

Under His Control

*A Collection
Of
Erotic Stories*

7



Will B. Gunn

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By Will B. Gunn

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

The Mission - Fate

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Chapter One – Prologue

Ten years before the shuttle launch to Mars...

Margaret was in pitch black darkness. She woke up, but her eyes remained closed. She felt disoriented, dazed, and confused.

Was she sleeping? She didn't remember going to bed....

Hung over would be a good way to describe what she felt. If she had been drinking, then she probably broke a record, since she never felt this hung over in her life. Perhaps it wasn't booze she drank. Could she have taken some more serious narcotics? No, that wasn't like her. Not at all...

She struggled to open her eyes, and stared at the dimly lit room she was in. Her vision was blurry, and unfocused. She heard voices coming from a distance, or perhaps from the very room she was in. It was so hard to tell...

"What...the..." She whispered weakly, as she tried to wipe the cobwebs from her eyes, only to realize she was strapped to a bed, tied and immobile. She didn't even attempt to fight her constraints off. Being as weak as she was, she knew it was in vain.

She blinked a few times, and with every flutter of her eyelashes, the blurriness receded, and her surroundings became clearer. As she returned to the land of the conscious, she started remembering things, though barely, and vaguely.

"Oh, yeah. That's so good." A familiar man's voice said.

"Well, what do you know. My little guinea pig is finally awake." He said. She struggled to raise her head from bed, and look at her captor.

"J-Jon...?" She said, dumbfounded.

"Oh!" She gasped, as her eyes finally focused enough to see what was going on.

Joneleth Abrahms, the top researcher in their prestigious science academy, stood before her. He was naked from the waist down. His face contorted and convulsed in pleasure, as he thrust his hips back and forth, into the head of a young, and quite naked, blonde woman.

The nude girl faced directly away from Margaret, so she couldn't recognize her. The girl seemed familiar, but Margaret was sure it couldn't be who she thought it was. Margaret had no problems guessing what the blonde's face was occupied with, especially considering the gagging sounds she often emitted.

It wasn't much of a blowjob, though. She was more like a living sex toy, being face fucked by the man before her. And judging by the rapidness of his movements, and the force of his thrusting, he was shoving his cock in her mouth as deep as he possibly could.

Truth be told, if it wasn't obvious that the blonde was real flesh and blood, Margaret would have mistaken her for a blow up doll. Her hands were straight at her side, and her knees barely touched the ground.

Even though she was being so forcefully violated, she made no efforts to struggle. No part of her body ever jerked, or instinctively pushed back. He pumped into her face, with his hands on the back of her unresponsive head, and enjoyed himself. She was giving him her head, in the most literal sense.

Margaret had so many questions for the man she thought was her friend, but before she could shout them out in an appalled, and disgusted manner, other voices drew her attention.

"Ah! Nyaa. Ah!" She heard an incoherent mass of slutty moans and giggles. On the ground, at the side of her bed, she saw two women that she definitely recognized, frolicking like a couple of lesbian bitches in heat.

The first was Caprice, a twenty year old brunette, with brown eyes, short braided hair, and gentle features. She always seemed so innocent, and untouched. Caprice was a biology major in the academy. She was an average student, which meant way above the real average, in their high standard institute.

Now, she looked more like a senseless bimbo, than a scientist, though. She had a vapid look, moist eyes, and her tongue dangled from her mouth whenever she stopped licking and sucking her partner's tits, tongue, and clit. Her partner was a redheaded nineteen years old, with firm, perky tits, and hazel eyes.

Casey was her name, if Margaret recalled correctly. She studied geology, which meant Margaret barely ever saw her, or taught her classes. Casey always had a stern, fiery look, that made it seem like she's trying to vaporize you. Not anymore,

though. Now, she had the same vapidness to her, as she moaned and giggled, while playing with the sweet Caprice. There wasn't a shred of intelligence between the two fuck bunnies, that much was obvious.

*"Mmm! *Kiss* Ah!"* Casey squealed, and flipped Caprice over, to ravage her pussy once more. The two seemed trapped in an endless web of lust.

"Well," Margaret heard Jon say "Now that you're awake, it's time to start the experiment." He pulled the blonde's head away from him, and shoved her aside.

"Go help Dana prepare the process, bitch." He told her.

"Yes master." She said with a rigid and mindless monotone, stood up, and moved towards the control panels. Margaret only now noticed the control panels, and the naked woman standing before them, flipping switches, and adjusting dials. Now that she recognized the blonde, as well, her entire body trembled with goose bumps.

The discarded cock sucker was Denise, who was at the top of her physics class. She was one of Margaret's top students, and she greatly respected her. Denise was about to complete her first degree, with the greatest honors, actually. Margaret had so many vibrant discussions with her, and her current demeanor was light years apart from her usual attitude.

Her eyes were empty, and her expression blank. She moved in a rigid manner, completely oblivious to her full nakedness. Dana, the woman managing the controls, had dark hair, and light blue eyes. She was the youngest teacher at the academy, and mainly taught the basic math classes. Dana always looked up to Margaret, and saw her as a mentor. Margaret liked her...

None of her former ambition seemed to exist anymore. Like Denise, Dana was a blank slate. Unresponsive, unthinking, docile, and obedient.

"Status report, Dana." Dr. Abrahms said.

"Calibration is eighty-two percent complete, master." She said with a mindless drone.

“Great. Denise, prepare the subject.” He commanded.

“Yes, master.” Denise said, and walked purposefully towards Margaret.

“J...Jon?” Margaret said, finally finding her voice again “What's going on? What are you doing? Why are you doing this?”

Dr. Abrahms smiled, and glared at her.

“It's just an honest experiment, Margy.” He said, using the old pet name he had for her.

“You see,” He continued “I've been working on this project for quite a while, trying to develop a way to usurp the free will of individuals, mainly women.” He said plainly, as if it was no big deal.

“What...?” She said, shocked.

“Well, of course achieving just that wouldn't be enough. I attempted to perfect the brainwashing process, to make the subject perfectly willing and obedient. It turns out that completely altering someone into a servile, submissive slave isn't as easy as it sounds.”

As he spoke, he walked towards Caprice and Casey, still frolicking on the ground.

“Thing is, my initial attempts only showed partial success.” He drummed his belly twice, to get their attention. Both girls suddenly lifted their heads, and like a pair of hungry puppies, jumped to their knees, and started licking and kissing his cock, panting like dogs.

Margaret was so enraptured, and shocked, that she didn't notice Denise standing atop her, until she fastened a crude metallic helmet on her head.

“What is that?!” She asked as Denise secured the helmet to her head, with a strap on her chin.

“It's the device that will brainwash you...Ahhh...Good bitches.” Dr. Abrahms said, closing his eyes, and enjoying the enthusiastic service the two silly bitches gave him.

“Don't you worry, Margy. I wouldn't have brought you here if I wasn't almost entirely certain of my success.” He said.

“After all, I wouldn't want you to turn out like my previous failed attempts.” He looked at the two over heated young women on their knees before him, as they lashed their eager tongues all over his erect shaft.

“I'll explain.” He said, purposefully misreading Margaret's look of terror for an inquisitive glare.

“At first, my process achieved the appropriate devotion, and obedience, but it stripped the subjects of most of the mental capabilities most humans take for granted. These two, for example.”

He patted Caprice gently, as she licked his cock.

“They've lost the ability to speak, and nearly all ability to perceive speech. Not only that, but they have seemingly lost the ability to re-learn all they have lost. For all intents and purposes, they are as intelligent as a lowly animal, and that simply will not do, for my future plans.”

“F--Future plans?” Margaret asked with a trembling voice.

“Yes.” He said with a smile “So, I set out to adjust my calculations, based on what I've learned from my failure with them. Unfortunately, I over corrected.”

He spanked Denise's ass as she walked by him. She made no move to respond, or acknowledge his action.

“These two,” He said, pointing to Denise and Dana “They retained all of their cerebral faculties, to be sure, making them capable of handling my lab equipment, and being my assistants.”

He shoved the two kneeling bitches away, and they continued playing on the ground, like the pets they were.

Then, he grabbed Denise, who finished her part of preparing Margaret, bent her over, and rammed into her, hard. She didn't struggle, or respond. She didn't even moan.

“Move your own ass back and forth for me, Denise. I feel lazy.” He told her.

“Yes master.” She said with the same monotonous drone, and started mindlessly moving her body back and forth, fucking her master at a steady pace.

“The problem, as you can see, is that they became a little too mindless. They're practically inanimate dolls unless I tell them to do something. Perfectly obedient, sure, but I need something more than just a tight pussy to fuck. I think that's understandable, don't you?”

He continued speaking, his speech interrupted only by the giggles coming from the slobbering bitches on the floor, and the smacking sounds of Denise's ass hitting his crotch.

“Not to mention, I can't really hide these failed experiments in plain sight. I had to arrange for them to vanish. I still need to iron those plans out, though. Hmph, perhaps you could help, Margaret.” He said, and started thrusting into Denise on his own.

“I...” Margaret was speechless, and terrified.

“Why...” She said, her voice choked out by tears “Why would you do it, Jon? Th...This can't still be because I left you, right?”

She couldn't believe her former lover would do this. But, the evidence spoke for themselves, and Margaret saw no way to escape, other than appeal to their past relationship.

“Don't be ridiculous, Margaret.” He said with a chuckle, stopping his movements and allowing Denise to work alone on his hard-on.

“That was twenty years ago, when you broke up with me. Yes, I was devastated to hear you say there's another man, and that I've been too preoccupied with work, but I'm way over it.” He said, but his voice reeked with sarcasm, and some rage.

“This is science.” He said, ramming into Denise harder.

“Not just science. I'm going to make the world better. Funny thing, I've decided on this course of action about a week after we broke up.”

“I realized, in my sorrow, just how fucked up the world has become. The fact that women can have such a strong grasp on men's hearts, and lives. If it managed to cripple a genius like me, just think what it would do to a normal person. Be it a plumber, or a world leader.” He increased his pace even more.

“I mean, think about it!” He said, sounding a bit deranged “If men could just get anything they wanted from women, without having to go through impressing them, keeping them interested, and appeasing their whims. How many wars would be avoided? Think of how productivity would grow, once men got rid of all those distractions, and pent up stress!”

“I decided there, and then, that this is the world I will strive to create. A better place for all men. Sure, it would involve the complete surrender and enslavement of all women, but hey, that's the price you must pay, to reach utopia, after all!”

He smacked Denise's ass hard.

“Faster bitch!” He shouted.

“Yes master.” Her mindless response came, as she obeyed and picked up the pace of her movements.

“You're crazy!” Margaret said, her voice coarse. She looked at the poor girls, who's lives were destroyed forever, by their insane professor's crazy whims.

“You'll never get away with this.”

“Such a cliché thing to say, Margy! Hrrm!” He said, as he enjoyed the tight young pussy at his disposal.

“I'm by far the smartest man alive today. Who would presume to stop me, huh?! Your new lover boy?!”

Jealous venom seethed from him.

“George has been my husband for twelve years! I love him! We have two kids, you pathetic sack of...of...Gah!” She said desperately.

“You know what, I think this has everything to do with me breaking up with you! You couldn't find anyone else to love you, right?! You weirdo!”

“I broke your little heart, and now you built a fantasy world for yourself! Do you really think you'll get away with this?! There's no way you can hide this! People will look for me, and these young women! If you let me go...”

“I will not, Margy.” He interrupted, and stated plainly “No matter what you say, especially if you keep calling me pathetic.

You know I'm a determined guy. Once I decide I want something, I will have it."

"You never had me." She spat at him with an acidic tone.

"You never even had a chance. You loathsome, pathetic little bastard. I never would've stayed with you, even if you were the last man on earth, and no amount of brainwashing will change that!"

It was obvious she was getting to him. He grabbed Denise's long blonde mane, pulled hard, and cruelly pumped into her, releasing all his aggressions on the poor, blank sex slave. He wouldn't even look at Margaret's direction anymore.

"The preparations are complete, master." Dana suddenly said, making Margaret yelp in fear.

"Good. Let's shut this damn bitch up, then, shall we?" He said wickedly, and threw Denise to the floor, where she remained on her hands and knees, with her ass pointed upwards.

"Begin the process." He commanded.

"Yes master."

"Please, don't!" Margaret resorted to begging.

"Please, I'll do anything! Just...J..." She suddenly felt a sharp pain, deep within her head, rendering her mute.

"Aaaagh..." She tried to speak, but couldn't. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head, and her tongue lulled out. She was already gone.

"Yes, you will do anything, and everything." Dr. Abrahms smiled, and looked at Denise's bent over ass.

"Now, where was I? Ohh, yes." He said, chuckled a bit, and went to his knees behind Denise, ready to pound her again.

Margaret woke up to the sound of her master fucking his young sex slaves. She opened her eyes, and saw Denise, Caprice, and Casey on their hands and knees, in a row, shaking their asses, and inviting him in. Denise moved her ass in a steady pace, mindless and automated. Caprice was much more vibrant, though it took a while for him to explain to the dim witted bitch what he wanted her to do.

Casey was currently receiving her master's cock in her tight twat, so she was mostly busy moaning, and drooling on the floor as she was fucked.

Margaret could do nothing more than smile, seeing her one and only, the center of her existence, her master, enjoy himself so much. She remembered what she told him before her brainwashing, and wanted nothing more than to apologize. She figured a worthless slave like her should bite her tongue, until given permission, though.

"It's done, master." Dana said, from behind the control desk.

"Oh, is it? Yes, I see." he said, noticing Margaret was wide awake.

"How do you feel, Margy?" He asked.

"Fantastic, master." She said with a song in her voice "Thank you so much for enslaving me to your will. I exist for your happiness."

His eyes popped, and a wide grin formed on his face. He spanked Casey, and pulled out of her.

"Stand up, Denise. And be ready to grab her, just in case the bitch is faking it."

Margaret understood her master's concerns.

"I hope to gain your trust soon, master. I'm so sorry for my previous behavior..." She said.

"Well, that seemed quite sincere." He said, as he released Margaret from her bondage.

"Which bodes well for me, and especially for the success of this experiment. Tell me, what will you do to apologize to me?" He asked.

"Whatever you please, master." She said.

"I'm well aware of that, bitch. I'm asking you to think of a way, on your own." He said.

"Oh!" She said, as her master's intention dawned on her "I understand, master!"

“Well,” she said, thinking a bit “First of all, I guess I shouldn't be wearing all of these ridiculous clothes. They are obstructing your view of my hot body, that you own, and are way too respectable for a worthless piece of property like me.”

“Nice one.” He said

In a matter of second, the hot, big boobed middle aged woman knelt naked before him, obviously trying to think of proper ways to apologize.

“I'm sorry, master, but I can think of nothing better to do, than to take my proper place as your helpless little fuck toy.”

She said, crawled next to Caprice, and took Denise's spot in their row of slaves, shaking her ass sideways seductively.

“Oh, that's a fine start.” He said, walking towards her, and patting her head.

“Tell me, what did you mean when you said you understood?” He asked her.

“It would be arrogant of me to presume to understand you, master. But, I think you wanted to make sure I've retained my former mental faculties, and intelligence, since I obviously wasn't rendered catatonic and mindless by the process.” She said with a warm smile.

“Perfect.” He said “It worked perfectly!”

“I still have one more test for you. I want you to call your husband, and tell him you'll be late, and that you'll make it up to him by taking him out to dinner. You need to do that while I'm fucking you doggy style, and you have to make sure to sound normal, and not raise suspicion.”

“Of course, master. Thank you, master.”

“Do you understand why? If so, tell me.” He said

“If he knew I was nothing but your obedient sex toy, it might cause you problems with the authorities. Until you can make the world see things your way, you must work in the shadows.”

“That's perfect, slut!” He said, knelt behind her, spanked her, and handed her cell phone to her.

“Hey, honey, listen...Ah!” She said, just as Dr. Abrahms rammed into her.

“Oh, I just got a...*Whimper*...A little paper cut, that's all.”

“Yes, I'm fine. Don't worry. Listen, I'll be a bit late today. I just got a bunch of surprise applications for next semester, and I have to give them an initial vetting, before sending them to the acceptance committee.” She said, only barely talking properly, as her master banged her.

“I'll make it up to you by taking you to dinner tonight, alright?” She said, following her master's orders to the letter.

A few minutes of banter later, she finished the call, and began moaning and shaking her ass back and forth with no shame, eager to please her master.

“That was great, Margy.” He said, but pulled out of her, and stood up.

“*Ohhh!*” She whined “Have I displeased you, master?”

“On the contrary, bitch.” He said, and towered over her, letting her kiss the tip of his erection.

“I decided to do something I've always wanted to do with you, when we were dating. You always refused, but you are in no position to refuse now, are you?” He told her.

“No, master. I can never refuse you. I am your docile slave.”

“Well, start then. The thing I always wanted to do with the most impressive part of your hot body, but you never wanted to try it. You remember, right?” He asked.

“Of course, master.” She said, grabbed her massive fun bags, lathered her master's cock with saliva, and wrapped it with her tits.

“Oh, yeah, that's right, bitch!” He said, as he pumped into her voluptuous jugs.

“Did you ever do this with your husband, slut?” He asked her.

“No, master. I told him I didn't like it, and found it degrading, so he never asked again.” She said, and licked her master's tip, as it emerged from between her boobs.

“What a foolish gentleman! When I want something, I take it! And you give it to me, right, bitch?”

“Happily, master!” She said, feeling a throbbing cock between her boobs for the first time since her late teen years.

She felt his cock throb, and knew he was close to cumming. Margaret was so proud that her master chose to cum using her. After all, he had four beautiful young women, in the prime of their sexuality, right there at his disposal.

“Ohh yeah, I'm gonna cum, bitch!” He moaned, grabbed his cock, and started spraying her big tits with his load.

“Ahh! Thank you so much, master!” She said, and moved her tits up, to help him aim.

Once he was done, she licked his cock clean, and continued to suck it slowly. He immediately sported a soft erection.

“Now, I have one last test for you, slave.” He said, and she looked at him with pleading eyes, and an eagerness to please.

“I want to make sure your obedience is absolute, and that there's nothing you won't do.”

“Anything you wish, master.”

“Good girl,” He patted her head “Now listen carefully. These are the most important instructions in your life...”

He said, and she listened intently.

Chapter Two – Dr. Abrahms

Dr. Joneleth Abrahms rammed into the eighteen years old Capri, threw his head back, and blew his load into her enslaved tight cunt.

“*Ahhhh!*” He moaned, as he emptied his balls into her. Once he was done, he sat back in his chair, and looked at the cum pouring out of her wet, tight fuck hole. For some reason, he felt very nostalgic, remembering his first imperfect slaves, and his first truly perfect one, Margaret.

“Hmm, it has already been ten years. I've improved on that first hellish contraption so much, since then.” He silently told himself.

“What did you say, master?” Claire, Capri's mother, asked, still occupying her own enslaved pussy with the corner of his desk.

“Just remembering my first slaves. I already disposed of most of them, since they were not as...interactive...as you and your lovely daughter. I still have one of them cleaning my home, though. She used to be a physics major, at the top of her class. You know, before I made her into my mindless fuck doll.”

“I'm sure she is much more fulfilled as your toy, than she would've been doing anything else.” Claire said honestly.

“Master, may I ask why you were thinking about your already discarded slaves? Was I not enjoyable enough?”

Capri asked, her master's load still dripping from her well used pussy.

“Oh, you were plenty enjoyable, bitch. And as for why I got this nostalgic urge, that is none of your business.” He said.

“Of course, master. Please, punish me for my impudence in any way you wish.” She said, and wiggled her ass.

“No need for punishments. Just clean the cum off the floor with your tongue.” He commanded.

“As you wish, master.” The slender teen said, got on her hands and knees, and started lapping his cum hungrily.

Michelle, his busty blonde secretary and assistant, walked in, as he watched Capri gobble his cum up.

“Master, Kelly Williams is getting impatient. She asked to tell you she must speak with her sister as soon as possible.”

Dr. Abrahms sighed.

“Well, okay, let's do this. Capri and Claire, get under my desk, and be quiet until I say otherwise. Michelle, go get her.”

He said, and put his clothes back on.

“You know what? I think I'll use my visual inducer, this time. After myself and Kelly leave, get dressed and follow us. I'll need

your help to subdue her in case it fails.” He told the mother and daughter duo, who already knelt silently under his desk. They nodded in approval, keeping quiet as they were told.

Kelly walked in. Unlike her sister, Kelly had light blue eyes, and a much softer appearance. She looked like an innocent little bunny, slender and gentle. Dr. Abrahms knew looks can be deceiving, however, especially at that age.

“How soon can I speak with my sister?” The eighteen years old asked, without as much as a 'how do you do'.

“Well, that was abrupt.” Dr. Abrahms said “And rather impolite.”

She realized he was right, gulped, and attempted to make amends.

“Sorry, sir.” She said “I'm just very anxious to speak with my sister. I'm aware you're a very busy man, and...”

“Nonsense!” He said, smiling, and chuckling a bit “I'm playing with you! I know it must be hard for you, with your sister taking this trip she may never return from.” He said, and watched her pupils expand, as the notion of her sister never returning hit her hard.

“I'm messing with you! Come on, I'll take you to the monitor where you can have direct access to her.”

She just gave me the perfect excuse to use the very method I wanted to try on her. Talk about dumb luck. He thought to himself.

She stared at him from the corner of her eye as they walked side by side.

“I have to say, you're much more easy going than I thought you would be, based on what I've heard.”

“Hah!” He laughed “I just successfully sent two astronauts on the first manned mission to Mars. I'm allowed to blow a little steam, aren't I?”

“Oh sure, I guess. I mean, of course you can. I just wish I could.” She said nervously.

“Oh, I'm sure your worries will subside, once you see your sister is alive and well.” He told her.

Well, they'll certainly subside once you undergo my special treatment, hehe.

“It's really too bad that I get the reputation of a serious hard ass, just because I'm focused on my goals.” He said “Well, in here, if you will.”

He led her to a small lab he kept for his own. It didn't have much in it, at the moment, other than a big screen, with a control panel attached to it.”

“Wait a minute while I turn this little gizmo on, okay?” He said.

“This is it? That's what we'll use to speak with them?” The gorgeous dark haired teen asked.

“For now. I could hardly expect you'd want to speak with Karin this early, now could I?”

“I guess not...”

“What's the rush, by the way?” He asked, truly curious.

“There's something I have to tell her.” She said, looking down in embarrassment, or shame - He couldn't tell.

“Something I really wanted to tell her before the launch.”

“Why didn't you?” He asked, preparing his special device.

“Have you met Karin? She barely spoke with me. Always had better things to do.” She said.

Oh, I've met your sister. Quite intimately!, He thought wickedly, And soon, I'll be meeting you to, you sexy little slut!

“Oh yes, she's quite a go getter, your sister.” He said, smiling a knowing smile to himself.

“What did you want to tell her? If it's not too private.” He asked.

“It is.” She blatantly said “And I'll appreciate it if you left me alone with her, once you're done setting this up.”

Hmph, I'll find out, one way or another. Bitch...

“Okay, it's ready. Just look at the screen, Kelly.” He told her.

“Okay, then.” She stared at the screen, just like he wanted her to.

“What is...wha'...” She mumbled, as the screen showed a rainbow colored pattern that burrowed into her mind, instead of her sister's face.

“Shh, just relax, baby.” Dr. Abrahms said, and patted her ass gently. Her pupils shook slightly as she felt his hand, but she was unable to talk, or move, and her eyes fixated on the pattern again.

The door opened, and Capri and Claire walked in. Claire shut the door, and locked it behind them, and they both undressed, and knelt before him.

“Will you use us to warm up before enjoying Kelly, master?” Capri asked, looking up at him with a broad smile.

“I don't see why not, slut.” He said, and purposefully shoved his crotch on Capri's face. She started licking and kissing the bulge in his pants, always making sure to look up at him with her wide, mesmerized eyes.

“I'll give her about fifteen minutes in front of the screen, just to be sure.” He said.

“Eeehh...” Small, quiet whimpering sounds came from Kelly's mouth, as she desperately tried to speak. She was caught in an inescapable web, unable to call for help, and unable to look away.

“Oh, poor girl.” Dr. Abrahms said, as he pushed his tip into Capri's mouth, feigning care “She doesn't understand, yet, but she can't even bring herself to ask.”

“She doesn't have to ask, master.” Claire said, looking at her daughter being face fucked with jealous eyes.

“The answer will come on its own. Soon.”

“Heh, but I won't! So move that tongue more, bitch! Or I'll fuck Claire's face instead.” He said, and Capri immediately started twirling her tongue like a hurricane.

“uhhhh...” Another silent whimper from the helplessly fixated young woman.

“Oh, I can't take it. Capri,” He pulled her off of his cock fiercely “Go calm her down. Tell her what you know to be true, while I fuck your mom's impressive tits.”

“Yes master.” Capri said, smiled, and got up to stand next to Kelly, who was starting to drool on the floor, in her compliant, receptive state.

“I'm so honored that my tits impress you, master.” Claire said, as she hugged her master's cock the only way she knew how.

“Oh, I'll never get bored of this!” He said, grabbed her by the shoulders, and started pumping.

“Well, never is a big word, but I'll definitely enjoy you for a while before I throw you away!”

“Your words give me meaning, master! Thank you so much!”

“Don't worry, Kelly.” Capri told her friend “I'm sure you're starting to see it, right? How perfect it would be to live your life to please our master. Together.” Capri kissed Kelly on the cheek, and spanked her ass when she realized touching the programmed girl may be against her master's wishes.

“I'm sorry, master. May I touch her, or will that interfere with the brainwashing? I'm so sorry, I kissed her! I wasn't thinking...”

“Heh, silly bitch.” He mocked her, making her so happy “As long as you make sure her eyes are on the prize, which is the screen, in this case.”

His words were somewhat muffled by Claire's moans, as he cruelly pinched her nipple.

“Oh, okay. *Giggle* Thanks, master.” Capri said, and licked Kelly's cheek.

“You will see how fun it is to be eternally devoted to men, Kelly. You'll let master grab your ass, free of charge, not like those bar patrons.”

Capri gently rubbed Kelly's ass as she spoke, and pinched one of her ass-cheeks.

“You are master's toy, like all the rest of us cunts.” She whispered in her ear, and a small smile formed on Kelly's face, even though her eyes still showed some distress, along with glassy haziness.

“Oh, I can see how happy that makes the real you, Kelly.” Capri said, and snuggled her best friend.

“Soon, that fake bitch who blackmailed clients for simple grab-ass will be all gone.”

Dr. Abrahms pumped into Claire's massive boobs, entertaining the notion of squirting his load on her face, once he was done. He looked over to his teen hotties, and decided on a different path.

“Time to see just how much she can take without breaking the trance.” He said.

The TV was meant to immobilize, and mute the victim in a way that will render physical bonds unnecessary.

“If I succeeded, than there should be nothing that will snap her out of it, until her education is complete.” he said as he fucked Claire's fun-bags.

“Capri, I want to try Kelly out before her training completes. Prepare her pussy for me.”

“Ohh master.” Capri said, seeming worried “I've never done that to another woman before, master, because I was never into girls”

He raised an eyebrow.

“Is that a problem? I gave you a direct order.”

“Oh, I know, master! Of course it's not a problem. I exist to obey your every whim!” She said, pinching her nipples hard, as punishment.

“I'm just not sure I can do it properly, master, that's all. This slave will be devastated if she fails you.”

“You worthless whore.” He said, and smirked as his slave smiled instantly as she heard the verbal abuse.

“You have a cunt, just like her. Just do to her pussy what would make you all wet and ready for my cock. It's simple.”

“But, I'm always wet and ready for your cock, master.” She said, just as she knelt before Kelly, removed her pants, and kissed her panties.

“Kelly is still not fully trained, bitch. She needs your help to be ready for me.”

“Oh,” Capri beamed “I'm so honored, master.” She said, as she removed Kelly's panties, revealing her tight pussy.

“I'll do my best, master. Thank you, master.” Capri said, and buried her face in Kelly's ass, tonguing her cunt. Kelly's body jumped forward, and her head jerked slightly upwards, but her eyes remained fixated on the screen, and soon her body relaxed, and gave in to the service Capri gave it.

Kelly began wiggling her hips, in a slow monotone, as a mindless response to the tongue tingling in her pussy. Dr. Abrahms, on his part, fucked Claire's mouth, while reaching down to fondle her well fucked tits.

He watched Capri lick and kiss Kelly's wet cunt, occasionally moving her head to give him a nice view of Kelly's honeypot, and then extending her well trained tongue over to lick the shiny, moist pussy lips once more.

Seeing Capri's tongue flick the young tight pussy like that was the last straw for Dr. Abrahms. He pushed Claire's head back, and shoved her aside.

“Move.” He said as he reached Kelly and Capri, grasped Capri by the hair, and tossed her aside. In spite of his dismissive treatment of her, Capri smiled, and looked on as her master prepared to use the cunt she worked so hard to prepare.

He rested his cock on her pert ass, and explored her body with his hands, while she continued to stare forward blankly, soaking his programming into the core of her being. He moved his right hand on her thigh, as he kissed her neck, and then stared at her reflection on the TV screen. At this point, she was the only one seeing the colors it was emitting. To him, the TV appeared to be off, but he knew better.

“Mindless is a great look for you” He said, and started fondling her tits with his other hand. Feeling his arousal rise, he reached over to her flimsy blouse with his other hand, and ripped it off, revealing her perky, firm tits, resting within her black laced bra.

He slipped one hand beneath that last piece of fabric she had on, fondled her tits, and pinched her hardened nipples, as he

guided his erect rod into her receptive, tight hole.

Kelly was so far into her programming, that her face barely showed an inkling of a reaction as he shoved himself into her. Kissing her shoulder and fondling her tits, he started humping her in an upright standing position, at a steady, luxurious pace.

Her first real reaction came after barely a couple of pumps. A smile so sweet, it could attract bees.

Seeing that, Dr. Abrahms knew another of his inventions was a complete success, and he was set to reap his reward, for a job well done.

Chapter Three - Kelly

Kelly felt Dr. Abrahms' cock sliding in and out of her pussy. Or rather, she felt it going in and out of...Someone's pussy. She was so confused. All her senses told her that her body stood naked in a room, staring at that colorful screen, while being fondled and fucked by the man who brought her there.

Her ears heard him whisper in her ear, just like she heard Capri's whispers earlier. Telling her of her new life, and her new purpose. After that, she heard him order Capri to go down on her, and from what she felt right after, Capri did as he commanded her.

She could not see anything other than the dancing colors on the screen. But from the little she managed to hear, a peculiar picture formed in her head. Could Claire have given him a tit-fuck? Or suck his cock?

She was so confused...

Her confusion grew as she heard her blouse tearing, and felt manly hands grope her breasts with fervor, before feeling a hard throbbing cock in her thoroughly licked pussy. She wanted to close her eyes, to try and escape this weird nightmare, but couldn't. She had no control of her body, and she felt her control over her mind slipping.

“What's going on?” She asked within the yawning chasm that was her feeble mind. Her voice was small, and sounded detached, but it was her, nonetheless.

“Master is using my pussy. I am glad.” A happy voice boomed, stronger and more profound than her own thoughts ever were. It sounded just like her, but the words made no sense at all. Regardless, her empty mind was easily filled by that loud voice, and its echoes kept her silent for what felt like an eternity.

She felt Dr. Abrahms spank her ass, and tell her she likes it.

“I never liked being spanked. I don't like giving too much control to the man. Besides, it kinda hurts.” She thought, and

wanted to tell him, but the words could not connect to her drooling lips.

“Oh, that's ridiculous.” She heard her stronger voice say “It's not like I have any control to give. My master has full control and ownership of my body, my mind, and my soul.”

“No!” She tried to shout, only it was but a weak whisper, even within her own mind.

“Yes.” The other Kelly said, plainly and calmly. She did not need to raise her voice to be the more prominent voice in Kelly's mind.

“W-What's going on?” Kelly said again, weaker than before.

“I'm getting really tired of this fake voice in my head.” The strong voice bellowed.

“When will this fake me, who keeps trying to convince me of my freedom and liberty and such nonsense just die off already!”

“Oh, master. I so hope it will be soon, so I could declare my undying devotion to you, and thank you for getting rid of my false self.”

“No...” The real Kelly mumbled “You're the fake one. I'm Kelly. I'm...” her voice faded away.

“My mind is trying to play tricks on me, but it won't work. My master will make sure I know my purpose, from now on.”

“No...That's not true...I'm an independent woman in the twenty-first century, I'm...” The real Kelly said, though she was starting to doubt if she really was the real one.

“Maybe I really was just born to please him...? Could it all have been for this? My life, my friends, my family? Could that all be a dream that my rebellious side concocted, to deny my mas...my...my master?”

Kelly felt herself slip away into nothingness, as Dr. Abrahms continued to pump into her, and touch her in ways even her former boyfriends never did.

“Oh, good. I don't hear her anymore.” The stronger voice said, and Kelly felt herself lying down in a deserted spot within her mind, waiting for the end.

“I can finally tell my master I am his to own.”

“His to own...?” Kelly mumbled, but even inside her own mind, it was as if only her lips moved, and no voice emerged.

As she felt herself giving up, Kelly remembered her life. Every memory was colored by the new emotions she felt from her new self, and guided by her devotion to her master. It was just too strong to ignore, and it engulfed her like shadows in the night.

She remembered her parents, and her grandfather. She remembered her first love, and how he broke her heart. She remembered attending her sister's graduation, from high school, and then college. She remembered how proud she was. She remembered her own graduation, that her sister failed to attend, because of the mission to Mars. She remembered what her mother used to say about embarking on a long journey.

“K...Karin....No!...” She heard herself say. Her voice was still weak, but audible within her own mind.

“No. I am not just someone's slave. That's utterly ridiculous.” She was suddenly lucid enough to understand what happened.

“It's the screen. It's Dr. Abrahms. Oh my god! What if he tried this on Karin...No, there's no chance. She's too strong for this to work on her.”

“It worked on Capri and Claire, though.” She suddenly realized.

“Listen up!” She said loudly, knowing the inner voice trying to take over her mind would hear her.

“I'm the real one! I'm Kelly Williams, a waitress about to go to college. My sister is Karin Williams, the youngest astronaut in history, and a genius. I love going out to clubs, and dancing. I love reality TV, especially ones that involve singing, and I love drinking beer and eating pizza! And...” She took a deep breath.

“*I DON'T HAVE A MASTER! I AM MY OWN WOMAN!*” She bellowed, and it actually echoed a bit, within her vacuous mind.

It felt like shouting for water within an endless desert, though. She waited for a response from the fake her, but that didn't arrive.

“Is she ignoring me? Did I win? Is she gone?” She wondered.

“Master, this worthless fuck toy is ready for your use. Thank you so much for showing me the light, master.” Kelly heard her own voice say, but it wasn't within her own mind. No, this was her actual physical voice. She felt her lips move, and heard the words come out of her mouth, but it wasn't her.

“Heh, I've been using you for a couple of minutes now, but it's good to know that the process is finally complete. I'm going to have to shorten it.” He paused for a second, probably thinking of ways to do so, and then turned the colors on the TV off, and continued fucking Kelly doggy style.

With the TV off, Kelly could finally see more of her surroundings, but not as much as she would've wanted. Before her, mirrored on the TV, was a view that seemed grotesque to her. It was her reflection, she knew, but she tried to deny it as much as she could.

The Kelly mirrored on the TV looked like a whore. Complete with a slutty smile, and eyes filled with nothing but gratitude. It was shameful. She looked as if fucking her was the greatest favor Dr. Abrahms could give her. She tried to resist, and fight him off, but her attempts to command her body didn't even register on her face, let alone the rest of her body.

Behind him, in the reflection, she saw Capri and Claire, kneeling topless by the door. Claire was busy sucking her own nipples, and Capri rubbed her pussy feverishly. He squeezed her tits, and spanked her hard. Her instinctive reaction to such treatment was to throw him off of her, slap him, and chase him away.

Her body had a different response, though. Her body welcomed the spank with an ever tightening pussy, and out of her mouth came words of truly pathetic, worm like subservience.

“Thank you, master. Thank you for using me for your fun.” She heard herself say, with the demeanor of a well fucked bimbo.

“Okay, on your knees. It's high time you show me what that mouth is for.” He said, pulled out of her, and pushed her to her knees. Kelly felt all of it, but couldn't tell her body to resist.

“Thank you, master.” She said, and then felt her lips kiss his cock more passionately than she ever kissed a man.

“I'm so happy master allows me to suck his cock.”

For the first time since her inner outburst, Kelly heard the stronger, fake her, within her own mind.

“No!” She tried again “I'm not happy! It's gross!” She said, as she felt her tongue twine around his shaft, and her head bobbing back and forth on his cock.

There was no response. Kelly felt his hands on the back of her head, and then felt herself gag as he pushed his cock deeper than she thought possible. Her throat hurt and she gagged, but her body accepted his cock with what could only be called happiness.

She looked up at him, and saw how pleased he was. She was reviled, but she sensed the false Kelly felt warmth and love towards him, and it was obvious she was in control.

“Must keep my eyes on master, to show him my submission, obedience and adoration.” Kelly heard that booming voice say.

“No! Stop ignoring me! I know you can hear me!” Kelly cried desperately, within her mind.

That was when Kelly realized...

Her new self wasn't ignoring her, she truly couldn't hear her, anymore. Kelly remembered the fake her waiting for her demise, so she could notify Dr. Abrahms of his absolute dominion over her. Kelly realized at that moment, that the other Kelly in her mind stopped hearing her when she told him she was ready.

That thought filled Kelly with renewed despair. She was naught but an apparition within her own mind. Even the invader Kelly, who was now the ruler, couldn't hear her or sense her in any way. She had no control over her body, from emotions to actions, it was all dictated by the new Kelly.

Kelly was a spectator inside her own body. She could feel and sense everything, but had no way to move, or react. She felt so small and insignificant, and saw no way to escape.

“Did this happen to Claire and Capri?” She found herself asking.

“Are they trapped in their bodies as well? Ruled by a new self that has completely new priorities?”

“Ohh yeah!” Dr. Abrahms groaned “I'm gonna cum, bitch!”

“Oh, wow!” The new Kelly thought “Master is going to grace me with his cum! I'm so happy to be his toy...”

Against the real Kelly's insignificant wishes, her tongue circled his cock faster, in anticipation for his load.

