear of not succeeding in your chosen profession, of disappointing your parents. They are your worry for eve’s safety, and fear for her life. Everything that scares, bothers and ails you is a single rain drop, falling like tears from the sky.” Fiona said to an open minded Dawn.

“There are so many of them...” Dawn said, feeling overwhelmed.

“Don’t worry, the wipers can win. Look as they wipe the drops away. Look as they wipe your worries and fears away. And feel it. Feel how with every drop you see wiped, another of your worries dies without a trace, and another of your deepest fears is gone. Can you feel it?” Fiona asked her.

“Yes...” Dawn said, smiling, as the massive downpour became slightly weaker. She was no longer concerned about her parents and how they must be worried sick. She was no longer afraid that the hypnotist might harm Eve. With every drop of rain wiped, she became happier, and less afraid.

“The rain...is letting down...” Dawn said.

“Oh, that’s great, sweetie.” Fiona responded “But it’s not enough, is it? The rain is still dropping. It’s been weakened, but it’s still dropping in a scary pace.”

Dawn’s smile receded as she realized Fiona was right, and it scared her. The rain wouldn’t let down, no matter how frantically the wipers moved from side to side.

It was the only fear Dawn couldn’t wipe away, and so it became the most important concern of her life.

“How do I...make the rain...stop?...” She asked slowly.

“That’s a good question, Dawn. You’re a good girl.” Fiona said.

“Thank. You...”

“Dawn,” Fiona continued “The other drops will be harder to wipe off, but you must do your best. They are your memories.

They are your desires and wishes. If you want the rain to stop, you must wipe them all away.

Focus on everything you've ever wanted, and on every past memory, happy and sad, and find the drop of rain that contains them. Then, watch as the wipers take them away, in their gallant struggle against the rain." Fiona said.

Dawn did as she was told, and thought back on her life, on her most important, and most mundane memories. Suddenly, like magic, she could see the scenes play out within the drops of rain. Each drop was like a tiny and watery window into one of her memories. She watched happily as the wipers took them away, and the rain that frightened her so much, weakened even more.

Then, she noticed some of the scenes on the drops never really happened. One of them had her speaking before a tear stained jury after a heart breaking and convincing closing argument, ensuring her client's innocence.

Another had an image of her being promoted to senior partner at a prestigious law firm. She watched, as those dreams were wiped away from her mind, and the rain continued to weaken. Dawn didn't mind letting go of all of her dreams. She couldn't remember them anymore, anyway. She had to make the rain stop, no matter what. It was the only important thing.

There was one memory that wouldn't be wiped away, though - no matter how many times the wipers went over it. It was the memory of her mother hugging her, and promising to always be there to protect her. Dawn couldn't even remember her mother's name anymore, but that memory was refusing to be wiped away.

And Dawn tried. She had to stop the rain no matter what, and she was so close.

"My sweet Dawn," Fiona noticed her struggle "What's wrong?"

"Uh..." Dawn cried weakly "There's a memory that I can't wipe away..."

"I see. Don't worry Dawn, I'll just put the wipers on turbo. No drop can withstand that. Watch how scared the rain becomes

when I do it. The rain is weak. Your most persistent memories are like dust in the wind in the wake of the empowered wipers.”

Dawn watched the wipers moving from side to side with renewed hope and awe. They were her brave protectors, defending her from the scary rain. She watched happily as that last memory was wiped away from her mind, never to return. The rain was almost completely gone, now, and Dawn was sure the wipers will win this war for her.

“It worked, Fiona....Thanks...” Dawn said with a happy smile.

“Good girl, Dawn. But there’s still a tiny trickle. And that trickle, if not taken care of, can become an even worse storm than before, a storm that will certainly be the end of us all.” Fiona said. Dawn saw the little trickle, but she wasn’t worried any more. She knew the brave wipers can handle it.

“What’s...in those....drops, Fiona?” Dawn asked curiously.

“Another excellent question, sweetie. Good girl.” Fiona said, filling dawn with happiness.

“They are the last remnants of your free will, Dawn, your independence, and dignity. You must allow the wipers to wipe it all away, for the rain to finally stop.” Dawn happily allowed her free will to be wiped away.

She had no desire to make decisions. Independence and freedom would bring more worries and fears. It would bring more dreams and expectations. It would bring more rain, and Dawn would do anything to stop the rain forever.

“Let the rain stop. Forever.” Fiona said.

“Let your free will dissipate forever, and let go of everything you ever were. Then, you could bask in the glow of the sun again.”

Those words resonated in Dawn’s empty mind, as the last drops were wiped away, and the rain ended completely. That was when Dawn saw the sun rise, and shine brightly over her.

It was amazing...

“Now Dawn, let the sun embrace you. Feel yourself engulfed in its warmth, and close your eyes.” Fiona said, and Dawn’s eyelids started closing.

“Close your eyes and keep listening to my voice, Dawn. Close your eyes and be engulfed in the warmth of the sun.”

Dawn closed her eyes and suddenly she lay in a bed of swirling red, yellow and orange. It was probably the best feeling she ever had. Not that she would know, she was like a new born baby now. No memories, no cares, and no free will, ready to be molded anew.

“Do you know where the warmth is coming from, Dawn?” Fiona asked.

“No...Where...?” dawn responded.

“It’s from your master. He was the one who really took the rain. Without him, you could never bask in this warmth, ever again.”

Dawn was amazed.

“His power is infinite, and absolute. He is the only important thing in the whole world.” Fiona said.

“Wow...” Dawn said in awe.

“And the only thing he asks in return - is your eternal submission, and servitude. Will you do it? Will you swear your entire life to him? Will serve his every whim happily and immediately, no matter what he commands?” Fiona asked, already knowing the answer.

“Yes, of course.” Dawn said, happily.

“Do it, then.”

“I swear my entire life to my master’s pleasure and happiness. Nothing he asks is wrong. My body, heart, and mind belong to him, to do with as he pleases.”

As Dawn said those words, she felt the warmth increase, and knew she made the right choice. Not that the choice was hers, now that she no longer had free will. There would be no more regrets, no more worries. Only blind obedience, forever.

“Both you and your sister, Eve, will serve him well, dawn. Just like me.” Fiona said.

“Sister?...” Dawn said, having forgotten about her little sister completely.

“Yes, the youngest member in your of master’s harem used to be your little sister. I need you to remember that part, and remember his face, Dawn.

Just as easily as they were gone, the memories of her master fucking Eve returned, and her shining sun had a face, imprinted on her mind for her to adore and worship until death.

“You can open your eyes now, Dawn.” Fiona said, and Dawn obediently opened her eyes.

It took her a few seconds to wake up, but soon Dawn sat next to Fiona wearing a dumb mindless smile.

“You look happy , Dawn.” Fiona said.

“I am an obedient slave to master. How can I not be happy?” Dawn responded.

“I know exactly how you feel, sweetie.” Fiona said “I’m so grateful to you for making this so easy. I was so worried I’d fail master.” Fiona said.

“You see, I had to fully reboot your mind. So I had to make you remember everything, first. I was afraid I won’t be able to calm you down properly once you remembered and understood everything. I’m so happy you took the pill I offered like a good girl. It made everything so much easier.”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about. But thank you, Fiona. I like being a good girl for you and master.” Dawn said happily, as Fiona called her master with the car phone.

“So?” The man on the other end asked through the speaker “Is the bitch taken care of?”

“Yes master.” Fiona said “It was easy.” She bragged.

“Good girl.” He said, and Fiona erupted in obvious orgasm, almost crashing the car.

“Dawn, your sister had more things to tell you. But that’ll have to wait, cause she’s busy sucking my cock right now.”

“I’m so happy she can serve you, master.” Dawn said.

“Excellent. Well, I guess that little girlfriend experiment was a complete bust. I just wanted to try having a more emotionally

interactive slave. But I guess I'm stuck with mindless living sex dolls, for now." He chuckled at himself for even complaining.

"I'm so sorry I failed you, master." Dawn said.

"That's okay, cumdoll. But I can't so easily forgive you running away like that."

Dawn's smile was wiped off, as sadness overwhelmed her.

"Please master. I'll do anything!" She begged.

"Oh, I know. And I have just the punishment to give you, both of you, actually. I'm still punishing Fifi for past transgressions."

It was night time when the two slaves arrived at the nearest town. It was a small truck stop town, mostly filled with men just passing by on the road. The few that did live there permanently were the sheriff, and the store owners.

The truckers all knew each other, though. It was on a road rarely taken by anyone, and that town was the usual night stop for them.

So they sat and drank and exchanged stories. They all knew about the man living in solitude about twenty-two miles down the road, and needed an occasional reminder as to why they're not turning the man in, to the various law enforcement agencies.

That's where Dawn and Fiona came in. Literally, they came into the only bar in town where all the truckers quenched their thirst and stripped down to their bra and panties, or fully naked in Dawn's case, since she was still in her tiny nighty.

"Hello everyone!" Fiona said with a smile.

"Me and my young friend here" She pointed to Dawn "Are here on behalf of our master to thank you for holding your tongue, and remind you that keeping his secrets can carry extremely fun rewards!" She finished.

All the men knew already that the two girls in front of them were fair game, as long as they don't break them too hard, or kill them.

"Yoooooohooooo I can't believe my luck!" One of them said.

"See?! And you wanted to punch me for not fixing your engine in time! Hah!" The greasy old local mechanic said.

“Like you knew this was gonna happen, Bob!”

“I didn’t! but it did!”

The men in the room erupted in laughter, most of them obviously hammered out of their wits.

Two of them came to Dawn and started feeling her up. She happily complied as they squeezed her all over. In a flash, they bent her over, and stuffed both her mouth and her pussy with their cocks. Dawn looked sideways and saw Fiona on her knees taking care of three cocks, while riding a fourth one, belonging to a man lying on the floor.

“Oi! He could’ve sent a little more holes, y’know?” One of them said, annoyed while waiting for his turn.

“Nah!” The man fucking Dawn said “Better if he gives a schedule of when he be sending these holes down here!”

“You crazy?! Place’ll be more crowded than Woodstock! Just be glad you got lucky and shut up!” A third man said, while stuffing Fiona’s mouth full.

“Oi! Let’s take these whores to the holes!” One of them said while gulping his beer down.

“Yeah! Holes!” Another said

“Whorles! I mean...wha’?” another said, almost fainting.

“What holes?” Another, more sober man, said “I’m fine with their holes just where they are!”

“It’s the best bar game you’ll ever see! Come on!” The girls were lifted and hauled like toys to another room that had an ancient and dusty pool-table, and a crudely built wooden wall with two holes in it just big enough for a woman’s torso to fit in.

“In the holes you go, you two fuck holes!” The men said, and Dawn and Fiona put their bodies through the wall.

Fiona already knew the game, but didn’t really have time to explain it to Dawn, because her mouth was immediately plugged. Both girls were immediately plugged at both ends, actually, acting as nothing but stationary fuck gloves, for the drunken crowd. Both their asses were bent over on the other side of the

walls, and the girls couldn't see who would be fucking them, or when.

Dawn didn't have to wait long for a thorough explanation of the game, coming from the man currently violating her mouth as if it was her cunt.

"We have these buckets connected to a rope on each side of the wall, Oh yeah, this is great!" He said and picked up the pace, and then continued to explain to the men who weren't familiar with the game.

"When you feel like cummin', drop it in the bucket of the girl you used. At some point, one of the buckets will topple over and drop the load all over the whore that won! Woo!" He said, and dumped his load in Dawn's bucket.

"I think this young lil whore will win, this time!" He finished.

"Man, that's fucking brilliant!" A man on the other side of the wall said, just as Dawn felt a sharp spank on her ass "how did you think of it?"

"It was Sam, the guy hauling Yoo-hoos, he's like physicianist, or something..."

"A physicist! You idiot!" Another man corrected him.

"Can I do them here, as well?" a man asked, and Dawn felt a finger going up her ass.

"Ya can do whatever ya like, man! That's the whole point! Haha! Get it?! Hole point!" The man laughed at his own bad joke.

That was the first time Dawn was fucked up the ass, but not the last of that evening. Some of the drunkards really liked spanking the girls. Both asses were red and numb before long.

Dawn didn't know why, maybe her undying desire to please, but she really wanted to win this thing, and dump her bucket of cum all over her own head and ass. She swirled her tongue around for the men fucking her face, making them cum in seconds.

The girls didn't know how long they were fucked, or how many men used them, or how many times. But the girls were exhausted

by the time the buckets seemed close to toppling. Then, Dawn's bucket seemed ready to fall.

"Woo! This one's almost ready!" The first man who used her mouth was at it again. He already used Fiona as well, and gave her a much bigger load, too! So Dawn hoped this time he would end it.

And she was right. To the loud cheers of the patrons, the full bucket of cum poured all over her hair and face. She smiled and guzzled down as much as she could. Just then, she felt another spank on her nearly numb ass, and heard a groan before feeling a full bucket fall on her bare and well fucked ass and pussy.

"Yeah! Nothing like a well fucked bitch-ass painted white!" A man screamed.

The men ordered the two of them out of the walls, and gave Dawn a cum shower with the cum that gathered in Fiona's two buckets, as a reward for her victory.

"There's a new champion!" A man called "Well, congratulate her, bitch!" He told Fiona

"Yes sir." Fiona said, and crawled over to Dawn.

"Congratulation, you little bitch." Fiona said as she reached Dawn, and gave her a wet kiss on her cum stained lips.

"I think you need to be cleaned" Fiona said, and started licking Dawn's face.

"Oi, little whore! She be stealing all your cum!" One of the men sad, inciting Dawn.

"Hey, that's mine!" Dawn said, slapped Fiona's face away, and started licking the cum from her own face and hair, while Fiona started working on dawn's luscious cum covered tits.

It probably took the two slaves another hour to lick the cum off of Dawn's body. Especially with the spectators occasionally using Fiona again, and dumping a fresh load on Dawn.

Only when the dawn of day came, was Dawn clean enough for the trip back to master's house. It took much less time to return to master, because Fiona didn't take the long detour she took before, to re-condition Dawn.

They washed themselves nicely with the garden hose outside, given to them by master's current busty gardener slave, and walked back inside to declare their eternal obedience and devotion to their master.

He was busy face fucking a new girl neither of them knew, probably another silly hiker that got too close to his house. They happily licked his cum from the new slave's face, and received their new duties.

Dawn was to be his nude scarecrow for a month as punishment. Fiona would return to her patrols, looking for new additions to their master's harem, and use the skills he taught her to ensnare them.

* * * *

The master of the house was watching a football game on TV, with one leg resting comfortably on Dawn's ass, and another gracing Fiona's backside with its wonderful weight.

Dawn was so happy her month of scarecrow service was done, and she was promoted to a foot stool position. She and Fiona were on their hands and knees, with their asses pointing up to provide their master's feet a soft cushion.

Meanwhile, Eve gave her tight teen pussy for her master to fuck while he watched his game. She was spread over him in a reverse cowgirl position, making sure to lower her body properly so as to not obscure her master's view of the TV.

"That's it! That's it! Yeah! Touchdown!" Their master bellowed, making the worthless slaves tremble with delight, and making Eve moan happily as he gave her tight pussy a few powerful pumps, before she continued working for his pleasure, moving on her own.

"Great game! And my team won!" he said as he turned the TV off, and lifted Eve up to him, to squeeze her perky tits.

"Oh you're so cute!" he spoke to Eve like the pet she was, and squeezed harder "And your pussy is so fucking tight!" He added.

"I'm so happy my pussy pleases you, master." Eve said.

“Oh yeah, keep going, slave. Tell me what you are.” He said, his cock throbbing.

“I’m your property, master. I have no free will and no mind. I exist for your pleasure alone, master. I am your toy, your pet, and your puppet. I’m yours to use as you see fit, and then dispose of when I’m useless.”

He picked up the pace of his pounding of the tight teen cunt, and both Dawn and Fiona felt increased pressure on their aching, yet grateful backs.

“*Ah!* I saved my pussy just for you, master! Thank you so very much for using this slave’s wet hole. I am so honored to be your fucktoy!”

“*Hrrm!* Good girl!” He moaned, and came deep inside of his tight fuckdoll.

“Thank you, master. I’m nothing but a receptacle for your cum, master.”

He then looked at Dawn.

“Your little sister is one of the best fucks I’ve ever had, Dawny-slut.” He said, fondling Eve with joy.

“I’m so happy she gets the privilege to serve you as a fucktoy, master. I’m so proud of her, master.” Dawn said with utter sincerity.

“Hey, Fifi.” That’s how he called Fiona “Did you ever tell Dawn how you got to be my slave?”

“No, master. Shall I tell her now?” Fiona said, happy to feel her master’s foot on her ass.

“Go ahead.” He said, enjoying the feel of his lips around Eve’s erect nipples.

“Well, my sweet Dawn. I wasn’t really lying to you when I picked you up that day, do you remember?”

Dawn shook her head, staring at Fiona with a confused face.

“Of course you don’t. You probably just remember being in the car, and being told to go to that bar with me.” Fiona said, and now Dawn nodded in agreement.

“Anyway, I was a reporter, trying to find out what happened to all the women who disappeared on this road.”

Fiona smiled nostalgically.

“What I found was our great master, and his ever growing harem of hypnotized serving girls.” She sighed happily.

“It may come as a surprise to you, Dawn. But at first, I wasn’t happy to become master’s property, to be used as he sees fit. In fact, I remember promising to bring him to justice, as if any justice can supersede our master’s will.”

Dawn listened breathless, unable to believe Fiona was once such a bad girl.

“I even used a pepper spray can on master’s face to try and hold his advances off. An action I eternally regret, and will forever be punished for, as master promised me afterwards.”

“But the other slaves took hold of me, and allowed master to properly sedate me and take control of my body and mind. A control that he always deserved.”

Another happy sigh escaped her lips.

“I called my editor to tell him the story was a bust, and to inform him I found my one true love and am quitting my job. I was his best reporter, so he protested, but there was nothing he could’ve said to dissuade me.”

“My best friends also wouldn’t accept my decision, back then. Today, three of them are working here as master’s slaves, filling very desirable roles. One is in the shower crew, making sure his baths are effective and fun. The other two are in the sleep crew, bouncing their tits for master to help him sleep, and sometimes being used as his bedding accessories. I’m so happy I could get my friends such great working opportunities in life.”

“I wish my friends would come here, so master can own them as well.” Dawn interjected.

“I’m sure you do, Honey.” Fiona said.

“Anyway, today master only fucks my ass, and uses me most frequently to appease the truckers of that town. Plus, he trained me in his gift, so I can enslave other hot young women for his pleasure. It’s all my punishment for my behavior when I met

him.” Fiona finished her story, and erupted in a massive orgasm, just from telling it.

“Good girl, Fifi.” He said “My cock is hard again. Lucky I’m still in your tight cunt, huh, Eve?”

“Yes master.” The tight teen responded with a big smile “So lucky!”

“Okay, I want to go for a walk. Straighten up, you two.” He said, standing up on Dawn and Fiona’s backs. It wasn’t easy to carry even half of their master’s full weight on their backs, but both slaves happily complied.

And so, along the forest road crawled two slavegirls, on their hands and knees, with their master standing on their backs. He was enjoying the nice view while slowly pumping into the petite teen he held in his hands, completely uncaring for the soft whimpers of the slaves carrying him.