With a loud moan, he shoved his cock hard into her face, and she felt his cum shoot down her throat. Thick short spurts of semen streamed into her open mouth, and she guzzled it down, and felt the new Kelly's euphoria. Kelly wanted to give up, but didn't know if she can, anymore. She wanted to disappear.

What life is this? A prisoner within a sex slave, submitting to the roughest sexual treatment, and never allowed to follow her own will.

She started feeling herself fading away once more, this time for good, but something pulled her back. Something the man who just popped his cock out of her mouth said.

“Now, what was it you just had to tell your whore of a sister?” He asked her. Well, he asked the new Kelly, actually.

“Something our mom told me to tell someone I love who goes on a trip. She said that...” She heard herself start, but he interrupted her by shoving his semi-flaccid cock back in her mouth.

“Oh, please. That won't interest me at all. I thought you had something important to tell her.” He said, completely dissing Kelly's heart felt notion.

“I feel I can cum again, so do try your best to milk me clean, cunt.” He told her.

“Yeth, mathster.” Her new self said, and went to work on his cock, again.

The old Kelly didn't fade away, and her thoughts were distracted from the cock in her mouth, since she focused on other things.

“I can't let him do this to Karin!” She declared, with no one to hear but herself, and hardly even that.

“Is it possible he already did? No, Kelly, you can't think that! I have to be strong. I have to find a way to fight this before Karin returns to Earth. I must be strong for her...”

Kelly decided, and though her situation seemed hopeless, and she saw no way to fight within a body and a mind that has completely rejected her, that endless devotion to her twin sister kept the tiny flame of her consciousness alight, even though she realized she might never be able to fight his control off.

“Will he make me help him take my sister?” She wondered with fear.

There was a knock on the door, and the voice asking entrance belonged to a woman called Michelle. A blonde woman walked in. She saw the three women in the room were on their knees, so she knelt before Dr. Abrahms as well.

“Ms. Wilkins is here to see you, master.” She said.

“Who?” He asked, patting Capri's head as Kelly sucked him off.

“She said she's from the department of education.” The blonde answered.

“Oh, of course!” He said, rubbing his head, as if he was reminded of something important.

“Hurry up and make me cum, Kelly, this meeting is quite important, for my future plans, and the future of the world.” He said, and chuckled heartily.

“As you wish, master.” The new Kelly said, while the old hid in a dark place within her psyche, trying to ignore her sordid situation.

“I feel so honored.” The new Kelly thought.

“He has a plan...” Was what the old Kelly fixated on, and that managed to terrify her even more.

Chapter Four – Dr. Abrahms

“Get Kelly a shirt.” Dr. Abrahms told his other slaves, and they shuffled to obey. Capri had shirts her size, so Claire drove home to pick one, while Capri and Kelly embraced in a sixty-nine position. Michelle stood guard to make sure no one found them until they were all decent. Why have the two eighteen year old hotties sixty-nine each other while they wait? Well, let's say Dr. Abrahms enjoyed the concept.

Dr. Abrahms was a careful man, in spite of what some of his actions may hint to. He knew when to take a load off, lay back, and use his lovely toys to alleviate the tension. If he didn't take these recreational breaks, he would've most likely gone crazy, by now, or he would have made a crucial error.

The flip side is that he knew when to get serious as well. He knew when to buckle down and avoid any and all distractions. He knew when to avoid even the smallest possible risk, as unlikely as it may be.

That's why he made sure to distance himself from those devoted toys of his, making sure to be focused as he pulled the veil over the eyes of his next consort, before putting her in his special chair. Ms Wilkins was the key to the next phase of his plans, after all. He made sure he looked decent and respectable, and greeted her at the entrance to the high security compound.

“Ms. Wilkins,” He said, and extended his arm for a handshake “I'm Dr. Joneleth Abrahmson. It's a pleasure to meet you.”

“And you, as well, doctor. I am glad you take education so seriously. Not all world class scientists would take the time to go over these tedious details on their own, especially not on such a historic day as today.”

The middle aged dark haired woman said, smiled, and adjusted her stylish glasses.

“Oh, the pleasure is all mine, I assure you, Ms. Wilkins.” He said, signed her in as a guest, and gave her a visitor's badge.

“Shall we?” He invited her to follow him with a warm smile.

“Let's.” She returned the gesture, and followed him to the tour that will change her life.

He led her over to the training grounds where he watched Karin workout for the last few months, preparing for the greatest mission of her life.

“I'm always happy to help in the scientific education of the younger generation. There is nothing more important to the future of man kind than our continued scientific development, and as you can see, I am not getting any younger. If world class scientists won't work for a better tomorrow, I'm afraid there won't be any future world class scientists to save the world.”

He paused, smiled at her, and continued to walk.

“Inspirational words, Dr. Abrahms, and somewhat scary. The world, as a whole, should be grateful a person of your brilliance is so passionate to work for a better tomorrow. This country, I assure you, is grateful enough.”

Well, she's quite a kiss up, I'd say. He thought to himself.

“This is where the astronauts trained.” He said, as they reached the viewing gallery from which he watched Karin train all this time.

“Looks harsh.” She said, as she looked at the gigantic gym.

“It is. Harsh, but necessary. Trust me, both Ms. Williams and Mr. Thompson will be grateful for my scrutiny in their training, if they aren't already.”

“During the tours, I wonder if it's possible for Ms. Williams to speak with the students. She is their age, and it might inspire them.”

“I'm afraid I will probably not be able to authorize that, most of the times. Besides, if you think Ms. Williams cares to talk with those her age, you're sorely mistaken.”

“Ah,” She said, raising both eyebrows in understanding “I guess she's...quite special, huh?”

“Oh, quite.” He responded “Let's move on.”

He gave the training ground one last glance, remembering the young woman he molded into a strong spirited, incredibly athletic

specimen, and then crushed it all in less than thirty minutes. Her brilliant mind and innovation was certainly a loss, and nearly made Dr. Abrahms regret his actions.

He had no regrets, though, when he thought of how lovely the new Karin was. Plus, her utter surrender served to prove that his brainwashing was perfect, and would work on anyone, signaling the start of his real plans.

If she had resisted the process, even slightly, Dr. Abrahms would have had to rethink everything. It was time to move on, and hope he'll get to play with Karin again, if she ever gets back.

He showed his visitor the control room, the astronaut dorms, and his own private lab. He had no reason to presume she would understand anything she was seeing, but made sure to be vague, and whisk her outside as soon as he could.

Just as they were about to enter his office, she got a call from her daughter. They had an argument about her college major, like any mother with a young college coed as a daughter.

“Can you believe she wanted to change her majors after three years?!” She asked, as she sat in the chair before his desk.

“Well, after three years, she must be close to finishing, isn't she?” He said, sitting down on his own chair.

“Yes! That's the whole point! How do I convince her to at least stick with it till the end?!”

“I have no children.” He chuckled “But I would say that if she studied for three years, and decided it wasn't for her, perhaps she's right.”

She gave him a scornful look, at his feeble attempts to try and give her parenting advice.

Maybe if Margaret stayed with me, I would've had children of my own, he thought.

Seeing the look on her face, he wasted not another moment. It was time to enlist Ms. Wilkins to his true goals. He pressed the same button he did when Claire and Capri sat on the chair, earlier that day.

His stamina was pretty much depleted for the day, after his fun with Karin that morning, his games with Capri and Claire all through the afternoon, and his recent encounter with Kelly. Not to mention the rush of the launch. A man his age should be quite happy with such impressive stamina.

But, he was done for the day. So, as the chair worked its magic on Ms. Wilkins, and she mumbled the usual “what's going on?” and “Stop.”, he turned to his computer, worked on his future plans, and spent a moment to think of more possible contingencies.

It was important to stay ahead of as many unexpected developments, as possible, and he made sure to give a few minutes a day to coming up with possible scenarios, and protocols to handle such scenarios. The only thing slightly distracting him was a call from his newest woman's daughter, but it quickly went to voice mail.

Michelle came by with Kelly and Capri, to inform him Kelly got a new shirt, and ask for further orders. Kelly's new shirt was very slutty, and he liked it. He sent them to his bed, to provide him a soft and cuddly time during the night, even if he was too depleted for another go at them.

The metal clasp around Mr Wilkins' head unfastened, and a familiar, resigned smile stretched across her face. Joneleth Abrahms smiled, as another step went without a hitch. Her phone rang again, with the familiar caller ID - 'My Little Princess'.

“Sorry, little princess.” He said, as he silenced the phone “Mommy has some marching orders to receive right now.”

Ms. Wilkins sighed happily, as she prepared to learn her new purpose in life, and all was right with the world.

Well, at least it was getting there...

Chapter Five – Epilogue

Michael woke up after his first night on the shuttle. He looked out into the galaxy, and took in the gravitas of the position he was in. Karin was on her knees, focused solely on sucking her master's morning wood, the magnificence of the universe outside the window nothing compared to her sacred duty to please him.

Michael realized it was time for his first private chat with Dr. Abrahms, and sat on the command chair, ordering his obedient slave to suck him off as he waited. She knelt at his side, and stretched her body over his thigh. She bobbed her head happily, while her perky nipples scraped his bare skin. Michael knew the meeting will be private, so there was no need to stop Karin's morning service.

The call came, and Michael accepted it. On the big screen, he saw Dr. Abrahms sitting in his office, with Kelly sucking his cock, just like Karin did to him.

“Well, well. It seems great minds do think alike.” Michael said.

“Don't flatter yourself, or any other man in the world, since I'm sure most would do the same thing, given a submissive and obedient sex slave.”

“Heh, I suppose you have a point, Jon. Isn't that Karin's twin sister?” Michael asked.

“Why, yes, it is.” Dr. Abrahms answered.

“Look at that, Kelly, it's your brilliant sister. Why don't you say 'hi'.” Dr. Abrahms mocked Kelly.

“Yeah Karin, I'm sure you haven't spoken for a while. You can stop giving me your empty head for a second.”

Karin looked up at him, almost disappointed.

“Yes, master.” She said, raising her head “Hi, Kelly. I'm glad you know your purpose in life now. I really can't talk, I'm afraid, I just prefer pleasing my master.”

She finished with a smile, staring straight at her twin sister's eyes, and happily returned to blowing her owner.

Kelly raised her head as well.

“I understand, Karin.” She kissed her master's cock “Nothing is more important than serving our masters. I don't have anything to chat <LICK>...about, either.” She said, and took Dr. Abrahms' cock deep in her throat.

Kelly's outside reaction was as genuine and submissive as Karin's, but in the darkest hiding place she could find, the old Kelly stared at her strong willed, ultra feminist twin sister, and was mortified.

It was the her worst nightmare come true. Throughout the entire night, her body slept beneath Dr. Abrahms' body, as he used her and Capri as human bed accessories. She, however, remained awake, trying desperately to send commands to her defeated mind and body, hoping it would listen to her, instead of her new, subservient self.

All the while, she thought of one thing. Her sister will be in space for over two years, and if she can break his control over her by then, she can save Karin from sharing her fate. A nagging fear told her that she may be too late, because after all, Karin was close to her captor for months. She brushed these concerns aside, so as to not break, and lose herself. She felt fragile locked within her own mind, as it was.

There was no way to ignore it anymore, though. Her worst fear became reality. Her own sister had already fallen, and now she was left wondering if Karin also still remained, in some dark recess of her mind.

It must be killing her, She thought, and wanted to cry. But, her body and mind were not hers anymore, and so all she did was continue sucking with a vapid look in her eyes.

Karin had no such issues, though. Her old self vanished completely after the process completed, and all she could think of at the moment was making her master happy, using every fiber of her being. She fell asleep the previous night giving her master a full body massage. Rubbing her tits all over him, and giving her entire body for his comfort.

Her soft, tender, and welcoming physique, along with the tight embrace of any hole he wished to use, and she would never have

it any other way.

“Oh, that reminds me, Kelly had something she just had to tell Karin.” Dr. Abrahms decided to tease his slave further.

“Go ahead, cunt. Why don't you tell her that thing which was so important.”

The new Kelly moaned in disappointment, but raised her head to obey, nonetheless. The old Kelly thought of how unfair it was. This was certainly not how she wanted to give this message to her sister. A message that is now devoid of all meaning.

“Of course, master.” The slave side of Kelly said, as she hoped to replant her lips on her master's cock as soon as possible.

“Mother always said that if you go on a journey to a distant place you should make sure to learn something new about yourself, and return to your loved ones a new and improved person. I wanted to tell you to try and do that, Karin.” She said.

Inside, the old Kelly was overwhelmed with emotion, but the new Kelly did not mind the words at all, and returned to wetly kissing her master's cock as soon as she was done talking.

“Hah!” Michael said aloud, as he shoved Karin's head into his lap “Talk about irony. Don't worry, Kelly, the way I see your hot sister now, she definitely learned some new things about herself.”

He pulled her off his cock, and clasped her cheeks together.

“Isn't that right, bitch?” He said, shaking her head sideways with his hand.

“Yes master.” She said with a breathy voice, and gave his hard-on quick lick as soon as he let go of her head, right before taking his shaft in her mouth and continuing her devoted blowjob.

“So, Jon, I know you work on a need to know basis, but I was wondering, what's the next step in your plan? Or is this not a secure enough channel?”

“Oh, trust me, Michael, no channel is more secure.” Dr Abrahms said “Speaking of blurting out nonsense on a non secure channel, dumbass.” He suddenly said, and Gave Michael a scornful look.

Michael smiled with slight embarrassment.

“Yeah yeah, I know. Sorry about that. I got a little carried away.” He said.

“Saying that on the comm during the launch! What were you thinking?!” Dr. Abrahms insisted.

“I said I was sorry. Mistakes happen.”

“Do you realize what I'm trying to achieve here?! The magnitude of my goal, and my burden?!”

“I do, Jon.” Michael said determinedly “And I assure you I will be your most important supporter.”

Dr. Abrahms looked at the younger man for a second, and then looked down at Kelly, patting her head as she sucked.

“Heh,” He chuckled “I like your spirit, but mistakes like this must never recur.” He said. Michael nodded, and they both shared a silent agreement.

“Anyway...” Dr. Abrahms spoke again, but was interrupted by the ringing of a cell phone. A big breasted topless woman that Michael did not recognize rushed to the doctor's desk, and looked at the phone.

“Is it your daughter again?” He asked.

“Yes master.”

“Didn't you already tell her you support her decision to change majors?”

“Of course, master. Should I answer?”

“No.” Dr. Abrahms decided “And put it on silent.” He added.

“Yes master.”

Turning his gaze back to the screen before him, where Karin was still busy giving Michael a sloppy blowjob, Dr. Abrahms sighed.

“That woman's daughter is a major nag. You would think a twenty-one years old college girl would have better things to do than call her mother every twenty minutes...” He rolled his eyes.

“Is her daughter hot?” Michael asked with a lecherous smile.

“Haven't seen pictures yet, but she'll get me some good ones. Right, Ms. Wilkins?” He said, and looked in her direction.

“Happily, master.” She said with a smile, as she tried to figure out which of her pictures would make her daughter seem most appealing, racy, and sexy for her master.

A folded up piece of paper caught Dr. Abrahms' eye, as he looked at his desk.

“Oh, right! I had a little show and tell of my own to do, I almost forgot!” He said “Ms. Wilkins, be a sex doll and bring me that piece of paper on my desk.”

“Right away, master.” She said, picked the paper up, and rushed to him, her tits swiveling as she hurried to her master's side.

“There you go, master.” She presented the note to him.

“What is it?” Michael asked, curious “And who is this hot pair of boobies, anyway?”

“Boobies? Are you a child?” Dr. Abrahms mocked him, and then smiled and looked at Ms. Wilkins.

She stood before him, with the folded up note in hand, and he leisurely squeezed her breasts together, and continued speaking.

“This pair of tits is Ms. Virginia Wilkins, the administrator of extra curricular activities in the department of education. She's the key to the next phase of my plan.”

“I see.” Michael said with a broad smile “I guess she'll be bringing a lot of college freshmen and high school seniors on a trip to the space agency facilities?”

“Indeed she will. And what will happen to those young, barely eighteen years old women, Ms Wilkins?” He asked, pinching her pointy nipples.

“They'll learn their purpose in life is to be fuck toys, master.” She said as if it was the most obvious thing in the world.

“Taking control of the education of the next generation is crucial for our success.” He said, and firmly grabbed her tits.

Michael frowned.

“Why? I mean, other than the obvious, perky, and extremely tight bunch of reasons...” He asked Dr. Abrahms.

“That, you do not need to know.” Dr. Abrahms said, and Michael knew not to prod. He had a feeling the good doctor still had some remote control over the shuttle, just in case Michael had second thoughts, and Michael was sure Jon could blow him and his slutty sex slave up whenever he chose to.

“Now, the note.” Dr. Abrahms said, and took the folded up note from Ms Wilkins' hands.

“Thank you, dear. You may go back to your corner.” He said, and Ms Wilkins turned around to walk away, not before her master had a chance to give her a resounding spank of praise. She smiled, and left the frame of the video.

Dr Abrahms unfolded the piece of paper with an evil smile.

“What's that, then?” Michael asked.

“Well, it's actually more for Karin and Kelly than you, Michael.” He returned to patting Kelly's head, as she dutifully sucked him off. Michael frowned again, but his frown died quickly as Karin lapped at his helmet with her tongue, making him moan and nearly cum.

“It's a letter I've kept for the last ten years, from their mother.” He said, and Michael expressed great surprise, along with the immense pleasure of Karin's service. Karin didn't react at all to the doctor's statement. She heard him, but she was focused on her master's pleasure, and thus quite busy.

Kelly, on the other hand, was shocked. Well, outside only her pupils managed to shake a bit, while the new Kelly continued to serve. The old Kelly was in quite the emotional turmoil, though.

“What does he mean, from our mother? She died with dad ten years ago, in a car crash. He couldn't have known her....could he?” She wondered.

“You knew...Oh wow... their mom?” Michael asked, still astonished by Karin's fellatio abilities. Dr Abrahms ignored him, and placed the note before Kelly's eyes.

“Read it out loud. I'm sure your sister would want to hear as well.”

The new Kelly responded with another moan of disappointment, while the old Kelly realized with shock that the note was unmistakably written in her mom's handwriting.

“How could he have that?” She thought to herself.

“Of course, master.” Kelly said happily, and started reading:

My dear daughters, Kelly and Karin,

I'm writing this at the whim of my master, like everything else I will ever do. Up until yesterday, nothing was more important to me than you and your father. I now realize how misguided I was, and as I'm fucked from behind by my master, I say my penance.

As much as I love you, my dears, nothing can stand between my master and his wishes, and nothing is more important than his will. I hereby give my entire existence for his benefit, and denounce my family, friends, and career. I know it might seem harsh, girls, but I hope someday master will make you understand. He has promised this unworthy whore that when you come of age, he will use you in all the ways he always wanted to use me.

I'm ashamed to say I never allowed him to.

My master has decided to give this unworthy piece of fuck-meat a honor she does not deserve. He decided to use me to test the level of obedience his slaves have for him. He wants to make sure he has absolute control, and I am honored he chose to use me as his confirmation tool.

To test his control, he has given the final order I will happily obey. Tonight, I will take your father out to dinner, and crash our car on the way, killing us both. I will make sure it will appear as if I lost control of the car, and that no blame can befall my great master.

A part of me wonders if my master is still mad at me for rejecting him, and choosing your father all those years back. I am

happy to be able to make amends by giving my life to his goals, and I hope he will enjoy the two of you, long after he is done with me.

In his great wisdom and nobility, my master told me to write a letter for my daughters, saying goodbye. I hope that by the time you read it, your lips will be properly kissing his feet, and other parts as well, just like every woman is meant to.

Signed, Margaret Williams, one of master's obedient, good-for-nothing-but-fucking, cunts.

Kelly finished reading the note, and her old self began to quiver, and slowly wither away.

“Our mom...She...Our parents' accident...it was....him...” She thought, her voice getting weaker. This new piece of information did not serve to rile up the old Kelly. On the contrary, she finally began to truly resign to her fate.

“It's what we were always meant to be...What we were always meant to do...Our destiny...”

She whispered to herself, and faded away rapidly, until the old Kelly was gone, consumed by the new improved one.

I wish master will fuck me soon, Kelly thought happily, and planted a wet kiss on his balls, just like her mother would have wanted her to. That made her so happy.

“Woah, man.” Michael said after hearing Kelly read the letter in full “That's some heavy long term planning.”

He pumped Karin's head on his cock, not even paying any attention, and in complete awe of his senior. He started cumming deep inside Karin's throat, the whole scene he just witnessed driving him off the edge of orgasm.

“Planning ahead is the most important thing. Now, if you don't mind, I'll continue planning while I enjoy my newest toys.”

“Oh, I don't mind.” Michael said, as Karin spat some of his cum out into her hand, and lusciously rubbed it on her face.

“I think I'll take this cutie back to bed.” he said, squeezing Karin's tits “I'd like to hear what she has to say about her mom while I pump into her.”

Without even waiting for Jon's response, Michael ended the conversation, and left Dr. Abrahms sitting before a black screen.

“He's enthusiastic, that's for sure. Okay, Ms. Wilkins, time to test those boobs on my cock.” He said “Or maybe I should say 'boobies'. Heh...”

* * * *

Elsewhere, at a certain top secret government building, a young agent for the Central Security Agency held a phone to her ear, and tried reaching her mom.

“Come on, why won't she answer?” She cried out.

“Agent Wilkins.” Her commanding officer called from behind her “We are waiting for you at the briefing room, make haste.

“Okay, I'm coming! I just can't reach my mom. I always call to talk to her before big missions.”

“I heard she agreed to your 'major change” He said, using air quotes on the last two words.

“Yeah, she did, which actually really surprised me. I wish I could tell her what I was really doing.”

“Secrecy is a burden all agents must carry, you know that.”

“I know” She said, staring at her phone, and frowning “I just have a bad feeling about this.”

“She's fine. Now, come on, we have domestic terrorism to handle.”

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Short Shorts 2

* * * * *

My name is Mark Clover, and I'm a mind controller. And when I say mind controller, I don't mean mild powers of suggestion. No, I mean I can re-write a person's whole personality with the slightest mental stretch.

What do I do with it? you might ask. Well, I considered taking over the world, but that seems like quite a hassle. Nah, I'm a young man, in my late twenties, and I'm just fine with living the good life, in the privacy of my mansion, that I took from some rich chick who now cooks, cleans, and performs 'other duties' for me.

Of course, I don't spend all of my time in my mansion. I get out of the house frequently. There are plenty of hot women out there, and other fun opportunities, that I would've never encountered, had I stayed at home all day.

I guess this is my advice of the day: Get out of the house a bit, and explore. You'd be surprised at the amount of random hotties you'll find, that are worthy of some mind bending.

Self Defense Class

I sometimes feel like just walking around aimlessly in the city. I'm sure I'm not the only one, right? Home just feels like a prison, and you just have to get out, even though you have no reason to, because you have everything you want right there at home, served to you by topless sex slaves. Okay, Maybe the last part is just me...

So, anyway, I was just walking around town, window shopping a bit, and generally relaxing, while watching this young woman shake her hot piece of ass straight ahead of me. She turned quite a few heads as she walked, mainly because she was emphasizing her side-to-side hip movements, to make her sexy ass all the more appealing. One man almost fell off his bicycle, looking back at her while still driving.

I found myself wondering where she was heading to, before I caught a glimpse of her perfect ass. Judging by her age, and casual clothes, I'd guess she was on her way to class at the local community college. What? Oh, you thought I was following her just to see her hot behind wiggling for a while? Do I look like that kind of perv to you?

Be serious, now. I can control minds – I had her walk before me so I could look at her wiggling ass whenever I feel like it, while I stroll slowly in the crowded city streets. Why did you think she was shaking her ass like a porn star inviting cocks? I'm not sure if she was even capable of asking herself where she was going, at that point.

And before you ask – Yes, I am the kind of perv who would make a woman walk before me as nothing but eye candy. Why would I ever follow anyone around, when I can steer their hot asses wherever I want? The only annoying part was deciding to turn ten feet before the actual turn, so she won't walk forward, and then have to track back.

Anyway, I'm glad we cleared that up, so I can go back to what I really wanted to talk about. As I was walking around and looked into stores, occasionally searching for new slaves, and reading silly billboards with ridiculous ads, something suddenly caught my eye.

It was a pink sign above a fairly plain door that read “Girl Power”. It was rather kitschy, but served well to draw the eye in. Below the bold letters spelling “Girl Power”, in smaller font, were the words “Learn how to properly defend yourself against the creeps of the world, and make them sorry they ever tried.”

Naturally, I was intrigued.

I paused next to the entrance to the 'dojo', and immediately knew how my afternoon will look like. I just needed to make sure the six women inside knew their roles as well. The instructor was surprisingly young, and hot as nuclear fusion. She had smooth black hair, and an athletic feminine body, slender and obviously bendy.

The students were also all hot, thin, and attractive, just the kind of women who would be accosted in the middle of the street by strangers and molesters. Apparently that gave them an incentive to attend this silly self defense class.

There were two blonde sisters, the older twenty-five years of age, and the younger twenty. There was a hot mocha skinned twenty-three years old, and a busty young redhead with stylish glasses. The fifth student was a curly haired blonde that had 'the girl next door' written all over her. She was nineteen, and looked like an innocent little angel.

How do I know all this? Well, I can read minds, you know. I just normally don't really care about the bitches I use. Their ages

interest me, though, because I like guessing how old they are, and then checking if I'm right. I also like to guess if they're virgin, but I don't use mind reading to check that out, if you know what I mean.

The instructor was twenty-two years old, had a stern smoldering look on her face, and, based on the lack of panty lines when she happened to turn around and bend over, with her ass pointing my direction, wore no underwear under her black tights.

I decided to walk in, and sent a mental command to my ass-shaking eye-candy, to back track. She managed to walk quite a distance from me, since I forgot to have her stop when I stopped. And when I say back track, I mean it literally. Since I mentally commanded her to keep her ass in my view, she was now walking backwards towards me, like a movie being re-winded.

She wasn't even looking where she was walking, and I had to make sure nobody around noticed her, or found her behavior weird. Don't worry, creating such a mental perimeter was as easy as flipping the bird for me, at this point.

She bounced her ass until it bumped into my crotch, and continued to walk into me, not strongly enough to actually shove me away, but enough to give my crotch a great sensation of her fine ass wiggling on the now hardened bulge in my pants. It was kinda like artistic passive dry humping. I liked it.

I only let it last a few seconds though, before having her walk into the 'Girl Power' dojo , and followed behind her. I made sure the girls didn't notice the brainless slut walking past them, and focused on the class that was in session.

“Okay,” The young instructor said, with an authoritative voice, to the five students standing at attention before her, and spanked herself hard, without noticing.

“Listen up, girls.” She said, and the five women spanked themselves in unison, all of them completely oblivious to doing so.

“Today, I'll show you what to do when a man tries to get at you from behind” She spanked herself again.

“And the front” She squeezed her supple C-cup tits, that complimented her athletic body nicely.

She still had a very determined posterior, even though she unknowingly played with her body for me.

“But first,” She said, licking her index finger between words “we will start with a warm up, and then a few basic self defense moves.”

The five students spanked themselves again, once she finished her sentence.

I was so used to orchestrating such displays instinctively, that I almost forgot the only reason they did it was because of me. I still barely touched their minds, though. Like I mentioned before, I sometimes enjoy playing with my prey. Especially prey that is actively trying to learn how to better defend itself against people like me. I was going to enjoy teaching them how defenseless they really are.

“Come on, let's learn how to bust some balls.” The curly haired blonde said, with a devilish smile that somehow looked so hot on her angelic face. I was so surprised at her demeanor, that I audibly gasped. The girls started turning their heads towards the gasping sound, but I made them ignore, and forget it.

“Yeah, among other things. I'm sure you'll have fun here.” The instructor said with a cute smile. It was obvious she liked her job.

“Well, personally, I love that you're not even wearing panties.” I suddenly said out loud, allowing their attention to turn to me, this time.

“And I'm sure I'll be having a lot of fun here” I said, and smiled. I wasn't even trying to hide what my eyes were fixated on, namely her breasts.

“Who..Ah!” She started yelling, and immediately spanked herself. This time, she almost noticed it.

“Who...The...Hell...Do...You..Think...nnn...You...Are?!” She finally said, using her hands to give open handed slaps on her lovely behind, occasionally flinching and looking back in wonder, and confusion.

“I...Will..Not, Ah!...Allow, ow!...You...To bother...My...st...nnn...students with your chauvin...Ahhhhhh!”

She couldn't even finish calling me a sexist pig, because her arm was starting to hurt more than her fine ass, as her body betrayed her unconscious mind's desires. I gave her subconscious an instruction to spank herself one-hundred times for each word she spoke to me, and her body simply couldn't keep up. Her arm muscles contracted visibly from the effort. Too cruel? I think not.

It was fun seeing her look back in astonishment, and then holding her spanking hand before her face, trying to understand what was going on.

"I..." She said, hesitating, and afraid of feeling another slap on her now burning ass cheek.

"Please...Nyaaa!" She said, crying loudly "Leave...Ouch!...this...Ah!...Place..." She said, ending much more meekly than she intended, to be sure.

"What? I just want to watch?" I said innocently. The hot 'sensei' suddenly had a smug smile on her face, and said "Hmm, well, if you insist. Perhaps you'd like to help me demonstrate some moves."

I allowed her some leisure, not making her spank herself with every word. I wanted to see this play out a little.

The other five had the same smug smiles on their faces, and the curly haired blonde smirked devilishly, probably waiting for me to have my ass kicked by the sexy martial arts expert. Well, the little hottie was about to be disappointed. someone's ass was going to be handed to someone else, though, that's for sure.

"Well, okay..." I said, faking concern.

"Okay then, get behind me." She said, and spanked her ass again, which didn't even make her pretentious smile disappear.

"Oh, gladly!" I said, which made the women in the room sneer with disgust, at the pervy way I said it.

I stood behind her, and waited to see what she wanted me to do.

"Okay, come at me." She said, and I was thinking to myself "Oh, I'll cum at you, alright."

I approached her from behind, supposedly trying to grab her, and when I felt she was making her move to counter me, I made my own move, and she stopped in her tracks.

She turned her upper body towards me, obviously intending to go after my head. Now, though, she was nearly frozen. Her pupils shook a little, as her mind adjusted to her new reality.

I still didn't take her all the way down, and she looked quite confused.

"I..." She said, as the hand that was meant to take me down was now busy rubbing the bulge in my pants "I'm..."

"What?" I said, and placed my hand on her ass.

"Don't..." she said, and rubbed my hard-on faster through my pants.

"Don't what? Is there a problem?" I asked, and squeezed her tits through her shirt.

"N-No..." She said meekly.

"No problem. It's okay." She said, with wide eyes.

"It's just that..." She started saying "I don't usually allow guys to..." Her voice trailed off.

"But, you're allowing me." I half asked, half said.

"Yeah..." She said weakly, still rubbing my cock through my fabric, and no longer seeming upset at my probing hands.

"And why's that?" I asked, enjoying every moment.

"Because...Because you're...."

"I'm what?" I asked, and gave her the final push.

She smiled a fresh and sweet smile, that had none of the previous smugness, and her eyes glimmered with a twinkle that showed nothing but happy, and adoring submission.

"You're my master, and I'm your obedient, submissive, and sexy slave. Your wish is my command. I exist to obey your every whim. Thank you, master."

She finished her declaration of dependence and servitude, and continued to happily rub my crotch, wearing a smile that showed her eternal gratitude to me, for enslaving her.

“I just love moments like these.” I mumbled.

“V-Vivian? What's going on?” The younger blonde sister said, utterly confused.

“I'm pleasing my master.” Said the twenty-two year old instructor, who was apparently called Vivian, not that I cared.

The girls all had worried looks on their faces now, but none of them could attempt to get away, and run. They could do nothing but stand at attention, just as they were, before I enslaved their hot self defense teacher.

“Shouldn't you continue the lesson, slut?” I asked the woman gently rubbing my crotch “I believe you were about to demonstrate something – What these young hot bitches here should do, if a man comes at them from behind, wasn't it?”

“Yes master.” She said, with a song in her voice.

Her stern and serious demeanor was replaced by a vapid smile, and a giggly, bimbo-like attitude.

“Okay, girls.” She said “First of all, it's important to not anger the man who wants to enjoy you. If he approaches you in a dark alley, then it's likely he's in a rush, and probably anxious for release.”

The five sexy women still looked concerned about their teacher's new attitude, but only because I chose to nudge them slowly towards their mind's final destination.

I was done with being subtle, though. It was time for the real fun to start. Vivian forcefully tore her tights apart at the crotch, revealing her tight, fully shaved cunt. I was right, she didn't have any panties on.

“If you don't want him to get mad at you” She continued, spanking herself sharply, as an example of the punishment they should expect for being bad.

“You must never let any silly fabric get in his way. The first rule of self defense for young hotties like us: Always keep your pussy accessible for pounding.”

When she finished saying that, the five girls smiled the same vapid smile as her, and some of them giggled like stupid bimbos.

They tore their pants as well, revealing their young fuck holes for my pleasure, and dropped to their knees, with their legs spread just widely enough to fit their hands between them. The last one to comply was the ball busting young blonde who egged the instructor on to beat me up. She was also the only one actually wearing panties, which she slid aside to reveal her tight cunt, that had a cute little landing strip leading towards it.

Before me were five hot young women, rubbing and fingering their pussies with slutty smiles, and paying complete attention to the hot, athletic, dark haired cutie who was about to teach them the proper techniques for self defense.

“Now, where was I?” She asked herself out loud. I pushed myself into her, and squeezed her tits tightly, to remind her.

“Oh, right!” She said “It's common for men to want to rub themselves against young women like us, especially since we often tend to bend over forward, without bending our knees. Like this.” She said, and bent all the way forward, with her ass up in the air, and her long black hair touching the floor.

“And, sometimes, we tend to wiggle our asses, slowly and alluringly. Like this.” She started slowly moving her bent-over ass from side to side, and her bare pussy lips scraped against my jeans covered erection.

I unzipped my fly, and teased her clit with the tip of my cock.

“You mustn't blame them for needing your wet pussy to ram into, girls.” She said. Continuing the lesson “Every hole must be filled at some point, after all.”

“You must be patient...Ahhh” She said, as I slowly impaled her cunt from behind. I was all the way in her, only a few seconds later. The five slutty spectators began fingering themselves more ferociously, at that point.

“That's good, girls...Ah!” She moaned, as I pulled back, and rammed into her, hard and fierce.

“You must make sure your pussy is accommodating, and easy to slip into. And, like I said, you must be patient. It's our duty, as

pretty young women, to provide release for the sexual needs of men. Anywhere, and anytime.”

I never tire of listening to the heart felt admission of subservience, and worthlessness coming from the hot mouths of formerly strong independent women, as I pound into their wet cunts.

This young woman who dedicated her life to teaching other women to defend themselves, was just my plaything. She uttered words she would find obscene and humiliating just an hour before, as I increased the rhythm of my hips, and lightly spanked her ass from time to time.

“Not all spanks...Ah!...Are meant as punishment. Sometimes...Mmm...He will do it because it's fun for him.” She tried talking in the midst of her gentle moaning and whimpering.

“You can't really tell the difference...Ahhh...So it's hard to know if you should be proud of pleasing properly...Ah!...Or ashamed at not pleasing well enough. But...Nyaaaa” She erupted into a squeal of delight, as I suddenly started ramming her at full speed.

“Mmm...” She calmed down, and continued “But don't worry, the man using you will surely tell you, if you displease him, and even tell you how to improve....Ah!”

“You must show him your gratitude, for teaching you how to improve yourself.” She finished, and I was just about finished myself.

A few more pumps into her compliant cunt, and I pulled out, and started spraying my load all over her ass, with a pleased groan of release.

“Ohhh...Thank you, master.” She said.

“You might think your job is done once he cums all over you, or inside of you.” She continued teaching the pliant women before her.

“But, that's wrong. You have to stay still, and wait for him to decide you've done your job properly. Even if he's only admiring

the view of your cum covered ass, it would be rude for sex toys like us, to be anything other than eternally patient.”

“Another common mistake some pretty bitches make, is that they think they have the right to choose where the man using them can cum.” She said, still fully bent over, and wiggling her cum covered ass for me.

“That's ridiculous. It's his load, and he can dump it anywhere he desires. You must be thankful, and receptive, and nothing more.”

You might think I put all of these words in her head, but that's not exactly true. I simply adjusted her priorities, self image, and way of thinking. Her steaming hot little lecture was a pleasant surprise, even for me.

“I know it might be confusing for stupid cunts like us” She said “To instinctively know when and where we can talk, or move, without our master's say so.”

Some of my cum made the trip down her black tights, and started running down her wet pussy lips.

“The best way for us to know, is to think of ourselves as pieces of property. A chair can't decide when its sat on, and a TV can't pick the channel. We can't choose when or where to receive cum on our hot, young bodies, and we have no right to refuse. It's the same thing.”

“Think of yourself as his property, and you can defend yourself from severe punishment.” She finished with a happy grin, and looked at her students, who smiled right back at her, nodded, and continued to work their pussy with their dainty hands, not daring to orgasm without my permission.

“Well, on that lovely note.” I said “Clean my cock.”

“Yes master.” Vivian said, bent her knees, and turned around to face my manhood. She licked me gently, and stopped at the tip to give it some romantic kisses. She continued until I decided I was clean enough.

I still wanted to play with them, and felt I was inches away from sporting another erection.

“What do I do until then, though...” I mumbled to myself, wondering.

“Ah, I know!” I said, “You,” I pointed to the martial arts instructor on her knees before me “Why don't you make sure your students are wet enough for the rest of this lesson, with your mouth.”

She smiled at me, nodded happily, and started crawling towards the young curly-haired blonde, who knelt at the farthest side of the pussy fingering line of ladies before me. She lay on her back, with her face straight below the young blonde's cunt, and moved the nineteen year old girl's hand out of the way.

The curly haired angel had a mesmerized and blissful look on her face, as the woman below her started nibbling at her pussy lips, and munching on her wet nether regions.

She gently gyrated her hips on the instructor's face, while looking right at me, obviously seeking approval. I tried to remind myself of the take charge attitude she had only moments before, while watching the amazingly hot spectacle.

The blonde moaned and rolled her voice, obviously nearing an orgasm. Vivian saw that as a signal to started moving her tongue even faster, flicking the teen's clit with her amazing tongue.

“Ahh...Mmmnnn...Ah!” The angel-faced teen moaned, looking up at the ceiling with teary eyes.

“Please sir...” She addressed me, with the proper respect “Please, may I orgasm.”

I kept quiet, and allowed her to beg a little more. I wanted to see her reach the end of her rope, and then make her go a bit further.

She was trembling like crazy by the time I allowed her the privilege of climaxing.

“You may orgasm.” I said plainly, and calmly.

“*AHHHH!*” She screeched in delight, with a big smile on her face “Thank you, sir! Thank you so much!”

The dark haired hottie below her was sprayed with her squirting pussy juices.

“What tastes better, bitch - My cock, or her pussy?” I asked her.

“Your cock, master.” She said in a breathy voice “Always your cock.”

“Excellent.” I said “Now, move to the next cunt....”

“And you,” I pointed to the blonde who just finished squirting for me “Jerk my cock off until I'm hard again.”

“Yes sir.” She said, crawled towards me, and knelt before me. She happily cupped my balls with one hand, and jerked my still flaccid shaft with the other. I knew it won't be long before I'm ready to go again.

She moved over to the busty red head, who made sure to squeeze her big tits for me while she had her pussy eaten. It was quite hot to see her boobs swing frantically as she begged for release, and then watch her tits shake even more as I gave her permission to orgasm.

Then, it was the mocha skinned woman's turn to feel hot lips on her wet cunt. She had a cat-like body, and hazel eyes. I figured she might have some Indian in her. She looked quite exotic. I could almost see her wearing a lovely harem girl custom.

After she climaxed, the hot sensei moved to the two blonde sisters. I had her move between them a few times, and determine which sister tastes better. She chose the younger one eventually, and I awarded her with an orgasm, while her older sister was forced to withhold, and ended up being the only bitch to not orgasm. Well, other than their cunt licking teacher, of course.

The little cock-jerker kneeling before me made sure to keep my cock moist with her spit the whole time, and never stopped her fantastic handjob, until I was finally ready to continue teaching them their proper place.

“I think it's time to continue the lesson.” I told the hot instructor. She stood up, and soaked in my mental commands, on how her lesson should continue. The young blonde returned to her place, kneeling at the end of the line.

“Okay,” she said “let's start with a warm up.”

The five girls started shuffling into some warm up exercises they were used to, when their teacher stopped them.

“No no.” She told them “We'll be warming up differently, today. Kneel back down, and I'll demonstrate.”

She lay on her back, and placed two hands behind her head.

“first, we'll do some crunches.”

I stood above her, and waited.

“Just like the usual crunches, we use our abdominal muscles to bring ourselves up to a sitting position, with one very important difference.”

She brought herself up to my crotch, and wrapped her mouth around my cock with ease, taking me all the way into her throat.

“Mmou thee, Thimpy thuck uh-ti heethh doe wif ooo.” She said with my cock in her mouth, and her tongue felt amazing on my cock.

She realized the other girls couldn't understand her, so she plopped her luscious lips off of my cock, and smiled, staring at my manhood.

“I mean,” She said “You see, simply suck until he's done with you.”

She gave my cock another tender kiss, and I flicked her forehead, making her flinch, and drop back down to her lying position.

She was lying for a mere second before pulling herself back up again, and another second passed before I felt her hot lips hugging my cock again. This time, I waited longer before flicking her forehead, allowing her to bob her head up and down my shaft quite a few times. Her tongue never stopped circling around my cock, even for a second.

“Okay,” She said, standing up again “lie down in a line.”

The five girls lay down in the same position, and waited for me to stand above them. There was no need for them to exert themselves if I wasn't there to enjoy it, after all. I stood over the

older blonde sister, and she immediately brought herself up, and started sucking my cock.

“You need to go deeper.” The instructor said, and pushed her head on my crotch forcefully.

“I won't always be here to help you.” The teacher scolded her student, and continued pushing her towards me every time she instinctively backed away to breathe.

“Breathing is secondary, until he's done with you. Breathe through your nose, and be thankful he doesn't plug that, as well.” She told her student.

I moved to the younger blonde sister after five crunches, and left the older sister to wallow in her own sloppy mess. Her younger sister was actually much better, and obviously eager to keep beating her older sibling. She didn't need any help to take me all the way into her mouth. I spent quite a lot of time with her.

I moved through the line of hot mouths a few times, getting my hard on sucked on, until I flicked their foreheads away, dismissing them like you would with garbage. On my last round, I used the redhead's big tits instead of her mouth. She hugged my cock tightly with a big smile on her face, thanking me profusely for the honor I granted her.

“What a good, stupid little bitch.” I said, moaning pleasantly, as my cock easily swam between her boobs, thanks to the moist mouths that lathered it with saliva mere moments earlier.

“Yes sir. I'm your stupid little bitch.” She said, smiling seductively while rubbing her tits on my cock playfully.

It was fun, but it was time to change warm up exercises, a bit.

“Okay, girls.” Vivian said, while shaking her ass seductively at me “It's time to do some pushups. Will you please lie down, master?”

“Sure thing.” I said, spanking her before lying down on the mattress.

“You all know how to do pushups” She said, getting into position “But none of you ever did it properly. pretty girls like us

must also train our cock sucking mouths while doing this exercise.” The other girls nodded on agreement, and watched Vivian leaning on her hands, with her face just above my cock.

“Like this.” She said, lowered herself down, and began licking my side. Her ability to hold herself like that showed me what a fantastic athlete she was. I mean, holding position while doing pushups is hard enough without licking dick in the mean time.

That was just the prologue, though. She continued to go up and down as fast as she could, plopping my cock in and out of her mouth every time she lowered herself.

“Its. **Pant** Important you are fast. **Pant** And pleasant.” She said, while breathing heavily, and continued immediately.

Once the other girls started taking turns doing pushup blowjobs, I had Vivian the instructor lay down and offer her perky tits as a pillow for me. It's truly amazing what women can do, once you take away every sense of dignity from them.

The girls were all in top shape, for sure, but pulling and pushing yourself up and down, using only your arms is hard enough, without having to hold your breath and suck cock in the middle of it.

Still, none of them even thought of stopping their 'exercise' for a second, until I knocked on their head, and told them to switch.

Meanwhile, I was busy lounging on the soft exercise mattress, and suckling on Vivian's nipples like a sloth. Face fucking the smug little curly-haired blonde was the most fun, though. I had her stay there for so long, her face started getting red, and became a sloppy mess because she couldn't help but gag for air.

Seriously, after I gave her a much needed reprieve, she had a thick strand of her own saliva drooling from her hair to her face. Don't ask me how it got there.

“You deserve looking like this, you little bitch.” I said, and she smiled dumbly.

“Thank you, sir.” She answered coarsely, utterly proud of wetting my cock so successfully, and completely exhausted by the harsh exercise.

I stood back up, and walked over to where she was kneeling, and panting heavily. I grabbed her by the hair, and looked her right in the eyes, before shoving my cock back in her mouth.

“Look at me, bitch.” I told her, and she stared at me with her sparkling blue eyes, and angel face. I pulled out of her mouth, just to see her frantically try to lick it, flicking her tongue in mid air like a hungry kitten.

“Please sir...” She whispered, begging me to cum on her face.

I was about to smear her face with my load, when something caught my eye. In my field of vision I saw two legs, walking mindlessly. It was the eye candy I used to keep me busy while walking the streets. I completely forgot about her, and she was still mindlessly walking forward, into a wall, shaking her ass for me, even though I ignored her for all this time.

“Please, sir. Cum on my slutty face.” The blonde angel said again, but I decided it's unfair I didn't play with this girl I randomly took off the street, to walk before me and shake her ass for my pleasure. I had two of the girls crawl over to her, and take off her pants and panties, while she still walked on the spot, into the wall.

Her ass looked much better naked, as she still struggled walking with her pants around her ankles. She was obviously old enough for college, but damn her body looked so pristine and pure. I regretted not being able to dig into her mind for her age, and other personal details, like maybe a hot sister, or two.

I was in such an absent minded mood that morning, that after seeing her, I simply wiped her clean, and sent her ass shaking ahead of me.

Right now, she had nothing in her mind other than the ability to tell her shapely legs to move back and forth, making the illusion of purposeful walking. She was literally a shaking ass, and nothing more.

Because of that, I decided to do what's proper, and at least use her for what she now was – A piece of mindless ass.

I stood behind her, held her hips so I could aim my already throbbing manhood into her most likely virgin ass, and rammed into her.

“Ohhh yeah!” I moaned.

She, on the other hand, gave no inkling of pain, or pleasure. She remained a piece of unthinking eye candy, and continued moving her legs and hips as I rammed into her.

Pounding her hot,tight ass while she still walked in her place was amazing, and the small whimpering sounds she instinctively made helped increase my arousal, especially considering the dissonance between her lack of reaction, and what was actually going on. I felt my climax beginning, and rammed into her as deep as I could. The noise of my hips hitting her ass was probably heard outside the building.

After I finished, I pulled out, and looked at the ass I just fucked, fully satisfied. She never stopped walking into the wall, even now, and her constant motions made the cum drizzle from her ass and onto her pussy, legs, and eventually the floor. The blonde bitch that begged me for that load before looked at the mindless ass-shaker with jealous eyes.

“You can lick it from her ass.” I said “And the floor, too.”

She smiled ear to ear, and crawled like a bitch in heat towards the cum pouring ass of my mindless toy. She shoved her previously defiant face into the other girl's hot ass, and licked as much as she could, sucking every last drop, from both of the other girl's cum covered holes. Then she licked the floor, and looked back up at me, proud and triumphant.

“Good girl.” I said, and she squealed in delight.

“Well, I'm done with you bitches, for now.” I said, and they all moaned sadly.

“Make sure to buy dildos and practice proper self defense techniques.” I told them.

“Oh, I'll make sure they all work diligently.” The young instructor said, pinching her nipples.

“And I will as well, of course.”

“Good. Because I'll be back to check up on you, soon.” I said, with full intent.

I guided the now bare piece of mindless ass out of the dojo, and continued my walk down the busy street, making sure no one noticed her state of half nudity, naturally.

I thought about the six girls I just helped become more compliant to random strangers who may approach them in dark alleys. And, you know what, nobody will ever know. Talk about an act of random philanthropy!

I looked back at the sign spelling out “girl power”, and chuckled.

“I just love irony.” I said, and turned my gaze back to the ass that existed only to better my view a bit, as some leftover cum slowly drizzled out of it, and marked the sidewalk.

“Hmm, I'll have to remember to punish that curly haired bitch for not getting all of it.” I mumbled to myself, with a wicked smile, and some fantastic ideas popped into my head.

The Produce section

I really don't like people who arrogantly assume they know something better than you, especially when they're complete strangers, and just want to show off meaningless bits of knowledge. Oh, does my rant seem random? Keep reading, you'll understand...

So, I was walking the length of the canned food aisle at the supermarket, searching for my favorite canned corn. Yes, I actually like canned corn more than a fresh ear of corn. I'm weird that way.

I found what I was looking for, and had it placed in my shopping cart. I did like some fresh fruit and vegetables, and so I went straight to the fresh produce section, filled with freshly picked tomatoes, and freshly plucked oranges.

I started picking out some tomatoes, and cucumbers, touching and squeezing to try and determine ripeness, and freshness. You see, when picking vegetables, I find it good to...

What is it?

Oh, why is a guy capable of complete mind control doing his own grocery shopping? Well, I guess that's a good question, but the answer may disappoint you.

Think about it, I don't really have any real obligations, or responsibilities. Well, not ones I can't shirk away using my gift, and then tap the nearest wet cunt for some fun pastime, or play some video game.

If all I did in life was just stay at home, play games, and fuck my hot slaves, I'd go crazy! So, sometimes I do some chores that I usually leave for my slavegirls, just to mix things up a bit. I know - you probably want to kill me now. I did use two topless, busty, hot cashiers to pick up the stuff I wanted, and put it in my shopping cart for me. Makes more sense to you, now? Fantastic...

"Oh, I need that too." I said, staring at a bag of string cheese I wanted, and one of my sexy bare breasted cashiers immediately placed it in my cart. I continued picking cucumbers, when I heard a very annoying and arrogant voice coming from behind me. I ignored it, until I realized it was actually addressing me.

"*Sigh* Maybe I should have cloaked myself from other people's minds, as well..." I mumbled.

"It's obvious you don't know how to choose cucumbers, young man." A middle aged woman said smugly.

"Here, let me teach you a few things." She said, took a cucumber I already picked out of my hand, and threw it back in the pile.

"You definitely don't want the cucumbers that are fat on one side, because it means they have too much water in them, and you don't want them to be too soft, too."

“I like them like that” I said “Besides, the water thing makes no sense....”

“Oh, don't be ridiculous. You're lucky I'm here with my spoiled daughters to teach them a thing or two before sending them off to college. I'll give you some lessons as well.”

I really hated people like that. My dangerous mind immediately went to work on how to best punish her for her insolence. She thinks she can just start lecturing a complete stranger about some mundane bullshit like picking out produce at the market?! Well, this is one stranger she will regret pestering! Hold on...Did she say spoiled daughters?

In my rage, I completely failed to notice the two hot pieces of ass walking behind her, rolling their eyes in boredom, and apathetically listening to their over bearing mother. And get this, they were twins!

“Mom, we don't need to know these things! Let's just get the stuff we need, and go home!” One of them said.

“This is really getting ridiculous...” The other one said.

“You think there will be someone at the college dorms to do the grocery shopping for you, then?” The mother asked with a pretentious tone.

“And do your laundry, and clean your room, and do the dishes, and defrost your freezer. These are all things you need to learn, sooner rather than later!”

She said, and her daughters responded with a derisive sneer, and an eye roll.

I agreed with her daughters, and was still intent on punishing her. On the other hand, I wanted to fucking kiss her for getting my attention. Otherwise, I might have missed her twin daughters completely, and that would've been such an unbelievable shame.

“How old are your daughters?” I asked her, and loosened her brain a bit, to make her comfortable with the intrusive question. She smiled at me as my alterations of her psyche seeped into her mind.

“Turned eighteen last week.” She said.

“And yet we still have to do this, even though we're formally adults...” One of the girls said, browsing her smart phone, and yawning in boredom.

“Yes you do...” The mom said to her bratty teen daughters, narrowing her eyes.

“Your daughters are right, though.” I said with a smile.

“Don't you butt in, sonny.” She cussed at me “I'll educate my girls any way I want, so just shut up, and keep moving.”

I would've gotten mad at her, especially since I was already in a rotten mood because of how she spoke to me earlier, but I just couldn't stop smiling, and looking at those hot twin racks, wrapped in matching tube tops. This is exactly what I needed to pick me up, and I almost hugged that annoying harpy of a woman for bringing her hot twins right to me.

Instead of hugging her, I whooshed through her mind like a storm, and demolished and rebuilt everything I needed in a split second. Her pupils widened, and her face twitched a bit, before she calmed down, and looked at me, feeling a compulsion to make me happy.

“I...I'm sorry, sir. I didn't mean to.” She said, looking at her feet, obviously ashamed of her outburst.

“Mom?” One of the girls said “Are you okay?”

I checked the two identical cuties out, from their shapely legs, to their short, tight, Jeans cut-offs, to their tube tops, spotless faces, and almost mesmerized myself staring at their green eyes.

These girls must be used to having power over man, but that ended now.

“Now you listen to me...” The same pair of tits addressed me “Whatever you did to her, I...”

She stopped, as I rummaged through her, and her sister's mind, destroying any semblance of free will and independence.

I did more than that, though. I cleared the two completely. Two women this hot didn't need a freckle of a brain between

them, they would be much better as mindless objects. In my opinion, at least. Not that anyone can ever disagree, heh.

“Now, I think I do need some help picking my produce. Will you help me?” I asked the middle aged woman who looked at me adoringly, completely ignoring the two mindless shells that used to be her daughters, only moments ago.

“Oh, of course, sir. Everything to make you happy, sir.” She said, with earnest enthusiasm.

“Good, let's start with melons.” I said, as I guided the twins to stand before me, and stared at their wonderful teen tits.

“Yes sir.” She said with a smile, and moved to one of her daughters.

“First of all, we need to remove the casing.” She said, in an informative tone, and removed the young woman's top, revealing her bra clad tits.

“Some melons have additional wrappings, you can remove these as well.” She said, unclasped her daughter's bra, and revealed the perky, gravity defying pair of teen tits that just screamed to be squeezed and fondled.

The topless teen just stood there, blank faced, and completely ready to have her melons assessed like any other product at the produce section.

“Now,” the woman said “The first important thing to look for is firmness, perkiness, and hardness of the nipples.”

“You can probably tell by simply looking at these melons” She said, egging me to stare at her daughters boobs “that they are quite firm and perky. It's obvious they don't have any sag to them, and they are ripe enough to be used immediately.”

“In fact,” She said “These melons look like they have just become worthy of consumption, and should be purchased immediately, before they become spoiled.”

See? I'm a good man. She no longer thinks her daughters are spoiled!

“However, I suggest you never pick out melons like these by just looking at them. Older melons than these may look appealing, but spoil and rot by the time you get to use them.”

“How do I make sure, then?” I asked the completely mind fucked woman.

She looked at her daughter's tits one more time – Tits she saw as nothing but a piece of merchandise now.

“Like with anything else, the best way to determine the quality of these melons, is by touching them.” She said.

“You shouldn't feel shy. Simply pick them up, and squeeze and fondle them.” She said, as she demonstrated how to do it, squeezing her daughter's boobs apathetically. There was nothing sexual to it, simply quick and harsh squeezes to test firmness. She had no sentiments for the piece of living flesh before her - Her only interest was me.

“Another important thing is the melon's nipple.” She said.

“Just because the nipples aren't hard at first, that doesn't mean you should disqualify the melon.”

“Take this one, for example.” She said, and pinched her daughter's nipple, not even eliciting a moan from her brainless teen daughter.

“This one had nice hard nipples from the get go, but after pinching them a bit, we may find that they can be even pointier. Don't worry about how hard you squeeze, you won't ruin them, and it's not painful for them at all. They're melons, after all.” She said, and smiled a reassuring smile at me.

“That's good to know.” I said with a smirk. it was so fucking hilarious.

“Okay, why don't you try with this pair of melons.” She said, and nudged her other daughter at my direction. The mindless shell took a brainless step forward. I stood before the hot eighteen year old teen, and started the real fun.

“So, I take off the wrapping, like this.” I said, as I took off her top with one motion, and then tore her bra off forcefully.

“Just like that.” The woman said, approving of my actions completely.

“And then I squeeze it, and fondle it to test firmness.” I said, and grabbed the young perky tits with both hands.

“Let's check the nipples.” I said, and pinched her already hard nipples, to my heart's content.

“Hmm,” I said “Can I do this, then? Or is this unacceptable?” I lowered my head, and bit her nipples hard.

I suckled her nipple while squeezing the other tit, and they were certainly the best melons I've ever tasted.

“O-Oh...” The older woman said, as her urge to please me collided with her twisted vision of not 'tasting the merchandise' before purchase.

“I'm sure it's fine, as long as you don't destroy the product. A little bit of nipple nibbling won't ruin the melon, and if it helps you decide, I'm certain it's okay.” She said, as she made up her mind.

“Well, you know.” I said “There's still one thing I need to check before I can truly decide. I wonder if that's fine as well.”

“I'm sure it is.” She said with a smile.

“Well, let's see, then.” I said, unzipped, and dangled my erection in front of the hot twins.

“Oh...” She said again, as I nudged the two brainless young ladies to their knees. They dropped to the ground with a hard thump, and their tits bounced a few times, until they came to a stop. The twins were now on their knees before me.

“I'm sure that's fine, as well.” She said “If that's what you need to decide, sir. It's your right as a consumer.”

“Excellent.” I said, and placed my throbbing hard-on between one pair of young tits, grabbed them from both sides, and started pumping.

“Hmm, a little dry.” I said.

“Oh, I can help, sir!” The woman said, and moved fast to drool some saliva on her daughter's breasts, making the fucking of her teen tits much smoother, and more pleasant.

I banged her boobs right there in the middle of the supermarket, making sure nobody noticed, of course. I slipped my cock in the hot teen's compliant mouth and pumped into her face a few times.

“Ah! **Groan** ...Yeah!” I moaned and grunted as I pumped into her mouth harder and harder, until I shoved myself all the way into her throat, and felt her nose mash against my belly.

Shoving my cock in her mouth went against the whole melon buying thing, but the mesmerized, mind-fucked woman standing beside me didn't care. She stood next to the man fucking her daughter's mouth with a dumb and happy smile.

“Oh, that's great.” I said with another moan.

“I'm glad, sir.” The older woman sincerely said.

I moved to the other pair of teen tits, with an already moistened cock, that made fucking her tits much easier. The two soon to be college girls showed no inkling of grasping what I was doing to their bodies, and that's exactly what made it so hot.

What made it hotter was occasionally reaching back to fondle their milf of a mom, while still tit fucking them, and only hearing a bimbo-like giggle from the saggy old pair of tits, as she thanked me.

“Oh yeah, that's nice.” I said “Now, let's move to picking cherries.”

Her expression changed for a second, before the same dumb smile appeared on her face.

“Of course, sir.” She said, brought the hot teen I wasn't currently tit-fucking back to her feet, and bent her over the pile of tomatoes, adjacent to the cucumber pile.

“How about you tell me what to look for in a proper cherry, while I continue testing this pair of melons.” I said.

“Yes sir.” She smiled, and removed her daughters cut offs quickly and efficiently. There I was, with a hot, barely eighteen years old teen, on her knees before me, with my cock between her perky jugs, while her mom was about to teach me how to best test her other daughter's cherry. I really hoped the twins were both virgins.

“First,” She said, as she removed the teen's cut offs to reveal her white lacy panties “Like with the melons, the packaging must be removed. Again, there's no need to be shy. It's perfectly fine to remove both layers, that are usually wrapping the cherry.” She

said, as she removed the girl's panties, and revealed her awesomely tight pussy.

“Now, the first thing to look at, is the color.” She said.

“Pink shows ripeness, while red means it may have spoiled, or perhaps that the cherry is over used. Remember, A cherry is only good until it's popped. After that, it's just like any other pussy.” She said.

“Not that a tight pussy is bad, of course.” She added.

“As you can see, this cherry is certainly ripe pink, but it might still already be popped. The only way to really know whether it's ripe and ready, is to check whether the hymen is intact.”

“Check it, then.” I told her, and shoved my cock back in the other twin's mouth.

“Yes sir.” She said, and spread the young woman's cunt open.

“I'm happy to say her cherry is indeed ready, and intact, sir.” She said, beaming.

“Fantastic,” I said “What else should I note before using this ripe cherry?” I asked.

“Some people don't like pubes on their cherries, but that is no reason to avoid using it. Hair can be shaved off, after all. Wetness and tightness are important, but cherries are almost always tight and wet enough. Honestly, once a cherry is ripe and ready for use, there is no reason not to tap it.”

Said the mother, trying her best to make me pop her daughter's cherry.

And the bent over teen? Well, she had a blank face, and her tight pussy was perfectly in my view. She made no motion to invite me to fuck her, and she made no motion to stop or hinder me. She simply bent over forward, and mindlessly waited to be used.

“Alright.” I said, and moved behind the hot virgin. I teased her pussy a bit, guiding my cock to the opening of her tight pussy.

“Hmm, it could be wetter, for sure. Lick her pussy for me.” I told one of my pet topless cashiers, who were just standing there waiting. She knelt before the bent over mindless teen, and shoved her mouth into the young cunt, kissing it passionately.

“Okay, that's enough.” I said after a couple of moments, and pushed the cashier aside. This time it felt much easier to slip into her tight hole. I started by putting my tip in, and bent forward to squeeze her melons again. Then, with one swift motion, I rammed myself into her, and felt her warm tight pussy engulf my manhood.

“Ohhhh yeaah!”

I started pistoning into her, looking at the virginal blood dripping from her pussy to the floor, from time to time. She wasn't the first cherry I ever popped, of course, nor was she the last. After all, there's still her twin sister.

But, it always filled me with joy. To know I'm the first one to enjoy a tight fuck hole, and might be the last. To hear only gratitude as she puts my pleasure above her own pain and discomfort.

Well, there was no gratitude with that bitch, obviously, since she was utterly void of emotion. Still, the fact she just took it like any inanimate sex doll would, while still being a hot, living and breathing eighteen year old girl, was almost enough to make me cream her tight cherry.

I crept over to her ear, and whispered “I want to feel your pussy tighten around my cock.” She was mindless, and unable to even think of making decisions, but she still understood the spoken word. And, being empty minded as she was, had no reason to disobey.

I felt her pussy walls tighten and convulse around my cock, and I started ramming into her even harder than before. It felt as if she was climaxing, although I knew she wasn't, since I hadn't told her to. Anyway, I kissed her neck, and gave her pert butt a light slap, and that was all she wrote, if you know what I mean.

It was one of those rare cases in which I lost control of my own climax. Sure, it happened to me in highschool left and right, when I used my very first sex slaves. But, today I'm so used to having anything I want, that I can usually control myself, and cum at my

own leisure. This was one of those rare cases in which I just couldn't hold it in, and it reminded me why it's so much fun when that happens.

I started cumming deep inside of her, and with every spurt I blew in her tight cunt I felt an even stronger rush of pleasure.

“Ohhhh! Ahhhh!”

I instinctively glued my hips to hers, and the final sound of flesh slapping into flesh resonated in the semi-crowded supermarket.

“Ohhh...Haha, that was amazing!” I said out loud, as I finished, and came back down to earth. I pulled out of her, took a few steps back, and watched my load drip from her deflowered teen pussy.

“Well, I'll definitely buy both these pairs of melons.” I said “I planned to test the other cherry as well, but I guess that can wait for later. I wonder if the experience will be identical, since they are twin cherries.”

I zipped up, and continued shopping with my entourage of five hot pieces of ass. All of them helped me fill my shopping cart with the rest of what I needed, and we headed to the nearest cashier to pay for it.

She finished scanning and bagging the last of the products, and was about to tell me the grand total, when I stopped her.

“Oh, right!” I said “I forgot, there's also these melons and cherries I wanted to buy.”

“What?” The cashier said, confused.

I bent her mind to my will, and presented the naked twins to her.

“Oh, of course.” She said with a smile “Please, place the melons on the counter, so I can scan them.”

“Of course.” I said, and lowered one of the twins upper body to the counter. The cashier scanned the teen's tits, and was quite dumbfounded that her computer couldn't recognize the product.

“What's going on?” I said, pretending to be in a hurry.

“Well, it's not working, sir. I....Let me get my supervisor.”

“Excuse me?!” I huffed “I'm in a rush. I don't care if it's working or not. Get this done quickly!”

“Yes sir.” She said, a bit agitated “Of course, sir. Right away.” She practically sprinted to get her supervisor, who rushed as well, thinking something was terribly wrong.

“What's going on?!” He said, panting “What's so important we had to run here?!”

“This gentleman, sir.” She said “I can't seem to scan the melons he wishes to purchase.”

It was obvious the supervisor was about to say something along the lines of “You brought me here for this?!”, but I took hold of his mind before he could react in any rebellious way.

“Oh, wow. I'm terribly sorry sir. I have no idea what happened to the system, but I assure you, I'll look into it.”

“I just want to pay and go.” I said curtly.

“Of course, sir.” He said, obviously trying to put a price on the two pairs of tits I was supposedly buying from his fine establishment.

“You know what, sir.” He finally said “To compensate you for this screw up, I'll give you this purchase on the house. Clear his bill, Jasmine.”

“Wow, that's very considerate of you.” I said “I might just return to buying here, after all.”

If my entire surrounding wasn't under a mental fog of war, they would've noticed how poorly I feigned surprise. I haven't paid for anything I “bought” in ages. I don't even carry a wallet on me...

“Actually.” He continued to say “Since it's obvious you appreciate our...melons.”

The man looked at the two topless cashiers I used from the beginning.

“How about I let you keep those two, and add Jasmine here, as a sign of how we appreciate your patronage.”

“Hmm, well, let's see your melons then, Jasmine.” I said, and the young woman stood up and took her top off as if it was

perfectly normal. She even emphasized her chest, and squeezed her tits together for me to have a better look at her merchandise.

“Yes I think that will do just fine.” I said, and the woman who was a cashier just a few minutes ago, joined my other topless purchases, silent and obedient. Her jugs were bigger than her uniform showed. It was a nice surprise.

As my new slaves loaded my 'regular' purchase to the trunk of my car, I saw how concerned the supervisor seemed to be.

“Is there a problem?” I asked.

“Oh, it's nothing that should concern you, sir.” He said “I just realized I only have one cashier left, and we are in the rush hour of customers.”

“I see. Well, you were so kind in your service, that I think I'll help you with it.” I said.

“Oh, thank you sir, but I couldn't ask you to.”

“Nonsense. I just happen to have a pair of old saggy tits right here, that I'll probably never use.” I said, and the woman who showed me how to pick melons and cherries stood at attention at my side.

“What do you do in life, cunt?” I asked her, with a slap on her ass.

“I'm in advertisement, sir” She said.

“Great! I'm sure she's qualified to be a cashier here. Am I right?” I asked the man.

“Oh” He said, seeming embarrassed “Well, yes, of course. All she needs are some people skills, and the ability to swipe products on the bar-code reader, after all.”

“Okay, then, it's settled” I said.

“You, whatever your name is.” I addressed her “You'll quit your other job, and work here full time, from now on. I'm sure it will mean a decrease in income, but I have a feeling your expenses will be drastically cut from now on, as well. Now that your daughters are out of the house.”

“Yes sir. Most of my money went towards their future, anyway. I'm glad they now belong to you completely, and I don't need to worry about them, anymore.”

That statement warmed my heart. Or, well, maybe it warmed something lower than that, but let's not be pedantic.

“Okay, Ms...” The supervisor started.

“Irvine.” She said.

“Ms. Irvine, I'll get you your uniform, and you can start right away.”

“Okay, sir.” She said, and then turned towards me “Thank you for getting me this job, sir.” She told me, completely forgetting she had a better paying job.

“You're welcome, whore.” I said, enjoying the fact her only response was to blush at my obvious 'compliment'.

I turned to leave, and then remembered one last thing.

“Oh! And if your husband gives you trouble, call this number and we'll set up a meeting to convince him nothing is wrong.”

“I'm not married, sir. My husband died a few years ago.”

“Oh, I'm happy to hear that.” I said.

Well, who said I ever had any social skills? And why would I need any when the silly widower simply smiled at me, as if she's happy about it, as well? If anything, not having to be politically correct all the time, is one of the major perks of being a mind controller.

Anyway, I got into my car, and told my topless chauffeur to start driving. I snatched her from a local beauty contest. She wasn't a bad driver, and I obviously used her other skills as well. Right now, all she had to do was drive, though.

I told my new mindless twin slaves to give me a double road-head, and they mindlessly obeyed. I closed my eyes, and napped a bit on the ride home, dreaming about how I'll cherry-pop my still virgin new slave, and what I'll do afterward with my brand new, mint condition twin set.

That day started boring, but ended with quite a bang, I must say.

Up-skirt

I was having an afternoon cafe with five women I just met, at an upbeat coffee place, in the middle of the commercial district. They were young businesswomen, very prim and proper, and quite attractive. One of the women was under the table sucking my cock, while I slowly sipped from her caffè latte. She won't be needing it after I blow my man milk in her mouth.

I was having a heated discussion with the other four women, about current issues.

"I would quit my job and clean for him, fully nude, for the rest of my life!" One of them said, with puffed arrogance.

"Puh-lease," Another said, rolling her eyes "I would let him fuck me in front of my first born. Beat that!"

"Oh, that's weak." A third woman said "I would suck his cock from morning to night. I would make sure to lick and suck all night long, as he slept, regardless if it's hard or not. I'd take a vow of silence if he wanted to stick his cock in my mouth indefinitely! I'd be the best sex slave ever!"

"Really, you'd do that?" I said "That's so nice of you."

"Anything for you, master." She said, and blew a wet kiss my way, with lips willing to kiss my shaft any time I wanted.

"Well, I might take you up on that, once I'm bored with the current mouth on my cock."

"I'm so jealous of her, master." The one who promised to quit her job said.

I could sit there for hours, getting head and hear them argue about who will be the best slave for me. Something suddenly distracted me, though.

"Eeeek! You creep!" Someone behind me screamed. At the entrance to the coffee shop was a young woman in her early twenties, her face was crimson red. She was screaming at a slobbering buffoon, who blushed even more than she did. He clutched his phone in his hand, and mumbled apologies.

"You're sorry!? You disgusting pig! I'll break that fucking phone! How dare you do that?!" She screeched. She tried taking his phone by force, while he tried to fight her off.

“Give me that, you dirt-bag!”

With me and my sweet new slaves completely distracted, I decided to get up, and see if I can help the young couple. I didn't even bother to zip up, it's not like anyone would have noticed, unless I wanted them to.

“Whoa whoa, what's wrong?” I said “Why are two lovely lovebirds like you fighting?” I asked.

“Lovebirds!?” The woman screeched, making me instinctively put a finger in my ear.

“I don't even know this creep!” She said “He took an up-skirt pic of me!”

“Up-skirt pic?” I asked.

“Yes! He took a picture up my skirt, with that phone, and he won't let me fucking smash it!”

“Uhm...Don't you mean delete the image?” I asked, raising an eyebrow.

“I! Know! What! I! Meant!” She shouted, waving a finger at my face.

I made a surprised face at her, and she suddenly caught herself, and realized she was yelling at an innocent bystander.

“I'm sorry.” She said “You have nothing to do with this, and you're just trying to help...”

Oh, I'll help her, for sure, just not the way she thinks.

“I'm just so *MAD!* Will you please help me get that phone from this pervert!?” She asked me.

“Of course not.” I said “It's his phone. Who gives you the right to take it?” I said. The look on her face was priceless.

“What the fuck are you talking about?! He took an up-skirt pic of me! Who gives him the right to do that!”

“First of all, stop shouting.” I said, and made sure her mind took that as a command, because my ear drums were starting to bleed.

“Second of all, you're wearing a skirt willingly, aren't you?” I asked.

“Yeah!” She started, and then her voice stopped suddenly, and she quieted down “So fucking what?” She finished quietly, and

almost politely.

“Well, you chose to wear a skirt in public. Let me tell you a secret, honey. A skirt leaves your little panties revealed from below. I have a feeling you knew that, and still you wore this short skirt. I don't think this young man did anything wrong.”

The man looked surprised, but the woman looked shocked and appalled.

“I don't believe this.” She said “All you men are the same. Perverts. Pigs. Disgusting. I'll fucking sue you both. I'll...”

It was obvious she wanted to raise her voice, but couldn't.

“Oh, shut up, you bitch.” The young man said, suddenly feeling confident “You heard the man, it's my right to check out the assets *YOU* chose to put on display.”

“That's ridiculous. You're both...”

“Shut up, bitch.” I said as well, and she quieted down.

“I like your style, kid.” I told him.

“How can you two be so fucking ...Gah...” She said, utterly speechless, but unable to walk away.

“Are you even wearing panties?” I asked, and she was shocked all over again.

“None of your business.” She said.

“Is that it? You're not wearing panties, and you're mad because he took a pic of your little cunt?” I said, and the man immediately checked his phone, to see for himself.

“*NO!*” She erupted suddenly “How dare you talk like that to me!”

I was rather surprised she went against my command, and raised her voice, but I hardly touched her mind yet, so it wasn't that shocking.

“I said, are you wearing panties?” I asked, pushing into her much more forcefully this time.

“I-I...” She mumbled.

“Yes.” She finally said, and looked at her knees in shame, and fear.

“Prove it. Give em to me. Now.” I ordered.

Without a word, and looking utterly embarrassed, she lifted her skirt, and pulled her panties down.

“Holy shit...” The young man gasped, as she slipped her panties off of her feet, and handed them to me.

“Good girl.” I said, made a ball of her panties, and shoved it in her mouth.

“That should shut you up.” I said.

“Take a few pictures of this, lad.” I said.

I didn't use any mind control on him, I didn't really need to. He happily took a few pictures of the shocked, and now meek young woman, with her own panties shoved in her mouth. She looked much cuter like that.

“Okay, that's enough.” I said, and he put his phone away.

“Now, here's your choice, bitch.” I said.

“Either you turn around, and walk your hot little butt away from us. Or, you accept the fact you deserve to be treated like an object, and apologize to me by raising the hem of your skirt over your hips, lifting your leg, and offering your tight cunt for me to fuck.”

I didn't really give her much choice in the matter, even though it may have seemed like I did. With increased meekness and shyness, much less embarrassment, and a rosy hue to her cheeks, she lifted her skirt, and raised her leg for me. I grabbed her leg, providing her some balance, and she guided my erect cock into her tight pussy.

“Mmm!” She moaned as I slipped into her, and started pumping her cunt at a steady rhythm.

“Quite flexible.” I said, as her leg stretched above my head, and she skewered her sweet pussy on my shaft. The man couldn't believe his eyes. The woman who attacked him like a rabid dog just moments earlier, was panting meekly as I fucked her.

“I think you should apologize to this young man as well.” I said, and she nodded with a mouth full of panties, and waited for me to tell her how. I didn't need to say anything, I simply lowered her leg to the ground, bent her over, and walked her towards his crotch.

“You know what to do.” I told her, and she started nibbling at his pants, begging to suck his cock with her eyes.

“I can't fucking believe this...” He said, unzipped his fly, took her panties out of her mouth and threw them away, and fed his manhood to her.

“I want to ask how you're doing this, but I'm afraid the fantasy will end...Oh my..Ahh...Holy shit!” He said, as he felt her lips and tongue worship his cock.

“Good instincts.” I said, spanked her, and continued pumping into her.

“Is she good at that?” I asked him about her fellatio skills.

“She's fantastic!” He said, almost unable to speak because of the unfamiliar pleasure he felt “Not that I can compare it to many other women.”

“Hah! I see.” I said.

“Okay, let's switch, then. I wanna try her other end.” I told him.

“Sure thing.” He said, grateful to even be a part of this.

It only took a few seconds for me to realize how right he was.

“Damn! She can move her tongue so good, no wonder she was screaming so hard.” I said.

Slap

Smack

Spank

“Take that, you worthless bitch!” The young man said as he spanked her “This will teach you to be rude to me.”