Dawn was happy and content in her life. Especially since tomorrow would be the first day of her return to the master’s “breakfast in bed and blowjob” schedule. She couldn’t wait...

###

The Secret Path

* * * * *

Caroline lay on her bed, in her new dorm room, staring at the ceiling, deep in thought.

It was her first day of college, and she was both excited, and a bit overwhelmed. The only sound piercing the morning silence came from the bathroom, where Caroline's twin sister and roommate, Megan, took her morning shower.

“To think that just twenty-four hours ago we were packing up at mom and dad's, getting ready to move out...” Caroline said to herself, just as the sound of the shower died off.

“What? Did you say something?” Megan called from the bathroom.

“No, nothing. Are you done already?” Caroline asked, a slight tension in her voice.

“I just need to get dressed, and you need to relax a bit, sis.” Megan got out with a towel wrapped around her, and started picking out clothes.

“I'm trying, can't you see?” Caroline said, lying on her side, resting her head on her elbow “But it's our first real day of college, it's just so...”

She paused.

“I don't even know how to call it!”

“Yeah, well, I'm waiting for our first night in college, and our first party as fully pledged college coeds!” Megan said, taking a pink top, white shorts, and some tube socks from the closet.

“What do you think?” She asked her sister. Megan had silky smooth blonde hair, reaching just below her shoulders. She had blue eyes, a pretty face, and a smoking body that assured her many suitors in the college environment. She had slender hips, perky, gravity defying breasts, and smooth, immaculate skin.

“It's a little cotton candy...” Caroline said. Caroline was, well, identical to Megan, in every way, apart from personality. Every curve, crevice, and detail of her body matched her twin sister, older than her by a mere fifteen seconds.

“Hmm, how about this?” Megan asked about an ocean blue top, and a matching blue skirt.

“Better.” Caroline said with a nod.

Caroline herself wore a black linen blouse, and a pair of black jeans. Megan finally finished dressing up, putting her make-up on, and brushing her hair. She turned to Caroline, who was still lying on her bed, staring into nothingness, and thinking of her new place in life.

“Okay, ready to go?” Megan asked, twirling around and admiring her reflection in the mirror.

Caroline stood up, picked up her bag, and stared at her sister.

“You're so obsessed with your own body, why do you even need guys?” She asked with a smirk.

“Ha ha.” Megan laughed sarcastically.

“Okay, let's go!”

“Aren't you taking anything?” Caroline asked “some paper, a pen, anything?”

“Oh, come on, it's our first day!” Megan said, as if that answer explained everything.

“Ohh, I didn't think about it that way...” Caroline said with a mocking, sarcastic tone.

“Hey, it's your choice, but you won't have me to copy material from anymore, unless you want to go to my classes.”

“I would have to be suicidal and insane to go to your classes, sis.” Megan told her sister.

Caroline stared her twin sister down, and Megan sighed.

“Fine, here! I'll take a pen in my pocket. Happy?”

“And I suppose you'll write on your hands, or have some guys autograph your tits?”

“Nah, I'll just ask a dork like you for some paper, I'm sure there will be at least one.” Megan winked at her twin, smiling triumphantly.

Caroline gasped all of a sudden, rummaging through her bag.

“What is it now?” Megan asked.

“I forgot to pack my calculator.” She walked back to her still open suitcase, and started searching.

“Fuck! And now I can't even find it...”

“Well, who's stalling us now...” Megan laughed at her sister.

“Look, you just get going, I'll catch up.” Caroline finally said.

“Oh, come on, it's just a calculator, what are the odds that...”

“Just GO! I'll find it, and catch up!” Caroline burst out, her sister's badgering only making her more stressed.

“Fine, fine...” Megan shook her head, and headed for the door.

“Just don't take too long...” She said, and left their dorm room.

Caroline wasn't under any real stress, since she had an hour before her first class. She did get quite upset when she realized she left her calculator at her parents' home, but knew there was nothing she could do about it.

Ten minutes after Megan left, and after sending a message to her parents, telling them to make sure the calculator is still in her old room, she left the dorms, and headed out. While walking in the general direction of the main college grounds, she called her sister to see where she was.

“Hey there, sis.” Megan answered “Listen, I'm at this coffee shop overlooking the park. Just go left from our dorms, and stick to the park edge, you can't miss it.”

“Uhm...Okay, sure. I guess coffee can't hurt. I'll be there in a bit.” Caroline said, and hung up.

She walked along the park's edge, looking at the magnificent greenery, and colorful flowers. It was a pretty impressive patch of recreational ground, right between the dorms and the main college buildings. It was pretty big, too, and well furnished with picnic tables, water fountains, and even some ping pong tables.

She thought about how great it was to live so close to such a fantastic park, and very quickly got lost in her own little dream world. She nearly missed the coffee shop because of that. In fact, she would've missed it completely if it wasn't for Megan spotting, and calling her in.

Caroline turned around to where Megan's voice came from, and right before her eyes stood an establishment called Xavier's Coffee Lounge. It looked like a decent venue, and seemed to be the center of attention, with many college students lounging and drinking their morning coffee.

The only weird part was a creepy picture of a middle aged man, left to the word Xavier. His eyes were slightly sunken, and he had a creepy, almost lecherous smile on his face. Caroline felt uncomfortable just by looking at him. It was like his picture was undressing her with its eyes.

She sat down with her sister, holding her schoolbag beside her.

“Don't you want to get some coffee?” She asked Megan.

“Oh, Bonnie went to get it for us. I ordered you a decaf, hope you didn't plan on an energy boost.”

“No it's fine. Umm, who's Bonnie?” Caroline asked.

“A girl I met here. She's a sophomore, and she's really nice,” Megan neared in for a whisper “and I have a feeling she knows where all the hot parties are!”

“Well, you have a keen sense of observation, Megan.” Came an arrogant voice from beside them.

A curvy, dark haired beauty dropped a tray with three cups on their table, and sat next to Megan, opposite to Caroline. She had almond eyes and fair skin, D-cup tits, and a very confident look on her face.

Her aura of confidence waned a bit as she looked back and forth from Megan to Caroline, a few times.

“Wow, you weren't kidding when you said identical, were you, Megan?” She said.

“You know I've never actually seen real identical twins.”

Megan and Caroline were used to it, by now, and Megan enjoyed the extra social power it gave her. Even popular “class queens” like Bonnie were taken aback by a couple of hot blonde twins. And the guys, well, the twins often had to wait for their jaws to go back up, after dropping to the ground.

Bonnie took a sip of her coffee, and smiled.

“So, tell the truth, did you ever switch boyfriends?” She asked, making Caroline a bit uncomfortable.

“Oh, I would've, if this one ever had a boyfriend!” Megan answered.

“Are you kidding? You never had a boyfriend? Guys must have been lining up to get you!” Bonnie said in shock.

“Yeah, well, luckily for me, Megan took care of both our lines.” Caroline said, smiling devilishly at her twin sister.

“Oh, so you're a slut, huh?” Bonnie asked Megan “Well, nice to meet you. It's always fun to meet a colleague.”

They shook hands jokingly.

“Oh, please...” Caroline said with a sigh.

“So, she's a nerd, huh?” Bonnie asked.

“You have no idea! She already knows her major, and it's going to be physics.” Megan said, rolling her eyes.

“Ooh, ouch, that's not easy, but I can help you if you'd like.” Bonnie said.

“You?” Caroline said smugly “How? Show me how to get TA's to date me and then blackmail them?”

“No, you snippy brat, but I might help you with Newtonian Mechanics in your first semester, and maybe even with an introduction to electrical circuits, if you're nice.”

It was Caroline's turn to stare at Bonnie, dumbfounded.

“I'm a computer engineering major. We went through most of the basic Physics courses.” Bonnie said, mimicking Caroline's earlier smugness

Caroline looked at her cup, a bit embarrassed.

“Oh uhm, sorry about that...”

“Relax, it's fine.” Bonnie said “But I'll only help you if you promise to get out of your shell a bit. Just cause you're a bit of a brainiac doesn't mean you can't be a certified slut, and I am the best testimony to that!”

“Uhm sure...” Caroline said, still fixating her gaze on her coffee, growing redder and redder.

“Wow, she's so shy all of a sudden...” Bonnie whispered to Megan.

“So, anyway, what's up with that creepy picture in the entrance to this place?” Megan asked, bailing her sister out.

“Oh, Xavier's picture?” Bonnie said, and Caroline looked up at her, interested.

“It's the owner. He lives around campus, but he's almost never here. He spends a lot of time in the park...”

“He looks totally creepy...” Caroline said, curling her lips.

“Hey, she can speak!” Bonnie jested “And yeah, he has that look. He's not that bad, though.”

“So anyway, I bet you girls used to switch to fool teachers and stuff. Did your parents ever get fooled, or could they always tell which daughter they're talking to?”

“Are you kidding?” Caroline said “They still can't tell, until we open our mouths, at least.”

The three kept talking, and getting to know each other. Megan asked Bonnie about parties, and Bonnie kept asking questions about their lives as identical twins. After they finished their cups, they moved to talking about guys, and how they intend to find Caroline a man, which made her blush redder than the evening sun. All in all, the three really hit it off, and the twins hoped Bonnie will become their first friend at college

They reached a pause in the conversation, and Caroline stared at the window, looking at the park.

“It's a beautiful park.” She said “I think I'll go there a lot.”

“Oh, I'm sure you will.” Bonnie said “But, a word of advice, never go there after dark.”

The twins looked at her with an uncomprehending glare.

“What do you mean?” Megan asked.

“Let's just say the wrong types settle there in the night. The kind of people you don't really want to associate with, if you know what I mean.

“Why doesn't the college do anything about it?” Caroline asked.

“Beats me. Everyone seems quite content with the status-quo. Normal people just stay out, during the night.” Bonnie said

“What is status-quo, anyway? I keep hearing that but I never understand what it means.” Megan said with child like curiosity.

“Oh, honey, you might need more work than your introverted sister...” Bonnie told Megan, this time making Caroline smile.

The administrator's building was visible from the coffee shop, and it had a big clock right at the center of it. Sort of their way of telling students tardiness will not be tolerated. It caught Caroline's eyes, and she gasped, quickly checking the time on her phone.

“Oh no, I completely lost track of time! My first class starts in less than fifteen minutes!” She freaked out.

“Oh no! What if you're late to your first class in college! What on earth will you doooooo.” Megan mocked her.

Bonnie took her plight a little more seriously.

“Okay, breathe, relax, and tell me where it is.” The older coed told Caroline.

“I don't know! I just have a building and room number, I figured I'd have time to find it!”

Her distress was understandable. The college was pretty big, and for all she knew her first classes were a long way away.

“If only you had someone who knew the place, and went to the very same basic physics classes you're headed to.” Bonnie said with an ironic undertone, licking her coffee stirrer.

Caroline finally came to her senses, and calmed down.

“Oh, right. Here, this is the place.” She showed Bonnie her notes.

“Yep, that's the physics faculty building, second floor. I had this same professor, he's pretty good.”

“Where is iiiit?!” Caroline was already on her feet, visibly fidgeting.

“Relax already! It's just on the other side of the park. If you cross through it, it'll take you five minutes. Take that side road, you see? Follow it and it will drop you right at the science section of the college.”

Caroline looked to the little side road going into the park. It wasn't the main, broad, road that most people took, but she trusted Bonnie's directions

“When you get there, it's the second building on the left. You'll find it easy.”

Caroline made sure she remembered the details, and rushed outside.

“Okay, bye!” she said.

“Hey, say thank you!” Megan called to her sister.

“Relax, it's fine. She's cute.” Bonnie said, and sat across the table from Megan.

Caroline took the side road Bonnie told her to. It was completely deserted, and really narrow in some parts. The greenery surrounding her gave it a very magical feeling, though, and Caroline vowed to take that road across the park when she wasn't in such a hurry.

After walking at a quick pace for five minutes, and not reaching the other side, she started running, until she reached a dead end.

It was a small clearing in a surprisingly thick portion of the park, with a water fountain in the middle, featuring a statue of two naked ladies, embracing, water coming out of their mouths and hands.

“What the hell?” She said, looking for a way out, so she could continue crossing the park.

“Are you lost?” A man's voice surprised her. She spun around to where it came from, and saw a man sitting on a golden bench that was attached to the fountain's stony base.

There was no mistaking it, the man was Xavier, the owner of the Cafe who has his creepy picture at the entrance to the establishment.

“Uhm, yeah...” She said, a little creeped out by how he was looking at her.

“A friend told me I can get to the other side of the park through here, I'm late for my physics class.” She said.

He chuckled, smiling in a very lecherous manner, as if he was about to pounce the eighteen year old blonde.

“I'm afraid your friend pulled a prank on you. The main road through the park is the only one that is sure to take you all the way to the other side.”

Caroline narrowed her eyes.

“Is that so?” she said in a pissed off tone “I'm gonna kill Bonnie...”

He laughed again.

“I don't think you should resort to murder, luv.” He said, looking kinder than before.

“The road here was rather pretty, wasn't it? And this little clearing is probably the most beautiful hidden corner in the whole park.”

“I..” She hesitated “Yeah, it is a beautiful place.” She finally agreed.

“Maybe Bonnie sent me here to gain some perspective - Because I was so freaked out.”

“She sounds like a good friend, that Bonnie.” He said, and Caroline actually found herself smiling at him. A sweet, innocent smile.

Caroline took a deep breath, and looked around, basking in the scenery around her. She gazed back at the fountain, and finally at the peculiar golden bench Xavier was sitting on. It was shiny, and almost sparking. A weird sign of materialistic luxury in the midst of pure nature.

Taking a closer look, she saw bold, silver letters on the bench.

“Sit on this bench, and make a wish.” She read aloud.

“A wish fulfilling park bench, really?” She asked the man sitting on the bench.

He looked deep in her eyes.

“For sure.” He said “Take a seat, relax a bit. Make a few wishes for your future. I'm sure you have a lot of hopes and aspirations, being new to college and all.”

“Is it that obvious?” She asked.

“You have the new college coed smell on you, not that I'm trying to be creepy and sniff you out, or anything.” He said.

“The wishes don't really come true, do they?” She asked again.

“I've been coming here every day, and I own a successful coffee shop in a busy college campus.”

“And you think it's because you wished for it on a golden bench?” Caroline asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Hehehe” he laughed.

“Of course not, luv.” He said “I got to where I am through hard work, and high intelligence. But coming here and making wishes is something many young coeds, like yourself, find reassuring, and reflective.”

He paused.

“Sometimes people need to take a break, and take stock of their life. Their dreams, their goals, their ambitions, and yes, their wishes, as well.”

He smiled at her.

“You might not make your first class, but maybe you'll learn something about yourself.”

He nudged aside just a few inches, and invited her to sit down, tapping his hand on the bench's surface.

“I guess I've got nothing to lose...” She exhaled in exasperation, and said. She sat down on the bench, and took a few deep breaths. Weird and incredible sensations flooded her entire body. A relaxation of the kind she has never felt before, making her drowsy and calm.

“It. Feels. The fountain is...” She started saying, but didn't have the strength to finish her sentence.

Clouded as she was, she realized the fountain was vibrating, creating a low acoustic hum that was inaudible to anyone unless they sat on the bench. It vibrated from her butt over to her entire body, engulfing her in warmth and numbness.

“That's right.” He told her “You just settle your perfect little tush on the bench, and make my wishes come true.”

“What...?” She said weakly.

“Nothing, babe. Just relax, and let the warmth of my special acoustic tremors invade your every pore, and numb your mind. Relax for me.”

“Relaaaax...” She echoed after him, her eyes losing focus, and her head slumping ever slightly forward.

He waited a minute, and then reached over to touch her smooth silky hair, pulling it over her shoulder to rest on her back.

“Well, seeing that your eyes are completely glassy and blank, and assuming you would never allow me to even come close to touching you, I'd say you are in a properly deep, receptive, and hypnotic trance, ready to obey my every command.” He said.

“Trance...” She droned in a monotone.

“Excellent.” He said with his usual lecherous smile, and turned his body to her.

“A slim and hot little blonde wearing black” He remarked on her attire “That's fucking hot.” He rubbed her back with one hand, and gently brought his other hand closer to her breasts.

“Fucking...hot...” She repeated just as he cupped her perky tits, fondling them slowly, before lowering his hand down to her flat belly, and even lower towards her legs.

“You'll obey everything I tell you to do, from now on.” He said, gently rubbing the fabric covering her pussy, and then moving his hand further along her long legs.

“Whether in a trance, or not, you will do as I say, when I say, and where I say. No matter how sexual my commands are. No matter how degrading, or obscene you may find them.”

He put his arm around her, pulled her close to him, and fondled her tits with both hands.

“Do you understand?” He asked.

“Yes.” She said plainly “I will obey your every command, no matter what it is.”

He kissed her neck and said “Good girl.”, before letting go and moving on with her programming.

“I am your master, and you are my obedient slave.” He said.

“I am your slave, master.” She said, more fluently, her mind getting used to the notion.

“I will use your nubile body to fulfill my sexual desires.”

“Yes master. My body is yours to use for sexual fulfillment.” She said.

“That is the only thing you're good for. Your wishes, hopes, dreams, and ambitions are meaningless. You exist to sexually please me.”

“Yes master. I am only good for your sexual pleasure. I have no other wishes, dreams, hopes, or ambitions.” She continued accepting his words, staring into nothingness.

He rubbed his crotch, almost unable to hide his own excitement.

“I just love getting new girls. Especially ones as hot as you.” He said, grabbing her tits again.

“You are nothing but a pair of tits, and a collection of warm, wet, tight holes for me to enjoy. A piece of ass that I own. Having your body fucked by me, and using your body to bring me pleasure is the only reason you exist.”

“Yes master. I am a pair of tits. I am a piece of ass that you own. My tight, wet holes exist only to be fucked by you. The only purpose for my existence is to bring you pleasure.” She said, her voice still monotonous, but much more normal sounding than before.

A tear fell across her cheek, as she fully accepted her new purpose. Xavier never knew if those were tears of joy his new slaves shed, once they accepted his rule over them, or tears of sadness, as their old selves vanished into the haze.

He couldn't care less, though. She was his, and he was going to have fun with her perfect body.

“Good girl. See how easy it was to just let go, and embrace my wishes?” He said, moving his hand along her silky hair.

“Yes master.” She said with a small, entranced smile “Your wish is my command, master.”

He grinned, and touched her shirt.

“Time to take this off and see your beautiful body, slave.” He told her.

“Yes master.” She said, and quickly peeled her black shirt off, with no hesitation. He spent a few seconds appraising her naked

tits, and then grabbed them, massaging her nipples between two fingers.

“Now, what is your name?” He asked her.

“Caroline, master.” She answered, not bothered by his probing hands in the slightest.

“That's a...Beautiful name.” He said, his hand moving to his raging hard-on. He didn't need to wait anymore, he realized, and unzipped his fly, allowing his cock to spring out of his pants.

“Here,” He took hold of her dainty hand, and wrapped it around his erect shaft “start rubbing. You know how to give a hand-job, right?”

Caroline started methodically moving her gentle hand up and down his hard-on, the concept of objecting or arguing entirely foreign to her.

“Yes master.” She said.

“Ohhh, yeah, that's nice!”

“Tell me, do you have any hot female friends, or family that I would enjoy using?” He asked, patting her hair.

Normally, Caroline would never be so quick to throw her sister under the bus, and would most likely have tried to fight it. Of course, she would also normally not give a hand-job to a stranger, willingly moving her precious and pure hand along his cock in an effort to please him.

“I have an identical twin sister.” She said without a moment of hesitation. In her mind, her twin sister was nothing but an unclaimed piece of property her master deserves to own.

“Did you just say...Identical?” He asked, breathing heavily.

“Yes master. We are completely identical.”

He could barely contain his excitement, and realized he needed something a little better than her hand.

He pushed her head down to his crotch, guiding her lips to touch his cock.

“Suck my cock.”

“Yes master.” She said, and took a cock in her mouth for the first time in her life.

“Ahh, that's nice...” He said, enjoying her soft lips wrapping his shaft. He closed his eyes, and enjoyed himself for a short while, but then opened his eyes and looked down on her.

“Hey, what gives?” He asked, firmly grabbing the back of her head, and forcefully pushing her down on his cock. Caroline made some gagging sounds, but did not struggle otherwise.

“You're just moving your lips up and down, I'm not even feeling your tongue.” He complained while face fucking her.

“I think I even felt your teeth at some point.”

He pulled her head up, and plopped her luscious lips off his cock. She stayed where she was, blank faced, with her lips an inch from his erection, which was wet from her saliva.

“Did you never suck a man's cock, before?” He asked her, rubbing her ass playfully.

“No master.” She said, her lips tickling his dick as she talked.

“Really? A cute girl like you?” He asked, spanking her ass, still covered by her black jeans.

He moved her head down again, and she obediently took his cock in her mouth. He felt she was trying to move her tongue, but she still had a lot to learn.

“Hold on.” He plopped her mouth off his cock again “Are you a virgin?” He asked.

“Yes master.” She answered.

He smiled from ear to ear, pulled her back to a sitting position, and grabbed her tits.

“You won't be a virgin for long.” He said “In fact, I'm going to fuck you, right now.”

“Yes master.” She said “I am your slave. My virgin pussy is yours to enjoy.”

“Were you saving yourself for the one, or something silly like that?” He asked.

“No master. I was just too busy with school.”

“Hah! You're the hottest little nerd I've ever seen! Well, at least now you have your priorities straight.”

“Strip for me.” He commanded.

“Yes master.” She stood on her feet, and started shaking her slender hips.

“I have no ambitions, or dreams. My future belongs to you.”

Caroline went to dancing lessons as a child, and she used her natural flexibility to make up for her earlier, sub-par blowjob skills. She writhed and gyrated her hips in circular motions,

while spinning around slowly, rubbing and spanking her pert behind when it pointed towards her master.

She turned around again, and squeezed her own nipples, rubbing her tits seductively. Then, she hooked her thumbs in her jeans, and started lowering them as she danced. She shook her hips from side to side, and with every shake, she showed a few more inches of skin.

With her panties fully revealed, she moved to lean forward and remove her shoes.

“Turn around when you do that.” He told her, wanting to see her cute ass.

“Yes master.” She said, and turned around, wiggling her ass while untying her shoes. She kicked her shoes away into the foliage, removed her jeans completely, placed her hands on her ass, and gracefully straightened her body.

Keeping with her master's wishes, she popped her ass in his direction, and twerked it alluringly. She dropped to her knees, and started lowering her panties. Her tight, moist, pristine, and clean-shaven pussy peeked from between her soft, bubbly buttocks. The glitter of her fresh cunt called out to him, and he answered the call gleefully.

“Stay the way you are.” He told her, noticing she was about to stand up and continue her show.

“Yes master.” She said, and remained in her place, on her hands and knees, her ass in the air, and her panties stretched between her creamy legs. He went to his knees behind her, rubbed his cock a few times, and grabbed her panties, strongly pulling them and tearing them away.

“You won't be needing panties from now on, anyway.” He said, discarding her torn panties by tossing them aside.

“Yes master...nghh...” She said, and whimpered when she felt the tip of his cock rubbing her virgin pussy lips.

He grabbed her hips tenderly, and slowly inserted his tip into her.

“I bet you didn't think your first time will be in a public park.” He said, and with another stroke of wickedness added “Beg me to fuck you.”

“Yes master.” She said, her voice trembling from feeling his tip inside of her.

“Please fuck me, master. My pussy is yours to enjoy. Please, master, use my pussy as your sex toy.” She said, as he moved deeper and deeper into her, inch by inch.

“Please. *Ngh!* Master. Fuck me, master *Nnh!*”

Settling in her cunt, he tightened his grip on her waist, and plunged into her, tearing her hymen and pushing as deep as he could, with one swift motion.

“*Nyaaaaa!*” She moaned, causing some birds around them to fly away.

He stayed deep within her for a moment, spanked her ass hard, and then started pumping into her in a steady rhythm.

“Ohh, fuck, that's tight! Virgins are the best!” He said, settling into a pleasurable pace.

“Yes master...Nngh!...Thank you, master.” Caroline said, the pain of her deflowering doing nothing to stop her from serving her master

He fucked her long and deep, sticking his crotch to her ass with every thrust, going as deep as he can.

“I'm tired of doing all the work.” He suddenly told her “Move on your own.”

He stopped moving his hips, with his cock half inside her cunt.

“Yes master. My body is your toy.” She said in response, and started moving back and forth on her own, struggling to maintain the same pace he fucked her in.

As much as she was fighting against the pain in her cherry popped twat, Caroline still did not hesitate to increase the pace of her movements, when her master demanded it. He kept telling her to go faster, until she was going so fast that her ass became

red, just from the constant slapping of her ass cheeks against his crotch.

It was probably half an hour into her first class when he was finally getting ready to cum, not that she was bothered by such trivial, nonsensical things, anymore. He pulled out of her, and she almost sighed in relief, as her sore pussy was given a break. Then, she heard him groan in pleasure, and felt streams of thick liquid spraying her ass.

“Ohh yeah, I came all over your cute ass.” He said, looking at her cum-covered behind, still pointing upwards for his pleasure. He slapped her ass with his dick a few times, and then instructed her to put her clothes back on.

“Your twin sister, does she go to this college, too?” He asked.

“Yes master. We're roommates.” Caroline answered, putting her shirt back on.

“Jackpot doesn't seem to be enough to describe this.” He said with a big smile.

With her panties completely torn and ruined, Caroline put her jeans back on her bare skin, fully content with walking panty-free. She didn't even clean the sticky cum off her ass before putting her jeans back on.

She found her shoes in some bushes, put them back on, and stood at attention before her master.

“You'll go back down the same road you used to get here, and when you leave the park, you'll forget everything that just happened. You'll forget that you are my slave, and that you exist to serve, please, and obey me.” He told her.

“You won't be bothered by the lost time, and fill it with idle memories of you walking around the park. You will bring your sister here to me, as soon as you can, and once you lay your eyes on me, you'll remember everything, and help me convince your sister to sit on the golden bench.”

He paused to let his commands sink in.

“Understand?” He asked her.

“Yes master.” She said.

“Great, now get going.” He sent her away with a hearty spank, sorted his own clothing out, and sat back on the bench.

“I need to go get myself something to eat, soon.” He mumbled to himself while watching the sexy blonde teen walk away.

Caroline reached the edge of the park, blinked a few times, and then donned a frown on her face.

“I can't believe that Bonnie bitch sent me on this detour!” She exclaimed, positively enraged. Something told her she could cross through the park if she took the main road into it. Having already missed her first class of the day, she rushed through the park in three minutes flat, and found the physics faculty building in less than five.

“Okay, finally here.” She said, idly reading the pictures on the walls, depicting the more noteworthy graduates of the faculty. She still had about twenty minutes before her next class, and this time she found the classroom in advance.

She felt a slight discomfort in her nether regions ever since she emerged from the park. She managed to ignore it while hurrying across the park and into the physics building, but as she casually strolled around the corridors of the physics building, her discomfort increased tremendously.

She fidgeted in place, trying to ignore the soreness and itchiness in her pussy, and the weird sticky feeling on her ass cheeks. It felt as if her jeans were glued to her behind, somehow. Her instinct was to touch between her legs, to try and alleviate the soreness, but she couldn't just reach down her crotch in the crowded hallways and lobby rooms.

She found a low hanging stairwell railing, and leaned on it with her crotch, hoping nobody will see her. She walked up the stairs slowly, pushing her lower lips on the railing with every step, and then made the same way down the stairs.

“I really hope nobody noticed...” She muttered. She found herself waiting for her next class pushing her ass on a wall, trying to understand why it felt so moist and lotion-like.

“Caroline!” She heard someone calling, and saw Bonnie walk over to her.

“Well, what do you know...” She mumbled to herself, regained her composure, and resolved to not make any sudden movements towards her crotch while she berated the prankster sophomore.

“So, you got here just fine?” Bonnie asked with a devilish smile.

“Sure, sure.” Caroline said with an acidic tone.

“I wondered for forty minutes in that damn park, before I took the main road and got here!” She raised her finger, shaking it in Bonnie's face.

“You know, I may have seemed very meek to you, but right now I feel like sending you on a detour down the stairs!” She yelled.

“Sheesh, relax.” Bonnie said “You didn't miss anything! It's the first lesson, the professor probably didn't say anything I can't tell you myself. Besides, I figured you needed something to calm you down. Didn't you like that little hidden path I sent you to?” She asked.

Caroline stared at her, and then sighed.

“Yeah, I guess...” She admitted.

“It was beautiful, wasn't it?” Bonnie asked.

“Yeah...” Caroline said, nearing her hand to her crotch, and then moving it away, fidgeting slightly.

“Is everything okay with you?” Bonnie asked, noticing the young blonde's awkward posture.

“Yeah, yeah, I'm fine. Uhm, what are you doing here, anyway?”

“I have my own class here.” Bonnie said “Are you here for Thermodynamics 101?” She asked Caroline.

“Yeah, why?”

“That's your teacher, better get in and get ready.” Bonnie said and pointed to a man walking in their general direction.

Bonnie and Caroline said their farewell, and the latter walked into her second class of the day, which was the first one she actually attended. Sitting down only made her discomfort worse. The soreness in her pussy increased, to the point where she got a little worried. She had no idea she was roughly deflowered less than an hour earlier.

As if the soreness of her twat wasn't enough, the creamy moistness on her behind both bothered, and perplexed her. She figured out halfway through the lesson that she had lost her panties, and that made her feel almost nude before the rest of the students, and the teacher.

She could barely focus, and didn't even write anything, but she didn't want to excuse herself to the toilet, out of fear she might miss something important.

"This day is not going well..." She mumbled as the class finally ended. She gathered her stuff into her bag, and rushed to the ladies' room. Inside the stall, she quickly hung her bag on the hook, and lowered her jeans.

"What is going on..." She whispered, touching her pussy lips gently. It didn't hurt to rub her lips, so she stuck her finger inside.

"Ow!" She jumped up, and pulled out, feeling a slight tinge.

She tried it again, and this time managed to stay there a few seconds longer. Before long, she had two fingers in her cunt, and was starting to forget why she was actually there.

"Mm...Ah..." She whimpered and moaned quietly.

"W-What the fuck am I doing?! Fingering myself in a bathroom stall..." She suddenly realized, and pulled out.

"Damn it...Now I'm all horny..." She said with a sigh.

"On the other hand, it's not sore anymore. Hmm, yeah..." She frowned.

"It feels much better now, actually. Maybe all I needed was a little rubbing. Did Bonnie and Megan infect me with some slut virus or something?" She laughed at her own joke.

All in all, the soreness disappearing was enough to calm her down a bit, until she ran her hand across her behind, and reminded herself she still somehow lost her panties.

“What the...hell...” She said, scooping some sticky white liquid with her fingers. She sniffed her fingers, and didn't recognize the smell. The poor virgin never even felt semen on her skin, before that day.

“It's not bad, I guess...” She commented on the smell.

She ran her hand over her ass cheeks again, rubbing the thick white cream on her ass. She peeked outside, and saw no one was about, so she skipped out and raised her ass to the bathroom mirror. Her behind glistened in the neon light, but after rubbing it she could no longer recognize what it was, even if she would ever consider the male sperm option.

“What could it be...” She wondered, but then the ladies' room door opened, and she barely managed to get back in her stall before the other girl found her out, with her pants down, literally.

After the near public humiliation she just had, and seeing that her next class was about to start, Caroline decided to just wipe her ass cheeks with some toilet paper, put her jeans back on, and ignore it until she could get back to her dorm room and get a change of clothing, and some new panties. Her cunt wasn't bothering her anymore, and that was relief enough for the young blonde.

On her way to her next class, she saw Megan, and something clicked in her mind. For some reason, she really wanted to take her twin sister down that side track in the park. In fact, it was as if nothing was more important to her, at that moment.

Before Megan could even say a word, Caroline grabbed her by the arm, and started pulling her along.

“Come on, there's something you've gotta see!” She told her twin.

“What? Wait, hold on! Where are we going?” Megan pulled her hand back, demanding an answer.

“A place in the park I found, you *Have got* to see this!”

“That's the second time you said that in like five seconds. This must be big.” Megan smiled, and followed her twin sister. She was always the more adventurous of the two.

“Ohh, it is!” Caroline ensured.

“Don't you have classes?” Megan asked “I thought you'd die before skipping a class.”

“Ehh, this is the first day, they don't teach anything important on the first day!” Caroline said, and started walking even faster.

Megan's eyes widened in surprise.

“Okaaaay, now I'm definitely curious.” She said, and matched Caroline's pace.

“If you're some alien pod, I won't tell anyone, I promise. You seem much more fun than my real sister, anyway!”

Strangers turned their heads to look at the twins, as always. Two hot blonde twins walking around was something no man, or woman could ever really ignore.

“Not something you see every day...” They heard one girl whispering to her friend as they whisked by. On the main road of the park, on their way to the side of the park Xavier's Coffee Lounge was on, a guy gathered the nerves to approach them.

“Hey there, girls, umm...” He blundered, trying to come up with a proper opening line.

“Not now, sorry. Talk to my sister later.” Caroline said, hurrying away, pulling Megan by the hand again.

“Hey! What are you pimping me out like that?” Megan said, looking back at the guy, who seemed to be in shock “He is a cutie, though.

“Ohh, trust me, you won't be thinking about college guys once we get there.” Caroline said.

“What does that mean?” Megan asked.

Caroline stopped for a second, and frowned.

“Hmm, I don't know, actually...”

“You don't know what you meant?”

Caroline shook her head, and kept walking.

“Doesn't matter! Let's keep moving!”

Caroline took Megan down the narrow, hidden path, ignoring her twin sister's complaints that she didn't sign up for a track through the woods. Caroline herself still didn't understand why she was so over-zealous to take her sister to a place she didn't even remember, but when she reached the clearing with the fountain, and the golden bench, everything came back to her.

Her master sat on the bench, and a glowing smile formed on his face when he saw the twins. Caroline's heart skipped a beat when she saw how happy their appearance made her master.

“Well, hello there Caroline.” He said.

“Hey m...Xavier.” She said, giving him a small bow.

Megan frowned at her sister.

“Is that what you brought me here for? To meet with the creepy owner of that cafe? You know I'm not much into nature and scenery and stuff...”

“Oh, a feisty one.” He said with a smirk.

“What did you say, old man?” Megan demanded with a scowl. Caroline tried to divert her sister's attention back to what was important.

“Look, Megan! look what's written on the bench.” She said.

Megan set her eyes on the silver writing.

“Sit on this bench, and make a wish” Megan said, perplexed.

“Go ahead, try it!” Caroline said, and sat on the bench next to her master. Having already been subjected to the effects of the special acoustics resonating from it, and fully accepting her master's ownership of her, she wasn't affected by it at all.

“Are you high?” Megan asked, with an incredulous look on her face.

“Come on, sit! Please! for me...” Caroline begged, batting her eyes cutely.

“I guess that's a 'yes'” Megan decided “Well, make me some room, then!”

There was no room between Caroline and her master, or on Caroline's other side. In fact, Megan noticed their legs were touching in a way Megan didn't think her sister would ever allow.

“There's room to his other side.” Caroline said, and indeed there was, but Megan preferred to not sit next to him, at all. She hit her forehead with the palm of her hand, and shook her head. “This had better be worth it.” She said, and approached Xavier's other side.

“You must feel lucky,” She told him “two hot young coeds sitting next to you, but don't get any ideaaa...Ehhhh...”

She sat down, and the low humming started affecting her immediately, vibrating through her body.

“Don't think...that...” She tried saying again, and failed, her eyes becoming glassy,

“Oh, it's your own ability to think you should be worried about, not mine.” He said, patting her cheek with his finger “Or perhaps you shouldn't, since that would require free will, and a semblance of independence.

Caroline looked over to her sister.

“Is it done, master?” She asked, seeing that her sister had a purely blank and entranced face.

“Just the first part, cutie-pie.” He said, and fondled her body. She accepted his touch with a meek smile.

“You did good.” He told her, lightly pinching her nipple.

“Thank you, master.”

He unzipped his pants, letting his erection jump out for the second time that day.

“Now I need to program your feisty twin sister, and make sure she learns her place.” He nudged Caroline's head down to his crotch.

“You suck my cock while I do so, and try improving upon the last time. It was pitiful.”

“Yes master.” She said, and started with quick lick of his tip, before taking his cock in her mouth. He squeezed Megan's tits. She was so deep in trance, by then, that she made no reaction whatsoever.

“My my, you two really are twins, aren't ya?” He said, moving his hands across Megan's nubile body.

He gave Megan the standard speech about the rules, and new truths of her life, telling her about her place, her role, and her future. She soaked it all up as easily as Caroline did.

“You are my master. I am your slave. I exist to pleasure and obey you in every way. My body belongs to you. My purpose in life is to be your sexual servant.”

“Good girl.” He said, patting Caroline's hair as she bobbed her head up and down his cock.

“Now, are you a virgin, like your wonderfully hot sister was?” He asked.

“No master.” Megan answered “Not at all.”

His eyes widened.

“Hmm, 'Not at all'.” He repeated “Interesting you felt the need to add that. I guess you are the more out-going twin, huh?”

“Yes master.” She nodded.

He ran his hand up her skirt.

“Well, since you are the more experienced sister, how about you give your innocent twin a little tutorial. I assume you've blown guys before?”

“Yes master.” Megan said, not minding his probing hands under her skirt.

“Well, go ahead, give your sister some pointers.” He pulled Caroline's head off his cock, her lips making a loud kissing sound as parted from his cock.

“She improved since this morning, but it's still not on par with what I would expect from my little blowjob machines.”

“Yes master.” Megan said, and looked down on her master's crotch.

She looked at Caroline, making sure she was paying attention, and started her lesson by spitting on his cock, and slowly jerking it off.

“It's good to start a blowjob by wetting his cock with your saliva, first. It makes any future insertions much easier, and increases his pleasure.”

Megan extended her tongue and used the tip to gently caress his helmet, and then gave it a wet kiss.

“You should start with a bit of teasing, to properly arouse him. Use your tongue to tickle and lick the side, and give it moist kisses.”

She planted her lips on the breadth of his erection, and kissed loudly, her hand never stopping to jerk him off.