I couldn't help but smirk, and feel a little proud. It's not like I can have a protege, since my skills can't really be taught, but the idea did charm me a little, at that point.

“Okay, let's switch again. I'm the one making this happen, I should get final dibs on her cunt.”

“Hey, I'm just happy to be taken along on the ride. Turn that ass around, slut.” He said, and spanked her ass.

He of course didn't last as long as I did, and started cumming almost immediately after he shoved himself back into her mouth.

"Swallow it all, you fucking bitch." He said, and she did, every last drop.

Her face looked clean, and was completely bereft of cum, as he pulled out.

"Amazing suction." He said "I can't believe you swallowed my load whole, like that."

"You'd be surprised what women are capable of once you control them." I said, and felt my own orgasm approaching.

"Okay, turn around bitch. I want to cum on your pretty face." I said, and she immediately obeyed.

"Oh..Yeeeeeaaah!" I moaned, and blew my load on her wonderful mouth, cheeks, forehead, and hair.

"Looking good, honey." I said.

"Thank you, sir." She said with a happy smile, the shyness and meekness completely gone, along with the rage and embarrassment of earlier.

"And, what did you learn?" I asked her.

"I have no right to get mad at men who want to look up my skirt, sir. My body exists to be objectified by men."

"Anything else?" I insisted.

"Yes sir. If I'm rude, sir, I should be punished."

"And what should your punishment entail?"

"I should be fucked, sir. In all my available holes." She said, and gave the tip of my cock a wet kiss that combined love, gratitude, and great arousal.

"Thank you for teaching me this lesson, sir." She said, batting her eyes seductively, as she looked up at me. Cum was dripping all over her face, and onto her clothes.

"Dude...How..." The man said, reminding me he was there. Now, I couldn't really let him remember all of this. Even with all my incredible powers, I wouldn't have made it this far if I wasn't cautious enough, and hid my abilities from absolutely everyone.

"Clean yourself up, and stand on your feet." I told her. She nodded, and started slurping my cum off of her face, hair, and

clothes. Meanwhile, I erased the man's memory of the happy ordeal. I know, it sucks, but I really had to. Don't worry, though – I liked his attitude, and I wasn't going to let him leave empty handed.

Five minutes later, the young woman was back on her feet, with a dumb smile on her face, that was again bereft of cum. The young man blinked a few times, and then made a shocked gasp. He started mumbling apologies immediately, trying to convince her to not call the cops.

“I-I'm sorry, I really am! I didn't mean to take this picture, I swear! I'll delete it, just don't...”

“Relax, baby.” She said, with a soothing tone, and patted his cheek lovingly “I don't mind it.”

“You-You don't?” He asked, flabbergasted.

“Of course not, honey. In fact, I think you should be awarded for your courage.” She turned around, shook her ass at him, and winked “If you want to, of course.”

She gave him a sexy 'come hither' look, and her meaning wasn't lost on him.

He swallowed hard, and said “S...Sure..”.

I heard faint echoes of their conversation, as I returned to my seat, and the two lovebirds walked away.

“I can be your hot sexy girlfriend.”

“Girlfriend?”

“Well, not exclusive, of course. You can still have fun with other girls.”

“This is unbelievable...Wait, does that apply to you, as well? With other guys, I mean.”

“Oh, no, of course not, honey. I'm all yours, and yours alone.”

“If this is a dream, I never want to wake up.”

That was the last thing I heard him say. I hope he managed to handle the situation properly, since then. I tried to give him some mental tools, but nothing is certain once I'm away from both him and her.

I made sure he instinctively knew not to try and get other girls to be like her, and that both of them will try and act like a normal couple in front of friends and family. Well, at least if the worst happens, he'll have much more than just plausible deniability.

I sat back, and immediately felt lips kissing my now limp shaft. The kneeling woman under the table waited patiently for my return. For a second, I considered whether I should have given that man my phone number, and put a command into his mind to call it, if something bad happens.

“Meh, screw it, he'll be fine.” I finally told myself.

“Now, girls. Where were we? Ah, yes, we were talking about what you would be willing to do for me, as my slaves. Carry on.”

“Yes sir.” One of them said, smiling “I would do anything you wish, no matter how degrading and humiliating.”

“Pfft.” Another said “I would let you walk all over me. I'll be your carpet, or any other type of furniture, and it won't even be degrading for me.”

“Well,” I said, taking a sip from my cup “How about you start by showing me your tits.” The four women nodded, and happily obliged. I sent one of them to have my coffee re-heated, and continued listening to their heated argument, on which of them will be better as my slave.

I sighed happily, and enjoyed a quiet and pleasurable afternoon.

Self Defense Class: Second Lesson

I stood under the 'girl power' sign, that now had a notice saying there are no spots to be filled, and opened the door. Inside were six nude women. Five of them were on their hands and knees, with their asses up in the air. Each pinned a plastic dildo to the floor, and gave it a slow and tender blowjob.

In front of them, the hot self defense teacher knelt, with one dildo in her cunt, and another in her ass. She was the first to

notice me.

“Master.” She gushed with a smile, as she bounced like a happy bunny on the dildo.

“I'm so happy you're here, master.”

The five women didn't look back at me, but shook their asses invitingly, while still blowing the dildos in their hands.

“It's always nice to see women learning proper etiquette.” I said “You're doing a great job, whore.”

“Thank you, master.” the dark haired slut said “May I orgasm, master. Your compliments are making me so wet.”

“Later, maybe.” I told her.

“Thank you, master.” She said with a smile.

“I certainly hope you've studied well.” I said, and spanked the up turned ass of the bespectacled redhead.

“Nyaaa! Yes, sir!” She moaned “We've been meeting daily, sir, and we've been practicing non stop.”

“I had to break up with my boyfriend.” the younger blonde sister said.

“Great.” I said.

“I think we should start with some stretching, then.” I said.

“Yes master.” The hot instructor said, grinding her hips flexibly on her dildo.

“Pussy stretching, that is.” I clarified, and the five students responded with moans of pleasure, and wiggled their perfect asses from side to side in anticipation.

I started with the mocha skinned, exotic looking one.

“Yes sir.” She moaned as she felt me enter her “Use my body, sir. Stretch my pussy, sir.”

I didn't need her invitation, but it was nice to hear it. I started fucking her at a steady pace, moving her entire body back and forth.

Before long, she started moving her own body back and forth, and all I had to do was stay there, and enjoy her tight cunt. From her, I moved to the blonde sisters. Once more, I switched between

the two of them a few times, starting a sort of tradition, of using them together like that, before moving to the other cunts.

“Thank you for fucking me, sir.” The younger blonde said.

“And what about your sister?” I asked.

“Thank you for fucking my sister, sir. We both exist for your pleasure, sir.”

“That's right, bitch.” I said, and slapped her ass.

From her, I moved to the third blonde of the group. The haughty one who was so assertive when I first saw her. The blonde sisters continued moving their bodies back and forth, like machines.

“Ohhh” The curly haired blonde said “I love it, sir. I love it when you use me for your own pleasure.”

Slap

“Ah! Have I been a good girl, sir?” She asked, after I spanked her.

“Now now.” The instructor said, still gyrating her hips over her dildo “It's not your place to ask that of master, bitch. If he wants to praise you, he'll do it on his own.”

“Yes teacher.” She said “This pussy is sorry, sir. It won't happen again.

When I moved over to the busty redhead, I made sure the third blonde was moving her entire body back and forth, just like the rest of them. It felt like I was winding them up, like toys. I gave them some fucking, and they continued the motion until I had them stop.

I looked at the hot instructor while I fucked the redhead to my heart's content.

“Damn, you're so fucking hot.” I said.

“Thank...Nnn...you, ma-aster.” She moaned, fighting an orgasm, while making sure to give me a great view of her tits, and cunt.

“I'm so jealous of them, master.” She said, but she knew it wasn't her place to beg to be fucked.

“You've turned out to be a great slave, bitch.” I said, and rammed into the redhead hard.

“You may cum.” I told the instructor.

“Oh, thank you master!” She said with a cute wiggle to her hips, and started shaking uncontrollably.

Even though she was in the midst of an earth quaking orgasm, she still made sure to give me a great view of her young lithe body, as it writhed on the big plastic dildo. When she was done, the floor was wet from her juices.

I pulled out of the redhead, and stood up. I leaned on the wall opposite of the girls, and watched as the five of them moved back and forth, like automatons, moaning and sighing like brainless bitches. I then decided the instructor deserved her own reward, so I walked over to her.

Her legs were still spread over the dildo, and her face spelled bliss, as I stood before her, with my cock in her face. I dick slapped her a bit, enjoying how eager she was to lick my shaft. Then, I shoved her face on my balls. It was like she had no teeth at all. I felt her lips and tongue worship my balls, as I smothered her with my testicles.

I didn't make her wait much longer, and shoved my cock deep in her throat. As deep as possible, in fact. She didn't mind my hands guiding her face all around my cock. She didn't mind me telling her to get her tongue out, and slapping my cock on it for my pleasure. She didn't mind, period.

After having my fun with her, I left her to continue bouncing on her dildo, and returned to the five perpetually moving little hump toys. I fucked the line of hot cunts once more, this time not even moving my own hips at all, until I felt I was close to cumming. I knew exactly who deserved my load, too.

“*Hrrrm! Haaaar!*” I blew my load right on the haughty blonde's curly hair, knowing it will be hell for her to get it cleaned.

“There you go. A nice shampoo for your hair.” I said.

“Thank you, sir.” She looked up at me with a big smile, and wide eyes.

“I don't think you can get it out of your hair, slut.” I said.

“What should I do, sir?” She asked with puppy eyes, looking concerned.

“Don't worry, I have the perfect solution.” I said.

“I'm so grateful, sir.” She said, and just left her tongue dangling out of her mouth, like a bitch trying to cool down.

“All of you, lick the cum off of her head.” I ordered the women “You as well, bitch” I addressed the instructor.

“As you wish, sir.” They all said, and proceeded to follow my command.

I lounged on the mattress, and watched them lick the blonde's hair clean of my cum. Under my command, they turned it into a full blown lesbian orgy. Before long, the exotic harem girl was locked in a sixty nine position with the older blonde sister, while the instructor sucked on the redheads luscious boobs, and the other blondes licked and kissed her feet. I let them continue until I regained my erection, and then had all six of them stand before me.

“Go ahead.” I told the instructor, and made sure she understood what I wanted immediately. She moved away from the group, and said “Okay girls, time to show your master what you've learned.”

The five women were pretending to be walking some dark alley, fully naked, and waited for me to play the part of a stranger wanting to “molest” them. I didn't waste any time, and started by grabbing the curly haired blonde, turning her around to face me. The other girls turned around as well, and smiled.

“Can I help you, master?” The nineteen year old blonde asked with a smile. I didn't answer. I simply pushed her to her knees, and shoved my cock in her mouth.

“Ohh.” The younger blonde sister said, and knelt before me as well.

“He knows how to treat pretty girls like us.” She said, and kissed my crotch, right next to the other blonde's face.

“He sure does.” The exotic one said, and knelt as well.

“Don't you dare run away.” I said, playing my part, and moving my cock to the mocha skinned face.

“Of course, sir. These asses aren't going anywhere.” The redhead said, and spanked her ass.

“We are eternally patient, mister. We are yours to dispose of whenever you feel you're done with us.” The older blonde said.

“I might never be done with you.” I said, face fucking the hot exotic babe.

“Then we will forever be here to serve you, sir. You deserve to use our body for your sexual release.” The younger blonde said.

I then pushed the hot mocha skinned cunt onto her back, and spread her legs. Her cunt was so wet, that I slipped into her with one decisive thrust, and continued to pound into her, watching her tits bounce horizontally with every thrust.

“Yes, sir. Fuck my pussy, sir.” She moaned.

While she begged to be fucked harder, the other girls started chanting with a catchy and fun beat.

“Fuck her. Fuck her. Fuck her, fuck her, fuck her.” They chanted, and shook their asses at me every time they said “Fuck her.”

They made a half moon in front of me, so all their asses were perfectly in my reach. I started alternating between drumming on their asses, adding to their upbeat chant, and squeezing the tits of the girl I was fucking. Occasionally, I lowered my head to kiss her neck, and suck on her nipples.

I decided to let myself go, and just fuck her till I cum, while enjoying the music I made with my band of hot bitch asses. It didn't take me long, but it felt like hours, pounding at her hot cunt. Without notice, I started cumming straight into her. I didn't even care if she was on the pill.

“Ohhh!” She said, as she felt my cum streaming into her. She was surprised as well.

“You may orgasm.” I said.

“Thank you, sir. *Ahhhhh!*” Her orgasm hit while I was still pumping into her. It was amazing to feel her pussy quiver from the inside, while I spurt load after hot load in her tight pussy.

“Was I satisfactory, sir?” She asked, and the instructor cleared her throat, reminding her she's not supposed to ask that.

“I-I mean...I'm sorry, sir.”

“It's okay.” I said “You were great, bitch.” I added, and she beamed with happiness.

The only person who seemed happier than the five girls, was the twenty-two year old instructor, who was so proud she almost couldn't contain herself. But, she was the epitome of obedience, so she forced herself, and simply smiled broadly, and continued to move the dildo in and out of her cunt.

Two weeks later, after the “girl power” dojo was sold, and the money from the deal was transferred into my account, I walked one of my newest pets down the city street. She had black hair, and an athletic, yet nubile body. She used to be a martial arts expert, and a self defense instructor, but she didn't remember that, at all. All she knew was that she was my bitch, and how to bark, and whine like one.

Even though her nubile body wasn't made to scrape its knees on the hard sidewalk, she never complained. She knew her place in life, and she made sure to wiggle her ass happily every time I gave her some attention.

In the distance, I heard a moan of pleasure, and decided to check it out. In a back alley was a man in a T-shirt and black pants, who obviously had a hard day at work. His pants and underwear were down at his feet, and he pumped his cock between the willing mouths of two hot blonde sisters.

“I can't believe all I needed to do was ask...” He said happily, and pumped his cock between their hungry tongues.

I looked at it, and my pet did as well, not that she understood what was going on.

“Isn't it nice?” I asked out loud, as if she could understand “To think these whores needed our help to teach them how to serve properly.”

“Aren't you proud?” I said, looking down at my pet. She looked up at me with dim witted eyes, panting with her tongue out. Her tiny mind realized I was expecting her to respond, so she lowered her head and licked my shoes hungrily, wagging her naked ass happily.

“I guess not, you silly bitch.” I said, as she raised her head, and started making begging sounds, kissing my cock through my clothes. She whimpered and begged until I had an erection.

“Oh, fine, you silly bitch” I said, rolling my eyes “See, here's your favorite boner.”

I dangled my cock before her eyes, and watched her follow it dumbly, before allowing her to lick, and suck me dry.

The man using the blondes came, and left, long before I was done with her.

“Yeah, I'm quite the philanthropist, aren't I?” I asked rhetorically, and came in my bitch's mouth.

“Okay, time to go home, bitch. Our business is done.” I said, and tugged on her leather leash.

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The Mentalist's Plan

* * * * *

Chapter One

Jenna O'Brien, a twenty-six years old bespectacled brunette, sat in front of a class of five, and doodled in boredom, hoping to fool the students into thinking she was writing something important. Her buxom cleavage was held tightly by a conservative blouse, and yet still couldn't hide the magnificence of her voluptuous mounds. She wore a skirt that reached well below her knees, and underneath, she wore her dirty little secret, a pair of lacy panties, as pink as a virgin's twat.

She continued scribbling wiggly lines, and other nonsense on her page, and sighed. Lifting her head, she realized Vicky was playing with her phone, instead of doing her homework.

"Vicky, do you want me to take that away?" She said sternly "I decided to let you keep your phone, out of trust, but if you continue betraying that trust, I'll be forced to treat you just like any other student in detention.

The dark haired girl raised her head, to stare at the young teacher's chestnut colored eyes, with her dark brown ones. She had short hair, that reached the middle of her neck, and she wore the school uniform, which was only optional at McBride High. Complete with a knee high skirt, and a buttoned-up top that carried the school's symbol, it was a pretty conservative outfit to wear.

She turned eighteen earlier that week, and had a petite, Lolita-like physique. To make her feel more like a mature adult, she purchased a pair of black, and quite transparent pantyhose, the other day. She had no idea why, but she felt compelled to wear them to school. It wasn't such a big deal, anyway, since her skirt was long enough to ensure no up-skirt view.

Vicky eventually rolled her eyes, placed the phone back in her bag, and continued slaving away at her work. She was obviously bored out of her mind, doing homework she completed a week ago. Ms. O'Brien gritted her teeth, wondering if her students even

realized this was as boring for her, as it was for them. It's not like she had nothing better to do, than guard a bunch of bratty delinquents, who were serving detention.

Vicky wasn't like the others, though. She felt such shame at even being sentenced to detention. She was the president of the chess club, and the debate team. She was an ace student, and the teachers trusted her with duties they would normally only bestow upon each other. She always followed the rules, and she was always rewarded for it, with good grades, and the respect of her teachers.

She wrecked her mind wondering what has gotten into her. Why would she try to steal tomorrow's exam? She knew the material perfectly, and had started studying for it three weeks ago. Even if she wouldn't do any studying in this last day, she would still ace it.

And yet, something kept itching at her brain. A nagging need to be absolutely certain she'll ace it. She found herself breaking into the teacher's lounge, trying to find the exam, and was caught red handed by Ms. O'Brien.

Most teachers chalked it down to the 'head girl' being obsessed with success. Some claimed they've seen it before. They all trusted that she didn't actually need to steal the exam to succeed, and one teacher went as far as asking her if she was being blackmailed by other students. They weren't even that mad at her, but such an attempt simply could not go unpunished.

So, here she was, in detention, for the first time in her life. And for her, it was one too many. Three of the other four students have been sent to detention before, at least once. And, needless to say, her nervousness about its effects on her future made them laugh out loud.

Her success at school, and her geeky hobbies, made her a prime target for bullying. Luckily, She was mostly spared, mainly because all the boys wanted to bang her, and some of the girls

wanted to be like her. She gained respect, even from other students.

Her height was slightly below average, and her entire body complimented her petite physique. She had B-cup tits that seemed to still be growing, and may even reach a C-cup. She was a late bloomer, and had an innocent look to her, that went perfectly with her good girl attitude. She knew her worries were ridiculous, and that one time in detention won't affect her future, but she still couldn't help but worry.

The one who laughed at Vicky's worries the most was Haley. Haley could've been her twin, if she didn't let her hair grow a bit longer. She was also a little taller than Vicky, and had dark eyes, that matched her hair. If they were sisters, then Vicky would most likely consider Haley to be her evil twin.

Haley wasn't evil, but she was certainly a bad girl. She spent her days testing the school's patience, and tried her best to avoid any actual studying. She didn't care, and she was proud of it. Haley figured it out. High school, and standardized tests - They're just another way for 'the man' to program the young into becoming corporate robots.

Not Haley, though. Her eyes were open, and every time someone like Vicky talked about future opportunities, she burst in and told them how naive they are, thinking their grades will make any difference in a world ruled by nepotism.

She was a rebel, and an anarchist. And, more concerning to school administration, a hectic prankster. The only reason she wasn't expelled yet, was because her dad was a big donor to the school. Yes, she came from money, and that was the thing she hated most about herself.

She usually wore baggy tops, and Jeans torn at the kneecap. Today, she woke up needing change. So, she grabbed a pair of scissors, and cut one sleeve off of her Jeans. One of her legs was totally exposed, while the other showed nothing but the kneecap. Her 'new Jeans' served well to emphasize her tight teen ass, and her white blouse showed her belly button, and her impressive C-cup cleavage.

Haley often made hasty decisions like that, and she never regretted them. She was very much used to detention, by now. And, even though she didn't really plan on it today, she immediately started her routine of day dreaming, and pretending to do her homework. Two things bothered her, just a little bit.

First, the fact she decided to skip Art Class, the only subject she actually enjoyed in school. That's actually what landed her in detention. Well, among other things. Second, she had a tingly feeling in her pussy, that just wouldn't go away. She didn't know what got her so horny, but she might need to excuse herself, and give her wet cunt a good finger fucking in the restroom, if it didn't stop.

Could it be because she decided to skip wearing panties, today? She looked down at her crotch, and moved her hand to touch it slightly, before raising her head and nervously looking around, to make sure no one noticed. Her eyes fell on Ana, who Haley hated with a passion.

Ana was, in Haley's eyes, the living embodiment of everything wrong with the world. She was the head cheerleader, and had a bubbly attitude that felt like an over chewed gum. To her, there was nothing more than popularity, and the affection of men. She even bragged more than once, that her life's plan revolved around riding a rich husband for a living.

She's the kind of girl who thinks she can make it in life based on her looks alone, and she spends her days dreaming of a fairy tale wedding, to an imaginary prince charming. Her arrogance and naivete annoyed Haley to no end, and she wanted nothing more than to be there when the cruel facts hit the bimbo cheerleader hard on the face.

Ana had naturally blonde hair, and light blue eyes. She wore a pink buttoned-up top, that hugged her sizable cleavage tightly, and a version of her cheerleader's skirt, that was just as short as school regulations allowed. As she sat before Ms. O'Brien, her

legs were lightly spread, and she tried her best to hide the fact she was using her friend's phone to alleviate the boredom.

One of the perks of being class queen, was that her loyal subjects had no problem lending her their phone, so she'll have something to do while in detention, after her own phone is taken away. Ms. O'Brien hadn't noticed, mainly because every time she glanced in her direction, all she saw was the view of her panties peeking at her, through her short skirt, and open legs.

Ms. O'Brien wanted to comment on that, and tell Ana to at least close her legs. But, in today's world, even that might be perceived as sexual harassment, and people might think she's a lesbian, or something.

“Well, Not that there's anything wrong with that, of course.” She thought to herself.

Ana gave the teacher an up skirt peek out of instinct. And, even though no male teacher has ever taken the bait, as of yet, she never stopped. She didn't see anything wrong with using her body to get ahead.

She wore a pair of white thongs under her skirt, even though she didn't really like the feeling of a thong between her butt cheeks. She did buy it, so she may as well wear it, right? She had no idea what compelled her to buy such a thing, though, since she disliked it so much.

She was in detention because of continuous bad grades. Now, it wasn't school policy to send bad students to detention. It was policy, however, to kick students out of extra curricular activities like, say, the cheerleading team, for having bad grades. She never had problems with keeping her grades high enough to avoid that risk, in the past.

Over the recent couple of months, though, she simply couldn't bring herself to score highly enough. It was almost as if she subconsciously wanted to fail. If that wasn't bad enough, every time she tried to study, her libido would act up, and she had to masturbate. It was extremely frustrating.

Next to her, sat her childhood friend, Mia. Mia had auburn hair, and green eyes. She diligently worked to finish her homework, so she'd have time for her swimming practice later. She was the star of the swimming team, and even had dreams of having national, and international success.

Mia and Ana drifted apart as they started high school. Mia was completely focused on the swim team, and showed significant disdain to her former friend's chosen life style, of a stereotypically snide head cheerleader. Ana, on the other hand, resented Mia for having such a talent to work on, and was annoyed at her utter lack of interest in Ana's life.

At this point, they hardly even looked at each other. They didn't fight, or anything. It was more like a mutual disconnection of relations. It happened quite naturally, as both girls found a new place in life, and new friends.

Both sometimes looked back, and wondered what had happened to them, but neither had the nerves to speak with the other, and perhaps mend their friendship. They still liked each other enough, to make sure Ana didn't use her status to bully, or turn the other students against Mia. A thing she did every now and then, to other girls, just to prove her power over the other students.

Mia wore the most unusual attire, of the girls in detention. She planned to spend the entire day in the pool, practicing, and definitely didn't plan on detention coming in the way. For the life of her, she couldn't figure out why she pulled the fire alarm.

She insisted it was an accident, but they still forced her to attend detention. She should have been thankful, though. The only reason she wasn't expelled, or worse, was because she was the school's star athlete, and had no 'prior convictions'.

Normally, she wouldn't have been so obsessive compulsive about it. However, for some reason, she felt she had to spend every possible moment of that day swimming at the pool. So, before detention even started, she went ahead and put on her

one-piece bathing suit. She planned to run over there, and jump in the pool the very instant detention was over.

Maybe her need to swim was due to the fact she shaved her snatch bald that morning. She wanted to see how it felt like, since she heard so many other girls do it. She found herself wondering how the cold water would feel on her hairless pussy, and couldn't help but get a little wet.

On her other side, checking out her shapely legs, and well toned physique, sat Brian, the only male student to serve detention that day. He spent a couple of minutes checking the five sexy women out. Each had her significant upsides. He moved from Mia's fresh, and well toned body, to Ana, the hot blonde cheerleader, and her beautiful eyes, big boobs, and slutty skirt.

From her, he turned his gaze to Vicky, with her lewd Lolita body, that simply begged to be bent over backwards. Even in her school uniform, she looked sexy as hell. Then, he eyed the 'bad girl', Haley.

Her pert ass looked amazing, framed in her Jeans, which only had one leg sleeve, and her perky tits, held by her tight blouse, made him want to suckle them for hours. Plus, her entire attitude screamed "I'll never be tamed."

Then, he checked out the biggest tits in the room. The youngest teacher in their school, Jenna O'Brien. From her flawless face, and her stylish reading glasses, he moved his eyes to stare at her ample breasts, as they wiggled lightly while she erased something from her page. She was obviously not wearing a bra, and her nipples pointed out of her blouse. She didn't seem to notice.

Yes, there was a reason Brian picked this particular group of women to entertain him that day. Getting into detention was actually the hardest part for him, since he worked hard till now, to make sure the teachers couldn't even fathom the concept of him doing anything wrong.

No teacher ever scoffed at him for entering the teacher's lounge unannounced, or leaving class abruptly. Even though Brian wasn't one of the 'cool kids', he was still respected, and well liked by all the other students.

Brian realized, at a very young age, that he was very talented at manipulating people, and convincing them to do his bidding. He could always know when someone was lying, and had a unique ability to pick up on the smallest gestures people made, and understand their meaning instinctively.

That obviously made him quite capable at luring people into his own way of thinking. Before long, he was using carefully hidden suggestions to make them think, and act according to his tune, rather than their own.

In time, he studied more about the human psyche, and what people can achieve with hypnosis, and post hypnotic triggers. They always say you can't make someone do something they don't want to do, with such methods.

Well, apparently they don't know how good Brian is at convincing people of what they really want. And, once he did that, they were putty in his hands.

Chapter Two – Becoming slaves

He was very careful in his preparations for this day, as this was his 'beta testing' phase. What was he testing? Well, his ability to make hot women into his mind-numbed, entranced, and willing sex slaves, of course. What else? This was the moment of truth, and in a few moments, he will either be on his merry way to jail, or in his own personal, real world paradise.

“Your big tits look really good when you breathe slowly like that, Ms. O'Brien.” He nonchalantly said.

“What...What did you say?” She said, blinking rapidly, and dropping her pencil.

“I said your breasts look great.”

“How...” She mumbled “How dare you?”

Her hand drifted towards her breasts, and she obviously tried to struggle the urge to touch her tits, while trying to put a mantle of shock on her face, in response to the sexist remark her student made.

“I...” She tried speaking again, as her right hand finally settled on her breast, and began pinching her nipple “Ahhh...”

The four students before her stared, in speechless shock.

“Who do you think you are?!” Ana huffed at him.

“Oh, that's pretty rich, coming from a slutty head cheerleader.” He said, and she suddenly felt a tingle between her legs.

“Oh, don't worry,” He told her “Your tits are great, too.”

“Oh, thank you master.” She blurted out automatically, in a soft voice, before slightly shaking her head sideways.

“What? No...” She said quietly, as she felt a sudden urge to fondle her own tits. The other girls still stared, not sure what to do.

“You see, my hot cunts,” He said, sending a jolt of pleasure through the five pussies in the room.

“I'm what you would call a mentalist. Like all those people you see on TV, that play memory tricks on innocent bystanders, and planting thoughts into their heads. And, I've been working hard on each one of you, making sure you would respond just as I want you to.”

“Pfft, that's ridiculous.” Haley said, even though she was grinding her hips on the seat, along with the other girls.

“This is just what's wrong with the world today” The anarchist hottie said “People see stupid things on TV, and...uhnnn....Think that it's real, and that they can do it themselves.”

“Oh, I think you can finger your tight pussy yourself. You've been doing it a lot, haven't you, slut?”

“What?! No! I mean. I have, But...” She struggled against his advances, and he knew exactly what to do. He reached into his pocket, and turned up a certain dial. The dial controlled the small

vibrator Haley had put in her tight snatch that morning. The one he made sure would gently vibrate throughout the day.

“Ahhhhn...” She moaned loudly, as she felt her arousal grow significantly, still completely oblivious to the plastic vibrator in her wet pussy.

Brian anticipated the rebellious Haley to be the toughest nut to crack, and so he made sure he had a decisive leverage over her. And, looking at her beaten face, as she reached down to rub her cunt, he knew it had worked.

“Just the thing to tame a baaaad girl like you, Haley.” He bragged “Now, let's try this again, you've been fingering your wet, tight, fuck-hole a lot, haven't you, slut?”

“Yes master, your slutty slave has...” She said, with a blank face, and the beginning of a slutty smile.

“N-No...” She added, seeming more and more disoriented.

“Yes.” He argued back “But, we'll get back to that, in a bit.”

Sure that Haley was going down the right path, Brian moved to his other bitches. The young teacher had a dazed look on her face, and a dumb smile, as she squeezed her tits with one hand, and rubbed her crotch with the other. Every now and then, she whispered words such as “Sex slave” and “Anything you wish, master.”

There was no struggle left in her, whatsoever.

Looking back at the other students, all of them either had both hands rubbing their tits, or spared a hand for their tight pussy. All of them swayed in their chairs, moving their hips gently. Mia, the star of the swimming pool, moved most subtly, and her eyes showed great focus, and determination. To an unknowing spectator, it would seem like she was using her strong athletic spirit to fight off the effects of Brian's suggestions. And, perhaps, in her mind she was.

Brian knew differently, though. It was her strict work, and training ethics, that made sure Brian didn't really need to do

much. She was so good at training herself, after all. Seeing her reverie of control, Brian knew he didn't need to waste his breath making sure she was going down the right path, towards complete submission to him.

Surprisingly enough, it seemed Vicky was the one struggling the most. She couldn't bring herself to admit she's a worthless slave, like the others. And, she was breathing heavily and panting, in an obviously desperate attempt to stop her from touching herself.

"Is everything okay, Vicky?" Brian asked "Is your slave pussy all hot and wet?"

"Slave...pu...pussy...mmh...No....Not a slave...Pussy....Slave" She mumbled, quite incoherently.

"I..." She raised her head "I need to....go to...the bathroom. May I...Ahh...May I be excused, Ms...Nya....Ms. O'Brien?"

"Why are you asking our slave-teacher, Vicky? You think SHE has the authority to allow you to leave." Brian asked, strongly implying the right behavior with his words.

"I-I. Br-Brian..." She started.

"What was that?" He said, sternly.

"M-Mas. No..." She struggled "Master, *Ahhh!* May I be excused..." She started getting up, her skirt sticking to her twat, because of how wet it was.

"No." He said "Sit your ass back down."

She was naturally subservient, and used to follow the rules. So, her reaction wasn't surprising at all.

She fell back on her chair, and her sensitive backside hitting the chair made her moan loudly.

"Yes, mas...ter." She said, tears in her eyes.

"There. Isn't it easier to be docile, and obedient?"

"Docile...and...obedient" She said "Yes, master. No, wait..."

"I can wait. Just make sure to be my obedient submissive fuck toy, okay?"

"Fuck toy... Yes, master." She said.

"Good girl." he said, and sent shivers down her spine, and through her nether regions.

Suddenly, Ana had a slight relapse.

“I...I have to...get away...” She said, and quickly got up, with her hand still deep in her pussy, and started slowly walking towards the door. Brian couldn't let her do that, of course, and he knew this was the last fight she could ever put up. Some people manage to rise up, just a little bit, before sinking right back into oblivion.

“How can you run, with such a weak, docile body?” He told her, and she stopped in her tracks, her legs shaking, barely holding her.

“Docile. Body.” She repeated.

“Docile, and submissive.” he said “So weighed down by your big tits.”

“Docile. Tits.” She said “No. Gotta get away. Get help.”

She tried making another step, but her body betrayed her, and she collapsed to the floor, chest first. Lucky she had enough arm strength left to stop her fall. She started crawling on her hands and knees towards the door. Her short skirt hiked up a bit, from the force of her fall, so her perfect round ass was visible for Brian to ogle, as she crawled.

She could only take a few steps forward, though, before her arms lost the last bit of strength they had left, and she collapsed on the floor, with only her boobs to cushion the blow. She still tried to move, but that resulted only in her wiggling her ass in vain.

“That's a good girl.” He said, making all five women moan “You know your place. On the floor, showing me your hot little thong, and wiggling your ass.”

“My place. On the floor. Wiggling my ass for you...Master.” She said.

“You're a good slave girl.”

“Thank you, master.” She said, slid her thong aside, and fingered her wet cunt, in front of him. Brian knew there will be no struggle from her, anymore.

That was when Mia made her own last stand. True to her athletic spirit, instead of trying to run away, she came straight at Brian, intending to stop him, by any means necessary. She got up, and wobbled towards him.

“Oh, look, my sweet little mermaid is up.” He said, and she immediately fell down on her knees with an audible, and probably painful thump. Her head fell straight onto his lap, stopping her from banging it on the floor.

“Ah, there you go.” He said, and patted her auburn hair gently. Mia was already more than half way gone, and the orgasm she had as she fell to her knees sealed the deal.

She calmly and submissively snuggled against his crotch, like a kitten would while being patted. She purred and sighed at the warmth of his gentle touch, while nibbling at the bulge in his pants. Mia had succumbed completely.

“Now, Mia, what are you?” He asked the docile girl kneeling before him, as she rubbed her cheek playfully on his crotch.

“Your slave, master.” She sighed happily, finally admitting the truth.

“Good girl.” He said, making her moan gently “And what do good slavegirls do, when they lay their heads on their master's crotch?”

“Anything you wish, master.” She smiled and said.

“Well, what I wish of you” he said, unzipped his fly, and let his erect manhood spring free “Is a nice, and servile blowjob.”

“My mouth is yours, master.” She said, in a deep breathy voice, and kissed the tip of his bare shaft.

“My entire body is yours, master.”

There was no need for more words out of her enslaved mouth. So, she opened wide, and took his erection into her throat, with ease. She was desperate to prove her devotion to him, and took him as deep as she possibly could, inside her mouth. She made sure to move her tongue around his shaft, and move her head up and down at a steady pace.

Failing to provide him with the best head he ever had was not an option. Her ability to focus on one goal, without being distracted, which helped her so much on the swim team, worked perfectly to aid her, in becoming the best sex slave she could possibly be.

“Mmm, this is great.” He said. After looking at Mia's bobbing head for a few seconds, he lifted his head, to check on his other slaves. Ms O'Brien was rubbing her tits through her fabric, chanting words of utter submission. Ana was still on her hands and knees, with her ass bent high in the air, rubbing her pussy through her white thong.

Vicky was bouncing her cute, pert ass on her chair, repeating “I belong to master.” with every bounce. Haley couldn't take the vibrations on her clit sitting down anymore. So, she got up, and bent over her desk, rubbing her pussy through her jeans.

“My wet pussy is yours, master.” She said, with a docile monotone.

“Haley, I don't have the best view of your body. Move to the side of the desk, so I can see your cute little ass.” Brain said, still enjoying Mia's tongue action.

“My body belongs to you, master.” The rebellious girl said, as submissive as a harem girl, born to serve. She moved like a sexy kitten, slowly shaking her ass sideways until she positioned herself so her ass pointed at her master's direction. She wiggled her ass slowly a few times, and continued rubbing her pussy.

On a cruel whim, Brian turned the vibrator up to its maximum level, and watched her shake and tremble under the immense pleasure, while still wiggling her cute ass, for his benefit. From the corner of his eye, he saw Vicky mindlessly bouncing her petite body on her chair, and heard all of his slaves chanting words of devotion to him.

He grabbed Mia's head, and started fucking her face vigorously. There was something extra wicked about using Mia's

face as a cock sleeve, while watching Haley's ass swinging from side to side.

Once he got his fill of Haley's performance, he turned the vibrator off, and watched her as she slowly stopped wiggling her behind, like a toy winding down.

“Haley, you're a good slave-cunt.” He said.

“Thank you so much, master.” Said the still bent over slave, in a submissively soft voice even her own family would probably never recognize.

He left Mia's head, as he turned his gaze back to Ms. O'Brien. The swimming team captain continued sucking him on her own, wanting only to give him pleasure.

“Jenna.” He addressed the teacher by her first name.

“Yes master?” She replied “Is there anything this worthless pussy can do, to please you?”

“Well said, slave.”

“Thank you, master. I am unworthy of your praise.” She said with a sincere smile.

“However,” He continued “Do you think it's appropriate for a slave to cover her tits, from her own master?”

She gasped, suddenly realizing her horrible sin.

“I'm so sorry, master.” She cried, as she hurried to lower her blouse to her hips. Five seconds later, her bra lay discarded on the floor, and Brian had the full and bare view of her impressive double D's.

Realizing the rule must be applied to all of his slaves, the four female students also revealed their perky tits. Vicky unbuttoned her blouse while bouncing her little ass on the chair. Haley removed her top all together, and threw it aside, right on Ana's head. Ana was so enthusiastic to perform, that she tore her pink top off, causing buttons to fly to all sides, as she continued wiggling her ass on the floor.

Mia slowly and gently moved the straps of her bathing suit from her shoulders, making sure to keep sucking her master's cock properly. With her perky teen tits out, Brian felt her

hardened nipples on his hips, as she continued taking his cock in her mouth, as if her life depended on it.

“Ahhhm, lovely.” He sighed.

“Jenna, stand before me.” Brian said.

The busty twenty-six years old teacher stood up, kissed up to her master with words of servile obedience, walked over, and stood at attention before him.

“Bounce your tits for me.”

“Gladly master. My tits are yours.” She said, and jumped once, making her jugs bounce.

“Ain't gravity a wonderful thing.” He said with a smile.

“But I wanted you to bounce them more than once.” He clarified “Bounce them until I tell you to stop.”

“Yes master. Sorry, master.” She said, and started jumping up and down for her master's pleasure.

The busty teacher's tits bounced chaotically in all directions. Mia still sucked his cock with the same eagerness and sense of duty as she did when she started, his cock never leaving the warm embrace of her lips.

Jenna's tits weren't the only ones bouncing, and Brian occasionally turned his gaze towards Vicky, who still bounced on her chair. Her tits were much smaller, but her topless, petite body still looked fabulous as she mindlessly hopped up and down on her chair, moaning gently.

He then looked at Mia, and told her to look up at him, while sucking his cock. Her green eyes looking up at him were almost as mesmerizing as she now was.

“Well, I feel a little bad for not rewarding you with my cum, after all the work you put in.” He told the subservient kneeling girl, dutifully sucking him off.

“But, I wouldn't want to end the fun prematurely. All of you, go stand in front of the teacher's desk. I want a nice view of my new toys.” He ordered.

Chapter Three – Master's Toys

With a submissive, and automatic “Yes, master”, The five mesmerized sex slaves rose up to obey.

Jenna stopped bouncing her tits, and took a short step aside, to allow the other slaves room to stand before her desk.

Haley, who was still bent over her desk, with her pert ass pointing towards him, straightened up, and walked to the teacher's desk, swinging her slender hips. She stood on the opposite side of Jenna, and extended her bare leg forward invitingly.

Vicky stopped bouncing her petite body on her chair, stood up, and stood right in the middle, between the other two, leaving room for the remaining two slaves on either side of her. The topless straight-A student stared blankly forward, still in her knee-long skirt.

Ana, who was still on the floor, wiggling her ass for her master, stood up, and walked the few steps needed to reach the desk. She hiked up her short skirt, and shook her hips a bit, to show off her white thong, and perfect round bottom. Then, she turned around, and stood at attention between Vicky and Haley.

Last, but certainly not least, Mia gave Brian's cock a passionate kiss, that a woman would normally reserve to the love of her life, and stood up with a mesmerized smile on her well fucked face.

Brian looked at her with a pleased smile, and reached his hand to squeeze her bare breasts.

With the shoulder straps no longer holding it, her one-piece bathing suit started slowly sliding down her nubile body. She stood, with endless patience, until her master finished feeling her up.

Once he was done fondling her tits, she turned around and started walking slowly to the empty spot between Vicky and Jenna. With every slow step forward, her bathing suit slid a few

inches lower. Midway there, it slid off of her lower back, revealing the start of her shapely ass.

Another step, and half her butt was on display for her master. Yet another step, and her bathing suit slipped off of her tight, round ass completely. Only hanging on to her crotch by the wetness of her slave-cunt.

It only took one more step, and the fabric made a wet sound, as it detached from her pussy. The suit slid down her smooth legs, and as it reached the floor, she stepped out of it, leaving her to walk the last few steps in her birthday suit. When she reached the teacher's desk, she turned around, and lifted her foot to her head. Mia held her leg with her hand, showing off both her flexibility, and her clean shaven pussy, to her master.

She rubbed her smooth cunt a few times with her other hand, and lowered her leg. She turned around, bent over the desk, and wiggled her ass for him. Her tight pussy peeking from between her ass cheeks.

“The first to suck my cock, and the first to show me your nude, nubile body. You're such a good slavegirl, Mia.”

“Thank you, master.” She said, looking over her shoulder, through mesmerized green eyes, and placing a dainty hand on her soft, yet tight, ass cheek.

“No no.” He said, as she moved to straighten up, turn around, and stand at attention between her teacher Jenna, and Vicky.

“I like you like this. Just stay as you are.”

“Yes master.” She said, gave her ass a gentle slap, and turned her head to look at the blackboard.

“Thank you, master.” She added, cutely wiggling her naked ass for him.

He stood up, and examined the row of obedient slaves before him. Four pairs of tits thrust forward in mindless pride, and one nubile, hot, bent-over ass, swinging sideways for his pleasure. He walked over to them, and stopped before Jenna, who stood to the far right of the row of slaves.

“Finally.” he said, and squeezed her gigantic pair of tits “Do you even realize how every male student in this school covets your rack. It's a crime you haven't put them on display, until now.”

He lowered his head, and kissed one of her hard, erect nipples. Then, he placed his face between her voluptuous fun bags.

“I'm so sorry, master.” She said, as she squeezed her tits, giving his face a nice massage.

“Please forgive this worthless pair of tits, for her past crimes.”

He lifted his head from between her mounds of tit flesh, and pinched her nipples hard.

“I'll always...Hnnnn...make sure to put my tits on display for you, master...Mmh...” She whimpered, as he squeezed her nipples painfully. The thought to complain never crossing her addled mind.

He moved on to Mia, who was bent over the teacher's desk beside Jenna, waiting patiently to be played with. He let his hard-on rest on her ass, and reached over to squeeze her firm tits. Feeling her master's touch on her breasts, and his hard cock resting on her bottom, Mia's pussy quivered with arousal. A wet strand of pussy juice traveled her inner thigh, and down her legs, as she moaned softly.

He left her tits, and straightened up.

“I see you followed my suggestion to shave your cunt, Mia.” He said, and slapped her butt with his throbbing erection. Making small, moist, smacking sounds every time his dick connected with her perfect ass. His cock was still wet from the blowjob she gave him.

“Yes master. My tight, wet pussy is your toy.” She said with a happy smile, as he continued dick-slapping her ass.

“And did you realize you were doing it for me, at the time?” He asked.

“No, master. I'm so sorry, master. I forgot I exist to please you.” She said, sincerely distraught by her shameful amnesia.

“That's good.” He said, and spanked her ass, with his hand this time.

“And I forgive you.” He added, and slipped his cock between her thighs, teasing her pussy with the tip.

“Mmmm...” She moaned quietly, as she felt her master's hard-on rubbing against her pussy lips. Mia wanted to beg him to shove it in, but knew it would be rude to do so, without his permission. She couldn't afford to insult him again, right after admitting she forgot the very purpose of her existence was to be his pleasure slave.

“Should I fuck you, slave?” He asked her, as if her consent even mattered. She was grateful for the pretense, as it gave her an excuse to properly beg.

“Yes, please master. Please fuck this wet pussy, that you own. Without your cock filling my tight fuck-hole, I have no purpose!”

Her self degrading words felt as natural to her, as her master's cock teasing her tight twat.

He moved his cock across her lips, up and down, and side to side, eliciting hot moans from his sexy slave. Then, he moved his cock up to her anal opening, and prodded it with his helmet.

“What about this hole. Ever been fucked there?” He asked his willing sex toy.

“No master.” She answered, hoping that fact will convince him to plunge his cock inside, and pop her anal cherry.

“And, should I fuck you here, as well?”

“Please, master.” She desperately begged, with tears in her eyes.

He looked down at her pathetic form, and smiled.

“Perhaps later.” He said, enjoying the disappointed moan she made, as he rubbed her ass one last time, and moved to his next slave.

“Yes master. Thank you, master.” She smiled and said, trying to hide the true depth of her disappointment, for fear it will stop her master from fucking her next time.

He moved to the petite Lolita standing in the middle of the row of slaves, and naturally started fondling her perky, sweet tits. She stared straight ahead, fully under his control. She was a head shorter than he was, and half a head shorter than the bent over Mia.

“So, how is my petite ace-student slave doing, hmm, cunt?” He asked, pinching her nipple between his index finger, and middle finger. Vicky moaned dumbly, not sure how to answer. He looked down at her, as Mia looked up, envious of her master's current plaything, wishing she could replace her.

“And how is the tight pussy you're hiding beneath this long skirt?” He said, using his other hand to grab her crotch through her school-skirt.

“Wet, and ready to be used, master.” Vicky said, turning her head to look at him, with bliss filled eyes.

“Show me.” He said, and it was all she needed to hear.

“Happy to, master.” She smiled, and unclasped her long skirt. Without hesitation, she let it fall to the floor, and kicked it aside, leaving her wearing only her black, tight pantyhose.

“You wore a pantyhose – Just as I told you.” He said.

“Of course, master. Anything you say, master.”

Her wet pussy made her pantyhose even more see-through, but her master wanted an unobstructed view of the tight twat that he owned. So, she buried her fingers in the fabric on her crotch, and pulled it apart as forcefully as she could with her small, dainty hands.

A moment of physical strain later, and a tearing sound was heard through the classroom. With her bare pussy revealed through the new hole in her pantyhose, and her master's orders carried out, she smiled triumphantly, and returned to standing at attention, her arms dangling at her sides, waiting her master's next wish.

She spent most of her savings on her new, and now torn and ruined pantyhose. But, it mattered not - For it blocked her

master's path to the pussy he owned. Besides, since she bought it for his sake, and would most likely only wear it to appeal, and allure him, the tear at the crotch would most likely serve her best, by serving him best.

He placed his hand on her inner thigh, on the area still covered by her pantyhose, and started slowly moving it up towards her pussy. Her hips trembled, and she panted in anticipation, as he brought his face an inch away from her, and slowly edged his hand upwards.

Feeling his hand on the bare skin around her wet cunt, she took a deep breath. Then, she moaned, as she felt his hand rubbing her pussy lips. He felt her warm breath on his face, and flicked his thumb sideways on her clit, pressing gently, making her legs shake, and her upper body writhe towards him.

“Did you ever kiss a man's cock with those slutty lips, Vicky? Did you ever suck someone's cock?” He asked, his lips nearly touching hers.

“No master.” She answered, her knees ready to buckle to the floor, and her mouth ready to take him all the way in, faster than he could utter the words 'Blow me, bitch'.

“Good girl. Give me some sugar with that virgin mouth of yours, honey.” He said, instead, and planted his lips on hers. He didn't want to kiss a mouth that touched another man's cock, after all. She gave him exactly what he wanted, exploring his mouth with her tongue, and allowing him to decide the pace, and duration.

She kissed a boy before, of course. But never with tongue, and never with an undying desire to please her partner, and make him happy. Also, she would never allow anyone to rub and caress her bare pussy while kissing her, and enjoy her warm breath as she moaned in response to the exploration of her wet hole.

He wasn't just anyone, of course. This was the least he could do, with the piece of property she used to call 'her body'. What a ridiculous notion. Her body was his toy. Nothing about it was actually hers to own, or control. Being used by her master was the height of pleasure, for the subservient slavegirl called Vicky.

Just as she was about to orgasm at the immense pleasure her master bestowed upon her, he stopped the kiss, and the movement of his hand.

“That's a good girl.” He said, his face still inches from hers. He stared deep in her eyes, and she bathed in his complete dominance over her entire being. He pinched her nipple hard with the same hand he used to play with her pussy, eliciting another hot moan from his docile slave.

“Th-Thank you, master.” She cried, before he moved on to the next bitch in line.

Ana, the head cheerleader, had a hard time maintaining her composure, as she watched her master play with his other toys. She was so excited that her turn had arrived, that she moaned in arousal, even before she felt his hands grabbing her big tits.

He put his face between her jugs, just like he did with Jenna, the teacher. Like Jenna, Ana was happy to squeeze her tits together around his head, and even patted his hair a bit, while he enjoyed himself between her mounds.

All good things must come to an end, though, and it didn't take him long to emerge back. He grabbed her shoulder, spun her around, bent her over, and hiked her skirt all the way up.

“Oh yeah! I love this thong, and your ass.” He said, and shoved his cock between her ass cheeks.

“*Ah!* Thank you, master! I made it just for you.”

The stupid cheerleader obviously meant that she bought the thong, and wore it, for her master's pleasure. But, in her present state, making such a coherent statement was beyond her.

“Hehe. Funny little bitch.” He said, as he grabbed her ass with a hand on each cheek, and started pumping between them.

She didn't mind. In fact, she tried her best to move her ass up and down, to help him pump his rod between her luscious, and round ass cheeks. After a few rough pumps, he glued his hips to her ass, grabbed her by the throat, and lifted her up to him.

“You're such a hot piece of ass.” He whispered in her ear, slightly choking her, and squeezing her tits with his free hand.

“Thank you master.” She said coarsely.

“HmMMM” He moaned. Then, without notice, he left her tits, spanked her ass as hard as he could, and used his hips to shove her away from him. Her upper body fell on the desk, and her ass rose up in the air. She breathed heavily, and smiled broadly at the abuse she just went through.

He wasn't done, though. With the same ferocity as when he bent her over, he grabbed her by the hair, and pulled her back up. Then, he turned her around, and pushed her to her knees. He used one hand to plaster his cock to his belly, and another to shove her mouth on his balls.

She happily licked, and kissed his balls with pouted lips. She made muffled moans of pleasure, as she tried her best to service her master, while breathing through her nose. He left her head, and she continued to kiss and lick his balls gently, caressing them with extra care. At that moment, nothing was more important to her.

He grabbed her blonde hair again, and pulled her up a bit, so her big tits were at his crotch level. Then, he grabbed her fun bags, and started pumping his cock between them. A few seconds later, he left her tits, and had her please him on her own. She treated her duty as seriously as an Olympic athlete would treat a gold medal race. Her entire body took part in her efforts to please her master.

She repeatedly bent her knees, to provide a monotonous up-and-down motion, and her arms made sure to move her tits around his cock. Her tongue made sure to lick his tip, the only part her tits could not properly please.

“*Hrrrrm.*” He moaned, nearly at his limit.

“That's enough.” He said, and grabbed her by the tits, pulling her up towards him.

“Good slave.” He said, and pinched her nipple as hard as he could.

“Thank you very much, master.” She said, and he moved to the last of his slaves.

Haley, the notorious 'bad girl' of the school, stood topless and stared at her master with docile puppy eyes. He put his hands on her slender hips, and bumped foreheads with her.

“Hello, my sexy little kitten.” He said, staring into her dark eyes.

“Hello, master. Thank you for touching me.” She said sweetly. Her stern and spicy demeanor gone completely, as if it never existed. She slowly moved her waist in circles, like a slow-motion belly dancer, dreaming about her master using her body.

As if reading her mind, he slowly lowered his hand to her naked leg. He grabbed her thin, long leg, and lifted it up to his hips. She immediately wrapped her smooth leg around his waist, and stared at him adoringly.

He slowly moved his hand up her bare leg, while supporting her bare back with his other hand.

“I was definitely right about how hot your cute ass, and long legs, would look like once you cut off one of your Jeans sleeves.” He said, and grabbed her ass with his probing hands.

“I'm so happy I could please you, master.” She said.

“I was also right about you being a docile, submissive girl, deep inside. As opposed to the tough girl act you always put up. You're such a silly, little woman.”

He gave her pert ass a small squeeze, and moved his hand to squeeze her tits. If anyone else mocked her like that, while using her body as a personal squeeze toy, and finished by calling her a 'little woman', she'd be outraged. But, it was her master treating her like the meaningless object she was. All she could do was smile, and give her submissive, heart-felt answer.

“You're always right, master. I am nothing but a little woman, and I completely submit myself to you.” She said, grinding her hips on his erect shaft. He held her close to him, enjoying cuddling her like a doll, moving his hands all over her. She happily accepted his treatment of her.

“Oh, I have an idea.” He said, as she writhed and rubbed her wet crotch on his.

“Jenna, be a doll and get me the vibrator controller from my pants pocket. Quickly.” He told the topless, mindless teacher.

“Yes master.” She said, and rushed to his discarded pants as fast as she could, rummaged through the pockets, and found what her master wanted.

She ran to him, her breasts swiveling from side to side, and handed the controller to him. Then, without a word, she returned to her place next to the bent-over Mia, who still wiggled her ass invitingly.

“Now, let's have some fun.” He said, as Haley continued to writhe in his arms. She had enough of her mind left to understand what was coming, and she couldn't wait. He held the pink controller in front of her eyes, and teased her, by placing his thumb on the dial controlling the rhythm of the vibrator in her pussy.

She moaned, and swung her hips frantically, taking her tongue out and staring at him with rabid eyes. She was practically begging him with her eyes, to abuse her, and toy with her. Her rebellious nature almost made her vocally beg him to dial the vibrations in her pussy up. But, eventually, her devotion to him prevailed, and she continued to wordlessly wiggle her hot body for his pleasure.

“Yeah, you little bitch.” He said, teasing her some more, before lowering his hand. Her disappointment was obvious, and short lived. Out of her line of sight, he dialed the vibrator up to its highest setting, and immediately felt the convulsions inside of her, as she made a surprised, and very happy face.

“Ahh! Ahh!” She moaned like a wanton slut, rubbing her cunt on his dick. The vibrations were so strong, that he felt them just as much as she did. At first, he almost dropped her, but his own sexual instincts took over, and he placed the controller on the desk behind him, grabbed her ass with his free hand, and pressed her trembling, vibrating hips onto him.

“Ohh, wow! This is amazing!” He said, and she smiled at how good she was making her master feel.

“I wonder if this is how people feel when their phone is on vibrate.” He jested, making the obedient thrall he held tightly laugh with him, just to please him. There was nothing he could say that seemed lame, or dorky to her, anymore.

The underside of his cock rubbed against her vibrating crotch, while her smooth, lifted leg rubbed the side. In those few moments, he forgot he wanted to take it slow, and enjoy his slaves to the fullest. When he came to his senses, and remembered, it was already too late.

“Oh, no no no...Fu---uhhh---ckkkk” He moaned, as he realized there was no stopping his coming ejaculation. Instead of fighting it, he decided to embrace it. And that meant embracing Haley even more tightly, and hungrily nibbling on her nipples with his mouth and teeth.

“Hnn! Hnn! Nnnnn...” He moaned, as he let jet after hot jet of his cum onto her crotch, soiling her jeans. Haley could not believe her luck, and the other slaves looked at the sight of their master's cum covering her crotch with the most jealous of eyes.

Those were her favorite jeans, and they cost her rich father a lot of money. She already slightly damaged them for her master, by cutting off one sleeve. Now that their crotch was soiled with his cum, they were ruined for sure. Haley didn't see it that way, though. She could think of nothing better to happen to her favorite pair of pants.

She would probably sleep with them, from now on. Not wearing them, but holding them like a teddy bear, and sticking her face on the place her master's sticky white goo landed on, sniffing his jizz, as she slept.

After a moment, he calmed down. His cock was still half hard, and her crotch still vibrated uncontrollably. She still had the same dumb, mesmerized smile on her face.

“Oh, man. That didn't really go as planned.” he said, reached over behind him, and turned the vibrations off.

“What happened, master?” She asked, now seeming a bit worried.

“Well, I wanted to at least fuck one of you, before cumming.” He said, and let go of her leg.

She took a step back, and stood before him.

“Oh, master. I'm sure your horny fuck-slaves can help you revive your cock.” Haley said, with a twinkle in her eyes, as cum started dripping from her crotch, to the floor.

“Oh, no!” She said, putting her hands on her cheeks, in an over dramatic fashion.

“The cum you awarded me is falling to the floor, master. May I lick it, so it won't go to waste?” She asked.

“You're such a good slave, Haley.” he told her, making her beam with happiness.

“Sure. Go ahead.” He said with a satisfied smile.

“Oh, thank you, master!”

Haley dropped to her hands and knees, and started licking the cum on the floor, while making sure to raise her ass up high, and wiggle it like a bitch in heat, making satisfied gulping noises, every now and then. Brian looked at his slaves. The three topless women, standing at attention, and the bent-over Mia, inviting him to fuck her from behind, by shaking her hips at him.

At his feet, the hot rebel, Haley, licked his cum off the floor, happily accepting the humiliation. Suddenly, She realized cum was still dripping from her crotch, and quickly turned around a hundred-and-eighty degrees.

That led to a funny display of her spinning around herself repeatedly, trying to gobble up the fallen cum, only to realize a new puddle was formed at the other end of her body. Brian didn't

even care if she did it only to please him, or if his control over her rendered her so stupid, that she was the intellectual equivalent of a dog chasing his own tail.

He started rubbing his cock with his hand, feeling incredible arousal.

Chapter Four – Tit Wrestling For The Win!

As his eyes feasted on the sight of his devoted, obedient servants, Brian realized how ridiculous his concern was. His cock was already ready for another, longer playtime with his slaves. He decided to not waste another second, and stop ridiculously jerking his own cock off. Why would he? With five hot slaves at his disposal.

“Haley,” He addressed the slave lapping his cum off the floor “Stand up next to Ana, again.”

“Yes master.” She said, licked the floor one last time, and stood up.

“I wonder,” He said “did you follow my other instructions properly?”

“What's that, master?” She asked, still enjoying the taste of his cum in her mouth.

“Are you wearing panties?” He asked “Show me.”

“Of course not, master.” She said, unbuttoned her jeans, and quickly removed her pants, revealing her tight smooth pussy to her master. She twirled around, showing her fully nude body from all angles. Seeing her like that, without her baggy clothes, and strong attitude, she was just as petite as Vicky.

A strand of transparent adhesive tape held a cord to her crotch. A cord that extended into her wet pussy. On the other end of that cord, was a small egg-shaped device, ready to vibrate at a signal from the controller Brian used earlier. The cord and vibrator matched the pink of the controller, and even without her

pants, that she now kicked aside and discarded, the pink device remained firmly lodged in her tight twat.

“A good sex slave never wears panties, master.” She said with a rosy voice, once she finished showing off her sexy body.

“N-no...” Ana, the sexy head cheerleader, said hesitantly. Brian was worried she was fighting off his control over her. Again, he worried for nothing.

“I'm sorry for speaking without permission, master. But, obviously a good sex slave wears a sexy thong that emphasizes her hot ass, for her master.”

She turned around, and lifted the hem of her skirt, wiggling her ass for him, trying to prove her point.

“No!” Haley yelled “With no panties, there's nothing stopping master from fucking my hot cunt.” She turned around, and shook her ass for him, as well.

“And, look! I can show off my cute ass for him, too! I don't need a thong to emphasize it!” She shook her ass vibrantly from side to side, making him wonder if he forgot the vibrator on.

Ana had no intention of losing, though, and she forcefully tore her skirt, and threw it away. The two slaves shook their asses, side by side, in front of their master, desperate to prove they're right. Haley's moist pussy peeked from between her legs, with only a thin cord coming out of it.

Ana only had an even thinner line of fabric parting her ass cheeks, as she swayed her hips sideways.

“That's lovely.” He said, and both slaves felt relieved that he enjoyed the display. They still wanted to know which one of them was right, though.

“But, I don't think this is the proper way to decide. I think you should fight for it, like the gladiator slaves of ancient Rome. Well, almost.”

As he said that, both girls stared at each other with venom in their eyes, ready to rip each other's heads off.

“Now, now. Don't look so mean. I don't want you to tear each other apart. Why don't you press your tits together.” He said.

“Yes master.” They both said, and pressed their ample chests against each other.

Well, Ana's chest was more ample than Haley, and she was a bit taller.

“Well, that won't work. I don't think it's fair for Ana's heavy weight tits to face off against Haley's perky C-cups.” He said, and Haley made a sad face, thinking she disappointed her master.

“Don't get me wrong, Haley, your tits are great. Regardless, they're still too small for Ana.”

“I think I have a solution, though.”

“You're so wise, master.” Haley said, before even hearing the idea.

“Thank you, cunt. Here's what we'll do.” He said.

“Jenna,” He addressed the slave standing at attention at the far end of the slavegirl row.

“I think you can give your boobs for Haley's cause. Press your tits against Ana's tits. Let's check.”

“Yes master.” Jenna said.

Ana turned around, and waited for Jenna to stand before her. Haley, having no one to press her boobs against, returned to stand at attention, and hoped Jenna will represent her cause properly. Jenna pressed her gigantic mounds against Ana, as hard as she could. The two stared at each other, with a mindless gaze. As big as Ana's tits were, they were no match to the busty teacher's heavy jugs.

“Well, I can't say this is more fair. But it certainly looks better!” He said.

“Now, here are the rules for your special wrestling match, to determine who was right.”

Both slavegirls listened attentively, ready to soak up his made-up rules, and follow them without fail, and with no exception.

“First, no scratching, or biting. I don't want my property damaged in any way.” As he spoke, he walked towards Mia, the

star of the swimming team. She was still bending over the teacher's desk, where he left her.

“Actually, come to think of it. No slapping, or punching as well. You're forbidden from using your hands, all together.”

Grabbing Mia's hips, he guided her around like a doll. He walked with his cock between her ass cheeks, and stopped at a table from which he had a perfect view of the two busty slaves. There, he bent Mia over, and pressed her upper body on the hard surface.

“Secondly, no kicking. Third, no headbutting.” He said, leaving the two slaves to wonder what they are actually allowed to do in their little wrestling match.

“The only thing you're allowed to use are your tits. Swing your heavy jugs at your opponent's head, or shove them in her face. Most importantly, make sure it's hot, steamy, and appealing to me. I want a nice show to watch, while I fuck Mia's tight cunt.” He said, and spanked Mia's ass.

Feeling the spank on her ass, and realizing her pussy will be the first to be fucked by her master, Mia gently wiggled her ass, and thanked him profusely for the great honor.

“Do you bitches understand.”

“Yes master.” They both smiled, and moved their upper bodies from side to side.

“Okay, on the count of three, you'll begin.” He said.

“One.” He put his tip inside of Mia's tight pussy.

“Two.” He grabbed her hips from both sides, ready to thrust into her.

“And three!” He said, and shoved his cock into Mia's grateful cunt, all the way inside of her, with one strong motion.

“Ahhhhh, that's nice.” He moaned, the feeling of his cock inside of her willing fuck-hole almost too good to be true. She moaned quietly, and was determined to be as quiet as she could, unless her master told her otherwise.

The two wrestling titties managed to strongly smash their tits together once, before he stopped them.

“Oh, wait. I forgot something. Stop the fight.” He said, his cock still buried deep in Mia's pussy. They stopped, and stood in front of each other, patiently waiting to hear what their master forgot to tell them.

“Jenna, you're representing Haley in this, and you're wearing panties under your long skirt.” He said, pulled back, and slammed hard into Mia's wet cunt. Her entire body jerked forward, and her pupils widened. She was happy her master was using her.

“Since her whole point was that good slaves don't wear panties, I think you would do well to respect that.”

It was fun to see Haley staring at Jenna with judgmental eyes, from where she stood naked. As if the busty young teacher actually hurt her feelings.

“Yes master.” Jenna said, removed her skirt, and revealed the pink lacy underwear her master told her to wear. Brian made a mental note, that all of his new slaves perfectly followed his suggestions on how to prepare for the occasion.

Jenna turned around to show off her cute ass, and legs to her master. She was older than the other girls, but she was still young, smooth, and thin. At age twenty-six, she could have been easily mistaken for a student of the school, had she worn the school's uniform.

Brian started pumping into Mia's hot cunt, as he watched Jenna do a little belly dance for him, before slipping her pink panties off, and standing before Ana again. The two busty sex slaves stared at each other, and waited.

“Okay, bump tits.” He said, and the two pressed their breasts together. Brian continued pumping into Mia doggy-style, at a steady pace of his liking.

“Restart the fight in three...two...”
As he counted, he grabbed Mia by the hair, pulled her up a bit, and had her support her upper body with her arms.

“I might get distracted by fucking you...” He whispered in her ear “So, make sure to keep a close eye on the match, and assist

me in judging.”

“Yes master.” She said, peeling her eyes, ready to call the tit wrestlers out on any foul play.

“And...One!” He said, and rammed into Mia so hard, that her tits swung like a sling, and she simply could not stifle a loud moan.

The match started with the two women swinging their massive tits at each other. Jenna swung left, while Ana swung the other direction. And, when their tits met, they made a smacking sound, louder than any previous spank on their asses.

“Amazing what bitches would do if you're convincing enough.” Brian said, casually fucking Mia from behind.

The two women yelped as their tits smashed against each other, but neither of them skipped a beat. Not pausing for a second, Jenna swung her big boobs right, and met Ana's tits swinging in the other direction, producing the same awesome effect of tits crashing against tits loudly, and then swinging uncontrollably afterward.

Realizing she needs to revise her strategy, Jenna swung left once more. This time, though, right before their tits met, she pulled back a little bit, so only their erect nipples flicked against each other. Before Ana could respond, Jenna pushed her entire body forward against the busty cheerleader, tits first.

If Ana didn't have a natural sense of balance, reinforced by years of cheerleading, she would topple down, and fall. Instead, she managed to regain her footing, and pushed back against her opponent, mashing her tits into the young teacher's impressive breasts.

“Smart girl. No wonder she's a physics teacher.” Brian commented on Jenna's decoy move, as he enjoyed fucking his tight, athletic slave. Mia tried her best to concentrate on the fight, while still tightening the walls of her pussy at the right moments, to maximize her master's happiness.

The two women pushed their tits together, looking into each other's eyes with feral, competitive determination, trying their best to shove the other woman off her feet. Their nipples drowned

in the sea of their tit meat, and were no where to be seen, even though they were probably the most sensitive weak points in this boob battle royal.

The contenders had to remind themselves putting a good show for their master was more important than winning, but they were still determined to prevail. Instead of using her innate flexibility, Ana dumbly pushed as strongly as she could against Jenna.

Jenna, realizing they were at yet another stand still, devised a new tactic. She allowed Ana to push her back a few steps. Then, she pushed against her hard, and spun aside as Ana attempted to retaliate, causing Ana to fall through, and collapse to her hands and knees.

“She used Ana's own strength against her. This is shaping up to be more interesting than I thought it would be.” He said, slowing down the pace of his fucking of Mia.

“Maybe this can be turned into an Olympic game.” He chuckled, and returned to humping his hot sex slave with a vigorous pace, making Mia smile with shiny, moist eyes, that she still kept peeled, looking for any transgression in the special wrestling match before her.

Jenna couldn't finish the job, and Ana stood back on her feet, though she was obviously disheveled at her opponents innovative tactics. Combined with the fact Jenna's jugs were significantly larger, this match shaped up to be rather one sided. Without a single grain of intellectual thought crossing her dim witted mind, Ana screamed a cry of battle, and charged at Jenna with full force.

Jenna thought she was ready, until Ana reached her and started swinging her big tits from side to side at a pace Brian did not think was possible. After a moment of shock, Jenna got in with the program, and matched Ana's ferocity.

The result display made Brian stop pounding into Mia, and stare at shock at his two busty slaves. Four breasts slapped against each other repeatedly, making a noise that resembled a machine gun firing a round of shells. Their tits reddened, along with their faces, as the match turned into one of pure endurance.

“H-Holy fuck, this is amazing.” Brian said, looking at the women swinging their upper bodies forcefully at each other, using their tits as blunt weapons.

“Never expected it to escalate to this. Not that I'm complaining.” He said, grabbing Mia by the throat, and bringing her head up to him.

“You know, with these two going out of their way to please me, I think it's time you do a little more than just get your pussy fucked like a bitch.” He whispered in Mia's ear, squeezing her tits.

“Anything you want, master.” She said weakly, her voice muffled by the constant sound of tits hitting tits.

“You said you were never ass fucked, right?” He asked, and she nodded happily.

He threw her back down, pulled his cock out, and started prodding her anal entrance with his dick.

“Heh, this won't be easy. Haley, come here and lick her ass a bit, so I can fuck it.” He told the nearest unoccupied slave.

“Of course, master.”

Mia spread her ass cheeks wide, and Haley got down on her knees. With one of her cheeks glued to Mia's ass cheek, she extended her tongue, and started giving Mia a wet rim job. Watching the struggle of tit titans before him, Brian nonchalantly slapped Haley's other cheek with his cock, while she tongued Mia's ass.

Meanwhile, Jenna's hubris caused her to make a terrible error in judgment. Like before, Jenna tried pulling back in order to push into Ana, and take her down. This time, she underestimated her busty, blonde student, though. Ana immediately pushed her tits into Jenna forcefully, shouting with all her might.

Brian slapped his cock on Haley's cheek impatiently.

“Come on, come on.” He said, rushing Haley.

“Yes master.” Haley misunderstood her master's desires, and wrapped her lips around his cock.

“No bitch! Get her stupid ass ready!” He clarified.

“Sorry master.” She said, plopped her lips off of his shaft, and continued the rim job with earnest.

Jenna was already pulling back, and Ana's push drove her over the metaphorical edge. Jenna fell on her bare ass, and Ana charged at her immediately. Ana pushed her jugs on Jenna's face, and pushed her to the floor. A second later, Jenna was helplessly smothered on the floor, under the weight of Ana's big tits. She flung her arms desperately, knowing that if she used them to throw Ana off of her, it would be a breach of the rules set out by her master.

Both girls were sweating, panting, and exhausted. But, that didn't stop Ana from pushing Jenna down on the floor with the full might of her fun bags. Brian was so immersed in the fight, that he didn't notice how hard and fast he slapped Haley's cheek, which was now red.

“She's ready, master.” Haley said, after testing Mia's ass by inserting two fingers in there. She had to make sure, after all.

“Well, finally.” He said ungratefully “Guide my cock in.”

Brian didn't even look down, or gave any recognition to Haley for her efforts. He just felt Haley's hand on his member, and took half a step forward, so she could insert it into Mia's wet, and spread open ass.

Haley's rebellious nature, coupled with her new found subservience, caused her to steal a small kiss from her master's hard member, before aligning it to enter Mia's ass. She smiled, and licked around Mia's anus, as her master's hard cock pushed inside it, inch by painful inch.

Mia didn't mind the pain. She was much more interested in fulfilling her referee duties, watching the match to make sure there was no foul play. When Brian felt he was lodged in Mia's ass, he pushed himself further inside, and glued his hips to her lovely behind.

“Okay, you can get back to position, bitch.” He said, and shoved Haley's forehead backwards.

“Yes master.” She said, and crawled away from him. He glimpsed down, to see her ass sway as she crawled. She would've liked to know he checked her out, even for second. Too bad she didn't notice.

As he started pumping into Mia's ass, she found it increasingly harder to ignore her anal deflowering. Her eyes popped out, and her tongue hung out to dry. She had quite a deranged appearance, moaning at the top of her lungs, while the sound of his pistoning of her ass replaced the joint tit slapping from before.

The wrestling match entered another stand-still, as Jenna was incapable of escaping Ana's tight tit grip.

“Okay, time to put an end to this round.” He decided “If you manage to pin her down with your tits until I reach one, you win.” He told Ana, and she grinned.

“Ten.” He said, spanking Mia's ass while he fucked her.

“Nine.” Another spank on Mia's ass. He was numbing her cheeks along with her abused anal fuck hole.

“Eight. **Smack** Seven. **Spank** Six **Slap** Five. **Spank** **Spank** Four. **Smack**”

He wrapped both hands around Mia's neck, pulled out, and prepared to ram into her forcefully.

“Three.” He rammed into her hard, using his hands on her neck as leverage.

“Two!” Mia could barely moan anymore, as she was panting so hard.

“And...ONE!”

Fast and furious, he pounded into her, reshaping her ass to fit his cock like a glove. Meanwhile, in the 'fighting ring', Ana rose to her feet, and extended a helpful hand to her fallen adversary. Jenna accepted the extended hand, and rose to her feet, wobbling slightly, but standing nonetheless.

“I'd say the underdog won the first round.” He said, after arbitrarily deciding this sort of competitions would have multiple rounds.

“Let's start a second round. Jenna, make sure to try harder, this time.”

“Yes master.” She nodded, with fire in her eyes, determined not to disappoint her master.

“Okay, bump tits.” He said, and the two already exhausted wrestlers pressed their tits together once more, following their owner's whim without question.

“And, begin!” He said, and continued leisurely fucking Mia's ass.

Empowered by her previous victory, Ana immediately started swinging her tits violently at Jenna. The nubile teacher wasn't playing around anymore, and resolved to use her natural advantage, in the form of her much larger mammaries.

They say master swordsmen experience a slower perception of time, in the heat of battle. Well, apparently, that also happens to expert tit-slaves. Jenna saw Ana swinging her tits towards her, seemingly in slow motion. Without thinking too much, she leaped in the air, and swung her massive jugs towards Ana's head.

Ana was never punched in the face, but she figured what she experienced in that moment came close, or perhaps even surpassed it, in intensity. Jenna's tits may have been big, soft, and cushiony. But, they were firm enough to drop Ana like a stone.

“Whoa!” Brian said, as Ana fell to the ground, unconscious.

Jenna gently placed her fun bags on Ana's fainted face, not wanting to actually suffocate her.

“Ten!” Brian said, spanking Mia's crimson ass cheek.

“Mia, you count the rest.” He ordered.

“Yes master. Nine! Nyahhhh” She moaned, as her ass was smacked again. Mia counted down to one, receiving a hot spank

on her ass with each number. As she finished, Jenna smiled triumphantly, and immediately tried to wake Ana up.

“Talk about a knock out 'punch'.” Brian said sarcastically.

“Hope she's fine. Might get you in trouble, Jenna.” He mocked his slave.

Ana was okay, of course, and a minute later, the two tit-fighters were bumping their fun-bags once again, and started their third round. Brian's heart wasn't into it anymore, and after moving to Mia's wet cunt a bit, he decided to move on.

Chapter Five – Making Amends and Popping Cherries

His eyes fell on his two petite, dark haired slaves, who spent the last few minutes staring blankly, feeling left out, and mostly jealous of Mia's good fortune.

“Hey, Haley, you always tease Vicky for caring so much about school, don't you?”

“Yes master.” Haley said proudly.

“Well, I agree that bitches like you shouldn't waste your time with anything other than serving me.” He said.

“However, I think it's time someone taught you a proper lesson, you mean little slut. It's not nice to tease, and bully your fellow docile whores.”

“Yes, master. I'm so sorry, master.” She said with sadness in her eyes. Vicky looked so grateful that her master was sticking up to her, and hoped he will soon stick it into her, just like he did to Mia.

“Vicky, sit your pantyhose clad ass on that chair, over there.” He said, pointing to one of the unoccupied seats in the class.

The petite topless Lolita sat on the chair, and spread her legs, inviting her master to use her. He had other things on his mind, though.

“Haley, get on your hands and knees, where you belong. Crawl over to Vicky, and eat her cunt out.”

“Yes master. Thank you, master.” The rebel girl said, and crawled slowly towards Vicky's spread legs. Neither girl was

lesbian, so they had to rely on pure sexual instinct, with only their undeniable compulsion to obey their master, to aid them.

Haley held her head between Vicky's open thighs for a few seconds, staring at the other slave's wet honeypot. She first kissed her inner thigh, that was still covered with black pantyhose. Then, she passionately kissed closer to Vicky's pussy, her lips touching Vicky's bare skin, for the first time.