“Use a combination of long, slow licks, and short fast ones. Flick your tongue around the tip occasionally, and kiss it like you would a popsicle, just with no teeth.”

Megan ran her tongue along the side again, faster this time.

“Never use your teeth,” She cautioned “That's the first and most important rule.”

Caroline watched, listened and learned, anxious to better please her master next time she plants her mouth on his cock.

“Wow...” He sighed “You *are* good at this. There is a way you can use your teeth, by the way, but we'll talk about that later.”

“Yes master.” Megan said.

“Continue the lesson.” He said with a big smile.

“Yes master.”

“While you're teasing your master's cock with your mouth, make sure to use your hands to jerk his shaft.” She said “You can also use your other hand on his balls, but you have to do it gently.”

Megan started rubbing his balls tenderly, and he groaned in pleasure.

“Don't prolong the teasing phase. It's just the prologue.” She said “When you feel the time is right, wrap your lips around his cock, and take it down your throat.”

After saying that, Megan demonstrated what she meant, and took his cock deep in her mouth. She moved up and down a few times, swirling her tongue around his shaft as she did, and then plopped her mouth off his shaft.

“Ohh, fuck, just like that! Teach her how to move her tongue like you.” He told Megan.

“Yes master.” She said, and looked at Caroline again.

“Tongue work is very important, even while sucking. You need to swirl and circle your tongue around his shaft, like this.”

She opened her mouth, and showed Caroline how her tongue should move.

“Bobbing your head up and down his cock can help you with moving your tongue around it, at a proper pace. Like so.”

She took his cock in her mouth again, and this time emphasized her tongue work. Her tongue was visibly engulfing his cock every time she bobbed her head up.

“Ahhhhh...” He moaned.

Caroline was so jealous of her sister, being able to please their master so brilliantly. She couldn't wait to try, and almost pounced on his cock when Megan invited her to.

Like her sister taught her, she started with licking along the shaft, and flicking her tongue on the tip like a dog lapping water from a bowl. She made sure to use her hands to jerk the shaft as she kissed the sides of his cock, imagining it was a lollipop.

Megan saw her sister was doing well, and went ahead to cater to the one part of her master's junk that wasn't attended to. She brought her soft, luscious lips to his balls, and started kissing.

“You can use your mouth **Kiss** on his balls, too, but make sure either your hand, or another girl attends to his shaft. A good

bitch never requires her master to jerk his own cock.”

Caroline nodded, gave her master's cock another hot kiss, and then shoved it down her throat. She went even deeper than Megan, eager to please, and actually gagged on it a bit. Her gag reflex didn't slow her down, at all, though.

She paused like that, for a few seconds, to get her bearings, and then started going up and down, attempting to mimic her sister's circling tongue movements.

“Ohhhhh...” He moaned and closed his eyes. He was being served by two beautiful, perky blonde twins. One was lavishing his balls with kisses, while the other did her best to choke on his cock and still use her tongue.

“Now that's what I call oral service...” He groaned cheerfully.

The twins started double teaming his cock, licking it from both sides and taking turns sucking on it. Caroline had her first taste of her master's balls while Megan rained kisses on his shaft, and he in turn patted and fondled their asses and tits.

He had the twins remove their clothes while sucking his cock, and before long had two fully naked blondes on either side of him, pointing their asses upwards for his touch.

“This is the perfect way to unwind.” He said, his voice joining the ambiance of wet kisses and licks in the serene forest clearing. The twins locked their eyes, and worked in full and perfect synchronization, giving their master the best service they could give.

“Talk about teamwork. I guess it's true what they say - Twins do have a special connection. Ahhh...”

He took a deep breath.

“It's like you girls are one person, divided into two for my pleasure. Even your tits are identical, heheheh...”

“We are your twin slaves, master. We exist for your pleasure.” Megan said meekly.

“Mmm...I love it when the feisty ones become all docile.”

Wanting a change in pace, he pushed Caroline's head back, grabbed Megan's identical head with both hands, and forcefully shoved her down his cock.

"Mmh! Mbbh! Mggghhhh!" She gagged.

"Did any man ever use your mouth like this, Megan?" he asked her, plugging her nose, blocking her last option for breathing.

"Did anyone ever use your mouth like the proper fuck-hole it is?"

He let her choke on his cock a few seconds longer, and then released his hold.

"No master..." She said after loudly gasping for air "Thank you, master." She added meekly and weakly.

Feeling bliss over his new amazing acquisition, and being full of sexual energy, he stood up, and took a few steps back to appraise the blonde twins.

"Identical pretty faces. Identical tongues and mouths. Identical tits, identical asses, and hmm...I wonder? Are your cunts identical, too?"

"I don't know, master." Caroline answered, still slumped on the bench.

"Hers is probably tighter." Megan admitted.

"So you're saying your sister's pussy is better, then?" He teased his mesmerized slave.

"No, master. Mine is tight, too! I'm sure mine will feel better for you. Please fuck me, master." She lay her hips on the bench, arched her back so her long blond hair touched the water in the fountain, and opened her legs, touching her pussy and begging him to enter her.

Caroline looked at her sister with wide eyes, and then at her master.

"My pussy will also feel good, master." She said innocently, and assumed the same position as her sister, right beside her.

“Please, fuck me master.” She begged, rubbing her pussy, like her sister.

He chuckled, rubbed his hard-on, and looked at the two whimpering beauties, begging to be shafted. After walking towards Megan, he knelt down, and started slapping her pussy lips with his cock.

“*Mm!* Thank you master!” She said, moving her hand away to rub her tits instead. Not waiting a single second, he pushed his cock deep inside the spread-legged coed, grabbed her hips, and started pounding into her.

“Not bad.” He said with a smirk, while she moaned and writhed, her back arching backwards into the fountain.

“Thank you, master!”

After just a few pumps, he moved over to do the same with Caroline.

“Ohh, fuck! Well, it's not a virgin cunt anymore, but it certainly is tight!”

He fucked her at a steady pace, until he decided he wanted to have even more fun.

He grabbed her hips, and with a brutish grunt he increased the pace of his pumping tenfold.

“*Mmh! Ahh!*” The recently deflowered teen moaned, with more pleasure than pain, this time, as her fresh pussy took the second hard fucking of the day. The same day in which her cherry was popped.

He alternated between their pussy until he could no longer delay his climax. He was fucking Megan at the time, holding her torso up from her nipples. He let go of her nipples, sending her upper body crashing down to the water, and grabbed her legs tightly. Strongly, and determinedly, he thrust his cock as deep as he possibly could, arched his head upwards, closed his eyes, and smiled, drowning in the depths of his orgasm.

He grunted with every spurt he unloaded in her tight cunt, and savored the notion of creaming inside of such a willing

receptacle, with no need for holding back. Megan's pupils shook as she felt the streams of cum shooting inside her, and her pussy walls tightened around him as if in instinct. Her eyes were open wide and her tongue lulled out of her mouth, as he slowly pulled out of her, cherishing every heavenly moment.

He threw Megan's panties to the woods, and told the two to dress up and kneel before him. Sperm started sliding down Megan's inner thigh, but she didn't care. He told them to go back to their rooms, and return to him in two hours, for some more fun.

“And I want you to crawl your way out.” He said, and added a command for Megan, to have her skirt hiked up so he could see her pert behind, and cum drenched pussy. Caroline crawled after her sister's bare ass, popping her tight jeans out and swaying her own behind with every motion.

Even though they were outside of their master's vision, the two slavegirls continued to crawl out of the park, as per his commands. Caroline tried to lick the cum running down her sister's legs, but only managed to get one good lick in.

Near the park's exit, Megan put her skirt in place, and the two glassy eyed twins walked back to their dorm room. Neither of them intended to attend any more classes that day, and Caroline's bag lay lost and forgotten within her master's hidden grove.

They walked in complete silence, oblivious to the world around them. When they reached their room, they undressed and lay on their respective beds, spreading their legs. They reached between their open legs, almost in unison, and started rubbing their honeypots.

“My cunt is my master's fuck toy.” Megan said, pinching her nipple and nudging her clit with the thumb of her other hand.

“I am nothing but a pair of tits, and I exist for my master's pleasure.” Caroline said, rubbing her pussy with a blank face.

“We are our master's twin sex slaves.” They started saying together, repeating that same mantra over and over again.

They repeated their monotonous mantras of self degradation and complete obedience to their master, for the full length of the two hours. Not relenting, nor exchanging a word of conversation with one another. They were sisters second, and their master's toys first. When the allotted time came, they stood up at once, and dressed in their matching green gowns, that they wore to their high school prom.

It was the early afternoon, and the sun shone brightly from above, ruling the world from the peak of the skies. The blonde twin teens walked back to their master's hidden grove, completely silent, just like before.

When they reached the clearing, they knelt before their master, and waited, staring blankly forward with their glassy eyes.

“It's a warm day today.” He said “Perfect day for a dip with my new sexy slave-cunts.”

A white towel was folded on the golden bench, next to a bottle of powerful sunscreen. Their master was already shirtless.

“Heh, you're all dressed up.” He commented on their fancy dresses “I'm almost sorry to tell you this, but lose the clothes, and get in the water.”

“Yes master.”

The water reached their ankles, and were cool and pleasant. He had Caroline rub the sunscreen over his body, while Megan sucked his cock on her knees. After he was properly lotioned, it was his turn to rub his slaves with it.

“Wouldn't want you to get all burned and have your fair skin ruined.”

He started by applying the sunscreen on Caroline, rubbing her soft, pristine skin all over, and paying extra attention to her tits, and ass. Megan was still bobbing her head back and forth on his cock, and he took a small strand of lotion and placed it on her nose, smiling down at her.

After he was done making Caroline's smooth skin sparkle, he had her put the sunscreen on her twin sister, enjoying the sight of the slender teen rubbing her twin sister's body. With their bodies all slick and smooth, he had them kneel, and wrap their oiled breasts around his cock, giving him a joint titty fuck. Four perky breasts engulfed his cock, as the twins moved their upper bodies up and down, in perfect unison, occasionally licking the tip of his cock together.

“Hmm...” He closed his eyes and patted their heads “Never thought I'd get a titfucking from four identical breasts. This is a dream come true. And the best thing is, I didn't even know I had this dream until you came to me this morning, Caroline.” He said, looking at one of them.

“I'm Megan, master.” Said the pair of tits he spoke to. The twins were very much used to people confusing them. Not while working together to please a man with their tits, but still, they were used to correcting people.

Their master was not one they could correct, though.

“Like it matters, bitch. You are who I say you are.” He told her.

“Yes master.” Megan said “I'm Caroline, master.” In the end, it was her who needed to be corrected, apparently.

That was the moment the twins lost their individual identity. They knew they were Caroline and Megan, but which of them was which could only be decided at the spur of the moment, by the whim of their master.

He had them lean forward on the statue of the naked ladies, and pop their asses out, while sucking on the stony nipples of the naked figurines. He approached one of them from behind, and started fucking her hard. They were all wet, inside and out, and he didn't even need to tease her fuck-hole with his cock before plunging it in.

“You know, I had this statue made by my very first slave. She was the dean of the art faculty, the two cunts you see here were

her young daughters, when they were about your age.” He said, banging the hot twins from behind.

“That was about twenty years ago, though. Their mom, the dean, died a few years back and I had her replaced with one of my younger cunts. I sent her daughters to work the streets of the city. They're in their late thirties, now, but they're still making a nice income for me, as my hookers.”

He spanked her ass, splashing water everywhere, and moved to the other booty, conveniently popped out for him.

“In fact, just the income from those two cunts could probably keep my cafe afloat.” He said, penetrating the other cunt, and pumping leisurely.

“I still remember how mean these whores were, back then, before I finished my device and took control of their minds. That's why I had their mom make this statue. They'll be here, forever, with their glassy, obedient stares, eternally under my control.” His eyes twinkled as he walked through memory lane, and remembered his own humble beginning.

“Maybe I'll have the current dean build a statue of the two of you, next to them.” He said “Identical twin barbie dolls like you, it will probably never happen again in my life. I might as well commemorate it, hehe.”

“We'll be honored, master!” The twin he was fucking said happily.

“Yeah, I still own most of the art school, both the faculty staff and the students. Well, every year the hot teachers bring their new hot students here as a so called 'nature art project', or something. By the end of their little field trip, all their pussies are mine.”

He reveled in his power and status, while pumping his new teen slave into the statue of his former conquests.

“The art faculty has got the hottest cunts, no doubt about that. Which reminds me, you two need to go study art. I understand Caroline wanted to go in the physics direction, but it would be easier for me if the two of you are in the same place.”

He grabbed her hair and pulled her head back, tugging on it with every pump.

“You'll join my stable of money making prostitutes once you're out of here, anyway, so it doesn't matter.”

“Yes master.” They both said, and he switched pussies, for the last time.

“*Oh! Oh! Hrrrrrm!* Your pussy is certainly as tight as your sister's, Megan. Never sell it short!” He said as he exploded in orgasm. It was actually Caroline he cream-pied, but that didn't matter to either of them

“Thank you. *Nngh.* master...for cumming in my tight cunt.” She said. It's not that she was pretending to be Megan for his benefit. In her mind, that is who she was, just because her master got confused.

He got out of the fountain and wrapped the towel around himself, leaving his slaves posed in the same position they were in. After admiring Caroline's cum-flooded pussy, he told the two to dance for him. He had them freeze in various sexy poses, until he decided on one that worked.

Caroline stood next to the statue with her legs lightly spread, one of her hands on one of the statue's nipples, and her other hand on her own.

“You. Smile.” He said, pointing at her, and a shiny smile appeared on her face.

Megan had her leg raised to the head of the statue, and one of the statues fingers stuck in her cunt. She looked in Caroline's direction, with one hand on her clit, and the other on her ass.

He told Megan to smile as well, and left them there to act as statues until he returned. Their muscles ached and tensed after a mere five minutes, but even their own physical limitations did nothing to stop their master's will. It was mind over matter in its strongest form, they just needed their master's control to achieve it.

They stayed frozen in the nude for hours upon hours, and as the day grew older, the air grew colder, and their wet bodies

began shivering in the evening wind. By the time their master returned, deep into the night, their lips were blue. He ignored the knocking of their teeth, and sat on the bench.

He waited for ten minutes, and then a woman arrived. She was a petite brunette with small tits. She disrobed in a split second, and completely ignored the blonde twins freezing their naked asses off in the fountain. To pass his time, he had the brunette bend over his shoulder, and roughly finger fucked her pussy.

Another ten minutes have passed before two other college coeds arrived, and they marked the start of a flood of young pussies. Not five minutes passed, and two dozen nubile, young coeds arrived, stripped, and patiently waited in the freezing night's air.

One of those girls was Bonnie, who arrived and immediately received her reward for bringing the twins. Her prize was the privilege to ride his cock for a couple of minutes, fiercely spearing herself on him, and thanking him profusely for the honor.

When all his tight cunts arrived, he had them arrange in a half circle, on their hands and knees, their asses in the air and their faces on the ground. He walked the line of obedient cunts wiggling their behinds for him, and looked back at the twins.

“Oh my, you look like your freezing.” He said “Come here.”

“Y-Yes master.” Megan shivered and said. Caroline's whisper could barely be audible.

He grabbed Megan's tits.

“Wow, you're definitely freezing cold.” He said “Here, I'll warm you up.”

He flipped her around and bent her over. He was busy pumping her twat before she knew it. He stayed to his promise to warm her up, pressing his front to her back while fucking her, and eagerly squeezing her tits. After warming Megan up, he pushed Caroline to her knees, and warmed her mouth by choking her with his cock.

To an outsider, his treatment of the twins would seem cruel, but to the slavegirls patiently waiting on the ground for his attention, it was as normal as breathing. To them, as long as they stayed alive, their master could do no wrong, and if he accidentally abused them to the point of no return, they were content in knowing he had plenty of other tight slavegirls to enjoy.

“Now that you're all warmed up, why don't you go through my other slaves and prepare them for me.”

“Yes master.”

The twins took opposite sides of the half circle, and started eating the muffs of the college coeds. For first timers, Megan and Caroline did a pretty good job arousing the two dozen nubile teens, licking their clits and eating their cunts. When the girls they were attending to were properly wet and horny, they moved to the next girl, until they met in the middle of the line, with the taste of all the other pussies in their slutty mouths.

“Now, bitches, let the twins take the middle spots.”

An orchestra of over twenty 'yes, master' was heard, and the lewd, horny college girls moved their asses aside, allowing their master's newest toys to take the center point, next to each other.

Pondering for a few seconds, he decided to start fucking his slaves from right to left. He positioned himself behind the first girl in the row, and stuffed his cock into her with one quick motion.

“They did a good job preparing this cunt, getting it wet.” He said, remarking on how easy it was to shove his cock in the tight snatch that he owned. He slowly moved up the line, taking his time with each and every one of his dolls, enjoying himself immensely.

As Megan and Caroline waited for their master to grace their cunts with his burly cock, shaking their identical asses, side by side, they reflected on their first day of college. This was certainly the dawn of a new life for them, and though it was not what they

originally expected, they couldn't help but smile at their good fortune.

###

Short Shorts

* * * * *

My name is Mark Clover, and my life is perfect. Why? Well, because I'm one of a kind. And I'm a kind of mind controller. The kind that can make anyone do anything, at a whim.

I discovered my powers at high school, and used them to get my grades up, along with the blouses of all the hot girls, and teachers. It took me a while to learn to properly use my special abilities, but hey, that's what high school is for, isn't it? While the other students were busy studying Math, History, and English Lit, I focused on learning how to best utilize my powers.

Today, ten years later, I can completely enslave any person I want, with the same mental effort it would take the regular Jo to remember his own name. I have achieved such expertise with my abilities, that the world truly is nothing but a big playground to me. Sure, I could conquer the world, but that sounds like such a hassle. Who has the time for ruling states and control economies, anyway?

Nope, for now, I've decided to enjoy life, and the pussies...err... I mean, the perks that come with being a mind controller.

Now Hiring

I sat down at the coffee shop where I decided to base my recruitment efforts, mainly because of the abundance of hot waitresses. One of them approached me. She wore the standard black and white uniform, with the establishment logo on her sizable chest. I figured she's in her early twenties.

"Welcome sir." She smiled, as any good server should when addressing a patron.

"Hey there." I said, not hiding the fact I was checking her out.

"Would you like to look at the menu?" she asked.

“Yes, of course.” I smiled slyly “But I don’t think the goods I’m interested in, today, can be found on that menu.”

“What do you mean, sssssii---“ She quieted down, lowered her head, and waited patiently.

“Okay, let’s start with those tits.” I said.

“Yes, sir, as you wish.” She said, and revealed her fantastically bouncy air bags.

“Jump a few times, I want to see them in action.” I commanded.

“Of course, sir.”

As she was jumping up and down, letting her gravity defying boobs fly in all directions for my enjoyment, I made sure I had the mental perimeter covered, so no one would notice anything weird going on within the coffee shop.

People were going in and out, ordering breakfast and drinks, and lazily conversing among themselves, as the cute waitress kept bouncing topless for me.

“Okay, you can stop.” I said.

“Yes, sir.” She replied.

“How old are you?” I asked

“I’ll be twenty-one in two months, sir.” She answered, staring blankly ahead. I liked making them just a little bit zombie-like, but not too much.

“Okay, I’ll gather the necessary personnel then, and explain my reason for being here.”

In a single moment, all the hot waitresses, and a few patrons I’ve had my eyes on, stopped whatever they were doing, stood at attention, and revealed their breasts for me. It was truly effortless for me at this point, and none of the unimportant people around noticed a thing.

The row of beautiful young topless women stood silently, waiting for me to speak.

“Okay, now that you’re all here, I can start. You see, I have an offer you simply can’t refuse.” I told the mesmerized hotties.

“Recently, my oldest slave-maid turned twenty-eight. She has been serving me for ten years, ever since high school. She happily gave her best years for my pleasure.” I paused, nostalgic about one of my very first slaves.

“Unfortunately for her, I have no need for a slave-maid in her late twenties, and so I had to let her go. Well, actually, I sent her to work some random street corner, and told her to send me half of her earnings. Just because I can do better than a twenty-eight year old, well used cunt, doesn’t mean other men won’t pay some cold hard cash to tap that ass, right?” I smiled.

Saying something like that to any other group of young women would cause calls of disgust and anger. The topless women in front of me simply nodded with agreement. Well, it did make sense, after all.

“So, what do you girls think?” I asked. The twenty-one years old waitress dropped to her knees.

“Oh, please, sir. May this pussy become your new maid-slave? I promise I’ll be the best servant you’ve ever had!” She begged, and when the other girls saw me smile, they dropped on their knees as well, and begged together to become my new “employee”, making it quite impossible to hear any individual begging.

I lifted my hand to signal that I wanted to speak, and the women obediently shut their mouths.

“I didn’t even tell you cunts what will be expected of you in my employ. Why don’t you blow me while I explain the job requirements” I told that waitress that I took first, and she immediately went to work. She wasn’t bad, but could use a slight rhythm change in her head bobbing, every now and then.

“Your main duty will be to clean my mansion.” I started.

And yes, I have a mansion. It’s not hard to get one when you can control minds.

“Of course, your work outfits will be the usual French maid lingerie, unless I’m in the mood for something exotic. And you won’t be allowed to cover your tits unless I feel like unwrapping a

present, if you know what I mean.” I winked, and sent a joyous shiver down the spines of the recently mind fucked women.

“You will also have to be available for any sexual service I may desire, whenever I desire, and wherever I desire.” I continued.

“Because of that, you will have to be my live-in maid-slaves. If I choose you, you’ll have to sever any connections in your old lives which may disrupt your availability to my needs. That means boyfriends, husbands, family, etc. Don’t worry, I can handle any pesky persistent loved ones you may have.”

“As for pay, you will not be paid a dime. That’s why the job title has the word slave in it. You’ll just have to be happy being occasionally used as my sex toys, in addition to your cleaning duties, and I’m sure you will be happy. Is the job description clear?” I asked, after I finished talking, while playfully dick-slapping the tongue of the girl currently servicing me.

“Yes sir.” The kneeling, topless girls said together.

“And I assume you still want the position?” I asked.

“Yes sir.”

“Ok, great. Let’s start with your ages then, left to right. I already know you’re twenty-one, so you can keep deep throating, and consider this part of your audition.” I told the girl sucking my cock, making her increase her rhythm, and enthusiasm.

“I’m twenty-four, sir.” Said the girl on the far left, and started the age reporting process.

All in all, I had a good eye for young prospective sex toys. All of my picks were in their early twenties. One was nineteen, and only the rightmost pair of tits was left. She shyly looked at the floor, obviously not wanting to give an answer.

“Your age, cunt, I don’t have all day.” I demanded.

“I-I’m sorry, sir. I’m twenty-nine years old.” She said, with great shame.

The others girls gasped and stared at her, some with pity, others with disgust. It was hilarious. In their eyes, the only reason they were there, was to audition to become my new slave-

maid, and the girl being too old for my requirements seemed outright dishonest to them.

“Please, sir, I promise I’m a great fuck. My holes are still tight and underused for my age, and I’m great at cleaning too, cocks and everything!” She begged.

“I’m sorry, bitch.” I said, trying to put on a stern face “But that’s not the point. I can have as many tight fuckable sex toys as I want, which is why I can afford to enforce a twenty-eight year old age limit. You being here may have robbed the chance from a perfectly eligible young woman, just as eager as you to become my new fuckdoll.” I said.

She looked down in shame.

“You’re right, sir. There’s no excuse.”

“No. There isn’t. As punishment, you can start by giving me the contents of your wallet.”

“Yes sir.” She immediately complied.

“Four-hundred and sixty-two dollars.” I said as I finished counting her cash “Stand against the wall, and spank your ass Four-hundred and sixty-two times.” I ordered.

“Yes sir. Thank you, sir.” She said, removed her pants, and started spanking both cheeks at a steady pace, giving a nice and sexy ambiance to the small coffee shop.

After a few more questions, mainly about whether their hair color and boobs are real, and how many cocks used them before me, I told them to undress and prepare themselves for inspection.

“Make sure your nipples are erect, and your pussies are wet and ready for me.” I said, allowing my little cock sucker to undress and wait for inspection as well. Some of the girls started frantically pinching their tits, annoyed at how disobedient their worthless bodies were.

As random people had their coffee (there were still two old and ugly waitresses to handle them), I started fondling the girls all over. I squeezed their tits to check their firmness, fondled and spanked their asses to measure their bounciness, and pinched their nipples to see their endurance to pain. Of course the most

important test was when I bent them over slightly and inserted my cock in their wet snatches.

I blew my first load in a twenty-two year old flight attendant. She was there with her friend, who I fucked just seconds before. Because I wanted to be thorough, and test all of their young bodies properly, the “job interview” ended up lasting well into the afternoon.

The twenty-nine year old bitch already finished her spanking, so I sent her and a few other discarded pussies away with a command to work the streets at night, and send me a cut of their profits.

It was five hours since we started, and I was resting after my fourth climax. The last three girls danced naked before me, in an attempt to get me hard again. It was obvious they were quite tired, which was understandable. After all, they didn’t get to sit and rest after every time I came in, or on one of them.

Among the three girls was that first waitress. It was impressive she was still around, as I usually discard the first one just out of boredom. I already fed my cum to both her mouth and her pussy. The other two were a nineteen year old waitress, and a twenty-four year old with red hair. I didn’t care enough to ask what she does for a living.

I got hard again watching them shake their cute asses, while their perfect tits bounced.

“Okay, time to make my final decision.” I said, getting up from my chair, and getting ready to fuck the nineteen year old again.

Just then, I heard something from a table behind me.

“Mom, stop it!” Came a girly whine. I kinda blocked out the rest of the coffee shop while I auditioned the girls, but I’m really glad that shout got my attention.

“I’m not saying I definitely won’t go to college. I’m just saying it might not be the best choice in today’s world. Most college graduates are forced to go back to live with their parents because of their student loans, and unemployment rates among college

students are sky high!” Said a teenaged girl with long smooth blonde hair, and a perfectly slender body.

“That’s nonsense!” Her mother answered angrily “Sure, it happens to some kids, but not to most of them, that’s for sure. Stop believing those stupid stories you hear on the ‘alternative media’ about how college is for losers.”

“Who said anything about it being for losers? It’s for people who like studying, and want a profession that needs a degree. I don’t necessarily need a degree to do what I want.” The young girl asserted.

“And what exactly do you want to do?” The mother inquired.

“I still don’t know. But, when I find out, all I’m saying is I might not need to go to college!”

“Okay, that’s it.” The mother snapped “I don’t care what you think, but I know the real world. And if you want to succeed, you need to acquire education at a college, end of story!”

“Who are you to say that?! I’m over eighteen now! I can do whatever I want!” The daughter yelled. It was a bit surreal how people in the coffee shop were getting irritated by the loud mother daughter squabble, and completely ignoring the three dancing naked girls and the half-naked man ordering them about.

“And where will you get the money to do whatever you want from, huh? You haven’t even graduated high school, yet. And I am your mother, never forget that!”

That was when I decided to interfere, and immediately those irritated by all the shouting returned to their glasses and plates, completely oblivious to the two arguing women.

“Hey there,” I sat down next to them “I couldn’t help over-hear your...err...discussion.” I said. I was only wearing my shirt, but I made sure they didn’t notice.

“Yes, I’m sorry for the noise.” The mother started, curtly “Now, if you don’t mind...”

“Oh, but I do. I just wanted to tell you that your daughter is perfectly right. With her obvious talents, I’m sure she can find a

career without going to college.” I said, making the daughter smile triumphantly at her mother.

“Yeah, well, I think you should butt out. This is between me and my daughter.” She said angrily.

“And I think you should get the stick out of your ass, before I shove my cock in it.” I said, making her fume.

“Now, little cunt” I turned to the daughter “How would you like to clean my house, and serve as my fuck toy for free, for the rest of your life. Well, or until you’re too old, and I feel like replacing you with another young cunt.” I asked, blatantly.

“*HOW DARE YOU?!*” The mother screamed, got to her feet, and tried to slap me, but found she simply couldn’t finish the motion.

Meanwhile, something clicked in the daughter’s mind. She smiled, and said “Oh it would mean the world to me, sir! May I please be allowed to try out for that position on your staff?”

“H-Honey, what are you saying?” Her mother asked, shocked and confused.

“Shut up, whore.” I said, and slapped her ass just as hard as she wanted to slap my face before.

“I-I think we should go, honey...” she said, terrified out of her wits.

“And I think you should suck my cock, while I interview your hot teen daughter.” I said. Something clicked in the mother’s mind as well, and she smiled slightly.

“Of course, sir. I hope it helps her chances of being hired, there’s nowhere I’d rather see her than in full service to you, sir.” She said, and dove under the table to attend to my erection.

“Now then, cunt.” I addressed her, while her mom deep throated me like a pro. The teen looked at me with hopeful adoration.

“I don’t know what your mom taught you, but when you interview for a position as a slave-maid, you need to show your tits to your prospective employer.”

“Oh I’m so sorry, sir!” She said, and removed her cute pink top, to reveal her perfectly perky tits. She wasn’t even wearing a bra.

I reached my hand and fondled them a little bit, while she tried her best to put her chest on display for me.

“If you work for me, you’ll have to drop out of high school.” I said.

“Yes sir, of course.”

“And obviously college is out of the question.”

“Obviously, sir.” She replied instantly.

“Say, how many cocks have already fucked this cute, nubile body of yours.” I asked.

“None, sir.”

My eyes popped.

“A virgin? With your looks? How did you get by? Are you a cock tease?” I asked a barrage of questions.

“Yes sir, I’m a virgin. I’ve been giving handjobs, mostly.” She said.

“I see, so you’re also not as proficient as your mom with your mouth, then?”

“No, sir. Sorry, sir.”

“Oh it’s quite alright. Now, fully undress, and join those girls dancing over there. Let me see how much you want to serve me.”

“Yes sir. Anything you say.”

She was a great dancer. Her virgin body moving perfectly. Giving me eyefuls of her untouched pussy. Her mom wasn’t a bad cock sucker, too. I told her to spank herself while sucking me as punishment for her previous rudeness.

Then, I got up to use the four dancing girls for the last time. The first cunt I tapped was the eighteen year old virgin. The blood from her broken hymen dripped on the floor, but didn’t stop her from begging for more.

I did go back to the other three for a little while, but I knew I've made my decision.

"Okay girls, kneel before me, and close your eyes." I said, rubbing my erect cock in my hand, ready to explode.

"Yes sir" The four young women knelt side by side and closed their eyes.

"The one I cum on will be my new slave-maid" I said.

I started rubbing my cock inches from the nineteen year old waitress, touching her lips as I jerked off, getting her hopes up, before moving to the twenty-one year old waitress, the one that was the first to approach me. I gave a few tugs at her lips as well, before moving straight to the eighteen year old highschool girl.

I put my full helmet in her mouth, and felt her tongue move and swirl around it. Before long, I took it out and squirted my load squarely on her face, only hitting her hair a little bit. She opened her eyes happily, and hugged me at my hips, putting my cock in her mouth.

"Thank you sir. I'll be the best fuck slave and cleaning lady you ever had!" She said, and started licking my now limp cock like a happy puppy.

"It's master from now on."

"Yes master."

"You know what? I think I'll let your mom work for me for a little while as well. Even though she's way above the age limit."

"Thank you so much, master" Both daughter and mother said.

The other three girls looked as if their grandmother died.

"Relax cunts. You can still serve me." I said, making their faces light up.

"First of all, me and my new slaves need to use your bodies as a carpet to walk on as we leave this dreary shop. After that, you can gather all your worldly assets, give them to me, and come live in the bitch kennels at my mansion, where you can spend your days begging me to fuck you."

The three bitches looked as if Christmas had come early.

“Thank you, sir.” The three of them chimed together

“It’s master for you as well. When I allow you to talk instead of barking, that is.”

“Yes master.”

And so, I left the coffee shop walking on the bodies of my three new bitches, and had them follow me on their hands and knees after I finished walking on their petite bodies.

One thing was certain, this coffee shop needed more waitressed now. I left the owner with a command to hire new hot, young girls, just in case I wanted to visit this place in the future.

Two weeks have passed since the day I hired the mother and daughter duo as my slave-maids. I walked into the room they happened to be cleaning, and they immediately assumed seductive poses for my benefit. The daughter bent over and wiggled her pert ass for me, while the mother knelt and bounced her tits lightly.

I came behind the daughter, and started fucking her doggy style.

“I told you I can find a career without college, mom.” The girl said as I fucked her.

“You were so right, honey. And the master was generous enough to hire me to train your blowjob skills, too.” The mother said.

“He is so generous.” Her daughter responded.

“Yes,” the mother agreed “But shush now, we shouldn’t speak while master is fucking you.”

After a few moments of fucking, I decided to test the daughter’s training, and told her to blow me.

“Ohh yeah. She’s even better than you now, bitch.” I told the proud mother.

“I’m so happy, master.”

I smiled wickedly.

“Of course, that means I no longer need to employ you in my mansion. You have gigantic tits, but I still don’t like having such an old sex slave in my home.”

Her eyes suddenly became sadder.

“I understand, master. I’m sorry I couldn’t serve you when I was younger.”

“Hey, don’t be! If you did, you would have never made this hot teen to serve my whims.” I said, and started skull fucking her insanely hot daughter.

“Yes, master. Thank you so much, master.” The mother said, happier now.

We moved to the living room, where I instructed the mother to leave the mansion, and go work the streets looking for jons who want a milf whore to warm their bed, and give me a fat cut of her profits, of course.

“Now, go.” I said as I finished her instructions, with her daughter riding my cock on the couch.

“Uhm, master?” She said quietly, nerve wrecked by the fact she was speaking without permission.

“Yes?” I said, enjoying the tightness of her daughter’s wet cunt.

“May I please give my daughter a farewell hug and kiss, sir?” She asked, tears in her eyes.

“You see I’m busy fucking her tight pussy, bitch!” I snapped at her.

“I’m so sorry, master.” She said, while her daughter picked up the pace, trying to appease me for her mom’s stupid mistake.

“As punishment, Spank yourself fifty times every day before going to sleep, forever.” I said.

“Yes, master. I’m so sorry, master” She said, and left promptly.

“What a stupid bitch.” I said.

“Yes master.” The girl riding me said with a smile “I don’t know what she was thinking, interrupting your pleasure like

that. The stupid whore deserved every punishment you could think of, master.”

It wasn't the words she said that made me explode in her tight cunt at that very moment. It was the sincerity with which she said those words, that did it for me.

Game, Set and Match

I was watching TV lazily after finishing my lunch, while giving the slave who cooked it a creamy dessert down her throat. Realizing it's been three days since my last real workout, I decided to give my personal trainer a call. Staying fit was probably the only thing you couldn't achieve simply by being a mind controller. And I really hated working out at the gym.

In order to have fun doing sports, I had to be playing some game. Basketball, baseball, Tennis, Ping Pong, doesn't matter, but I just can't walk, or cycle in the same spot for thirty minutes of my life, or swim the same pool length a hundred times. I need the competition, and the company.

I know what you're thinking “You can't stay in top shape just from an occasional sports game.”

Yeah, that's true. But who said anything about top shape? So I'm a little over weight, and I probably couldn't finish a marathon. But I can hold for a full set of Tennis, sprint a hundred meters without losing a lung, and fuck for hours on end. And I had plenty of practice with that last one. What else does a mind controller need? It's not like I need to impress girls, or anything,

It took my trainer five rings to answer my call. I'll have to punish her for that later.

“Hello master. This toy is ready to be played with, master.” She finally picked her cell phone up, and greeted me properly.

“I feel like playing tennis today. Be at the country club court at three p.m. sharp.” I said.

“Yes master, as you wish.” She replied.

“I might be a little late.” I said, knowing I sometimes get carried away at home.

“Yes master. I’ll be there whenever you arrive, master.”

That’s the nice thing about being able to control other people’s minds. I can live my life based purely on my whims. I once completely stood her up after ordering her to wait for me at the basketball court, and she ended up waiting all night long.

A normal person would be pissed off at that, but all she said the next day was “I’m sorry you couldn’t make it, master. Would you like to play with this toy another time?”

The truth is, she’s not really a ‘personal trainer’ per se. She works the night shift at a seven eleven, as a cashier. Well, she was a med student when I met her, but apparently missing classes and exams, because you’re at the beck and call of someone like me, can cause even the most ambitious aspiring doctor to drop out and find more suitable working hours. She chose the night shift because I usually play with her during the day.

I arrived at three-thirty p.m. and found her on her knees next to the net. All she had to do to make sure the court was reserved was say “My master reserved this court.” And everyone knew not to bother her.

“Thank you for gracing this toy with your presence, master.” She said, and got to her feet, handing me a remote with five settings on it. What does the remote control? Well her, of course. Or, more accurately, the remote controls the two dildos buried in her cunt and ass. I control her, obviously. Why do I need the remote? Well, I guess it’s time for some more brutal honesty...

Frankly, she’s much better at tennis, or any other sport, than I am. Mind you, I am a very competitive man, and this is hard for me to admit, but I’ve reached a point in my life where I can bring myself to acknowledge that fact.

This wasn’t the case from the get go, though. The first time we played tennis, back when she was still in med school, I was so mad that I fucked her ass so hard that, by the time I was done, a rhino could stick his horn in her ass with no lubricants, and I spanked her so hard her ass cheeks could start a fire with how hot they burned.

She was quite competitive back then, as well. I remember how she bragged to her friends after wiping the floor with me. Joke's on her, though. After I finished ruining her ass, I had her crawl naked around the tennis court fifty times, and all her friends are selling their bodies for me in the roughest neighborhood in the city. I'm surprised they weren't stabbed by a drug dealer or a bum yet.

So, like I said, I'm over the fact she's better than me at sports. I mean, she still punishes herself every day with a hundred spanks for her behavior back then, but at least I'm over it.

I still hate losing though, which is why I use the remote. Sure, I could tell her to let me win, but I find that I don't exert myself enough when my opponent is deliberately playing to lose. By controlling the dildos in her holes, I can adjust the level of her game to fit my current needs, and make sure I win.

Oh, and every time she wins a point she takes an article of clothing off, and once she's fully nude, she punishes herself for winning a point against me in other ways. You know, to keep the game fun and exciting.