Vicky let out a sweet moan, as she felt her tormentor's lips breathe on her sensitive lower lips. Even in this situation, Haley found a way to tease Vicky, by blowing warm breaths on her bare cunt. Wiggling her naked ass at her master, Haley took a deep breath, and gave Vicky's pussy a long french kiss.

Brian watched the show, and walked over to Vicky. She had a euphoric smile on her face, feeling someone go down on her, for the first time in her life. Haley proceeded to nibble on her clit, using just enough teeth to enhance Vicky's pleasure, but not cause her any pain.

Brian stood next to Vicky, and grabbed her hand, guiding it to his still erect member. Vicky, who was probably the least sexually experienced of the bunch, didn't need any hints to know what her master wanted. She started to dutifully jerk him off, while enjoying Haley's muff eating, down below.

Haley was quite surprised at how easy it was for her to properly eat out another woman. Before long, her mouth and tongue were engulfed in Vicky's juices, and she felt like she was having a prolonged make-out session. Kissing, licking, tonguing, and even gulping some pussy juices. After all, she didn't want the floor to be soiled too much by their sexual workout. Especially considering she'll have to lap it all up...

Brian watched the amateur lesbian show below for a few moments, and decided to take another virginity for his own. Vicky did say she never sucked a cock before. A hot girl like her, never using her mouth properly, truly is a crime.

He put his hand on the back of her head, and nudged her towards his cock. Again, she needed no further explanation, regardless of her inexperience. She gave his cock an even more passionate kiss than her pussy got from Haley. After showing her lord the proper respect, she slid her tongue along the side of his cock, and then put it in her mouth.

She bobbed her head back and forth slowly, moving her tongue around the shaft in her mouth. Vicky then plopped his cock out of her mouth, planted her lips on the underside, and started kissing her way down to his balls.

He wanted to grab her head and shove her mouth on his balls, but figured it would feel better if he allowed her to go at her own pace. When she finally reached his balls, he let out a deep moan of pleasure, as she kissed them passionately.

Then, he felt her tongue lick his balls. Long licks, and warm kisses engulfed his testicles. Between long moments of cupping his balls with her mouth, she gave short, fast licks, as if licking ice cream.

"Hrrm. It's official" He said *"Women are born with a natural talent to please a cock."*

"Yes master." Vicky said with a smile.

Not liking the small pause, he grabbed her head with both hands, and shoved his cock deep in her throat. If she wasn't mind fucked as it is, this may have been a traumatic event for her. Not all girls get brutally face fucked mere moments after the first time they planted their first kiss on a man's junk.

It was different for her, though. Her master was now banging her throat hard and fast. Her nose mashed against his crotch with each thrust, and yet somehow she still managed to twirl her tongue around his cock.

There was nothing better than knowing he could ravage her so thoroughly, and still feel her tongue on his balls every time his cock was fully in her throat, as she desperately tried to please him.

Her pussy was wet, and her mouth full of cock. Even though Haley was still munching on her pussy, trying her best to make Vicky squirt, all Vicky could think of was being fed her master's cum, after having her throat rammed into so forcefully.

“How does her pussy taste, Haley?” He asked the teen kneeling before Vicky.

“I love it. Thank you, master. I can't believe I never tried eating her cunt, before!” She said happily.

“Well, if you stop running your silly, anarchist mouth every now and then, you come to realize how good it is to be nothing but a slave to 'the system'. Or, at least, to me.” He said.

“Only to you, master.” She said, kissing Vicky's pussy again “Never to the system. Not in a million years.”

Realizing she still held true to her 'principles' made Brian laugh, as he fucked Vicky's throat.

“Hah! Stupid girl!”

“Thank you, master.” Haley smiled, and showed her gratitude, by tonguing the pussy before her, even more obscenely.

Suddenly, Haley smiled, and spread Vicky's pussy with her hands, looking inside.

“Master, I think this pussy is still a virgin.” She said, happy to bring her master such good news.

“Really?!” He said, pushing Vicky's head back, grabbing her hair, and pointing her gaze upwards, so she could look at him.

“Is that true? You've never been fucked before?” He asked, astonished.

“No master. I saved myself for you, master.”

Brian smiled so wide his cheeks started to hurt, but he didn't care. He knew she was a prude, but he never expected Vicky to actually be a virgin. She did have a boyfriend, at some point during high school. Apparently, nothing ever happened between them.

“Well, I was going to fuck your mouth some more, but now I have other plans. Get up.” He said. He took her seat once she vacated it, and took a few deep breaths, calming himself down, before starting this surprising 'main event' of their little play.

“Haley. Balls.” he said, and Haley started kissing and licking his balls, just like she did with Vicky's wet cunt a moment earlier.

“Vicky, it's time you show me the true depth of your devotion. Get on top.”

Vicky was so happy to be given the opportunity to show her master how grateful she was, that she gets to serve him. She gently took his cock in her hand, and spread her legs above it. Slowly, and steadily, she lowered herself onto him. First, she teased his cock with her pussy lips, which were slightly swollen from the previous care she got from Haley.

She inserted the tip of his dick into her virgin pussy, and whimpered happily. Guiding a man's cock into her pussy using her own hands would be demeaning in any other scenario. However, Considering it was her master's cock, the very center of her existence, all she felt was a sublime sense of elation.

“Don't go all the way in, just yet. I want this moment carved in my memory, and yours.”

“I'm honored by your words, master.”

With the tip of his cock firmly within her wet cunt, Vicky put her hands on his shoulders, and stared at her master with moist eyes. Her tongue dangled out of her mouth slightly, showing how far gone the former rule-following good-girl truly was.

“I'll count to five. When I say five, you'll start riding me, hard and fast. I don't care if it hurts, as long as I feel that tight virgin pussy going up and down on my cock. If I tell you to go faster, you will. No questions asked.”

“Yes master.”

“Make sure to shake, gyrate, and move your hips. Back and forth, side to side, and in circles. Make it feel good for me, understood?” He demanded, as Haley continued pleasing his

balls, oblivious to the fact that soon Vicky's ass might hit her head from above, as she plunges her virgin pussy on her master's cock.

“Understood, master.” Vicky smiled and said.

“Good girl. One.” He started counting, and smiled devilishly.

“Five!” He skipped the next three numerals, only to see how she'll react to the surprise.

Her reaction was brilliantly perfect. Without hesitation, she willingly buckled her hips, and plunged her pussy down on his cock. His throbbing shaft entered her tight cunt, and pierced her hymen. Her eyes teared up, her back arched backwards, and her head shot upwards, in response to the pain of her merciless deflowering.

Ignoring the searing pain, and the blood that flowed from her popped cherry, Vicky immediately started hopping on her master's cock. For a few seconds, she was on auto-pilot. Grinding her hips on him, with her neck bent upwards, staring at the ceiling, and never blinking. Her body obeyed his orders, even though her mind momentarily shut down due to the intensity of the previous moments.

Her brain caught up eventually, though. With her senses suddenly back, she felt the magnitude of pain emitting from her stabbed pussy. Her eyes teared up even more, and she made a crying, painful expression. Her master's control over her nearly vanished, until she lowered her head back, and looked at his majestic face.

Instantly, a blissful smile appeared on her face, and her tears became ones of joy, rather than sadness. She didn't care about the pain, and happily bounced on his cock as hard, and fast as she possibly could.

Her tongue dangled from her mouth, giving her the appearance of a bitch in heat, as drool drizzled down on their joint crotch area. If her entire pelvis wasn't numb from the pain,

and pleasure, she would most likely feel the top of Haley's head, every time she plunged her hips down.

Haley certainly felt the weight of Vicky's ass bouncing on her head repeatedly, as she made sure her master's balls did not feel left out, by kissing, licking, and slurping at his testicles.

Brian just sat there, and enjoyed himself. He didn't need to hold Vicky's hips, or guide her movements. She moved her hips perfectly. Not only bouncing up, and down. She made sure to occasionally spear herself on his dick, and gyrate her hips back and forth, or in a circular motion.

Haley wasn't taken aback, and certainly wasn't surprised when she noticed slithers of red liquid drizzling on her master's balls, from the wet cunt he was fucking. In fact, the only thing that surprised her was how long it took for Vicky's virginal blood to stream out of her cunt. Once it did, though, it gushed out.

Haley had great respect for her slave sister, being able to happily bounce on their master's cock, without even a moment's break after her hymen tore. As Haley licked the cherry juice on her master's cock, she thought of Vicky's devotion to her master's pleasure, placing it before her comfort, and well being.

It was at that moment, that she decided she would never be mean to Vicky, ever again. Instead, she would dedicate every second she didn't spend serving her master, to try and make it up to Vicky, for mocking her all the time. She was so wrong about Vicky. She wasn't weak willed, and pathetic. Vicky was strong, and knew her place in life perfectly. Haley had so much to learn from Vicky.

Haley resolved to make the rest of Vicky's life as comfortable as possible. Her master's pleasure was still the most important thing to her. But, somehow, the formerly rebellious teen came to a decision to serve another, as well. Perhaps she received so much pleasure from serving her master, that she became addicted to being subservient.

The reason mattered not. All that mattered was, that she knew she would put the happiness and pleasure of the woman bouncing above her, prior to her own. Vicky was no longer merely her slave sister, she was her mistress. Her mistress was still one of master's toys, and that would never change.

But, if Vicky was nothing compared to their master, then Haley was the same compared to Vicky. That was the last free decision Haley made in her entire life. A decision born out of respect, love, and devotion.

Haley sealed her decision with two kisses. First and foremost, on her master's balls, slurping some of Vicky's juices, and vaginal blood. Then, she planted a kiss on Vicky's bouncing ass. Vicky felt it, even through the sensations filling her well fucked pussy. Somehow, she felt Haley's lips touch her bare ass. She didn't understand the meaning of it, but was grateful to her slave sister nonetheless.

Meanwhile, Brian continued to enjoy the virgin slave at his complete disposal. He would only learn of Haley's decision later, and would certainly find it curious. It would show him he still has much to learn of the human psyche. He sucked Vicky's nipples, one at a time, content with cumming straight in her warm, tight cunt, as she hoped he would.

“You're such a good sex toy, Vicky.”

“Oh, thank you, master.” She said, the pain of her deflowering almost completely gone, now.

“I wonder how much blood you shed because of this. Did it hurt?” He asked.

“Yes master.” She said honestly “But it was so worth it. Now I know I'll be able to make you happy, even if it causes me some pain. I'll always please you, master. No matter what it takes.” Her smile was so sincere, and emotional, that Brian's heart almost skipped a beat.

“Oh, you're such a sweet girl.” He said, rubbing his nose on her nose lovingly.

“I'm yours, master. Forever.” She declared, and looked into his eyes adoringly. He smiled, and leaned back in his chair, allowing

her to continue and show her devotion to him.

He still felt Haley's lips on his balls, but completely ignored it by now. As far as he was concerned, the slave pleasing him was the sex toy currently bouncing on his cock, and none other. He fondled her tits, and probed her ass with his fingers. He already planned on how and when he'll take her final virginity.

Chapter Six – Slavegirls And The Tits They Carry

“Master!” Mia's voice interrupted his luxurious reverie.

“What is it?” He said angrily, rolled his eyes, and spanked Vicky's ass, as she continued to ride him.

“Sorry master, but Ana cheated! She used her arms to drive Jenna's tit assault off.”

Brian blinked a few times, and turned his head in Mia's direction. The hot swim team captain was still bent over the same desk he fucked her on, watching the two busty bitches wrestle, looking for foul play. Jenna and Ana were both on their knees, pushing their tits on each other, desperately trying to 'win'. They breathed heavily, as if they had run a mini marathon.

“Oh, damn, you were still at it...” He said.

He completely forgot about them. Between the hot lesbian action involving his two Lolita-slaves, and the deflowering of one of them, no one could blame him for getting distracted. Still, he couldn't help but feel a little bad for the wasted energy his two busty bitches just expended. Not to mention Mia's strained eyes.

He may have been fine with bending a group of hot young ladies to his will, and using them as nothing but sex dolls, but he still felt their devotion deserved recognition. Seeing the big boobed women mashing their tits together, staring at each other competitively, helped Brian decide what he will do next.

“We'll have to punish Ana later.” He said, making Ana whimper at displeasing her owner. Vicky was still happily

humping her master's cock with her tight cherry, but he was already set to turn his attention to another whimsical pleasantry.

He tossed Vicky aside like a piece of garbage, and got up to his feet. She blocked her fall with her elbow, and moved out of his way, like a pathetic pet. She wasn't sad, though, and she didn't cry, even though her elbow was now a bit sore. On the contrary, she had a big smile on her face, as she sat down on the cold floor, with only her pantyhose covering her cute ass.

She spread her legs, and stared at the sore, tight fuck-hole that pleased her master's cock only a moment before. Blood still dripped from it, though not as much as before. She knew it would take a bit of time for her swollen, torn pussy to get used to the rough fucking her master liked, and resolved to not let that get in the way of his pleasure.

After all, all his other slave pussies were experienced enough to provide him with the proper bliss. Vicky would never allow her inexperience to degrade her service. She'd rather die, than let that happen.

Breathing heavily, she touched her pussy with her forefinger, feeling it for the first time since she plunged her hips down on his cock. Whimpering slightly, she started rubbing her pussy gently, letting her juices and blood run out of her wet cunt, smiling all the while.

There she was, just a used piece of discarded property, sitting on the floor where her master left her, with her legs open wide, and a hand rubbing her twat. Her state screamed 'pathetic', and she couldn't be happier about it.

After Brian tossed the slave he was using aside, he immediately felt the absence of her cunt, no longer hugging his cock tightly. Haley's lips made a loud plopping sound as he shot up from his chair, and his balls left the soft embrace of her mouth. She saw Vicky tossed beside her, and wanted nearly nothing more than to make her feel more comfortable.

Something more important than her mistress came up, though. Namely, her master's hard cock. She had her priorities set in stone, and her master's happiness still trumped everything else. Brian needed a hole to accommodate his hard cock, so he shoved it deep in Haley's mouth, and started walking towards the front of the classroom, where the two tit wrestlers knelt before each other.

Haley couldn't see Vicky anymore. All she could see was her master's crotch, as she tried her best not to slow him down, as he walked with his cock down her throat. If only he had given her time to adjust her posture, she wouldn't have had this much trouble keeping up. She couldn't complain, though, since slaves must never complain.

She breathed the closest thing to a sigh of relief, as they came to a halt before the kneeling babes. A sigh that ended up sounding more like a loud slurp, as he started pumping his cock into her mouth.

“On your own, now.” He said, and Haley continued moving her own head back and forth, at the same pace, and depth he dictated before. She wanted to acknowledge his command with a 'yes, master', but realized there was no way for her to speak. She'll have to ask him to punish her for that, later.

For now, she was a cock sucker, and she did nothing other than move her tongue, and bob her head, for his pleasure.

“Now, bitches.” He addressed Ana, and Jenna over the gagging noises Haley was making. They both looked up at him with worshiping eyes – Their heavy boob face-off completely forgotten, in an instant.

“How about I reward your big tits, for entertaining me so nicely, by allowing you to give me a joint tit-fuck?” He asked rhetorically, knowing their answer will accommodate his wishes perfectly. The blonde cheerleader and brunette teacher beamed at him, grabbed their tits, and held them up. With a big smile on their faces, they served their fun bags to him, on a silver platter.

Ana couldn't find the proper words, so she just nodded enthusiastically, with her tongue hanging out of her mouth, like a puppy.

“Nothing would make us happier, master.” Jenna said, articulating what the blonde bimbo beside her could not.

“Good.” He said, grabbed Haley's head again, and tossed her aside forcefully. Like Vicky, she stopped her fall with her elbow, and crawled out of her master's way. In the corner of her eye, she saw Vicky, who was still sitting on the floor, with one hand lightly touching her recently deflowered cunt.

Realizing her master doesn't currently need her, Haley started slowly crawling towards Vicky, shaking her naked ass from side to side, as she moved.

“Mia,” He said, not even looking at Haley and Vicky's direction anymore, “I need a comfy seat. Get on your hands and knees, here.” He told the girl still bending over the table.

“Yes master.”

For the first time in quite a while, Mia straightened herself, and stood upright. Only to walk over to where he pointed, and get on her hands and knees. She lifted her ass up, and lowered her head, out of habit.

“No, Mia.” He said “I said I needed a *seat*. Lift up your head, so I could use you as a bench.”

“Sorry master. Yes master.” She did as she was told, and he took a seat, right on her back. He took a few seconds to make himself comfortable, and put his full weight on her back. Mia could handle it, though. She was a strong young woman. Well, physically, rather than mentally.

Her swimming training improved her upper body strength, as well. So, she knew she won't crumble under the weight of her wonderful master. A happy smile dawned on her face, as she hoped her master would use her as furniture in the future, as well.

“Well, get to it, bitches. My cock is getting lonely.” He told Jenna and Ana, who knelt a few feet away. Both of them started

crawling towards him. They came to a stop at both sides of his erect member, and knelt. They held their tits with both hands, and brought their voluptuous chests near his cock.

Together, they hugged his cock with their soft, large tits, embracing his shaft from all sides. They waited a few seconds, so their master could etch the feeling in his memory, and then started moving their upper bodies up, and down.

Going slow at first, the two sex slaves wanted to provide the best titfucking experience their master could dream of. They put their entire heart into the motion, guiding their boobs with their hands, so no part of his erection felt left out. Staring into each other's eyes, the busty sex toys wordlessly communicated their actions, working to please their master in perfect unison.

“Hmmm. Nice.” He said, patting Ana's head with one hand.

“Good girls.” He said, patting Jenna's head with the other, while ruffling Ana's blonde mane.

“Thank you, master.” They said together, and increased the pace of their movements.

“Ow! Fantastic!” He suddenly yelped, as he felt a hardened nipple running over the side of his rod.

“Use your nipples more, bitches.” He said.

“Yes, master.” Jenna swooned, and licked his tip lovingly.

The pair made sure to point their nipples at their master's cock, learning how to use their erect nipples to increase their master's pleasure. He sighed happily, feeling the four cushions wrap around his cock, and four nipples caress it from all sides. Before long, Jenna used her superior imagination again, and started swirling her tongue around his tip, while using her nipple to tease his balls.

“Wow Jenna. You truly are meant to be a sex doll.” He said.

Jenna almost came at the sound of such praise.

“I don't deserve the honor of such words, master.”

With that, both girls increased their speed, and Brian knew he would sit there until he bathed them with his cum.

Haley was crawling slowly towards Vicky, watching her caress her tight pussy, before lifting her wet hand towards her face. Vicky stared at her hand with wide eyes, as if mesmerized by the sight of her own juices. Like a kitten learning to walk on its own, she extended her tongue to lick her hand.

Haley hastened her crawl. Her mistress seemed so lost, and confused. Her deflowering experience seemed to have an impact on her, and she was apparently trying to soothe the ache in her cunt by lathering her saliva on it. Vicky licked her hand thoroughly, tasting her own pussy juices in the process. It wasn't bad, she thought.

Then, she lowered her hand to her aching lips once again, gently caressing her clit, and cunt, trying to both alleviate the pain, and be prepared for the next time her master wanted to fuck her.

“Ow...” She flinched, as she put her dainty fingers inside.

“Shhh...You don't have to do that, sweetie.” She suddenly heard Haley's voice, though it wasn't the usual mocking, and derisive tone. No, it was soothing, and caring. Haley took her hand in hers, and brought it to her face.

“Just relax, Vicky. It's always like that after the first time.” She told her, kissing the back of her hand, like a paladin would to a princess.

“Haley. What...” Vicky said, quite perplexed.

“Why are you here? What if master needs you?” She asked.

“He's using Ana and Jenna. Don't worry, sweetie. If he wants us, he'll call us. Just calm down, and relax.”

Haley tried soothe her, placing a tender hand on her head, patting her gently.

Her pussy was starting to itch a bit, though, and Vicky had to make sure it was fit to serve her master properly. She stretched her hand towards it again, only to be stopped by Haley.

“You don't need to do that, honey. Don't worry, your pussy is still tight, and ready for him. You had a very rough first fuck, and you served your master properly. Now, just relax.”

“How did you know...” Vicky said, shocked that Haley knew what was bothering her.

“I'm his slave, like you. I know the devotion you feel. The need to make yourself ready to please him.

“Then, why are you trying to stop me...” Vicky whined.

Haley's heart broke when she saw Vicky like that.

“Oh, sweetie...” She said, and wrapped her arms around her “Trust me, the best way you can prepare for him, is to rest a bit.”

Vicky's eyes widened as she felt Haley's warm, and motherly embrace. It was so different from the Haley she knew, before their joint enslavement.

“There, there...” Haley said “Lean your head on me, honey.”

And Vicky did. She gave in to Haley's warm embrace, and lay her head on Haley's scrawny shoulder.

“That's right. Breathe.” Haley said, gently patting her head.

Haley could feel her mistress was finally calming down, and coping with the ordeal of her rough cherry popping. She felt so happy, and fulfilled, for helping her. She started singing a soothing, wordless tune for Vicky, swaying her gently, trying to coax her to sleep.

Vicky almost fell asleep, when suddenly, she jerked her head backwards, and stared into Haley's eyes suspiciously.

“Haley,” She said “what's going on? Why are you being so nice to me?” She asked, puzzled.

“Oh, sweetie.” Haley started.

“Stop calling me that! Are you mocking me?”

“No! Never!” Haley said, distraught.

“I-I just want to help you. To make you comfortable.” Haley said

“I'm so sorry I used to be so mean to you. I'll do anything in my power to make it up to you. I swear!” She added.

Vicky couldn't believe her eyes, or ears. But, there was no mistaking it. Haley wasn't playing a game - She was sincere.

“I-I...I don't know what to say...” She mumbled.

“Just relax, and lay your head back on my shoulder. Let me help you cope with our new lives of servitude to our master.”

Vicky started leaning her head back on her shoulder, but stopped.

“I-I don't know if I can forgive you that easily, Haley. For everything you put me through, all these years.” Those words cut Haley like a steak knife, and she started whimpering, and panting, trying to find a solution.

Vicky didn't care. She wasn't heartless, but Haley used to be such a bully to her, that she almost enjoyed her reaction.

“I-I know...” Haley said, flustered “I know what to do.”

She crawled away from Vicky, who immediately returned to stare at her pussy, wondering if she should take Haley's advice, and calm down, or continue to rub it. Haley crawled back to the head of the class, and found the pink remote that master tossed earlier. The one that controlled the vibrator in her pussy.

She paused for a second, watching her master enjoy the double tit-fuck, and telling his slaves how good their hardened nipples felt. Then, she crawled back to Vicky, and handed her the pink dial.

“Here. I'll be quiet, so master can't hear. Do whatever you want.”

“I can't do that.” Vicky said “I can't play with master's toys. I...” She stared at the dial, and realized her need for vengeance was small, and insignificant, compared to her emotions toward her master.

“It's okay Haley. I forgive you, for everything. I don't need this.” She threw it away, and never noticed the dial went up to level one, as it hit the floor.

Haley felt the small vibrations in her pussy, but ignored it. She was so happy her mistress forgave her.

“You'll allow me to take care of you, then?” She asked Vicky.

“Yes, of course.” Vicky smiled, and kissed Haley on the mouth, wet and gentle. Haley blushed.

“Thank you.” Haley smiled at her, and kissed her neck.

“Will you let me take care of you?” She asked her mistress. Vicky nodded with tear filled eyes, and felt Haley's hand on the back of her head, pulling her in for another warm embrace.

Vicky realized she needed it so badly, right now. The warmth, and affection that Haley gave her. She was right, Vicky understood, as she drowned in the warmth of her former tormentor. She needed to relax a bit, and rest. Then, she'll be ready to serve her master again, and her tight cunt will learn, in time, how to properly serve, as well.

Haley smiled, and kissed Vicky on the top of her head, and Vicky rested on one of her soft tits.

“Sleep, sweetie.” She whispered, and felt Vicky fall into a slumber, hugging her as if she were her younger sister. It was quite a surreal situation, considering the sexual debauchery that transpired only a few feet away.

Jenna jerked her master's cock with her massive tits, with Ana salivating on the area, to provide their master with a proper sloppy tit fuck. Then, without warning, Ana shoved Jenna aside, and replaced Jenna's tits with hers.

“Bitch!” Jenna yelled, after Ana pushed her aside.

“You're both bitches.” Brian reminded them “And you need to share.” He reprimanded them.

“Yes master.” They said, and continued giving him a tit fuck, together, moving their upper bodies in unison. Brian moaned, and looked over to his 'bench', namely Mia.

Spank

He slapped Mia's ass, and she moaned, happy to support his buttocks on her back, while he enjoys smacking her ass.

“You're **Slap** A **Smack** great **Slap** Chair, Mia.” he said, reddening her ass.

“Thank you, master.” The 'living park bench' said.

Jenna and Ana looked at him with watery eyes, and with their tongues out. Another spank on Mia's ass, and Brian couldn't hold it in, anymore.

“*Hrrrrrrrm~!*” He moaned, and started ejaculating jets of cum. The busty slaves held their tits together, like targets, hoping against hope to be sprayed with their master's jizz.

“*Muaaaaahh*” Jenna moaned, as one particularly strong stream of cum shot all the way to her face, covering her mouth, cheek, glasses, and forehead with a thin strand of cum.

He didn't try to aim, and rather enjoyed seeing them dance before him, on their knees, trying their best to catch as much of his load on their tits. After he finished, they pressed their cum-covered tits together once again. This time, with satisfied smiles on their faces, rather than competitive determination. They kissed, tasted the cum that stuck to Jenna's lips, and moaned happily.

Brian got up, and looked at his slaves.

“Mia, as your reward for being such a good seat for me, I'll let you clean my cum off of these bitches.”

“*Ah!* Thank you, master!” She said, and jumped on their tits like a vulture. She slurped the cum noisily, and hungrily.

“Wow, did you skip breakfast?” Brian asked, mocking his slave.

“No master. It's just so good, master. Thank you, master.” She said between licks. Her eyes popping out of their sockets, as she licked frantically. He just smiled, and watched the show.

Mia was quite good at cum cleaning, and he decided he will have her do that quite a lot. Degrading the star athlete had its merits, for sure, and watching her lick Jenna's reading glasses clean of his cum was one of them.

He looked at the clock, and saw he still had about twenty minutes before detention was over.

“Okay, time to punish Ana for violating the tit wrestling rules.” He said, remembering what drew his attention back to these bitches, in the first place.

“Yes master.” Ana hung her head low, in shame, and listened to his instructions on how she will be punished.

Vicky was resting her head on Haley's knees, while Haley patted her head gently. Watching her mistress sleep, Haley was completely oblivious to anything else. Until her master stood before her, that is.

“Well, isn't that sweet.” He said, and she smiled at him.

“Get up, it's your turn to spank Ana.”

Haley didn't need an explanation, or be told a second time. She got up instantly, letting Vicky's head drop on the floor, waking her up. Vicky opened her eyes groggily, and looked up at her master. She wasn't mad at Haley for giving her such a rude awakening, at least not when she realized it was her master's commands that Haley was following.

She stood up, and saw Haley spank Ana, who was bending over the teacher's desk. Ana has obviously been spanked quite a lot in the past few minutes, since her ass was as red as the sunrise. Each slave took turns spanking the blonde cheerleader, who still wore her white thong, which stood in complete color contrast with her now reddened ass. Vicky was the last to smack the cheerleader's ass. She had fun doing so, remembering all the times Ana made her feel inadequate.

Her pussy no longer throbbed in pain and discomfort, and she knew Haley was right. Even her short rest was enough to get her ready to keep serving her master. She would show her gratitude later, and she had a feeling Haley would appreciate it. And, she would definitely allow Haley to make her feel nice, and comfortable, from that point on.

Brian watched the petite Vicky spank Ana with her tiny, slim hands, until it was time to truly wrap things up. Eventually, it went even better than he planned. Because he 'came' early, he had a lot of fun reaching his second orgasm, and he managed to wrap it up just on time to humiliate the school's head cheerleader a bit more, and send her off with a sore bum.

Chapter Seven - Epilogue

Five women knelt naked before him, and soaked up his final orders.

“From now on, you'll always remember your true purpose. You are my slaves. Nothing more.” He told them, and they happily nodded.

“I plan to have more, and have already lay down the ground work, putting distractions, and suggestions in my future slaves. You'll help me, even if I'm targeting your friends, and family.”

Again, they all nodded, ready to help their master add more slaves to the harem they were now a part of.

“For today, you will each return to your lives, and make sure nobody thinks it weird that you'll be sleeping somewhere else tonight. You'll do good to use each other as alibi, perhaps say one of you is having a sleep over.” He spoke to the students, since Jenna was single, and lived alone. She would have no problem following his most important command.

“Tonight, you'll come to my house. You'll clean, and cook for me. I'll let you decide who does what. But, I want my house spotless, and I want a delicious meal on my plate for dinner.”

“Yes master.” They all said, and started planning how to follow their new commands.

“Okay, get dressed, and get your hot asses out of here.” He smiled widely “Detention sure is fun. I don't know why it's got such a bad reputation.” He laughed out loud, and went to lean next to the classroom door, waiting for his slaves to put their unnecessary, yet obligatory unless they wanted to get arrested, clothes back on.

The first to fully dress and walk to the door was Ana. Well, she only had a skimpy skirt, and three buttons on her way to be fully dressed, so it wasn't a surprise. She ripped most of her buttons off when she removed her blouse, but she managed to cover herself up properly, anyway. As she walked past the door,

shaking her ass more than usual, Brian gave her already red ass one final spank.

“Ow!” She jumped up, smiled at her master, and walked away.

Mia walked straight behind her, and stopped next to her master, so he could give her one last fondle. He moved her bathing suit just a bit, to reveal her still hard nipple, and squeezed it. Then, he spanked her, and sent her on her way.

She still planned to go on a little swim, to clear her head, and think of ways to better please her master. Improving her one-hundred meter time was the last thing on her mind. Improving her fellatio concerned her much more.

The third to get fully dressed was Vicky, mostly because she had to convince Haley she didn't need help getting dressed. Brian made a mental note to ask them about their obviously strengthened relationship with one another. He got curious about it when he saw Vicky sleep on Haley's lap, before.

Vicky convinced Haley she was hindering more than helping, and put her school uniform back on. She was even happier than before, that she wore such a long skirt. With her pantyhose torn at the crotch, anyone who saw under it would have an unobstructed view of her tight pussy, and that was a privilege reserved solely for her master.

She felt her master's parting spank on her petite ass, and it sent shock waves all the way to her still sensitive pussy. She yelped in happiness, thanked her master, and walked away.

Jenna was almost done dressing, but Haley was still fully nude. Her jeans crotch was still covered with his first load of cum. It had dried off a bit, but she still couldn't resist shoving her face into it, licking and tasting the residue of her master's sperm. Brian couldn't help but touch his own crotch, as he got a little horny at the sight of her lapping at her jeans like that.

But they had to wrap it up, so he took action.

“Haley, you can do that later. Just get dressed, right now. Besides, I don't care if people see cum stains on your jeans, I

actually find the demeaning aspect of it quite arousing.” He smiled at the naked girl, and she nodded.

“Yes master. I'll make sure people can see what a worthless bitch I am. Thank you, master.”

With that, she finally started putting her clothes back on.

Jenna finished buttoning her conservative blouse, and walked through the door, stopping for just a second to receive her master's spank of approval, before heading home to prepare herself for the evening.

The last one was Haley. Her jeans hugged her tight ass once more, and only one of her legs. Her blouse extended mere inches above her belly button, and the only thing that testified to the change in her, was the wet stain on her crotch. If anyone looked closely enough, the nature of that stain would not escape their understanding.

She stopped next to him, smiled, and pushed her cute ass out a bit. He didn't just spank her - He followed the sharp smack on her ass with a long grab, before letting go. She only took another step after feeling his hand leave her pert bottom, before his other hand stopped her.

“Damn you, Haley.” He said, grabbing her tits from behind, and pulling her to him.

“Your little display just now got me hard again. This is the second time you've made me change my plans.”

“I'm so sorry, master.” She said with a mischievous smile, feeling his hard-on dry humping her from behind.

“How can I make it up to you, master?” She asked coyly.

Had she felt he was truly angry with her, she would've cried, and begged forgiveness. Somehow, she realized he wasn't really that unhappy about having another erection, with her still there to take care of it. So, she played along, and tried to be sexy, coy, and submissive, all at the same time.

She succeeded, and he pulled her back a few steps, so no one passing by could see them. He forcefully pulled her jeans aside, from the torn sleeve. They gave way surprisingly easy,

considering they were made of a rather tough fabric. A little strength, followed by a spank on her now bare ass cheek, and her tight pussy was bare before his cock.

“Hold this.” He said, and guided her hand to grab the part of her jeans he diverted aside.

Haley slightly bent over, in a standing position, and her hand stretched back to hold her pants in place. He didn't even tease her little cunt. He just shoved it in, and started pumping. If anyone walked in on them, they would see a docile eighteen year old twat, allowing her master to play with her in any way he wants, while she begs for more.

They would certainly not see a rebellious teen, intent on fighting the system, and 'the man' on top. Using distraction, suggestion, and subliminal influence, Brian managed to completely change her. She actually realized it, and it made her even happier to serve as his cock sleeve whenever he wanted. He deserves to own her, with the considerable talents he possesses, after all.

Since play time was over, and he was a little worried somebody might enter the classroom, now that it wasn't reserved for detention, Brian fucked her as hard and fast as he could. He just wanted to bang her, cum, and be on his way.

Haley understood, and tried her best to help.

“Fuck me, master.” She said, tightening her wet hole for him.

“I'm nothing but a receptacle for your cum, master. My pussy's purpose is to be pumped by you, until you're satisfied, master!”

Her constant self degrading statements certainly helped, and after she begged him to spank her hot ass while he used her cum-dump little twat, he started blowing his load inside of her. He grabbed her hips, moaned, and glued his waist to her ass.

Vicky wasn't the only one to have a first time experience, Haley thought. This was the first time a man blew his load inside of her. The warm jets she felt shooting into her most private place

filled her with happiness, as she knew each spurt of cum he shot in her comfortable hole gives her master so much pleasure. It made her feel like a tool. It made her feel like nothing but a hole to be filled. It made her feel right, and happy.

“Okay, I'm pulling out.” He said, though she was okay with him staying inside of her for as long as he wanted. He pulled out slowly, and cum dripped out of her cunt and onto the floor almost immediately. She quickly covered her snatch with her jeans, hoping to keep as much of his cum inside of her, as she could. She hoped she could share it with Vicky, later.

“Well, can't really leave that lying around.” He said, looking at the cum that managed to fall to the floor before she blocked it with her jeans.

“I'll clean it, master.” Haley said, happily got on her hands and knees again, and started licking the floor.

Brian opened the door, gave one last look to the hot babe raising her ass in the air, and licking his cum off the floor, noting the white wetness in her jeans.

“After you're done cleaning, make sure to lock the door.” He said, and tossed a set of keys to her, that he took from Jenna earlier.

“Yes master.” She said, and he left, as content as he could possibly be.

A few minutes later, Haley stood up, and admired her work. The floor was shiny, her pussy was full of her master's cum, and it was time for her to leave. Before turning around towards the door, something caught her eye. It was the little notebook Jenna, her teacher and fellow slave, wrote on, before their master started playing with them.

Curious to see what teachers normally do during detention, since she's been in detention so often, she walked to the desk, and looked into it. What she found surprised her, though it really shouldn't have. The page was filled with scribbles that would seem nonsensical to her, before that day.

Things like “My master owns me, body and soul.” and “I was born to be a sex slave.”

At some point, it seems Jenna started doodling an image of a woman, kneeling before a man, and writing the words “I will submit” Over, and over again.

“Wow, her drawing isn't half bad.” Haley said out loud, as she looked at the detail of the man standing before the helpless slavegirl in the drawing.

That was when Haley realized they all pretty much left their 'work' just lying there on their tables. She moved from notebook to notebook, seeing the same phrases repeated, over and over again.

Vicky wrote “My master is the only answer” in a blank space reserved to some mathematical result. Mia, who was supposedly writing an essay for English Lit, ended up writing “My future belongs to my one and only owner.” repeatedly. And Ana, well, her pages were just filled with the words “sex slave” and “living sex toy”.

Haley didn't know what to think.

“Was I the only one who didn't know my true purpose until the very end?” She wondered. As she looked at her own writings, she gasped. Instead of her usual scribbles and doodles, there were sentences like “My master owns me, body and soul”

Such words would have seemed obscene to her, before. Right now, nothing spelled out “truth” better than these statements.

After her initial shock subsided, she finally understood.

“Oh master, you're so smart, and wonderful.” She said with a smile. He said he was using mind tricks on them. Playing with their memories, distracting them, and putting thoughts into their heads.

Even before he took complete control of them, when Haley still foolishly thought she could fight it, they were all already gone.

They were all completely his. Their own subconscious was busy taming them to his way of thinking, and they never even noticed.

She figured it might be dangerous for her master, if someone came across these notebooks. People who simply didn't understand their way of thinking, might take her away from her master.

“Can't have that.” She decided, collected the notebooks, and left the class. She would show them to her master, and he will decide what to do with them.

If it was up to her, she would burn them, or flush them down the toilet, to make sure no one ever revealed their secret. It wasn't up to her, though. The notion of making a decision without her master's consent was, to say the least, abhorrent.

She re-arranged her crotch area, shifting her jeans in a way that made her look less like a slut who just got creampie'd, and more like a slut begging to be creampie'd.

With a final look at the shiny floor she just licked clean, she left the classroom, and embarked on her new, and improved life.

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Bank Deposit 2

* * * * *

Lacy woke up as groggy as ever. Her ass and throat were sore, and there was a faint taste of sperm in her mouth. Her pussy was red, swollen, and well fucked.

It has been two long months since that man came to the sperm bank, and every day since then was exactly the same. She would wake up with no memory of him, or of what he did to her. All she ever remembered, or knew, was that she no longer had any control over her body.

Her day mostly consisted of giving kind and polite service to her customers, being better mannered than she ever was to any man who walked into the sperm bank, After helping them with their paperwork, she joined them in the small room where they

were supposed to fill the plastic cups, and acted as their toy, until they were done.

No cups were filled anymore, though. Her mouth begged them to “deposit“ their load in her, and her body helped them along. Be it her mouth, her ass, her pussy, or any other crevice of her lewd young body, no load of sperm went to waste. Her soul was practically drenched in their semen, at that point.