She served first, because she was so good at serving. I really liked dialing her dildos to level five right before she served, and watch her moan and drop to her knees as she hit the ball to the net. Needless to say, she double faulted all her serves in the first game, but I did enjoy myself, and that's what's important.

I kept her at level two when it was my turn to serve. It made her hips really sway when she ran after the ball. We had some really nice and long rallies that game. I won each rally with one good slice, and a sudden jump to level five on the remote. I call it the 'forehand pussy slice'.

I started breaking a sweat as we started the third game, and decided to drop the dildos to zero, making her sigh in disappointment and slight relief. That was when I really started sweating. I still made sure to hit her holes with a jolt every time I

needed a rally to end, but I gave her much more down time to actually try to beat me.

It didn't take her long to eventually win a point from me, making the score of the game forty to fifteen. After she realized she won a point, she removed her top, revealing her wonderful tits, and dropped to her knees before the net.

"I'm so sorry, master! This worthless toy knows she doesn't deserve that point. How can I make it up to you, master?" She asked shakily, with the dildos buzzing at level five in her holes.

Seeing her like that after the workout I already had, made it quite impossible to continue the game without a little break. So I dropped my shorts and slipped my erection through the net.

"Suck on it, slut." I commanded.

"Yes master. I am your toy. Thank you for playing with me." She said with an obedient smile. Serving me was the only thing in her life nowadays. She spent the rest of the time daydreaming about my next call.

Her blowjobs were great. She probably gave the sloppiest, wettest blowjobs I've ever had, and I've had plenty of female mouths servicing my cock. She gave me such a wet, sloppy mouth to fuck, that a puddle formed on the ground by the time I unloaded in her throat.

It's a good thing she still held her top in her hand, because it was perfect to wipe my cock dry after the sloppy fellatio session. I couldn't put my trousers back on with my crotch area so wet. It would look as if I soiled myself, instead of violated her hot mouth.

"Thank you for using me, master." She said, after she finished drying me off.

She got back to her feet, her bare tits glistening from the saliva she drooled while giving me head.

"Back to the game." I said, spanking her ass with my racket. She nodded, and walked back to her end of the court, shaking her hips and giving me a nice view of her ass beneath her short skirt. I ended up winning the third game.

By the fifth game (I was leading four-to-zero in sets and forty-to-zero was the game score) I was sweating bullets, and she was wet for a whole other reason, which wasn't surprising considering she was on setting three most of the time.

I decided to win the game with a drop shot. My plans were almost subverted by her surprising speed as she approached the net to return my ball, but a quick leap to level five stopped her advances.

"Ah!"

She fell flat on her face with a loud moan, her bare ass pointing out to the sky, shaking in a violent orgasm. Watching her bent over like that, ass pointing up and face slammed on the hard court really made me hard.

"Don't move, slut." I said, as her skirt fell downwards to bare her dildo pierced ass and pussy. Isn't gravity great?

"*Yessss, massteeer!*" She moaned, with the dildos still on level five, and remained in the uncomfortable and demeaning position, as I stood behind her, enjoying the view.

I unplugged her pussy, and re-plugged it with my now throbbing erection.

"*Ah!* Thank you master!" She moaned, as I started pumping. I tell you, there's nothing like fucking a tight brainwashed athletic girl in broad day light, while hearing the buzz of the dildo ravaging her ass, and spanking her all the while. I guess you'll have to take my word for it, considering I'm the only mind controller here, and you really have to be one to experience such a thing.

I finished by spraying my load all over her fine ass. It was quite amazing.

"I need a break. Stay like this while I go quench my thirst and maybe eat a candy bar." I said, and left her to bake her cum covered ass in the hot sun.

As I lounged on one of the chairs in the country club's little refreshment stall, I enjoyed a little seductive dance from three hot girls who happened to be there at the time. They were quite

sexy, so I decided to take them to watch my last game with my trainer-slave.

After fifteen minutes being face planted on the hot court, both her cheek and her ass had a nice crimson hue that went nicely with the white sperm that still glazed her ass, though most of it dried off already.

“I brought these girls to cheer me on.” I said, as she got back on her aching feet, ready to continue our match.

“I’m glad master. You deserve your own personal cheerleaders.” She said, and I couldn’t agree with her more.

As we restarted our match, my personal cheerleaders removed their tops and started chanting cheers for me, while waving invisible pom-poms.

“Master, master, we’re your slaves. We bounce our tits and always serve! Woo!” They gave a very arousing and distracting cheer. Lucky I had my hot opponent at a level four vibration at the time.

“Give me a C.” One of them shouted.

“Give me a U” A second one sang.

“Give me an N” The third added.

“Give me a T” The three makeshift cheerleaders said together “What did we get? Cunt! Master always slams our cunts!”

Hearing the cheers was surprisingly motivating, I’d have to bring a personal topless cheer squad to all my sporting events from now on, I reckon.

Feeling juiced up, I lowered my trainer’s dildo setting to zero, and played the match point for real. She actually brought the game to a deuce, but her exhaustion eventually finished her, especially because she was forced to spank herself hard with her racket every time she won a point. I won with a simple lob she just didn’t have the stamina to follow.

“Game, Set, and match!” I yelled happily, as my cheerleaders jumped with happiness, making their impressive racks bounce uncontrollably.

“Thank you for playing with this toy, master. I sincerely hope you enjoyed yourself.” She said.

“Oh I did. Let’s hit the showers.”

“Yes master.”

Showering after the work out was my favorite part of coming here. Oh, I should probably mention I shower in the women’s locker room, in case you didn’t guess that already.

My country club has a lot of members from the modeling industry, which is why I chose it. And when I say my country club, I mean I enslaved the owner and her two daughters and am getting sixty percent of the profits. Something has to pay for my mansion, right?

I entered the women’s showers naked, and immediately caught the eye of a new member. A hot young blonde with perky tits and a conquering smile. She was definitely a brand and bright new addition to the modeling industry. Her eyes widened in shock when she saw me, as she was soaping herself up. Her tits were all bubbly and perfect.

“*Oh my--*” She paused “--Master!” she swooned, and jumped to my arms.

The other girls quickly left their own menial concerns and chitchats, and concentrated on making my body squeaky clean, and depleting me of any sperm my trainer failed to extract.

I told the hot new blonde to give me a tit fuck with her soap covered tits. That had a two prone effect. First of all, the soap on her tits really gave my cock a good scrub, and second of all, it felt even better than a usual titfuck because of the soap acting as a lubricant.

I finished my day fucking as many of the showering bitches as I could, while they soaped me up and washed me good. When I was done, I left them to wash the cum off their naked bodies and return to their lives. Well, most of them, I always reserve the right to permanently own the boobs I really enjoy in the shower.

Is there a moral to the story? Hmm, I guess it can be: If you really want to enjoy washing yourself, make sure to wash some brains first, or something...

Buying a new bed

My bed broke after a heated romp with one of my favorite house pets. She really was a tiger in bed. That bed has served me well for many years, but it was time to get a new one.

So here I was, at the Sleep inc. store at the mall, looking for a new bed to fuck my slaves on. Oh, and sleep on, of course. Why don't I just have one delivered like any rich person would? Well, as you get to know me, I think you'll find I prefer the personal touch. Life can get boring for me if I don't get to flaunt my abilities every now and then.

The shrewd salesman stopped next to one of his most expensive models, apparently under the wrong impression that I'll be paying for my purchase with actual money, how naive.

"Now this one is a true beauty. King size, the wood is Brazilian Rosewood, the mattress has Bonnel springs, Heavy Duty Needle Felt Pad, double high density comfort layers, Microfibre white Ticking, and it comes with a five year warranty. At twenty-two hundred dollars, I should call the cops for this steal!" He finished enthusiastically.

I sighed, and looked around.

"I don't know. Something is still missing." I said. Looking at me with obvious frustration, the salesman paused for a second and moved to the most expensive model he had. It was marked at five thousand dollars, but he could see from the way I was dressed that I could afford it.

After another enthusiastic speech about the expensive wood it's made of, the rims made of real ivory, and the gizmotastic mattress you can piledrive a wet cunt on without waking the person sleeping on the other side, he looked at me with hopeful eyes, only to see I was still fairly unimpressed.

“Well, sir, this is truly the best we have to offer, and I assure you that you’ll have a hard time finding a better value elsewhere. Perhaps you’d like to test it?”

“You mean sleep on it?” I asked.

“Well, lie down on it. Most people don’t even ask for my permission to do so. You’re welcome to try and see how it feels, as long as you stay decent.”

“Can’t really try on a bed while staying ‘decent’, now can I?”

“Hah! I guess you’re right. Nevertheless....” He started.

“I’ll think about it.” I interrupted. There was just something missing. Plus, I missed my noontide pussy pounding because of this trip, and I had to find a proper hole to plow.

“Dad, I need two-hundred bucks.” A young lady, probably eighteen, told the salesman right as I was about to turn around and leave. She wore tight jeans shorts and a low cut dress, and looked so hot my cock jumped up immediately.

“two-hundred?! What for?!” The salesman asked.

“A new dress.” She said, giving him a cute puppy face.

“Another one?!”

“Please dad! I have to get it, it’s so cute!” She begged.

The man stared at her for a second, and then went for his wallet, shaking his head.

“Okay, but now that you’re out of high school, you’ll have to start making your own money, got it?” He barked.

“Yes, dad...” She said, fairly unenthusiastic about the idea. He turned back to me, as I stared at his daughter’s ass walking back. I stopped her in her tracks about ten feet away, obviously.

“I tell you, never open a shop at the mall if you have a teenaged daughter. It’s like she can smell when I make a sale and...”

It was then that he noticed what I was staring at, and frowned.

“What do you think you’re looking at?!” he asked, furiously.

“Your daughter’s fine piece of ass, of course. What else?” I said, as the man popped an angry vein at his forehead.

“Come over here, girl. I want to inspect what you have to offer.” I told the girl who stood still up till now.

“Yes sir. I hope you like what you see.” She said, and swooned over to me.

“Tina?” The man said, puzzled “Look sir, I think you should go, since it’s obvious you’re not going to buy anything.”

“Don’t be so sure, mister negative.” I said “I think I just found the perfect thing to purchase in this place. And maybe I’ll throw in that ivory framed king sized bed, as well.” I said, taking the man’s common sense away.

He blinked a few times, and said “Oh, well, of course. Everything in this shop is yours to sample, sir. I certainly hope you’ll purchase that bed, it truly is our best product.” He said, though I completely disagreed.

At that point, I already explored his daughter’s body at my leisure. I reached around her and cupped her shapely ass with both hands.

“Tell me what you have to offer here.” I told the girl, while pinching her nipples slightly.

“Well,” She started “This barely eighteen year old girl sports a perfect 34-24-34 figure. She is five feet nine inches and can erect her nipples on command. She has moderate experience at giving head and provides fantastic titfucks, if her boyfriends are to be believed.

Her pussy is trimmed neatly, and is still untouched by men. Her ass is perfect for spanking, bouncing on a cock, and casual dry humping, as you already found out, sir.”

I certainly did, as I have been dry humping her throughout her little sales pitch.

“I think she’s got your knack for salesmanship, mister.” I told the salesman, making him beam with pride at his daughter’s success.

“I think I’ll take you up on your offer to test the bed” I said. Come on, now. You knew this was coming, right?

“Oh, great! You can just lie down and...”

“Oh, I know just how to test it, and your sexy daughter, as well.” I said, and tore the flimsy shirt off of her, revealing her fantastic boobs that apparently excel at giving tit-fucks.

The man blinked a few times, confused.

“Um, well...I...” he said. He was usually strong, but nothing I couldn’t easily handle.

“Yes, of course.” He finally said “Go ahead. And don’t worry about remaining...umm...decent” He said.

“Oh trust me, I wasn’t going to.” I said, extorting a laugh from the dazzled father, as he watched his daughter being unwrapped like a present by a strange man, and getting in a bed with him in the middle of his store, in her birthday suit.

I started off by fondling her naked body in bed, letting my raging hard-on poke her soft naked flesh whenever it felt like it. Then, I decided to try that titfuck she promised.

“Yes, sir. I’ll be happy to show you.” Was all she said, after my ‘request’.

Her boyfriends were right, and it was crystal clear how she managed to stay a virgin through high school. I was a twenty-eight year old who fucked multiple cunts on a daily basis and I almost lost it after a minute of being wrapped by her luscious bazoongas.

Unlike many other bitches, she really knew how to use her nipples to enhance the experience. It was quite amazing. I might have her tutor my other slaves at some point.

“Does my sample titfuck meet your expectations, sir?” She asked.

“Ahhh, definitely!” I moaned with pleasure “Plus, this bed is quite comfy.” I added.

“Do you want to sample my mouth now, sir?” She asked, giving my tip a slight lick to egg me on.

“Actually, your titfuck riled me up enough for the main dish. Ride my cock, and you’d better work hard for that commission.”

She bit her lip, pondering my ‘request’.

“Well,” She said “Usually, good business dictates I save my virgin pussy until after I’m purchased, but since I exist to please you and make you happy, I guess normal business sense has no meaning.”

I smirked as I watched the naked beauty spread her legs over my cock. Feeling her virgin pussy lips on the tip of my meat rod was the most amazing thing I felt since, well, the last hot eighteen year old I deflowered.

As she slowly lowered herself on my cock, I grabbed her multi-function tits, and waited for the real fun to start. With one swift motion, she speared herself on me, tearing her maidenhood and immediately started riding me hard, oblivious to any pain or discomfort.

I grabbed her hips as she grinded them back and forth, slapping her pert ass occasionally. She was moaning so hard by the time I came, that she was hyper-ventilating.

Once she realized she brought me to climax, she allowed herself to collapse on top of me. Her eyes popped out and she had a rather deranged look on her face. Plus, she shivered slightly. Apparently getting her cherry popped so forcefully got to her on some instinctive physical level.

“Did you enjoy sampling my tight pussy, sir?” She droned. Luckily, I still had perfect control of her mind.

“Oh, it was great.” I said, cupping her ass cheeks playfully.

I wasn’t done. With one quick motion, I flipped my new toy over and poked her ass with my erection.

“You know, there’s another hole I need to sample before I make my decision.” I said, sticking the tip in her ass.

“I exist to please you, sir. My holes are yours whenever you wish.” She said, dropping the whole saleswoman attitude completely. Taking her anal virginity was just as fun as popping

her cherry. But most fun was finishing up in her mouth, and having her drool the cum down to her perfect tits.

I got up, leaving the well fucked sex doll sprawled on the bed, to regain her composure after the ordeal.

“I’ll take it.” I told the salesman.

“Perfect!” He beamed, oblivious to what I just did with his daughter.

“I’ll have the bed sent to you by tomorrow. How will you pay?” He asked.

“Well, since I’ll be taking your daughter with it, and you won’t have to shower her with money anymore. I’d say that’s payment enough, won’t you?”

He looked at me with a puzzled face.

“Well, she is not really a part of the product.” He said. How naive of him.

“Excuse me?!” I feigned outrage “I sampled the bed expecting to get all the needed accessories. If I don’t get her as well, I’m afraid I’ll have to pass. I’ll just go somewhere that offers me a comfortable cock cushion along with the bed.” I said.

“Now now, let’s not be rash.” He said “Of course, you’re right, sir. She is a part of the deal, if we can close it now.”

“And the price?” I asked.

“Free of course. I’ll get much more than five thousand considering she won’t be here to guzzle my profits down.” He said. And I thought about what I’ll have her guzzle from now on.

“And you know what? Since you’re such a great customer. I’ll add her older sister to the deal.” He said.

Now that managed to surprise me. I influenced his priorities and morals to do anything to appease his best customer, namely me. But I didn’t expect him to offer another daughter. Maybe I pushed him a little too hard after his little struggle.

“Well, that would be great.” I said “Send her with the bed. I hope she’s as hot as her younger sister.”

“Oh, trust me, she is. She is a slightly older version, with bigger boobs.” He said, forgetting he was actually talking about

his own daughter.

I put my clothes back on and prepared to leave with my new sex toy, who was naked of course, and ready to serve.

“This is my address.” I gave the man a slip of paper “I’ll be hauling her cute ass over to my place myself. Don’t worry, I’ll take those two-hundred dollars you gave her as compensation. She doesn’t need that new dress now, anyway.”

“I’ll have the bed and her older sister at your place by tomorrow afternoon. Thank you for your patronage” He told me.

“Okay, let’s go, bitch.” I said, and gave her a sharp spank.

“Yes master.” She said obediently, using the proper title now that I owned her ass.

The salesman approached her to give her a long and loving farewell hug, almost making me take pity on him. Well, Almost...

“Dad!” She exclaimed “you’re embarrassing me in front of my new owner!”

“Right, sorry.” He said, and stopped the hug “I’ll miss you honey.”

“Whatever.” She dismissed him, and knelt before me “I’m ready, master.”

“Good, let’s go.” I said, and started walking, with her crawling naked behind me like a dog.

The next day, there was a knock on the door, and when I opened it I was faced with a very angry, and extremely hot chick. Behind her, there were two guys taking my new bed out of the moving truck.

“Right, I need the bed upstairs, third window from the left.” I said.

“Right on, boss. We’ll have it there in a jiff. twenty minutes, tops!”

“Excuse me?!” The angry girl I’ve been ignoring burst in the conversation.

“That’s rude.” I said.

“Look, mister.” She said “I don’t know what you did to my dad, but I’m here for my little sister, and if you don’t let her go immediately, I’ll call the police! You creepy weirdo!”

She was quite fiery. Nothing a dose of my cum couldn’t douse off, though.

“I’m sorry, what were you saying” I said, feigning confusion “I wasn’t listening, too busy staring at your tits. They’re quite amazing. That bed was quite a fine purchase.” I said, and grabbed her tits, making her fume.

“HOW DARE---“ She paused, as I did what I do best. She calmed down, suddenly at ease with my probing hands.

“I’m glad you are happy, master.” She said, her new purpose crystal clear to her now.

“Let’s see if great titfucks run in the family, slut.” I said.

“Of course, master. I live to serve.”

She dropped to her knees, undressed her top and went to work.

“Ahhh! Fantastic!” I said, as I sprayed her tits and skirt with my cum. She was even better than her sister.

“Take off your clothes, you won’t need them. Well, actually, you could use them to wipe my cum off your tits.”

“Yes master. Thank you, master.”

“Okay, the bed is in place, sir” The moving man said, treating the kneeling, naked, cum covered girl as if he sees something like that every day.

“Wow, that wasn’t even ten minutes. You know what, you can use this bitch for an hour in your truck as a tip. She needs to be punished for her attitude when she got here, anyway.” I said.

“Oh, you’re telling me. She was yammering in our ears all the way here, crying about her poor sister and how terrified she must be, sheesh. Come here, bitch.”

“Yes sir, thank you for punishing me, master.”

“You’re very welcome, whore. After they’re done with you, clean yourself up and beg to be my slave, on your knees while

kissing my feet. If you do a good job, I'll keep you."

"Yes master. Thank you master." She said, and followed the two men to the back of the truck. I went back inside to break my new bed in. for some reason, I had a hankering for a good titfuck.

A Very Merry Milf-mess

Christmas has arrived, and holiday cheer filled the air. I was walking through the mall, looking for a pair of knockers to give myself for Christmas.

It wasn't an easy task. I am very picky about my Christmas Pussy, and no chick in sight was up to par.

Suddenly, I saw a sight that gave me the greatest Christmas idea ever. In front of the mall Santa, a row of young, hot moms stood with their preschool tykes, waiting to sit on Santa's lap.

Not only that, but Santa had two hot young elves, probably college students, to help in his important work of not getting hammered one night in the year so he could maintain a day of real work.

I'm not ripping on all mall Santas, I'm sure some of them are great people. This one was a full time wino on every other day. You can take my word for it, cause I can read minds, and stuff.

Hey, who am I to judge, considering what I was about to do.

"Take a hike, gramps." I told the fat drunkard. Booze hounds were so easy to control. He got up and left his chair for me, though I didn't bother with the stupid Santa clothes. As I sat, my two young elves were already topless, along with the rest of the milf line in front of me.

What do you mean? What kids? Oh relax, worry warts! I'm not a freaking pervert! I had the kids go and play at the mall play room for a couple of hours. You know how easy it is to convince a kid's brain to go play with toys? Easier than getting a crack whore to shoot more crack!

Anyway, so I had two topless college coeds dressed like elves, and a line of topless milfs just aching to get on my lap and tell me what they wanted for Christmas.

Now, don't you feel silly for interrupting this wonderful story with such silly concerns?

"Okay, I'll need my elves to lubricate my cock with their mouths, before we begin." I said "Also, make sure your nipples are properly erect for me. No soft nipples will sit on this lap." I said, pointing to my already bare lap, as my elves licked and kissed my shaft and balls.

The women in line frantically pinched and squeezed themselves to compliance, while I enjoyed a nice double headed BJ.

"Okay, I'm sufficiently lubricated. Come over here, sweet tits." I motioned the woman first in line to approach.

The first woman, in her late twenties or early thirties, came forward with a big slutty smile on her face. I know, she's older than my usual pick, but I sometimes like the variety, just not every day.

She dropped her pants and panties to reveal her well groomed bush, and sat on my lap, giving a soft moan as I penetrated her cunt. She stared at my eyes with lust and adoration, and started moving up and down my cock in a slow rhythm, still wearing a big smile on her face.

I grabbed her tits with both hands and asked "And what would you like for Christmas?"

She kept slowly bouncing up and down my cock, and answered.

"To be your sex slave, master. To be your sex toy, forever and ever. To be played with, and then put away in some closet. I so want to be your obedient cock socket and cum dump, master." She finished.

"Well, your tits are fun to squeeze." I said.

"Thank you so much, master." She said, arching her back to emphasize her tits even more.

"But, what about your kid? Your husband?" I asked.

“Oh I don’t care about them at all, master. At least until my little girl is old enough to serve you properly. She could replace me when my pussy becomes too overused. I’m so glad I made her, master.” She said.

“You make sure to bring her to me when she’s eighteen, if she’s hot. For now, go and kneel over there, and I’ll think about owning your cunt permanently after I’m done fucking all the other whores in this line.”

“Yes master. Thank you, master.” And she plopped off my cock, just as I motioned the next woman in line to step forward.

She had smaller tits, but a much tighter pussy. I was amazed it actually gave birth at some point. She told me how much she would like to become my new pet for Christmas, while she rode my cock in a pleasant rhythm. I could get used to this, for sure.

And I did, I think I was at my eighth milf pussy when I first came. I didn’t even manage to ask her what she wanted for Christmas before squirting my load deep in her baby maker.

“Ah! Thank you so much, master!” She said, happily. So I decided to stay inside of her for a while.

“And what would you like for Christmas?” I asked her.

“I want you to come in my worthless cunt as much as you want, master. I only want to be a tool for you to use, and dispose of when I’m useless. You can walk on me, use me as a coat hanger, just please use me, master! Nothing is too demeaning!” She said, her cheeks blushing.

It was the way she said it that me harden again in her pussy. She noticed and immediately started moving up and down like all the rest of them, until I had enough of her and moved to the next pair of tits.

I was finally fucking the last cunt in line.

“Now, have you been a good girl, or a bad girl?” I asked her, giving her ass a spank that resonated loudly in the quiet mall.

“Ah! Yes master! I’ve been a very good girl! Please allow this cunt to be your sex toy!” She begged.

“Oh, I think someone is forgetting that Santa can read minds. I can see you spent most of the year being devoted to your loving husband and family, and spent almost no time dreaming about lapping my cum like a sexy kitten.” I slapped her hard again.

“Oh my gosh! I’m so sorry, master!” She said, and picked up the pace of her bouncing to make it up to me “I should’ve spent every waking moment dreaming about being used for your pleasure. Please forgive this worthless cunt-slave.”

I couldn’t say no to such wonderfully devoted bouncing tits, and let’s face it, who could?

“Okay, slut, I forgive you.” I said, making her sigh in relief.

“But I will have to punish you with more spanks.” I added, and started making her ass redder than Rudolf’s nose.

At last, I fucked all of them, and now I had a tough decision to make.

“Hmm let’s see, which tits do I want as my new stairway hand rails.” I said, as I paced before a row of kneeling topless bitches, pausing to shove my cock between their fleshy mounds occasionally.

After careful consideration, and another load on some random pair of boobies, I made my decision. I chose eight hot milfs who were there with male children, and told them to call their husbands and tell them to pick their boys up, and that they will be gone forever.

It’s amazing how fast a man shows up if his wife tells him she’s leaving him for good, in a calm and certain voice. Of course, when they got to the mall they quickly forgot they had a problem with it, and wished their wives good luck in their new lives as my furniture/fuck-dolls.

Why did I choose the moms with the boys? Well, because those with girls will sit tight and be good moms to their little girls, until they are eighteen when they’ll give them to me on a silver platter, and hopefully throw in a couple of their hot friends in the mix.

And they'll make sure they grow up to be as hot as they possibly could.

With all the kids on their way home with their fully clothed parents, I stared at my ten new slaves, and got another great idea. I sat on the chariot the mall used as scenery, with my eight new milf slaves strapped on the front like reindeers, and my elven college coeds on each of my knees.

These two will become a part of my toy collection, and I'll let them keep their cute elf costume! Well, most of the time. Oh, and I didn't think the chariot will really work, either. It was a Christmas miracle!

I lifted the whip I took from the mall's sex shop, and cracked it on the back of one of the slave girls.

"On Cunter, on Fuck-her, on bitchy, on Pussy, on bouncy, on Spank-her, on Twatter, on Dancer" I called. What? I was drawing a blank at that moment, and Dancer fits, kinda.

Anyway, before long, my chariot was whizzing down the streets at four miles per hour, while my hot elves entertained me on the driver's seat. Sure, we weren't flying, but the view was amazing!

I woke up at Christmas morning with a hangover from a night of drinking and fucking. As I got to my stair case I saw a view of eight pairs of tits, attached to some random milfs I enslaved yesterday, just waiting for me to use them for balance as I went down the stairs.

One thing was certain, after this Christmas, going up and down the stairs will take me much longer than usual.

* * * *

Well, boys and girls, that's all the time we have for today. But don't worry, I'll be back with more tales of my life as a mind controller with no morals. Hmm, I wonder what I should tell you next?

The one where my dentist had a hot new assistant? The one where a woman politely asked me to turn my game volume down

on a train? The one where one of the hot moms from the last story came with her niece for her eighteen year old birth day? Well, we'll see. But for now, farewell, and remember, living a perfectly fun and happy life is easy, you just need to learn how to control minds!

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Bank Deposit

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Some moments simply change your life. At times, you are aware of such moments, and even anticipate them, but more often than not, they will take you by surprise, for better or for worse. Take Lacy, for instance. At the age of twenty-two, she is about to start her senior year in college, studying economics. She is youthful, pretty, and outgoing. And she has no idea her life is about to change forever...

She works part time at the sperm bank, a job she finds mostly boring, and often annoying. She needs the cash, though, and beggars can't be choosers. The only good thing about being a receptionist at the sperm bank, is that she had free reins on her own phone line, and nobody will ever come to her with the bill. She just had to answer some occasional calls waiting, so no one finds out she's using the free phone to chat with friends and family.

She has a slim figure, smooth, porcelain skin, and long black hair, extending just below her shoulder line. Youth certainly favored her, with her piercing, dark blue eyes, and gorgeous face, no one would sincerely claim she was unattractive, and she knew how to use it.

She wasn't going to sleep with anyone, for any kind of favor, but she found that batting an eyelash, and leaning over to reveal a slight cleavage, was often more than enough to get what she wanted, be it an extension on her rent, or free beer at a bar.

That fateful day, she wore a knee-high black skirt, and a blue blouse that emphasized her gravity defying, perfectly sized breasts.

As usual, she was on the phone, chatting with Olga, who was her little sister.

“Oh my god, you're gonna go to my college!” She squealed happily “You're gonna have such a good time! I'll make sure of it!”

“Oh, I hope so!” Olga said, just as excited “When I told my mom I got into college, she almost had a heart attack!”

“Yeah, well, I told her you'll make it, mind you. From the first day I came to your house, I knew you had it in you.”

“Thanks, sis.” Olga said.

Well, Olga wasn't her biological little sister – That honor was reserved to Laurie, who actually became good friends with Olga. When she was a senior in high school, Lacy decided to enter the big sister program, and she was assigned to Olga Olga's parents immigrated when she was two years old, hoping to find a better life for their daughter, in a new land.

Unfortunately, they didn't do so well. Language barriers and lack of academic education meant they had to work around the clock, just to make enough money to survive, and Olga was thus rather neglected. She had loving parents, though, and they were so grateful when Lacy took their daughter under her wing.

She may have taught Olga some things they weren't happy with, but all in all, she helped Olga finally assimilate, and they couldn't be more grateful.

Olga was eighteen now, like Lacy's real little sister, Laurie, and they were both going to join her, for her last year in college. Lacy was the one who introduced the two, and they've been best friends, ever since. Unlike many sisterly bonds, which consisted of many spats and fights, Lacy and her little sisters got along great, and both Olga and Laurie simply adored her.

“So, how's work at the semen factory?” Olga asked jokingly, just as a man approached the counter. He wore a white jersey, a black cap, and a nervous look on his face, like he really didn't want to be there.

“Well, considering the men who walk in here are either creeps, weirdos, or cheapskates, it's okay.”

The man gave her a stern look, after hearing what she said, but she didn't notice.

“I mean, seriously -The only reason I can think of, that will make someone come here, is either a creepy fetish involving jerking off, or them wanting to make money, in the laziest way possible.”

“Or maybe they want to help couples who can't have children...” Olga said.

“Oh, please, don't be so naive, Olga!”

The man was waiting for her to finish, and take care of him, and he was beginning to lose his patience, especially when he realized she was on a personal call.

“Well, whatever. The point is, any guy who walks into a place, just to be given a cup and go jerk off to a porn magazine, in some tiny room, is too much of a weirdo for my taste. Trust me, no normal person would do that.”

The man at the counter clenched his fists, as he heard what she said, and looked around to see if anyone was staring at him.

“So anyway, how's Laurie doing? Still planning her eighteenth birthday party, two months in advance?”

That was the last straw for him, and he decided to make his presence known to the bubbly college coed, who completely ignored him, so far.

“Excuse me, miss.” He said, sounding annoyed “Can I get some service, or is your job to chat with friends on the phone?”

Lacy rolled her eyes snobbishly, and said “I'll be right with you, sir.”

“What's going on?” Olga asked, hearing the exchange.

“Oh, some weirdo, or creep, or lazy cheapskate is here, wanting some attention.” She said, not caring at all that he was standing right there. He frowned angrily.

“Okay, bye, big sis.” Olga said, and hung up.

“Bye, Olga.”

“

That was uncalled for.” He berated her. He was most likely in his late twenties, or early thirties, and probably felt he had the right to teach the younger woman some manners.

“Yeah, whatever...” She waved him off.

“So, what size of cup will you be filling, today? I'm guessing the extra small.” She continued to mock him.

“Listen, bitch, I'm only here because I lost a bet,” He reached into his pocket, and pulled out what seemed like a silver lighter “and I will not take this bullshit from some slut behind a counter!”

Lacy didn't take well to rough love, and so his harsh words just served to make her more combative.

“A bet, huh? You know, you'd think creepy weirdos who get off into a cup would come up with better excuses...”

“Okay, that's it.” He said, shaking his head, and fiddling with his lighter.

“What are you gonna do, huh?” She said “I can get security here at the press of but--” A silvery flash emitted from the lighter, and Lacy's mind turned off.

Her hands slumped at her sides, and she stared ahead to the distance, her eyes glassy, and her mind a blank slate.

“That's what I'll do, bitch.” He said

Lacy heard the man, and turned to look at him. When her eyes caught him, two very distinct and clear thoughts came to her mind. *Master* was one, and *Obey*, was the other.

“I obey, master.” She droned emptily.

“Yes, you will.” He said with a smile, and started checking out his brand new toy, already knowing exactly how he was going to punish her.

“Let's go to the private room,” He told her “And bring one of those cups.”

Nothing could stop her from obeying, since nothing existed in her mind, other than the need to obey him. She did not consider what he might do to her, though it would've been obvious to anyone with a mind. She could no longer grasp the concept of degradation, or humiliation, or even the concepts of right, and

wrong. Most of all, she couldn't possibly guess, that what she was about to go through, was only the beginning.

When her real punishment begins, Lacy will not have the privilege of mindlessness, nor the gift of ignorance.

“Dance for me. Give me a little striptease show.” He sat on the small chair, and said.

“I exist to obey, master.” She said, almost robotically, and embarked on a dance that proved how lively and non-robotic she really was.

She slowly swayed her hips from side to side, as she loosened her skirt. Instead of immediately letting it fall to the floor, she turned around, and rubbed the fabric on her smooth ass and hips, showing more skin with every passing second.

With her skirt slightly lowered, and the top of her pink panties peeking, she sexily walked over to him, giving her booty a good shake with every step. Standing right in front of him, she finally allowed her skirt to fall to the ground, swiftly crossed her legs, and turned around to face away from him. She leaned straight forward to touch the floor, sticking her ass out in his direction, with a light wiggle.

He saw that as an invitation to grab her pert and bubbly behind, and give her a playful spank. Feeling his hand smack her lovely backside, she rose back to her feet, turned around again, and continued slowly shaking her hips in circles, thrusting her panty covered pussy lips towards her master, with every shake.

He held her silky panty line between his fingers, and pulled them up, wedging them in her pussy, emphasizing her lower lips. When he left it, she straddled him, and dry humped his crotch, flexibly moving her slender body on top of him. She grabbed the bottom of her shirt with two hands, peeled it off, and tossed it aside. Her pink bra matched her panties, in both color, and silkiness.

She continued giving him a sizzling hot lap dance, as he availed himself to her soft, perky tits, squeezing them with both

hands. She reached back to unclasp her bra, and tossed it alongside her shirt. With her young titties free, she started shaking her upper body, swinging her boobs madly, until he grabbed one and started sucking.

She absentmindedly ground her hips back and forth on his crotch, staring to the distance while waiting for him to be done with her nipples. When he left her, now tingling, breasts, Lacy stood up from his lap, and continued her dance.

She hooked a thumb in her panties, and used it to lower them on one side. As she spun around slowly, she hooked her other thumb in, and just as her shaking ass pointed towards him, she started slowly lowering them to her feet.

He landed a spank on her ass, just as her uncovered pussy lips peeked between her long legs and bouncy ass cheeks. Her lower lips glittered with moistness, and her master noticed. He started lightly tickling her pussy lips. She stayed in her position, patiently waiting for him to finish.

“You're this wet from some dry humping and tit sucking? What a horny slut.” It was his turn to mock, and she had nothing in her mind that instructed her to combat it.

“Yes, master. A horny slut.” She couldn't help but agree.

He slipped his finger in her tight cunt, and fucked her with it a few times. When he pulled out, she straightened up, and kicked her panties aside. Fully nude, she continued dancing lusciously, showing how bendy she can be, by bending backwards and rubbing her pussy lip, before spinning around and landing on her knees.

On her knees, with a hand on her crotch, she swayed her hips from side to side, in a cute and innocent fashion.

“Okay, that's enough.” He said, and got up. He already whipped his hard cock out, and rubbed it a bit, while Lacy danced for him.

“Yes, master.” She said, and stayed on her knees, looking up at him, and waiting for further instructions.

He grabbed the cup she brought with one hand, and towered over her, the tip of his cock lightly touching her nose.

“Do something useful with that disrespectful mouth of yours, and suck my cock, whore.” He said, curling his lips in a smug and joyous smile.

“Yes, master.” She said, and kept her mouth open, ready to perform the task at hand. Almost automatically, she threw her head forward and took his shaft in her mouth, swallowing it whole.

“Ahhhh...” He moaned, jerking his head up, as her tongue started to twirl and spin around his erection.

Lacy certainly put the suck in cock sucking, as the most audible sound while she bobbed her head back and forth on his manhood, was of her slippery wet suction, followed by slight gagging sounds, which her body felt, but her whitewashed mind ignored.

He grabbed her head and started thrusting her face on his cock furiously, as if her mindlessly devoted vacuum mouth action wasn't enough. When he got tired and left her head, she took a short pause, and amazingly continued thrusting her own head back and forth at the same crazy pace.

“Ohh fuck!” He grunted “That's what losing your mind can do to you, bitch. You should thank me for making you such a superb cock sucker.”

He probably didn't mean it literally, but she was in no state to discern sarcasm.

“Thank you, master.”

She pulled out and said, saliva drooling from her mouth in tropes, creating a puddle on the floor.

“Heh...” He chuckled, and pushed his cock back into her mouth “Keep sucking, bitch.

When he felt close to cumming, he stuck the plastic cup in her mouth, and instructed her to point her head up, while rubbing his

cock with both hands. The touch of her dainty, gentle hands, was just what he needed to start spraying his load all over her face.

He did try to hit the cup, but some of it still landed on her cheeks, forehead, and hair. Once he was done, he took the cup out of her mouth, and looked down at her. She was still staring up, obediently waiting for further instructions.

“Are you thirsty, bitch?” He asked his obedient fuck toy.

“I am whatever you wish me to be, master.” She said submissively.

“I think you're thirsty.” He said, and handed her the cup filled with his cum.

“Here, drink it.”

“Yes, master.” Came her immediate response.

She downed it with no delay, or thought, like a shot of tequila. Lacy never did like the taste of cum, but in order to express such dislike, she needed thoughts of her own, and she was severely lacking in that department, at the moment.

He told her to lick the sticky remains off of the cup, and watched as she obeyed, extending her tongue to lap it all up, until the only evidence of his load was the stray cum that landed on her face.

“Well, look at this, now that you've drunk my spunk, I have no donation to make. Bad girl.” He said, and spanked her ass.

“I'm sorry, master.” She responded vacantly.

“It's okay, you just need to coax another load from me.” He slapped his flaccid cock on her face, and sat back on the chair.

“Use your mouth to get me hard again.” He commanded, and she crawled a few steps in his direction, ever ready to obey.

She bathed his balls and shaft with her tongue, while he pinched and pulled at her tits, and reached to gently spank her naked ass. It wasn't long before she was gagging on his hard-on, once again.

“*Ahhh*, good girl!” He told her, pushing her head deep on his cock, feeling her lips and tongue on his balls.