At first, Lacy was afraid of what might happen when people found out. Her bosses, her friends, heck, a college coed encouraging men to cum in her every orifice, instead of making a proper sperm donation, it was a headliner for the evening news.

It didn't take her long to actually hope someone would make the story public, which seemed like the only way to stop the endless cycle of debauchery she was in.

Lacy was certain some of her so called “clients“ would have the common sense to realize something was quite wrong, or at least the decency to try and solve whatever it was she was going through.

That never happened, but Lacy was sure that once her boss found out, he'll at least fire her, and possibly even call the police on her. At least she won't get creampie'd so much inside of a woman's prison...

When her boss found out, instead of making a scene, he joined the fun, and started making “deposits“ of his own. Lacy stopped hoping for salvation, when that happened.

She never realized that the simple looking ring on her finger made sure to cloud the judgment of everyone around her, compelling them to accept her actions.

After every hard day at work, Lacy checked her private “accounting“ note on her phone, where her rebellious body counted the amount of loads she took that day, and updated it after every customer. She would go to bed, and start rubbing her well used pussy to sleep, and only then would she remember the reason for everything that happened to her

Every night, Lacy was reminded of the day her master walked in the sperm bank, and how she treated him. And every night, she went from anger at his complete victory over her, to sorrow, and eventually, to honest regret.

Every night, moments before her slumber, Lacy's mind would join her body in slavery, happily repent her sins of rudeness and arrogance, and admit she deserves her punishment.

That moment, when her mind truly succumbed to her master's will, was the happiest moment of her day, and she would fall asleep with a submissive and docile smile on her face.

That didn't help her in the mornings, though, as her memories of her master waned, and only his punishment remained. She showered, put her whorish clothes on, and posed in front of the mirror, practicing sexy poses for her clients, like every morning. In her short skirt, no panties, and a shirt that showed her under boob, there were endless possibilities for sexy “Come fuck me, please“ poses.

She wasn't even trying to ignore what her body was doing, anymore, and preferred to pretend it was some kind of movie she was watching. She found herself egging the slut in the mirror on, telling her to “work it, girl!“ as if it wasn't her own self she was talking about.

The only different thing about that particular morning was a weird feeling Lacy had in her stomach. She felt sick, but she couldn't tell if that was her body being physically sick, or just her mind being sick of her sordid situation. Her out-of-control body didn't seem to notice, though, and went on to work like nothing at all was wrong.

Her first client that day was a regular, so he played with her tits while she filled out his forms, before she took him by the hand to the private room. His own hand playfully crept under her skirt and fondled her shapely behind. As they entered the room, he spanked her hard, just for fun. She turned to face him, took her shirt off to reveal her tits, folded her hands behind her back, emphasizing her perky breasts, and smiled.

“Which deposit will you be making today, sir? Oral? Anal? Vaginal? I am fully at your service, sir.” She radiated with a shiny smile, and bounced her tits once for him.

The man still blushed a bit, even though he heard her say those words twice a week, for the past two months.

“Vaginal, for sure. “ he said “As usual, you know...Heh...”

Oh, good, he's got a big one. It feels better in my cunt.

Lacy thought, trying to see a bright side to her predicament.

At least he isn't going to fuck my ass, this time, She figured.

He squeezed her tits again, enjoying the compliant cum dump before him.

“But, uhm, can we start with some oral service?” He asked.

Ow, damn...

“Of course, sir.” She smiled and said “I aim to please.”

She knelt before him just as he unbuckled his belt.

Lacy took his pants and underpants off for him, and kissed the hard shaft that sprung out, with love and care.

Lacy was already used to being on her knees, and hearing herself make muffled moans of joy as she took a man's hard cock in and out of her throat.

Mmm! I think he showered this morning. I can taste his cherry scented soap, how kind of him.

Lacy was not sure if she was being sarcastic. All she knew was that focusing on such things made her feel a tiny bit better than cursing her fate.

It didn't take him long to groan in pleasure, grab the back of her head, and start pumping himself into her at a rapidly increasing pace.

Oh, this part is always fun...

Lacy felt herself going out of breath, choking on his cock while gagging and drooling on the floor. She felt every sensation of it, but her body did nothing to struggle against it.

As numb as her throat was at that point, Lacy could still sense the throbbing of his cock, and knew he was about to cum.

Fuck! I thought you said you'd fuck my pussy! Well, maybe his cum will also taste of cherries...

She was almost disappointed, and then a bit mad at herself for nearly feeling such disappointment. Being in a prison within her own body had some effects on her mind that she preferred to ignore. Lacy wasn't a prude before, but now she sometimes thought like an outright whore. Thing is, that was probably the only thing that helped her maintain a semblance of sanity.

Not that being sane will ever help me, unless I can escape this prison, at some point...

“Ohh! Ahhhhhh!” He moaned and exploded in her mouth. She plopped her lips off of his cock, showed him his cum on her lips, and swallowed his load whole.

“Heh, I guess I blew in your mouth, anyway.” He said.

“Thank you for your deposit, sir.” She said respectfully.

“Yeah, yeah” He sat down “I'm not done. Get my cock ready for your cunt.”

“Gladly, sir.” She smiled.

Finally, some action!

She diligently coaxed his cock back to a raging erection, and mounted him, putting her gentle hands on his shoulders.

Let's go, sailor boy, you like tight college coed pussy, don't you?!

Lacy was inside of her own movie right now, detaching herself from the situation and treating it like a porno she was watching.

Her ass was red from spanking by the time he fed her horny cunt with his sperm. Once he was done, he didn't even wait for her to dress up and escort him out.

He simply dropped her on the ground, patted her head, thanked her, and went on his merry way. Lacy returned to the counter with the usual strand of thick cum drizzling down her inner thigh and leg. She made sure to wipe what her pussy didn't

swallow, for the benefit of the next customer, and updated the counters on the special document she was maintaining on her phone.

I can't believe they came in me, and on me, this many times...

Her “Vaginal deposits“ counter has crossed the four thousand. Being stuck in her mind, she had plenty of time to know that number, as incredible as it was, made perfect sense.

She was lucky to only have about twenty-five customers a day, each making around two to three deposits. In a sense, she was lucky it was only a few thousands, and that she was usually fucked by the same couple dozen men, all the time.

She felt like giving a sigh of exasperation, but of course it didn't translate to any actual action. Her body remained smiling, and happy, and Lacy drew back into her state of denial.

I wonder what deposit the next customer will make...

That day was different than most days, in more than one way, and Lacy was wondering how it will play out. It was the day of her little sister's eighteenth birthday, and she was hoping Laurie and Olga would sense something was wrong with her, and maybe finally bring her salvation.

Olga and Laurie knew Lacy better than anyone else in the world. Olga was assigned to Lacy when she signed up for the big sister program, and became just as much a sister to her as Laurie was. The two became best friends, and adored the ground Lacy walked on, or so she liked to think.

Since the first day of Lacy's transformation, her “new self“ had called her little sisters less and less, and barely spoke with them. Lacy hoped they would find it weird, but both her younger sisters just graduated high school, and joined the race to college and real life, intoxicated on the freedoms of being legal adults.

None of them had the time to notice the subtle changes in Lacy's calling habits, and she couldn't really blame them for it.

Back from work, and only a few hours before the party, Lacy called Laurie.

“Hey there, big girl!” Lacy said when Laurie answered the phone.

“Big girl?” Laurie asked “I’m turning eighteen, not five.”

“Oh, I know...” Lacy said with a chuckle, and then sighed deeply.

“I just can’t believe my cute little sister, Laurie, is turning eighteen. You know, it’s making my heart flutter...”

“Aww, sis, that’s so sweet.” Laurie gave her big sister’s feelings a heartfelt recognition.

“Plus, it’s making me feel so old.” Lacy added.

“And a bit self-centered...” Laurie said with a giggle.

“My little Laurie will now go off to college, and start her grown up life...” Lacy continued.

“You’re not going to be this mushy and depressing at the party, right?” Laurie asked with a mocking tone.

“Finally properly opening her legs for business, and having fun with the boys...” Was the next thing Lacy heard herself say, and she found herself laughing on the inside, even though it wasn’t really her talking.

“What?!” Laurie gasped in surprise, her pupils widening.

“Oh, shut up, Lacy!” She said a second later, when her brain caught up with the joke.

Lacy chuckled audibly, and then quieted down with another sigh.

“Really, though, Laurie. You have no idea how much this day means to me. I’m so happy for you.”

There was a moment of silence.

“I know, Lacy. Thanks...” Laurie replied, catching her throat, holding back her tears of joy and excitement.

They talked for another ten or so minutes before hanging up, and Lacy felt her face smile, warmly and emotionally, as her eyes stared at the phone. Even after the conversation ended, her body continued to pretend she was still herself.

This isn't good...

Lacy was rapidly losing hope. It seemed like her body was fully capable of perfectly mimicking her true behaviors and reactions, as if her own mind subconsciously helped it. Her conversation with Laurie went down just like it would, if it was really her doing the talking.

She would definitely start by masking her emotions with sarcasm and obscene jokes, and then remove the veil and give Laurie a dose of her true heart felt feelings. Laurie had no reason to think anything was wrong with her older sister, and Lacy was painfully aware of that.

Just when Lacy thought she'd at least get a reprieve from the constant fucking and masturbating, her body took a new dildo she didn't remember buying, and approached the mirror.

Wait, what am I doing NOW?!

She lowered her panties to her knees, turned the battery powered dildo to full vibrations, and stuck it in her pussy.

"Mmh!"

She hoped she'll at least have one night of partying with her two little sisters, who she didn't see in two months, but now Lacy realized she won't be able to focus on pretty much anything, other than the powerful force quaking in her cunt. She pulled her panties up, locking the dildo inside her pussy. Then, she turned around, and checked her ass in the mirror.

"Bad cunt!" She said, and spanked herself.

Spank

"Horny cum dump!"

Spank

Well, that's new. Lacy thought, as her body started spanking and berating her before the mirror, as if to discipline her. By the time she stopped, her ass was once again red, and she had lost count of the amount of spanks she gave herself, not that she tried so hard to count. The only reason her hand stopped spanking her ass, was that she had to be on her way to her sister's party.

Lacy entered the club where they had her sister's birthday, and started looking for Laurie and Olga.

At least it's loud enough to muffle the sound of the dildo in my cunt, here...

She had a few awkward moments on the bus, when people who stood too close to her heard the vibrations coming from her panties. One of them even figured the reason out, and Lacy was worried her mouth might invite him to “make a deposit“. Luckily, she just blew him off.

“Lacy!“ She heard Laurie's voice, and turned around. The dark haired beauty greeted her with a tight and warm hug.

“Hi, Lace.“ The tall blonde, Olga, stood behind Laurie, and greeted her.

“We haven't seen you in months. What happened to you?“ Olga asked.

“Oh, I know, I've been under a lot of stress...“ Lacy said, and hugged Olga as well.

“Really, why didn't you say anything?“ Laurie asked. She was used to Lacy telling her everything, and vice versa.

Good! Keep interrogating me!

“No, it's nothing, really.“ Lacy said, in a very unconvincing fashion.

“Oh, come on!“ Olga chimed in “Since when do you hide things from us!“

Yes, I would never do that! Oh, I love you, Olga!

“Trust me, nothing is wrong with me.“ Lacy took Olga's hand in hers, and held it between their faces.

Her ring was right in Olga's eyes. Both Laurie and Olga became transfixed on the simple metal ring on Lacy's finger.

“Nothing...Wrong...“ Olga droned.

“With...You...“ Laurie echoed, just as drone-like as Olga.

Olga and Laurie shook their heads, and smiled.

“Of course there's nothing wrong with you.“ Olga said, fully convinced.

Wait, what's going on here? Lacy asked herself, dumbfounded.

“That's a pretty ring.“ Laurie said, still looking at her older sister's finger “Is it new?“

“Oh, this old thing?” Lacy said “Nah, I just felt like putting it on, lately.”

Wait, where DID this ring come from? I don't remember ever having a ring like that, before the.

The truth finally dawned on her.

It's the ring! It makes everyone around me accept everything I say!

It has to be the thing that's been controlling me, all this time, too. After all she had been through, believing in magic rings came easy to her.

“Can I try it on?” Laurie asked.

Yes! Then I might have my mind back. Wait, but then Laurie will...No, don't!

I...I mean...

“No.” Lacy said assertively, and both Olga and Laurie meekly nodded.

They partied for hours. Somehow, Lacy's body was capable of completely ignoring, and hiding the dildo in her snatch. How she could dance so freely with a big plastic rod in her twat, she could never understand. She even gave an emotional speech about her sister's coming of age, when the DJ stopped the music to congratulate the birthday girl.

There was one sensation that both Lacy, and her body, could not ignore. She started feeling an increasing rumble in her stomach, and eventually had to excuse herself, in the middle of a birthday dance with Laurie.

For a second, Lacy thought maybe she got a bit of control over her body, but she quickly realized how wrong she was. Her body went to the bathroom, and threw up. Afterwards, she just got out, washed her face, spanked her ass, and turned around.

What's happening to my body, now?!

“Did you just...Uhm...Spank yourself?” Laurie asked. She was standing at the door, and looking at her older sister suspiciously.

“Also, did you just throw up?”

It was obviously hard for her mouth to come up with an answer, and she hoped maybe this time Laurie will unravel the truth. She made another pointless attempt to take control of her own mouth, but all that eventually came out was a meek “I'm just a little ill, nothing to worry about.

“What do you mean, ill?” Laurie raised an eyebrow, and then suddenly gasped.

“Hold on! You've been avoiding me and Olga, you throw up, and you keep gushing and being so overly emotional.”

Oh my god, she's figuring it out! Finally! Just keep your eyes off of that damn ring! I love you, Laurie!

Lacy gushed.

Hmm, I am unusually emotional lately...

“Are you pregnant, Lacy?”

WHAT?!

Wait a second...

Oh...Oh, no...She's right. That's gotta be it. After all those men came inside of me, of course I'd get pregnant.

She knew it was bound to happen, but somehow she'd managed to put it in the back of her mind, and not give it much thought, until now.

I can't believe it...

My life is ruined! I don't even know who the father is...It could be any of those men who came to the sperm bank...

Inside, she was hysteric, and terrified, but outside, she simply smiled calmly, flashed the ring in Laurie's eyes, and said “Of course I'm not pregnant.”

Oh, Fuck!

Laurie blinked a few times, and repeated “Of course...not...”

Then, she smiled, and ran back to the dance floor, telling Lacy to hurry back once she feels better.

Lacy washed her face, and exited the bathroom. Just as she did, she felt the touch of a male hand on her butt, shamelessly groping her. She turned around, with much less anger than she

would normally have, and when she saw who it was, she smiled broadly.

“Master?” She heard herself say “I live to serve.”

She bowed before him, like one would before a king.

M...Master? What...

In the following fraction of a second, everything came back to her, and it all became clear. Lacy remembered the day that man walked in, and exactly what he did to her.

“How is your punishment going, slut?” He asked.

FUCK YOU! Is this really all because I called you some names and teased you a bit?! Are you crazy?! What the fuck was that silver lighter thing you used on me?! TELL ME!

“It's going perfectly, master. I have been used thousands of times by the clients at the bank, and I am now most likely pregnant. Your slave properly learns her lesson every day.” Her mouth said.

“Excellent.” He said with an evil smile.

I HATE YOU! CAN YOU HEAR ME! If I ever get the chance, I'm gonna fucking kill you!

“This is hilarious.” He smirked “I can almost feel you seething on the inside. I must admit, even I'm surprised you followed such complex instructions so easily. Having you retain a portion of your old self, and bury it in a place where it will be nothing but a spectator, not even realizing your mind is just as controlled as your body is.”

What is he talking about?

“Not to mention, having even that last fragment of your mind submit to me every night, before going to sleep. I must say, it was a stroke of genius on my part.”

“Yes, master, it was, master.” Lacy agreed.

Yes, master. Thank you for punishing this slave, master. W... Wait, what?! What the fuck am I saying?

Lacy didn't have time to understand what was going on. Her day was about to go from worse, to worst.

“Lacy, what are you doing just standing around here?” She heard Laurie ask. She turned around, and saw both Olga and Laurie. They looked at her weirdly, probably wondering why she was talking to this man who was at least ten years older than her.

Oh no! Run away! You have to go, please!

Noticing their confusion, the man motioned for Lacy to introduce him, with a sly smile.

“Oh, this is a friend of mine from work.” She said.

No, please just go away!

Her sisters could not hear her pleas, and Laurie extended her hand to shake his. Lacy did not think she could reach even deeper levels of despair, but at that very moment, she did.

“You have friends at work?” Olga asked, raising an eyebrow “You mean at the sperm bank?”

Olga found it weird for a very good reason. Lacy spent hours telling both her sisters how much she hated everyone and everything about her part time job.

“Yes. We are best friends.” He answered instead of Lacy, took her arm, and raised her ring to Olga's eyes.

“Oh. Okay...” Olga's pupils shook in their sockets for a moment, and then she smiled, fully accepting that man as her older sister's close friend.

“Well, maybe you'd like to join us, then.” Laurie said cheerfully.

“Join you where?” Lacy asked.

“Well, this place closes at midnight, which is why mom booked it for my party.” Laurie said, a bit resentful.

“Me and Laurie are leading the charge to the after party!” Olga clarified further.

“Woohoo!” Laurie called out.

Then go already! Please!

“So, wanna join?” Laurie asked Lacy and her master.

Lacy was glad to feel herself shake her head sideways.

“Sorry, I'm feeling a little sick today.”

“What do you mean sick?! This is your little...” Olga started, but Laurie stopped her.

“No, no, it's okay.” She said, and her voice lowered to a whisper in Olga's ear.

“I told you she threw up earlier.” She was barely audible.

Olga nodded in understanding.

“Thanks for coming even though you're sick, big sis.” Laurie added.

“Are you kidding, I wouldn't miss this for the world!” Lacy said, and gave her sister a farewell hug.

Phew, they left...

Lacy felt relieved, and almost forgot about the man behind her, until he placed his hand back on her ass.

“Now,” He whispered in her ear, confident and wicked “I want that last fraction of the old you to forget I was ever here, and forget that I met your sisters.”

Why does he want me to... Wait... What did he just say?

Lacy was so baffled and confused.

“But from this day on, I want her to remember me, and what I did to her, in full, and not just before going to sleep.” He finished, and walked away at a brisk pace.

“Yes, master.” Lacy nodded with a dimwitted smile on her face, not that he was there to hear her acknowledgement.

What... The... Where...?

Inside, Lacy had a single moment of confusion, before her mind forced upon her a collection of altered memories that did not involve her master.

She remembered finding out she was most likely pregnant, and declining the offer to attend her sister's after party.

Might as well, She thought, It's obvious that sicko's programming of my mind is unbreakable, and the ring he gave me will take care of any suspicions Olga and Laurie might have. Besides, the way I'm feeling right now, I really need to lie down...

It never even dawned on her that she only just miraculously remembered all that had happened to her, when she met that man.

On her way home, she stopped at a twenty-four seven drugstore, and bought a pregnancy test kit. Even before she got into bed, she had her answer. She was pregnant, by an unknown man, who just viewed her as a cum receptacle, and she couldn't even blame whoever it was, for that, since it was her own ring that made it all seem perfectly normal in his head.

The only man she could blame was the one with the silver lighter, her so called "master", and he seemed to be long gone, never to return.

He just used me, punished me, and went on with his life. It's so unfair!

Like every night, she started jilling off, and her attitude towards him changed, until she once again repented for her sins, sincerely asked to be forgiven, and begged to be punished. After all, it was her only way to achieve sleep.

Lacy hoped to be spared her constant cum dump duties, now that she was officially pregnant, but her hopes were forlorn. Her days continued to be the same as before, even as her belly began to swell. The customers that noticed she was pregnant, and had sudden moral issues, were quickly subdued by her ring, and continued using her, with glee.

There were only two differences from her life before Laurie's birthday party. For starters, instead of spending her days mostly wondering what was happening to her, she spent them cursing the man she was forced to call master, and obey.

The other drastic change was that she never spoke to her little sisters, anymore. Olga and Laurie never called her, presumably because they were busy with college, and Lacy never called them, because of her own reprogrammed self.

She hasn't even spoken to her mom in literally ages. She felt depressed, lost, and alone, and she had no way of escaping her own tornado of thoughts.

The days blended together and blurred in her mind, and the only way Lacy had to differentiate between one day and the next, was the size of her ever growing pregnancy belly.

Her body became heavy, and hard to maneuver. Her tits became larger, and more sensitive, a fact that didn't stop her from suggesting that customers knead her boobs for their pleasure, and then moan, scream, and tell them how happy she was to serve them.

Her programming made her ignore the usual physical hardships of pregnancy, but her mind felt it, and agonized. She was living a nightmare, and she understood what her master meant when he said that "her real punishment was still to come"

Her boss never even considered giving her time off, due to her pregnancy, and when her belly grew too large, the customers began exclusively using her doggy style, because she could no longer ride them.

At some point, she stopped even trying to get up from her hands and knees, it was just too hard. She moved around the sperm bank, crawling like a fat cow, only instead of being milked, she was the one doing the milking.

Lacy was almost happy when her ring finally lost its power. She was in her ninth month of pregnancy, and suddenly her boss came to his senses, and called the regional supervisor, to report her blatant misconducts.

The ring apparently had just enough power to contort the regional supervisor's mind, and made him take pity on Lacy, by just firing her, and not involving the authorities. He even offered to pay for her psychiatric treatment. Perhaps it wasn't the ring that brought forth that unexpected display of mercy, but Lacy couldn't tell, and she couldn't really care less.

All she knew was that for the last days of her pregnancy, she was back home, and that at the very least, she could be alone, even if she had no control over her own body. Her master didn't tell her what to do if she lost her job, when he gave Lacy her instructions, so she just ate, slept, and relaxed.

She never thought she'd be glad some man didn't order her to spank herself on a daily basis, if she ever found herself unemployed.

Lacy could only enjoy her “vacation“ for a single day, though. The very next day, she got a call from an unknown number, but the way her mouth answered told her who it was.

“Hello, master. How may this slave serve?“ She heard herself ask.

“I'm sending you an address. Be here in one hour.“ He said.

“Yes, master.“ Lacy plainly said.

Wait! Why?! Ask him why! Please...

Slave Lacy didn't need to ask why, she simply obeyed, regardless of how much that tiny portion of her mind begged for an explanation.

Lacy sluggishly dressed, and started commuting to the destination her master sent her. She wondered what fresh hell was awaiting her, when she got there.

Did he find me a new place to be used and humiliated? Is he going to give me a new ring?

Truth is, she almost didn't want to know. Her only solace was that people moved to accommodate her, and let her sit on the bus, because of her pregnancy.

She was surprised to find the address he sent her was of an upscale high rise, where only those with a lot of money lived. He instructed her to go to the fifth floor, and knock on the door of apartment five-A.

Barely a few seconds passed before she heard the key turn, and the door opened. Before her was a sight like none she had ever seen, not even in the mirror, after the “customers“ finished using her.

O...Olga?! No, it can't be...

Olga had a glassy, faraway look on her face, and no clothes on her nubile body. Well, unless you count a thin metal chain attached between her two nipple rings, and her clit stud, as clothing.

Her pussy was red from over use, and so were her tits. In fact, her entire body had red marks on it – A testimony of the rough fucking she had received over months on end. There was a fell strand of sperm adorning her silky blond hair, which showed just how recent the Russian teen's last brutal face fuck, really was.

“Welcome, slave sister.” Olga greeted Lacy with a calm voice, and a serene expression on her face, which was borderline creepy.

“Please, come in.”

When did he get you?! How did he even know about you? I can't believe this...Olga...

Olga turned around and walked back inside. Her buttocks were red from the many slaps they had received, and there were purple anal beads stuck deep inside her ass, which made her hips sway more as she walked, like a sow with a short tail.

“O-Olga...What did he do to you?” Lacy asked, and then gasped. She had her voice back, somehow.

“I-I can speak...”

“Yes, you can, but only because our master allows you to, Lacy. You cannot be rude to him, or yell in his presence. You are to be polite, and servile.” Olga explained, her pert booty sexily shaking from side to side.

“As for what master did to me.” She continued, as they walked down the hall “he showed me how mislead my life had been, until now. I am now nothing but a submissive fuck doll for him, and as long as he enjoys drilling my tight holes, and feeling up my smooth body, there is purpose to my existence.”

They continued down the hallway, and passed by the bathroom.

“*GASP!* Mom? Katya?” She said with extreme shock, as she saw the two nude and kneeling middle aged women on the marble floor of the bathroom, next to the pure white porcelain tub, thrusting their massive tits out with mindless pride.

“No...Not you too!” Lacy exclaimed.

The two women were Olga's mother, Katya, and her own mom. They had dumb smiles on their faces, and a cheerful sparkle in

their eyes.

“I am master's obedient pair of tits.” They said in unison.

“I exist so my master can wipe his cock between my boobs, after ejaculating, or showering.” Lacy's mom said.

Their tits seemed shiny, wet, and slick. Like the perfect tools for a proper titfuck.

“I am nothing but a pair of tits, and a mouthpiece to praise my master.” Katya added “The rest of my body has no function, and no use.”

Lacy stood staring for a few seconds, but then felt compelled to continue following Olga. At the end of the corridor was a spacious and luxurious room. Lacy recognized the man sitting on the sofa, watching the big screen TV on the wall opposite to him. His cock was in the mouth of a young redhead, who tended to it with great love and care.

“Oh, Lacy, nice of you to join us.” He said, and pushed his redheaded slave away.

“That'll be all, slave.” He told her.

“Thank you for using my mouth, master.” The docile, nubile girl said, and crawled away, back to the hallway.

Lacy had so many things she wanted to say, and ask, but she found she couldn't speak. She knew she won't be able to say what she really wanted, since she was compelled to be polite, and most of what she really wanted to say involved yelling and swear words.

After trying to speak for a few moments, Lacy remembered she couldn't speak in his presence without his permission, and stopped trying. All she could do was try her best to give him a scornful look, as he stared at her fully pregnant body with a happy grin on his face.

“Your drinks, master?” A black haired beauty came from the kitchen, holding a single glass of wine.

Laurie...No...

She wasn't surprised anymore. He had Olga, her mother, and Olga's mother. Lacy almost assumed he had Laurie tucked away somewhere, too, but she was trying to keep her hopes up.

Her little sister wore nothing but a black garter belt. Her ass and pussy lay fully bare, though her pussy lips were shaven and pristine, unlike Olga's swollen and overused pussy. Her body was not pierced, but she did have some tattoos on her.

Laurie always hated tattoos. She considered them needless physical mutilation...

Regardless of what Laurie liked, or disliked, Laurie's tits were both adorned with the words "Squeeze toy", and just above her pussy were the words "Private Property."

"Look who's here, bitch." He said, and Laurie tore her eyes off of her master, and looked at Lacy.

"Hi, Lacy." She said with a smile. The barely eighteen year old hottie seemed even happier than she was on her birthday.

"Oh, she seems so confused." He said with a smirk "Why don't you explain to her what you are." He commanded Laurie.

"Gladly, master." Laurie said.

"I am now master's obedient fuck doll, and servant, for the rest of my worthless life. I am happy master changed my plans to go to college and get a career, and instead made me his slave bitch, thus giving my life true worth, under his total control."

She stopped, and smiled.

"And..." He insisted.

"Oh, of course, master." Laurie said, as if remembering something.

"Since I was a virgin when master enslaved me, he decided he will pop my cherry in front of you, as a part of your ongoing punishment."

"The master wishes you to know my pathetic existence as his owned toy, is entirely your fault, Lacy. Thank you, big sister."

She thanked Lacy with such sincerity, that it almost made Lacy feel better. Laurie turned around, bent over, and spread her ass cheeks. Her ass was gaping open, and the tattoos on her

cheeks read "Fuck hole" with arrows pointing to her anal entrance.

"Since he waited with my owned pussy, master has been fucking my ass at an increased frequency, making me his anal whore. I was always happy to accommodate him, even though I was never fucked up the ass before, and it hurt a lot, at first."

Lacy wouldn't have been able to utter a word, even if he gave her permission to speak. She was in utter shock.

"Thank you for letting me take part of my naughty sister's punishment, master." She finished.

"You're welcome, slave." He said.

"Now, it's time to finally fuck that cunt of yours."

"I hope you'll enjoy this cunt, master." Laurie stood straight, lifted her leg, and spread her pussy lips wide.

"You," He pointed to Olga "Get her virgin twat ready."

"Yes, master." The blonde said, and got on her knees.

Both Lacy and her master were treated to a pussy licking show, which Lacy figured he was probably used to. Olga was going at her as if she was an expert. Shoving her face in Laurie's twat and running her tongue across the folds of her unused pussy.

She took breaks to nibble at Laurie's clit, and Laurie could barely stay on her one leg, lifting the other one in the air, to make her honeypot more accessible. The two best friends probably never thought their relationship will get so intimate.

"*Ahhh!*" Laurie moaned, and let go of her leg, dropping it down to the floor. That didn't stop Olga, who positioned her face squarely between her best friend's legs, and licked her soaking cunt, like a kitten.

"*Ahh! Ohh! Ahhhhh!*" Laurie squealed so loudly, and squirted her pussy juices on Olga's face. Olga smiled up at Laurie, her face and lips wet and shiny. Laurie smiled back at her fellow slave, patted her cheek, and then turned to her master.

"This pussy is ready for you, master." She said.

“Good.” He smiled.

“Now, blondy slave, come here and prepare my cock.” He ordered Olga.

“Yes, master.”

She was already on her knees, so it was easier for her to crawl over to her master. When she reached him, she gave his cock a wet kiss, and took his shaft in her mouth.

He didn't even wait for her to set a pace. He simply grabbed her head, and started violently thrusting it back and forth on his cock, jackhammering her face.

“Mmbh! Mhh! Mffh!”

Lacy never saw anyone being face fucked so roughly. Perhaps some of the roughest hardcore pornos went that far, but even that was a maybe, at best. Olga was nothing but his piece of owned possession, and he treated her as such.

Can she even breathe like that? Lacy wondered.

Her answer came when he finally had enough, and pushed Olga's head back, throwing her on the floor. Olga gasped loudly and lay on her back, her face as red as a tomato, and covered in her own sticky drool. She sorted her breathing, and got to her knees.

“Thank you for using my mouth. **Cough** Master.” She said with a weak and coarse voice.

He ignored her, and turned his gaze to Laurie.

“Come over here, and sit on my cock with your virgin cunt, bitch.” He said.

“Yes, master.” Laurie said with no hesitation, walked over to him, spread her legs above his crotch, and grabbed his hard rod with her dainty hand, gently rubbing her pussy lips with her other hand.

She prodded her pristine, virgin lips with his cock, until the tip was inside of her cunt's warm embrace, and then lowered herself on it, with one flowing, and determined motion.

“Ah!” Laurie gave a tiny moan, and Lacy knew she had just witnessed her sister's hymen, being torn apart by her master's shaft. Lacy knew her little sister was still a virgin, and certainly

hoped to mend it, during their joined time at college.

I never wanted it to be like this...

“Start riding me.” He commanded with a happy sigh.

“Yes, master. My body belongs to you.”

Laurie never complained, or argued. Her mind told her that her body was her master's property, to do with as he pleased, and she accepted that as the core fact of her life. Even though blood started dripping from her deflowered pussy, she continued riding him at a consistent pace, ignoring the pain in her cunt.

“Faster, bitch. **Spank**” He said, and added a sharp spank on her ass.

“Yes master. *Ah!* I live for your pleasure, master!”

She instantly obeyed, and began shaking her hips and ass quicker, hoping to properly please her master.

“Olga, stick that dildo in her ass.” He said and pointed to a blue plastic penis, clearly the same size as his own cock.

“Yes, master.” Olga said, her own ass penetrated by purple anal beads. Olga mercilessly used the dildo to fuck Laurie's other hole, while gently rubbing her master's balls with her other hand.

All he had to do was sit there, enjoy, and let their moans lull him to a state of nirvana, while Laurie bounced on his cock, and Olga massaged his balls and fucked Laurie's ass with a dildo.

“*Ahhh!* How does it feel Oh, fuck! To be double penetrated, slut?!” He asked Laurie, fondling her tits.

“It's extremely painful, master.” She admitted.

“I am happy to please you, master.” She added, with an agonized smile.

“What hurts more, your pussy...Oh, so good...or your ass?” He asked, pinching her nipple.

“*Nngh...* My pussy, master. My owned ass is numb from all the times you fucked it, master.”

Hearing her say those words was the last straw, and he couldn't help but cum. Olga stopped fucking Laurie's ass with the dildo, and dove to her knees to cradle her master's balls with her

lips and tongue, encouraging him to spend a big load in her slave sister's deflowered cunt.

When he was done, Olga continued kissing his balls like a submissive pet, and Laurie remained on top of him, patiently waiting for further instructions, tightening her pussy around his cock, which was slowly becoming flaccid.

He then commanded Laurie to display her creampie'd pussy for him. She spread her legs on the floor, and pushed his cum out of her tight snatch, for his viewing pleasure.

He then ordered Olga to eat the spunk that oozed out of her wet twat. Laurie writhed and moaned as her best friend ate her pussy out, slurping all the cum from her well fucked cunt lips, and from the floor.

She kept some of the cum in her mouth, per her master's demand, and fed it to Laurie herself, kissing her passionately, with plenty of tongue, sharing the mixture of cum, saliva, and pussy juices with her sister slave.

“Now crawl back to me, and worship my cock with your mouths.” He said.

“Yes, master.” The two slender hotties said, and crawled over to him. They already knew he didn't mean they should worship him with words, since that was not what their mouths were really for. Subtle sounds of kissing, and licking filled the room, as Olga and Laurie made out with their master's flaccid cock.

“Doesn't matter that I shot my load already, it's always fun to have two obedient sets of lips on my dick.” He said, knowing his obedient slavegirls would continue to caress his cock with their tongues for all eternity, unless he told them otherwise.

Lacy watched Olga and Laurie work on his cock. She saw the mindless happiness in their eyes, and their constant state of glee.

I can't believe it...I'm actually jealous of them...

“Well, I'm done with you.” He told Lacy “Go back to your wretched life.”

Lacy made a sad and appalled face, which prompted him to tell her to stay.

“Is there anything you wanted to say?” He asked, patting Laurie's head like a kitten.

“You know what? I'll grant you one question. Choose your words carefully.”

At that moment, Lacy realized all the questions she wanted to ask were not important anymore. There was only one thing she had to ask. She had to try, at least.

“C-Can you please make me...like them?” She swallowed nervously.

He raised an eyebrow.

“What do you mean?”

“Please...Can you please turn my mind off, too? I...I'm so sorry for being rude to you! I can't live like this anymore! Please, I swear I'll be a good slave for you, once you take full control over me...”

“M...” She mumbled “...Master...” She said, and her eyes fell to the ground, in shame.

Lacy wasn't really sorry, at all, and she knew none of it was fair, but she learned her lesson, and knew this was her only chance for true release.

You choke on that fucking servile apology!

He looked at her for a few seconds, and then burst into laughter.

“Hahahahaha! Now, that I did not expect!”

He laughed for a full minute, and then sighed, and talked again.

“Your holes are so over used, though. Plus, look at you, you're a freaking cow! Why would I want you as my slave?”

He was obviously enjoying putting her through even more humiliation, but Lacy was in no condition to put up a fight. She had only one goal, and she was willing to say anything to achieve it.

“I-I swear my holes will be good enough, sir...I...I mean, master... I have bigger tits, now. And....And I can be like my

mom, in the bathroom. She is much older, and has been through two births. I'm sure that if you can find a use for her, then..."

"Your bitch mom didn't insult me, nor was she ever rude to me." He said.

Fuck you!

"I'm so sorry, master...H...How may I...Umm...This slave... make amends?! I'll do anything!" She said, degrading herself of her own volition.

"Hmm..." He said, rubbing his chin.

"I'll tell you what," He said, and pushed Olga and Laurie away "If you can get me hard, and eat my cum within, let's say, ten minutes, I'll wipe the last bits of your mind away, as you requested."

Lacy didn't care about anything anymore.

"Thank you for giving me a chance, master!" She dropped to her knees with a heavy thump, and rushed to his crotch as fast as her pregnant body could carry her. She didn't hesitate for a second, and bathed his cock with licks and kisses upon her arrival.

"Start the timer, bitch." He told Laurie. Lacy hoped Laurie would maybe help her, and give her more time, but her little sister didn't care at all. If Lacy failed, then Laurie would not hesitate to tell her master.

Lacy never treated any blowjob with such haste, and ferocity. She moved her hands, lips, and tongue to massage every inch of his balls and shaft, trying to get his blood pumping, and his arousal up. She looked up at him with the best puppy eyes she could muster, and told him how much she loves to suck his cock.

Just as she was beginning to lose hope, his rod began to harden. She started flicking her tongue on his tip, and then quickly slid his shaft down her throat. Lacy didn't even take breaks to breathe, gagging on his cock without swallowing, her saliva drooling on the floor in masses.

He smugly stared down on her face, which probably looked like a pathetic mess. Rather than helping her along, he simply

crossed his fingers, lay back, and enjoyed himself.

“Five minutes, master.” Laurie said.

Lacy increased the pace of her sucking, ignoring any reflex she ever had. She was willing to break her jaw to make him cum. In the midst of her hard work, something else happened.

While she was busy gobbling up his cock, streams of liquid emerged from her pussy, splashing on the floor. Her water broke, and she was going into labor.

“Hahaha! This is getting better and better!” He laughed loudly as he noticed what happened.

Lacy only paused for a second, but then ignored it completely.

I have to get him to cum!

Little did she know, the fact she continued gagging on his cock, right after her water officially broke, was more than enough to get him inches away from shooting his load. Under normal circumstances, just the thought would have been enough to get him hard.

“Two minutes, master.” Laurie said, and prompted Lacy to move her tongue around his cock with even greater speed.

“Ohh fuck, I'm gonna cum!” He announced.

Yes! Thank you! Thank you so much!

Lacy couldn't think straight anymore, regardless of what portion of her mind remained. He blasted into her mouth, and even though she was gagging so hard that she felt like throwing up, she brilliantly fought it and swallowed every last thick spurt.

After guzzling his load completely, she pulled back, and gave the tip of his cock one final, degrading kiss.

“She made it in time, master.” Laurie reported.

He sighed contently, and smiled at her.