“Thank you, master.” She pulled herself back up, and said, after he released his grasp on her head

“It's high time that I fuck your worthless twat, bitch.” He told her “So get on your hands and knees, press your face to the floor, and stick your ass up.”

“Yes, master.” She jumped to obey. Her ass was up in the air, and her pussy ready and waiting for him to use, infinitely patient. She felt his hand on her hips, just a second before feeling the tip of his cock rub against her pussy lips.

There was no need for him to take things slowly, since he couldn't possibly hurt her emotions. Her pussy was nice and wet from his prodding of her lewd nakedness, and so he had no trouble ramming into her, with full force. Her tits bounced once, and she felt her master settle in her pussy.

The same man Lacy mocked, a short while earlier, was now banging her hard, in the small room where people filled their plastic cups, and she didn't even have the mind to regret her actions, yet.

He pulled her up by her pure black hair, and stuck her back to his front, wrapping his arm around her, squeezing her tits as hard as he could while banging her at an extremely rapid pace.

“Fuck! Your pussy won't be so tight by the time I'm done with you, bitch!” He groaned.

“Thank. *Ah!* Thank you, master...*Ah!*” Even in her mindless state, she couldn't help the physical responses to her situation. Her arousal built up, and she didn't really need a mind, in order to orgasm.

He felt her cunt tremble from the inside, and a rush of her juices flooded around his cock, making her pussy even more slippery, and fun to fuck.

“Ohh, that's nice, bitch! Do that again!” He told her, and immediately another orgasm rocked her body. She could orgasm at any moment, on command. It was the ultimate mind over matter, only her mind was naught but a mirror of her master's will.

After the fifth orgasm, she was breathing heavily, and he was throbbing in her sore cunt. Feeling he was cumming, he pulled out and took the cup. Some of his sperm glazed her pussy lips, but most of it went to fill the cup. A second cup of spunk in his hands, and his new slave kneeling before him, he stood above her, and decided what to do.

“I think you need to rub some lotion on your body.” He said, and handed her the cup. She took it from his hand, and immediately poured it all, right on her breasts.

“Yes, master.” She said, and started rubbing his cum all over her tits, making them glisten in the florescent light. Her tits were only the first part to taste the special body lotion, and pretty soon she scraped the cup for more, and was rubbing it all over her body, like soap.

She ran her hands between her butt cheeks, and then rubbed her cum stained fingers on her pussy, between her lips. He watched her mindlessly apply his cum to every inch of her young, nubile body, and laughed.

“You are going to smell of cum for the rest the day, bitch. Like the slut that you are.” He said.

“Yes, master.” She agreed, taking the last drops from the cup, and rubbing it on her face “Like the slut that I am.”

When she was done, he called her to crawl to him, again.

“Well, you've made me waste another batch of sperm, bitch.” He accused.

“Yes master. Sorry, master.” She admitted to her crime, and apologized.

Just like before, she worked diligently to wake his cock up again, for the last and final load. When he was finally hard and ready to go, he asked her if she was ever fucked up the ass.

“No, master.” She said, and a big smile formed on his face.

“Spread your legs above my crotch, bitch. I'm gonna take your anal virginity, right now.” He told her, and she instantly obeyed, not concerned in the slightest for her poor, soon to be aching butt.

“Or rather, you'll do it yourself, just to add to the humiliation.” He said, pinching her nipples, before lounging on the chair, with his palms crossed behind his head.

“Go ahead - Guide my cock to your ass, and start riding me up and down, you whore.” He said.

Even he was amazed at the level of complete obedience, as her “yes, master” arrived a split second before he felt her hand grasp his cock. Her body was trembling slightly, as she slowly pushed his dick into her virgin hole, but her eyes showed not even a smidgen of distress, or any sign of the pain coursing through her body.

She pushed herself as far down as she could, stopping only when her ass cheeks touched his balls. Then, she started moving up and down, slowly and steadily, getting into her stride.

“Fuck, that's tight.” He said, and spanked her ass.

Mercilessly, thoughtlessly, and almost maliciously, Lacy started humping him at an increasing pace, bouncing up and down, oblivious to her own pain and discomfort. In a moment of utter cruelty, he decided to tell her to go even faster, just to see how far she can push herself. He kept telling her to go faster, until her own body failed her, even though her enslaved mind wanted nothing but to obey.

It ended with her breathlessly grasping him, throwing her hands around him, shaking and shivering. He wrapped his arms around her with a smile, and after one warm moment, he proceeded to fuck her hard, on his own, destroying her ass completely.

“Thank you...master...” She said weakly, grateful for the “break” she was given, from assfucking herself.

After using her like a rag-doll for a minute, she regained her composure, and continued with the only thought she had – His last command, to fuck him as fast as possible. This time, he allowed her to stay at a possible pace, and lounged in his chair, while she mindlessly served him, riding him to the best of her ability.

He felt himself close to cumming, and decided Lacy should do more of the work. He told her to feel when he starts cumming, and aim his load to the cup, on her own. He was actually surprised at the amount she managed to catch in the cup, but her ass wasn't spared, and some of his load drizzled between her butt cheeks, and across her twat, eventually running down her inner thigh.

He stood before her, having her kiss and thank the cock that just roamed in her ass. He was definitely done with the personal part of her punishment, and instructed her to wipe her body of the cum that still remained on it. He watched her as she put her clothes back on, and decided she didn't need her panties, so he threw them away.

Lacy walked after her master, back to her reception counter, and returned to her place behind it. After sorting out his paperwork, and paying him his dues, plus all the money she happened to be carrying, he gave her some extra instructions. She soaked his orders to her very core, and repeated them to him. He told her that it was to be her real punishment, and she thanked him profusely for his benevolence.

"Here, wear this." He said, and handed her a simple gold colored ring.

"Yes, master." She said. If she was burdened by a mind, or a free will, she'd ask the meaning of it, but the empty shell that she was had no need for such inquiries.

"It will warp the minds of people in your surroundings, to comply to my instructions for you, and not cause you too much problems." He explained anyway.

"Thank you, master." She said, staring at the magical, mind warping ring.

"It will run out of power, eventually, but it should suffice for the next few months, at least." He added.

"Well, time for me to go, bitch. It was fun poking all your holes."

"Yes master. Thank you, master. I live to serve you, master." She said, and watched him leave. When he was at the door, he

told her to have one last orgasm, and exited the building while watching her quiver at her desk.

Once he left, she blinked a few times, and smiled. She had no memory of her master, and was unusually happy, for some reason. She wanted to pick up the phone, and call Laurie, her sister, but something stopped her.

“Ow!” She yelped, as she felt a sharp spank on her ass.

“Bad girl.” She heard herself say, though the words did not leave her mouth of her own volition.

She looked behind her to see who it was that smacked her so hard, and saw no one. Lacy was seething, furious by the fact someone thought they could just spank her, and get away with it, she was going to teach them quite the lesson.

At least, she wanted to, but her legs wouldn't listen to her, nor did her voice. She wanted to look around, and maybe raise her voice to call out to whoever did it, certain whoever it was went into hiding, somewhere. Her legs and voice wouldn't comply to her wishes, though. She just remained in her place behind the counter, as silent as a mouse.

After her shock and dismay subsided, she decided to just ignore it, and thought of going for her phone again, to call one of her sisters.

“Oww! Bad girl.” She said again. This time, she didn't even turn around to look who was behind her. She wanted to, but couldn't.

What's going on here?! She thought. Her body was calm and relaxed, but her mind was racing, trying to understand what was happening. She was so stressed, and yet her body remained completely detached from those feelings. Her breathing was normal, her face showed nothing but happiness, and her pussy remained slightly moist, the entire time. She wanted to call someone, and ask for help, thinking she was developing some weird and dangerous neurological disorder.

“Mff! Bad girl!” She felt another spank, and her mouth said those words, yet again.

It took her longer than one would think, but she finally realized what she was doing wrong. She did her best to avoid thinking of making personal calls, and instead obsessed on what could possibly be happening to her.

Maybe the owners found out I was making so many personal calls...

She wondered, but still she couldn't understand how they usurped her control over her own body. Her mind was racing to all sorts of increasingly absurd explanations, and yet none of them came close to what happened in reality. Somehow, she entered a state of denial, preferring not to think about it. If all it took was to never make any personal calls, anymore, than she can handle it just fine.

Everything seemed okay, until a customer came in, looking to fill up a cup. The sperm bank where Lacy worked was out of the way, so there were only a couple dozen people coming, every day. It was one of the reasons she came to work there.

“Good afternoon, sir.” She greeted him with a smile. He was middle aged, and obviously not used to having cute college coeds treat him like a person. Lacy surprised herself, too, she was never that nice to the creeps who came there. She was always hoping her attitude would make them never come again, and she'll have even more down time, to talk with her friends and family.

“Uhm....Hi.” He said “I came to...Uhm...you know....”

“Certainly, sir.” She said cheerfully “Please fill this form, first.” Lacy gave him the form, and he filled it, in silence, his face reddening like a tomato. This was obviously his first time.

He finished up and gave her the pen, and she, in turn, gave him the cup. Right before he turned to go, she lifted her shirt, and flashed her tits, with a big smile on her face. Inside, she was losing it, nearly dying of embarrassment.

What the fuck am I doing?! I can't believe I showed my breasts to this creep...

He stared at her, speechless, for a few seconds.

“Uhm...What...Why...W...” He mumbled “Why?”

He really couldn't get any more out of his mouth, as shocked as he was. Lacy was just as shocked and speechless, but her lips apparently did have something to say.

“I thought it might help you, sir, with what you were about to do.”

She said with a slutty giggle.

“W-Wow...” He said “Uhm...Thanks...”

What do you mean, thanks?! Call for help! Can't you see something is wrong?! How often do sober girls flash their boobs for you, for free?! Gah!

“Would you like me to bend over, so you can have more stuff to think about, while jerking off?” She asked him.

NO! She screamed inside.

“Uhm...Sure...” He said “D...Don't I get..umm...Magazines, in there?”

Lacy pulled her skirt up, so more of her legs will be visible, and turned around to face away from him.

“Of course, sir” She said, bending over for him “But don't you prefer an actually real hot girl, over pictures of porn stars?”

The bottom of her ass cheeks peeked from under the hem of her skirt, along with her moist pussy lips, nestled between her long legs.

“It's okay if you don't prefer me, sir. The customer is always right.” She wiggled her ass from side to side, oblivious to his gasp of amazement, as he realized she wasn't wearing panties.

“Amazing...” He said.

Amazing?! Fuck you! Well, I guess it's kind of a compliment...I can't believe this is happening.

Lacy had no idea what was going on, and all she could do was talk to herself inside her mind, unable to control her body.

After her lewd little show, he went to the small room, and she followed behind him, just far enough away so he won't notice.

What the fuck am I doing now?! She wondered.

He already had his pants and underpants down to his feet, and was sitting down on the chair, on a new seat cover, with his

throbbing hard-on in his hand, and the cup in the other.

“Holy Sh...” He said and jumped up, when Lacy opened the door.

“What the fuck are you doing?!” He demanded.

I don't know!

“Shh, I'm here to help.” She said with a soothing, seductive voice “Why use your hand to do it, when you can use my body?”

WHAT?!

“I...I can?” He asked, sitting back down, his semi nudity completely forgotten in the midst of his shock.

“Of course, sir, it's what I'm here for.” She said casually, and took her shirt off, throwing it aside.

Before he could ask another question, Lacy walked over to him, placed both her hands on his shoulders, and mounted him, spreading her legs above his manhood.

Oh no! No,no,no,no!

She thought, but her body had a mind of its own, and her hand guided his cock to tease her pussy lips, before she speared herself onto him, going all the way down with a soft moan.

“*Ohhh!*” He moaned, as Lacy started bouncing up and down on his cock, at a pleasant pace. No foreplay was needed. She was moist enough, and could focus on his pleasure, and his pleasure alone, giving him what he needed, right off the bat.

“Is this pace okay, sir?” She asked, wanting to maximize her customer's satisfaction.

“Y...Yeahhh...” He moaned, and grabbed her pert ass from behind, giving himself to the moment.

Lacy couldn't believe what she was doing. She would never do such a thing, not in a million years. She was so shocked, that even her mind was utterly speechless. She could feel everything her body was doing, and couldn't help but get a bit aroused, and wet. She was being forced by her own body to have sex, in the most demeaning, and submissive fashion, and she was failing in her struggle to not enjoy it.

He was throbbing in her cunt less than a minute later.

"I'm gonna cum! Ah!" He yelled "Get the cup." He tried to reach it, on the table, but Lacy stopped him.

"Shh, it's okay." She said, and continued riding him "Just cum whenever you like."

"But..." He tried to argue, but couldn't. It was just too good. He grunted, and started cumming in her twat.

Oh my god, no! NO!

Lacy wasn't on the pill. She wasn't in a serious relationship, and if she had an occasional one night stand, she always made sure the guy had a condom, so she thought it was a waste of money to buy birth control.

Well, she certainly lived to regret that decision. She came to a stop above him, breathing heavily, with a kind smile on her face. He was breathing just as heavily, a little delirious, and looked deep in her eyes, probably wondering if it was all a dream.

"Thank you for making a deposit, sir." She said in a kind and professional tone.

"But..." He said "I came inside of your...?"

"So?" She asked.

What do you mean, SO?!, Lacy got mad at her own rebellious mouth, I'll get pregnant by this loser!

"Wasn't I supposed to do it in the cup? Won't you get in trouble, if I get paid, and the sample isn't...You know...Uhm...Stored?" He asked.

That's your question?! Are you fucking kidding me?!

"It's okay, sir." She said "The important thing is you made a deposit. Does it really matter if you put it in a plastic cup, or my cunt?"

Of course it does! What the fuck is going on?!

Lacy was sure he'll realize something was wrong with her, or at least understand that he can't accept money for sperm that he shot in her pussy, and contact authorities preemptively. He seemed like a geek who didn't want to get in trouble.

He may have done any of those things, but Lacy wasn't aware that his own mind was clouded, and gently altered to accept what she said as normal, and sensible. Her new ring was warm on her finger, but she paid it no attention, and it made sure her new job went uninterrupted.

“I-I guess it doesn't matter.” He finally said, and sighed happily, finally calm enough to really enjoy what just happened. It's not every day a hot young woman serves him with such a pleasant demeanor. She was better mannered than most hookers.

Lacy smiled at him, and settled on his cock, patiently and politely waiting for him to tell her to get off. Inside of her own mind, she wasn't as polite, though. Lacy couldn't stop screaming obscenities at him, at herself, and most of all, at whoever it was that did this to her. She had no idea what 'this' was, but she was now trying to scream as hard as she could, within her mind, hoping it will wake her body up, and she could end this nightmare.

It didn't work, not even a little. She stayed on top of him, smiling dumbly, and waiting, as if she was nothing but a living cock socket. He saved his sperm up, since that morning, so he would quickly cum in the cup. Now, as a hot college coed just lounged atop him, with his cock in her tight snatch, a new erection wasn't late to emerge.

“Oh, sir” She giggled, as she noticed.

“Would you like to make another deposit?” She asked politely.

“Y-Yes, please.” He said, and she immediately went to work again, bouncing on him at the exact same pace as before.

“Uhm, can you go...Uhm...Faster?” He asked.

“Certainly, sir!” She said cheerfully, and picked up he pace.

He ended up making two more deposits in her wet cunt. Lacy never stopped smiling, and never stopped being both respectful, and polite towards him. When he was finally done, he got up, pulled his pants back up, and left. Lacy swiftly put her shirt back on, and returned to the counter.

She could feel his cum filling her pussy, and slowly drooling from it, along her thighs, and down to her legs. She knew that anyone who looked close enough, would see the sperm oozing from her well fucked pussy, and know exactly what she was doing.

As she settled back behind the counter, she took her phone out, and opened a new note. In it, she wrote the number '3', and put a 'V' next to it.

This can't be real... She tried telling herself.

The reality of her situation kept hitting her harder and harder, as the customers kept on coming, and every single one accepted her unique “service”, with no exception. Some of them had more confidence, and were less prone to just let her sit on their cock. They bent her over, had her ride them in a reversed cowgirl position, and some even lay her down, and pinned her to the floor.

It was only a matter of time before one of them asked whether he had to make his deposit in her pussy.

“Of course not, sir. Our bank offers much more than just vaginal deposits. Would you like to make an anal deposit? Or an oral deposit? We even offer a special 'in between tits' deposit, and you don't have to upgrade your account!”

“Hah! What a crazy bitch! Let's check on that oral deposit, for starters, but I might change my mind, before I make my deposit.” The man said, still not believing his good fortune. He definitely had more balls than most other customers, though.

“Certainly, sir. It's your sperm, and it is your choice how you'd like to deposit it.” She said, with the same respectable, formal, yet kind and warm tone.

Inside, Lacy was already numb from trying to fight it, and was actually trying her best to enjoy it.

As long as I have to cope with it, I might as well have fun. The sex isn't that bad. She thought, but it was still hard to ignore the fact most of these men were way below her league, and most of all, the fact they mostly “deposited” their load straight into her

pussy. The odds of her avoiding pregnancy were going from slim to none.

She was starting to wish for a tiny bit of control over her mouth, not in order to fight, or to get help. No, Lacy just wanted to offer more of these anal and oral deposits, herself, so as to decrease her chances of getting knocked up.

That last customer ended up cumming in her mouth once, and once in her cunt. Most of these men had enough for at least two loads, with a hot girl like Lacy properly serving them. Like with the rest of her clients, she popped her phone out, and added to the counter. It wasn't her, of course, but her body, doing it on its own.

Beside the letter 'V' she wrote fifty-nine, instead of the fifty-eight that was there before. She thought it should be sixty, since that last guy did her twice, but then her hands made a new line. She wrote the number '1', and the letter 'M' beside it.

Fuck, this isn't just a creampie counter, it's like an all round fuckhole book keeping. She realized.

One thing that terrified her more than the prospect of her getting knocked up, was the fact she was filing all those loads of cum as actual sperm donations. They called it a donation, usually, but the truth is those men were paid for their so called “donation”, and her boss was bound to realize she was giving away money for nothing, and sex for free.

How could she ever explain this? She solicited the customers to make “the deposit” in her own holes.

I won't just get fired when this is discovered, I might get arrested, and thrown in jail.

Only when she returned to her apartment, after a hard day of hard fucking, with the 'V' counter going well over the 70, she remembered the reason for her troubles. It was a stunning and astounding realization to her, as she lay in bed, trying to sleep.

How did I forget that man? With that weird silver lighter.

She was rude to him, and he fucked her, and then told her he has more punishments for her. Lacy wanted to curse at him, but somehow all she felt was utter remorse. She felt like she deserved what she got, and deserved even more. Within five minutes, she

concluded that she was a bad girl, and silently thanked her master for punishing her so thoroughly.

It was the last part of his punishment for her. She would spend the entire day being a free whore, and a living, breathing, sperm bank. Fully aware, and shocked about what she was doing.

After that, she will return home, get in bed, and remember everything that has happened. She will be resentful for a few moments, just to make her feel how she lost to him so perfectly. Then, she will become regretful, and eventually be degraded to being thankful to him, for her punishment.

Only once she honestly repented, she would be allowed to sleep.

“I'm sorry for being so rude, master.” She mumbled, and dozed off to sleep, hoping the next day of punishment will add at least another 70 to her counter of vaginal deposits.

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