“From now on, no part of your mind will be free and independent to think. Your entire being belongs to me, now. Your existence is for my pleasure.”

Her eyes quaked for a few seconds, as her mind changed according to his words. Then, she looked up at him, and smiled.

For the first time in a long time, she was happy to her very core.

“Thank you, master. I live to please and obey you.” She said.

Thank you, master. I live to please and obey you.

“I know.” Her god in human form said “Now, get one of my bitches to drive you to the hospital. Give the child up for adoption.”

“Yes, master!” Lacy said. She almost forgot she was about to give birth, but it certainly wasn't the most exciting thing that happened to her, that day. Her full enslavement took that title easily.

“Oh, wait!” He said just before she left “I have further instructions for you, in case it's a girl you'll push out of you.”

“Yes. *Mhhh! Ahhhh!*” The first contraction shook her body.

“...Master” She finished with a smile, after the shaking pain vanished.

All in all, the fact she was a docile slave with one thing on her mind probably helped her through the experience. She even had her sister, Laurie, there with her. Olga stayed at home, still busy serving their master.

She gave birth to a girl, and told the hospital staff she wants to give her daughter up for adoption. After signing all the papers, she asked if she could leave her daughter with a souvenir. They agreed to her reasonable request.

She placed a note in a sealed letter, instructing her daughter to open it on her eighteenth birthday. She wrote she was sorry, but that she'll have a better life with her adopting parents.

Lacy told her daughter to seek her at her master's house, once she comes of age, so she can join her mother in servitude to him. Well, Lacy only wrote the part about where her daughter could find her. Her master will explain the rest, when the time comes...

* * * *

Lacy felt her life finally reached the right place, as she stood naked next to Olga and Laurie, at the foot of their master's bed,

waiting for him to awaken. He started moving in his bed, and finally opened his eyes. Olga, Laurie, and Lacy turned around, leaned forward, and spread their ass cheeks with both hands.

“Please use us to relieve the stress of your morning wood, master.” They said.

The three women waited patiently for their master to get out of bed, and choose one them. They weren't even looking back to see which of them he was about to use. Lacy felt her master's hands firmly grab her hips, and then she felt his cock strongly ram into her pussy.

“Ah! Thank you, master!”

As he pumped into her with full force, she thought back of the first time she spoke with him.

Nothing could ever make up for how I spoke to him, back then.

She would never admit it to her master, or her slave sisters, but she was happy about that fact. It meant she'll be degraded and humiliated by him for the rest of her life, and there was nothing in the world that she wanted more than that.

###

Jogging Hotties 2 – The Buzz

* * * * *

Summer couldn't get any sleep. She had just moved to her new place earlier that day, and hoped the excitement and thrill would tire her sufficiently. Alas, it appeared the butterflies, currently raising a hurricane in her insides, were stronger than even her urge to catch a decent shut-eye.

She tossed and turned all throughout her first night in her new apartment, her thoughts wandering between her still unpacked luggage, the grandeur of the change she has wrought upon her formerly boring life, and the stress of the job interviews which awaited her on the morrow.

Summer considered checking the time and seeing how many hours she had left to squander that night, but decided that would only reduce her chances of getting a little sleep before day broke.

She cuddled her pillow tightly, and did her best to give herself into the calm and quiet of the night.

None of that mattered, she realized not long after, when her alarm sounded, though she could not tell if it had been a couple of hours, or mere minutes later. Summer resentfully got up from her bed, and turned her alarm off.

“Like I needed that to be up...” She pondered on the irony of her situation and yawned deeply.

She wisely placed her phone so she would have to stand up if she wanted to reach it, ensuring the death of any urge she may have had to press the snooze button and return to her drowsy thrashing on the bed, hoping in vain for five more minutes of fake sleep.

Stretching her skinny arms to the ceiling and her slender legs so she stood on her tip-toes, Summer rejuvenated her body and walked over to her windowsill. She opened the drapes, slid the glass aside, and let the light of dawn bathe both her and her new little apartment.

The big city skyline was like a crown of sky scraping towers, each concrete behemoth taller than anything she has ever seen. For a small town girl like her, such a sight was bound to be daunting, but to an adventurous young woman like Summer, it was more alluring than anything else.

She looked at the sun peeking from behind the towers of the city center with moist, sparkling eyes, and sighed. Her small, one bedroom apartment was in the city outskirts – A quieter neighborhood than most, and one that felt almost similar to her own home town.

She took a deep breath, turned away from the window, and began shedding her night clothes off. First went her loose, flimsy shirt, and by the time she opened the bathroom door, her silky panties were wrapped around her leg. She kicked them over to the bed with one fluent move of her shapely, smooth leg, and walked towards the shower.

As the hot water glazed over her nubile, naked body, running from her pristine face, down to her firm, perky, and perfect breasts, and even further down to her skinny waist, Summer thought about her past, and her future.

Her parents didn't like her decision to skip college and move halfway across the country, she could tell, no matter how supportive they tried to be. Summer did appreciate their fervent attempts at pretense, though, and even if they did more than hint their disapproval, she would not have been swayed from her decision.

At the age of nineteen, Summer felt her life was stagnant, and that her home town was simply too small for her. As her plane descended into the metropolis's airport, the eve before, and Summer saw the grandeur of the big city, she started fearing this place might actually be a bit too big for her breeches.

Her worries and nervous jitters only magnified that morning—Maybe this city will end up eating her whole.

“First, let's see how today goes...” She mumbled to herself, her voice swallowed by the waterfall-like ambiance of the stream pouring down upon her. Summer arched her neck upward and allowed the water to fall squarely on her face, her eyes closed shut, as she resigned to ignoring her worries and fears, at least until after the job interviews she had lined up for that day.

Still facing up, Summer's hand approached her breasts, and pressed gently. She whimpered a smile, and lightly pinched her nipple between her forefinger and thumb.

“*Mmhhh.*” She felt warmth spreading between her legs, her loins tingling and demanding attention.

Still fondling her breast with one hand, her other one crept over to her pussy lips as if it had a mind of its own. Her knees momentarily buckled and her thighs shook as her middle finger ran the length of her lower lips.

“*Mhhh.*” She gave a breathy moan as she penetrated her tight twat with her finger, and with a high pitched squeal, her body

tumbled backwards to the cold marble wall of the shower.

“Ahh!”

Frantically fingering her wet honeypot, Summer never stopped pinching her nipple and fondling her breasts, sending electric jolts of arousal throughout her lewd body. With her back glued to the cool wall behind her, and warm water engulfing her front, the pleasure coursing through her slender, young body converged between her legs and exploded.

“Nghh.” A small whimper came as her pussy trembled from the inside.

“Ahhhh! Ohh, yes! Ohhh!” She began moaning and screaming, squealing in delight as the dam broke and a tsunami of pleasure erupted from within her.

Breathing heavily, Summer slowly opened her eyes and reasserted her bearings. Her legs, wobbly at first, stood firm on the floor and she took another short moment to revel in the warmth of the water, before getting on with the business at hand. She turned the water off, lathered her body with soap till it sparkled, and turned the water back on again.

Twenty minutes, and a good scrubbing and shampooing later, Summer got out of the shower and wrapped a towel around her perky breasts. With the towel on, she walked over to her closet, found her short, black yoga pants and likewise tight black tank-top, and threw them onto her bed. After rummaging through her luggage a bit, she found her black, silky thong and added it to the pile. Summer always felt strangely comfortable in thongs.

Her jogging attire always caught the attention of the men in her home town, and she couldn't blame them. She wasn't going to sacrifice her comfort just because some guys like to ogle at her, and Summer liked nothing more than to feel the wind brush across her as she ran, feeling as close to being naked as she could. Besides, she even liked the attention, at times. She put her running shoes on, locked the door behind her, and walked towards her building's elevator.

A middle aged woman wearing a smooth cream colored skirt and a jacket was busy speaking on her phone, which apparently worked just as well inside the elevator – Another big change from Summer's home town, she realized.

“Yeah, I'm on my way down right now, honey.” She said.

Summer ignored her, and started stretching and posing in front of the mirror. She realized her pants had a bit of a stain on the left buttock, so she flicked it a few times, and when that didn't work, she tried rubbing it off and even slapping it away once.

“Meh, it'll come off when I do a wash...” She decided.

The hyper-active teen wasn't expecting to get leering glares from the older woman traveling down with her, which is probably why she didn't notice when the respectful looking, busty woman smiled and lasciviously stared at her as she spoke on the phone.

“I'll take the car and pick you and your sister up in ten minutes, and then we'll go...” She paused awkwardly, as if in mid-sentence, and stared at Summer again.

“Is anything wrong?” Summer asked innocently, still posing for the mirror.

“No, nothing.” The woman, who's hair was died bright red, said, shaking her head with a smirk.

“I have to go honey.” She said and hung up the phone.

Summer stopped her posing and looked at the woman.

“My daughters are waiting for me to pick them up...” She said.

“At this time in the morning?” Summer raised an eyebrow.

“Yeah, they partied hard into the night.” The woman said, surprising Summer.

“Oh, don't get me wrong, they aren't kids. In fact, they're about your age, I reckon. The older is twenty, and the younger turned eighteen a few months ago.”

“Ohh...” Summer said “I'm nineteen, actually.” She smiled at the woman.

Summer was a very trusting person, a product of growing up in a small town where everybody knew everyone. She knew she should be more cautious in the big city, but figured she may as well get to know her new neighbors.

“That's nice.” The woman said, looking dreamily into the distance.

“Going for a morning jog, then?” Her attention snapped back to Summer.

“Yup.” Summer said and stretched her arms back “I just moved here yesterday, I figure it will help me get to know the neighborhood, you know.”

Summer gave the woman a sweet smile, and actually got one back.

“You seem like a nice girl.” the woman said “You know, there's a jogging route you can take. Not a lot of streets to cross, hardly any stoplights, and mostly straight roads. I can point you in the right direction, if you want.”

“Sure!” Summer said enthusiastically “Do you jog?” She asked the older woman.

“Not anymore, no. But I used to. Anyway, as you leave through the front entrance lobby, head left, and then...”

The woman told Summer exactly where to head, telling her she might not run across a lot of the local venues on the way, but promising a quiet and relaxing path, especially at that time in the morning.

“Trust me, in this city, every hour of calm quiet is a blessing.” She told Summer.

As they left their building together, the woman headed to her car, and Summer began running at a paced speed in the direction the woman suggested. There was a song stuck in her head for days, and she couldn't shake it off.

It wasn't really the type of music she usually went for, but it went surprisingly well with her jogging mind-set. It was very up-

beat and poppish, and extremely catchy – One of those songs you can't help but be stuck with for a while once you hear it.

About half a mile down the path the nice woman suggested, Summer realized something weird. The further she went down the road, there were less and less men around, and even weirder, the further she went the less interested the men seemed to be in catching a glimpse of her shapely behind as she jogged past them.

Summer always liked turning around to look at them, expecting them to do the same. Call her sadistic, but their embarrassment as they quickly looked away always put a devilish smile on her face.

She figured the lack of eyes to feast on her young body was one of the reasons the woman sent her down that path, and shrugged it off, focusing on the song still playing in her head. A song that seemed to have slightly changed since her jog began.

Specifically, there seemed to be a very distinct bass line added to it, the kind that the most powerful speakers emit, along with vibrations that send tremors through the body. At first Summer thought she was subconsciously adding a heavy metal vibe to the light, almost goofy song, but it didn't take long for her to stop in her tracks, and frown at herself.

“What the hell...” She asked, feeling as if she had cotton stuffed in her ears, as the skin around them became warm, numb and tingly.

The low bass was much more persistent than the song stuck in her head, she realized. Looking around, she found that she had no idea where she was. She knew she couldn't have gotten too far away from her apartment, but she became so engrossed in her jog that she didn't even notice which turns she took on her way.

Summer managed to shake the eery feeling off, a moment before entering full panic mode.

“It's probably some weird jet-lag effect, or something. My ears got clogged during the flight, maybe this is normal...” Thought the girl who had taken her first plane just a day earlier.

Breathing a relaxing sigh, Summer concluded that if this weird feeling continued for too long, she'll have to go see a doctor, but for now she had to keep running. Her feet were getting so tingly she felt they might fall off if she didn't move forward at a brisk pace.

She arrived at another intersection, and as the bass infused song played within her mind, Summer turned right out of pure instinct, somehow drawn in that direction. She considered changing her course for a split second, and it made her feel sick to her stomach.

“No...” She decided as the weird, mind numbing bass line thrummed in her head “This is the way to go. I know it!”

With a smile, she picked up the pace, somehow knowing she was heading somewhere, but having no idea where.

Every time her foot stomped the ground, the low hum vibrated in her mind, as if it was aligned to her jogging pace, or perhaps she was subconsciously aligning her steps to fit it – She couldn't tell anymore.

All she knew was that the feeling which started out as weird and unsettling, was slowly becoming a nirvana-like bliss, as the warmth spread from her ears to engulf her entire head, and down to her body, as if all her muscles were falling asleep, and she didn't want them to ever wake up.

As the relaxing and mind-numbing sensations spread all the way down to her nether regions, Summer realized the song that was previously stuck in her head was all but gone, replaced by the very lucid, and very powerful low hum vibrating throughout her. It was then that she realized, the new music in her head had lyrics, too - The kind a young, fresh twat like her simply could not ignore.

As she ran she mumbled the words, like a soldier would while doing laps around the base. Her own thoughts fell silent in the face of the powerful mantras.

“I am a fuck doll and I belong to my master.” She said with a sure voice and a light-headed smile on her face.

“I am my master's slave, and I always obey.”

“Obey and please.”

“Obey and please.”

“Obey and please my master.”

The vibrations were so strong it felt as if the earth itself was quaking, and a huge *THRUM* echoed with every swift step Summer took.

“I must reach my master and serve him. Nothing else matters. I have no other purpose...”

Her ditzy smile vanished in an instance, and a look of terror replaced it as she regained her senses and realized the meaning of the words fluently and instinctively coming from her own lips, with her own voice.

“What am I...?” Her insides turned as she tried to fight against the incomprehensible urge to keep on moving, to keep speaking her mantra. The low hum that surrounded her made her feel uneasy, but she could feel that the smallest surrender on her part would submerge her back into the endless bliss she experienced before.

“Where am I...?” She squinted as if a massive spotlight was pointed straight onto her eyes, and looked around.

She was in the very edge of the city, in a neighborhood more rural than urban, and seemingly abandoned. Only three buildings stood the length of the street, all derelict, filthy, and clearly uninhabited.

There were old and tattered clothes hanging from laundry lines, and dusty, rusted out cars in the driveways and parking lots. It was as if the inhabitants left in a hurry, leaving everything behind, including their clothes.

There was one other building, on the far end of the dead-end street. Its exterior was just as neglected as the others, but it was clearly housing actual human beings. Light was coming from the

windows of every floor, and the top floor's windows were sparkling and spotless, draped with rich, luxurious, satin canvasses.

Summer breathed heavily, tears falling from her eyes as she struggled against the urge to move forward. As she looked towards that building at the end of the street, a strange calm came over her, and soon drowned her back in bliss. With a whimper she smiled, and allowed all thoughts to be pushed away by the warm numbness invading her mind.

Tears of joy ran down her cheeks and Summer gladly embraced her place in life.

“I must reach my master and pledge my entire life to serving him.” She said with a strong, certain voice, and picked her legs up, running like a tamed gazelle over to the source of the thrumming, humming buzz.

The lewd, skinny nineteen year old girl bounced over to the building, knowing she was drawn towards it ever since her existence began. It was her fate, she finally understood. She reached the front door of the building's lobby, her tight clothes growing tighter still as her body moistened, particularly between her long legs.

She opened the door, and it was as if she had entered a state of sleep – An entranced and obedient dream-like state. She looked around her, and knew she was home, and that she never wanted to leave. Inside, the building looked like a palace, especially compared to the other few structures on the street.

Five beautiful naked women toiled on their duty of keeping their master's property clean, washing the marble floor, shining the glass mirrors, and cleaning the wooden stairs. The one with the biggest tits kept dipping her massive mounds of flesh in a bucket of soap water and pressing them to the floor, shining it while keeping her own boobs, her master's toys, clean as a whistle.

Summer looked around as she headed towards the spiral staircase, and noticed they were all branded with a mark of enslavement on their pert behinds. She became so jealous as she ran her dainty hand across her own slim waists and onto her yoga-pants clad behind, wishing her master would enjoy her body enough to bestow upon her the honor of permanent ownership.

Her sense of adventure was gone, and so were her worries for her future in the gigantic metropolis. All that remained was a sex toy, a very happy, obedient, and eager sex toy.

She scurried up to the seventh floor like a breeze, only getting a few glances of the slavegirls working hard on each and every floor, all shaking their asses in tune with the low, humming buzz that controlled their lives. Summer was sure some of them were humming along with it, they looked like bees working for their queen, only in their case, it wasn't a female they served.

Summer knew her master was a man, because her mind was filled with a desire to please his cock with any orifice or feminine trait she possessed.

“My pussy, tits, ass, and mouth are my master's to use and enjoy.” She mumbled as she reached the top floor, her voice drowned by the powerful, deafening buzz. She opened the door, took a deep breath, and walked inside, ready to please.

Inside of her master's inner sanctum, the buzz vanished. It was no longer required, any woman who reached it already knew what she was for, what her purpose in life was. Summer instantly recognized her master, a middle aged, slightly over-weight man she would never give the time of day to, in the past. Now, she was willing to go to the moon and back, if he only wished it of her.

Three women entertained him, a middle aged, busty woman who's hair was dyed red, and two hotties, as young as Summer. If Summer's gaze was not so fixed upon her master, she would recognize the older woman as the neighbor who told her where to

jog, ensuring the young woman would be caught in the radius of her master's controlling influence.

His stiff cock rested between the woman's big tits, keeping him warm and happy while her daughters put on a show for him. The younger blonde was bent over, her smooth, perfect ass on display for her master, her tight, barely used pussy moist and glinting between her cheeks.

Her older sister, smiling dumbly, spanked her repeatedly, giving the younger blonde's ass a pinkish hue.

With every spank, the bent-over slave thanked her master for the privilege of entertaining him, while the slave doing the spanking moaned a wet orgasm, her non-spanking hand buried inside of her own cunt, drilling it in accordance to her master's orders.

“Okay, time for a change, bitches.” Their divine lord said with his booming voice.

Within seconds, the middle aged fake redhead was back on her feet, shaking and bouncing her massive tits for her master's pleasure, while her daughters cherished and worshiped his cock with their sloppy, hungry, luscious mouths. The younger blonde kissed and licked his balls while her older sister polished his shaft with her full lips, but he still wanted more.

“Come on, whore, start really bouncing, exert that bimbo body of yours!” He called out to the mother of the young women making out with his member, as he pushed the older blonde further down his rod.

“Yes master!” The fake redhead squealed and bounced up and down like a bunny, her bare tits swinging up and down like untamed kangaroos.

Summer smiled, her eyes fixed on her master, and shining with awe and adoration. She took a few steps forward, and finally her master noticed her. She went to her knees, as any brainwashed slave should, lowered her head and bowed before her owner.

“My body is yours master.” She said anxiously “Please use it in any way you see fit. This slave pussy's only purpose is to be of use to you.”

The man smiled and took a handful of the two blonde manes near his crotch, moving their lips up and down along his shaft. The two sisters looked each other in the eye, and smiled as they relished kissing their master's erect rod, using spit to moisten it from all directions.

“Nice, I suppose you're new, considering the first morning jogger today is due in an hour, if I recall correctly.”

“Yes master.” Summer said, her head down and her eyes on the floor.

He looked at the MILF bouncing her tits for him, for a second, and then looked back to Summer.

“Stand up, then, and show me that hot body of yours.”

“Yes master!” Summer couldn't contain her happiness, and with a grin she rose to her feet and started posing her tight yoga pants and tube top.

Her master seemed to like her display, considering he paid her his full attention, and only casually guided the two blondes around his cock with his hands. The young blondes noticed it too, and the room suddenly filled with loud slurping as they served him with increased gusto, attempting to win his attention back.

Summer slowly peeled her top off, showing her under-boob, then her under-nipples, and finally her full, perky, gravity defying breasts, the servile smile never leaving her face. With her tits fully exposed, she quickly took her top off altogether, and tossed it aside. When she moved to her pants, her master instructed her to turn around, while telling the two blondes to focus on his balls until further notice.

The last thing Summer saw before spinning around herself, was each blonde staring at the testicle closer to her, and

attacking it with love stricken kisses that wouldn't shame a honeymoon hotel room with the lights out.

She hooked her thumbs in her tight yoga pants, and peeled it down slowly, keeping her legs straight so her master could see her beautiful ass bend, and how smooth and perfect her legs were.

She kicked her pants aside, and struck a sexy pose which emphasized her subtle, firm, and yet soft curves. She spun back around upon her master's command, her thong the only item of clothing still adorning her nubile body.

“Rub those tits.” He told Summer.

“Yes master.” She nodded cutely and cupped her perky breasts in her hands, massaging them for her master's pleasure, her hardened nipples peeking from between her gentle fingers.

The two blondes kept on orally servicing their master, their own perky tits mashed up against his thighs.

“Lick your tits.” He said, his full attention on his new, lewd toy.

Summer nodded and lashed her tongue out, tilting her head down and raising her breast up with her hand. She flicked her erect nipple with her tongue, and then gave the smooth, bubbly mound a soft, luscious, full-lipped kiss, making out with her tit for her master's viewing pleasure.

“Kneel before me, new meat.” He told Summer and she quickly obeyed, never stopping her squeezing, fondling, kissing, and licking of her own boobs.

He tossed one of the blondes aside and shoved the other one's face deep on his cock, fiercely fucking her mouth while her sister crawled away to kneel in the corner.

“So, what's your story, anyway?” He asked Summer.

“Oh...” She said with surprised glee, not expecting her master to ever be interested in such trivial matters.

“I am your slave.” Was all she could think of.

Summer's tongue lulled from her mouth, salivating a river onto the valley between her firm tits. She then squeezed her tits together and rubbed until the space between them was moist and slick.

He rolled his eyes at her dumb response, and tossed the other blonde aside.

“I mean other than that, slut. Tell me about yourself.” He said.

“*Phua* Ohh...” Her lips left her nipple with a kiss “Umm, my name is S...”

“I couldn't care less about your name, bitch. What do you do? Any boyfriend? That kinda stuff.” He scorned her.

“Yes master.” Summer said, finally understanding “Sorry, master.”

“I just moved to the city from far away, master. I don't know anyone yet. I don't have a boyfriend, or a job.” She twisted her nipples and drooled some more between her tits.

He smiled.

“Well, that's quite fortunate. So there's no one who will notice you're absence?”

“My land-lord, master.”

“Not anyone who actually cares about you, anyway.” He amended his initial conclusion

He smirked and looked down on the kneeling young woman before him.

“That's perfect.” He suddenly moved forward on his sofa and reached to move her hands aside and pinch her nipples himself.

“Ahh. Masterrr.” She whimpered, holding his hands softly and smiling.

“Thank you, master.” She bit her lower lip and gently caressed his hands as he fondled her tits.

His cock was still throbbing - He grunted bestially and pulled her towards him from her nipples. As her body lunged forward Summer let her hands to fall limply to her sides, giving her master full control over his living doll. He squeezed her tits

around his shaft and started moving her up and down, pumping his cock into her well moistened cleavage.

If she wanted to, Summer could have easily struggled against the humiliating violation of her slender yet curvy body, all she really had to do was move her body away. Instead, she completely submitted herself to his whims, looking up at him with a happy smile while he used her like a ragdoll.

With a low moan her master started moving his own waist up and down like a ravenous beast, fucking her tits hard and long. Summer was happy she had the presence of mind to drool between her breasts earlier, ensuring her master had no problem titfucking her as roughly as he wished to.

Her master wasn't nineteen, however, and very quickly his physical exhaustion got the better of his arousal. He stopped and panted heavily, smiling to himself with his hands still resting on her tits.

“On your own...” He huffed breathlessly, and leaned back on his velvet sofa.

“Happily, master.”

Summer's limp hands were rejuvenated at her master's wile, and she squeezed her own tits back on his manhood, clamping tightly and gently before moving her entire body up and down, back and forth, his sexual pleasure the only thing concerning her.

Calming down, her master reached over to pat her head, and gently nudge it down to lick the helm of his cock while she served the rod with her tits. Summer wordlessly obeyed and began circling his tip with her tongue, holding the full helm in her wet, sloppy, and still salivating mouth.

“Faster.” He told her, and with a cock-filled “yeth masthter!”, she obeyed, and hastened her movements.

For a few moments her master recuperated, lounging on his sofa while his obedient fuckdoll made sure he was well pleased.

“Get up on the sofa, slut, on your hands and knees.” He told her, and she could not hide the smile on her flushed face, his cock casually slapping her tits.

“Yes master.” She said, and he stood up and slapped her tongue with his dick. He spanked her as she crawled up the sofa, and Summer whimpered in gratitude, her pert behind pointing in his direction.

“Yeah, that's nice.” He mumbled and lightly slapped her ass, hooking his burly fingers in her black, silky thong.

He ran his finger along the light fabric, positioning himself behind her as he slid it aside. Summer felt his cock's tip run across her wet pussy lips, and moaned in delight. Her cunt was already so wet that he didn't even have to prepare her for penetration.

And he knew it...

He held her slender hips with both hands, and told her to guide his cock into her tight twat.

“Yes master.” She said and sucked her fingers, wetting them before taking a moist and tender grip of his shaft, and guiding it to her owned fuck-hole. With his tip properly secured, he wasted no time on games or foreplay. Summer squealed as he rammed into her tight cunt with full force. He groaned and arched his head up, savoring the first taste of his new toy's twat.

It didn't take him long to settle on a rapid pace of banging, using her thong to harness a leverage over her petite body, stretching it on one side of her slender hips, while burying it deep into her skin on the other side. He had her silky black thong wrapped around his hand, and Summer wrapped around his proverbial little finger.

Ohh yeah, fuck! **Spank**” He grunted and hit her behind with his free hand.

“You know bitch? I've made quite a few bad decisions in my life, but stealing that device and settling here is definitely not one of them! Haha!”

He brought his face next to hers, and whispered in her ear, all the while ramming into her cunt to the sweet sound of her moans.

“You know why, slave?” He asked a clearly rhetorical question “Because it means every tasty piece of ass like you is mine for the taking, whenever I fucking want!”

“I am so, *ngh*, *happy*, *ahhh* Master!” Was all Summer could say in response, and even that she did barely, as he quickened his already fierce and violent fucking of his new bitch.

The middle aged redhead and two young blondes were still in the room, lewdly moving their nude bodies, patiently waiting for their master to dismiss them. Considering how engrossed he was in using the fresh meat that waltzed into his domain, it was clear they would be waiting a while.

“Hey you.” He addressed the fake redhead “Spread your legs over there.” He motioned forward with his head, pointing to the edge of his velvet sofa.

“Yes master!” The horny MILF said and sat on the sofa's handle, spreading her legs wide, her meaty pussy lips inches from Summer's mouth.

“Ever eaten another woman's cunt?” He whispered in Summer's ear.

“No master. I'm straight...” She responded, hoping she wasn't disappointing him.

He stopped banging her for a second, and smirked.

“Bury that pretty face of yours in her snatch, bitch.” He said, straightened back up, and pushed her head down.

“Yes mash---Mhhh!” She squealed as her noggin was shoved by her one and only, down onto another of his owned pussies. Summer had no experience in muff eating, but she did her best to munch of the meaty, loose lips of the older woman, making lewd slurping moans she hoped would please the man still ravaging her doggy style.

The older woman stared blankly at her master, like a lewd, busty mannequin. Summer wasn't insulted by the silence of the woman she was orally pleasuring. Not only because she cared solely for her master's pleasure, but also because she knew the hot MILF was just a fuck-doll, like her - She would not show enjoyment or arousal unless specifically told to. Summer was so grateful her master permitted her to moan and squeal while he fucked her senseless.

Her master growled and picked up the pace, and Summer could feel his rod throb like never before. As she buried her face and lunged her tongue forward into the older cunt, Summer knew her master would soon reward her by storing his creamy reward inside her cum-dump pussy. Somehow, thinking of herself in such vulgar terms made Summer so happy to be alive, and so happy to be just a part of her master's many possessions.

She easily ignored the pain her last item of clothing was inflicting on her. Her thong was stretched so thinly at that point, that it resembled a sharp knife, rather than a piece of airy and revealing underwear.

"Ohh yeah bitch! Beg me to cum!" He commanded, and Summer instinctively stopped her plowing of the redheads pussy, raising her head only a couple of inches.

"Ahh master! Fill me up master! Please cum in my cunt, it's the only thing I'm good for! Nyaaaa!"

Snap

The man ramming into her from behind gave a shocked gasp as the surprisingly durable thong finally gave out and tore apart, slinging towards the palm of the man's hand. He put so much of his strength into pulling the string that he stumbled out of her pussy and fell backwards onto the sofa, breathing heavily as his head fell on the soft pillow with a muffled thump.

Summer dared not look at her master, afraid he may blame her for the mishap, and fully prepared to take any punishment he chooses to bestow on her. Her heart leaped when she heard him

laugh jovially. He looked at his hand, shreds of Summer's destroyed thong still glued to it.

“Wow. I wasn't expecting that. Heh...” He said with a coarse voice, and looked up at the still bent over form of the lewd, nubile Summer.

“Fuck, and I was so close to cumming...” His head slumped back to the pillow, still panting and clearly winded, unable to bring himself back up.

His cock was still hard, however, and as he looked at his mindless sex toy, rubbing his rod casually, he smirked with a half smile.

“Mount me, slut. I'm too tired to do any of the work.” He told the nubile teen.

“Of course, master.” Summer said, turned around, and guided her master's hard-on back into her mesmerized cunt.

“*Ohhh.*” She moaned as she slid her hips down, taking his full length into her.

She smiled at her master, and he reached up to play with her tits.

“Well? Start riding.” He said impatiently, his cock already throbbing.

“I exist for your pleasure, master.” She told him, and started bouncing up and down, availing her perfect twat to the man who owned it.

He rested his head back and watched his teen slave's titties bounce and jiggle as she rode him, wearing an adoring smile and looking at him with submissive eyes. It didn't take him long to tense up with a smile, groan coarsely, and explode into her like a canon, the orgasm that her fragile thong denied him making his current climax even stronger.

“*Mh! Yeah! Take that! Hrrm!*” He thrust his hips into her every time he shot a load of creamy whiteness into her slave-cunt.

“Ahhhhhh.” He moaned as the final spurt of pleasure left his member.

“Thank you, my beloved master.” Summer said with a sweet voice, adjusting her body atop him so he could feel her soft ass and thighs without feeling the brunt of their petite weight.

He smiled at her, his eyes sleepy and half open, reached up to pinch her nipple one last time, and fell to a much needed slumber. Summer stayed motionless for a few seconds, and then lay down on top of him, providing a comfortable blanket for him, and a tight cock holster. Her perky tits squarely mashed onto his chest, she put her lips on his shoulder, and sighed as she snuggled him.

Summer couldn't really say how long she stayed like that, her face blank, her body unmoving, and her eyes open and entranced. Time didn't matter to her, of course. After all, no one would expect a sofa or a table to worry about the passing of time.

Her master suddenly grew stiffer inside of her, and Summer figured he woke up, and wanted to use his rejuvenated hard-on to poke her wet, comfy holes again.

“Ohh, master...” She moaned in his ear.

“Master...?”

It took her a few seconds, but Summer realized her master was still fast asleep, his cock probably hardening due to an erotic dream he was having. Her little theory was validated by her owner's hushed mumblings.

“Hrrm mm. Move that worthless ass bitch. Mmm.” He said in his sleep, his body shifting slightly.

“Mmmh. Take that! Tight little cunt...”

Summer smiled and gently kissed her master's neck.

“Fuck this worthless whore, master.” She whispered in his ear, happy to make his dream feel more realistic. Not caring in the slightest that he was probably dreaming of some other woman, possibly a Hollywood starlet of some sort.

“Use me, master. Fuck me hard. Fuck this little whore!” She continued speaking to her sleeping god.

All of a sudden, his hands reached over to grab both her ass cheeks, and moved her hips up and down on his hard cock. Summer raised her head, and realized her master was actually still sleeping. She rested her head back down on him, and made sure to cooperate with his sleepy manipulating of her hot body.

“Thank you master. I exist to please you.” She whispered in his ear after he reached a dreamy climax, cumming inside of her again, his body tensing up with every hot spurt.

He relaxed again, and went back to a deep, immobile sleep. Summer lay tenderly atop him, waiting with patience and absolute readiness to conform to whatever he may need. A few hours have passed before he snorted and suddenly jerked back into full coherence. Surprisingly, he was not used to waking up with a lewd and naked young woman serving as his blanket.

“Oh, uhm...” He looked at Summer, a little befuddled. It took him a few seconds to remember her, and understand the situation.

“Good morning master.” Summer rose with a smile on her face “Did you have pleasant dreams?”

“Oh you betcha.” He said, and moved her off of him, standing up from the sofa and stretching himself back to full awareness.

After being pushed off of him, Summer stayed on her knees, on the floor. It felt like the only appropriate place for her. She gave his cock a loving kiss and awaited further instructions. He rounded up the blondes and their mother, who were still moving their bodies seductively around the room, absent-mindedly trying to allure their master, even though he spent most of the time sleeping.

The three stood before him in a row, proudly thrusting their bare tits up.

“I suppose it's time to send you and your daughters back to your husband.” He said, casually holding her big breast in his hand.

“I'm sorry master.” The MILF said with a sad frown “You don't have to send me away. I can stay and serve you forever. I don't care about my husband!”

“I'm afraid that may cause me some issues. You're making sure to not let your husband fuck you, right?”

The woman nodded with such enthusiasm that her massive tits bounced up and down.

“Of course master! You're the only man that can use my body, master!”

He moved to the older blonde.

“And you properly dumped your fiance, correct?” He asked.

“Like a load of master's cum in my tight, owned cunt.” She said with a radiant smile “I was so mean to him, he will never even think of speaking to me ever again, master.”

“Good, good.” He moved over to the younger blonde.

“And you are making sure to avoid parties and other places where horny college freshmen might try to tap your tight pussy, right?” He slid his finger into her twat, making her draw a sharp breath in.

“Yes master. My cunt is fully reserved for your...”

He spun her around as she answered, and speared her pussy before she finished her sentence.

“*Ahh! Use. Mmmn. My cunt is fully. Ahh! Reserved for your use, master!*” She moaned as her owner pumped into her wet pussy, his crotch smacking her behind with every deep thrust.

The young blonde stood there and took the deep penetration as a given thing, happy to be available for her master to bend over whenever he wished. He pumped his load into her as casually as he bent her over and fucked her, pulling out of her

with a spank. She thanked him, turned around, and stood next to her older sister again, cum dripping from her tight pussy.

He told them to turn around and pop their asses in his direction.

“Time for you to go. You'll return on Tuesday to give me a nice titfuck, like you do every week.” He said, and spanked the MILF.

“Thank you master, for giving meaning to me and my daughters.” She said and walked out, shaking her bottom from side to side as sharply as she could.

The two blondes stood and patiently waited to be dismissed.

“And I'll see you, hmm, remind me?” He pinched the older blonde's behind.

“Thursday master. After my morning classes. Thank you for using me on a regular basis, I am happiest when I can please you, master.”

“Right, right. Well, get going.” He spanked her forcefully, and she walked after her mother with the same emphasized sexiness.

He moved to the last blonde, cum still oozing from her cunt, and onto the floor.

“And I'll see you on Friday, and you'll bring me a new pussy from your class, you hot piece of teen ass.” He spanked her, causing another thick drop of semen to fall to the floor.

“Yes master. My friends are nothing but unclaimed property in your possession. It's our purpose to allow you the leisure of our tight pussies whenever you wish, master. Your cock gives my young life meaning.”

She walked out to join her enthralled family, get dressed, and leave for her mundane and meaningless life.

“And of course the three of you will be back here next week, same time, same place.” He chuckled and turned back to the kneeling Summer.

“Lick the cum from the floor, bitch, and then I'll decide what to do with you.”

“Yes master!”

This was it, Summer knew it. The most important job interview of her life, although it was more of an audition. The job prospects which worried her just that morning were non-existent. On her hands and knees, the nubile young woman swayed her hips from side to side, lowered her head slowly and stretched her tongue to the floor.

With the flexibility and gusto of a kitten, she lapped the puddles of cum mixed with pussy juices from the sparkling floor, shined by the womanly tongues and soaking tits that served before her.

Her master's cum tasted better than anything her mother ever cooked, even on the floor, and Summer couldn't stop fantasizing about receiving a hot load straight from the source. She looked up at him with innocent, hungry eyes, wordlessly begging to choke on his member.

“Thank you master.” She said with cum hanging stickily from her tongue.

He smiled down at her and smirked smugly. Then, he turned around and opened the door again.

“Get Brandi and Brenda here.” He told a naked woman slaving on cleaning the hallway outside of his room.

“Yes master!” The slavegirl nearly slipped on the wet floor as she rushed off, shaking her ass, happy to be given an order by the man her world revolved around. He watched her behind cheerfully wiggle until she turned a corner and vanished.

Summer's master walked over to her and extended his leg forward, putting his foot in her face. He didn't even need to tell her what he wanted. She closed her eyes and cherished the moment. She licked between his fingers, wrapped her lips around his toes, and lovingly kissed the sole.

“I've decided to keep you here permanently.” Her lord told her “You'll be here forever, or at least until I'm bored with you, even

as eye candy.”

Summer squealed and wiggled her ass vibrantly, unable to hide her jubilation, and not really seeing a reason to. She felt warmth spread between her legs, one that she could not ignore.

“T-Thank you so much master!” The arousal spiked so fast she felt as if there was a nuclear meltdown between her legs.

“M-May I orgasm, master?” She asked desperately “To celebrate...The o...Occasion, master? I've never been so...Ohh...”

She whimpered.

“So horny and happy. *Ahhh!* Master.” She pleaded with her eyes, and her tits, and her wiggling behind, and her lips and tongue both with words and by lavishing love on his extended foot.

His eyes glinted as he looked down on her, his owned little slave-toy.

“Go ahead.” He said.

“*Ohh! Ahhhh!* Thank you for the honor of being your slave, master!” It was the first time Summer had ever properly squirted. Thankfully, her master had the benevolence of allowing her to clean her own pussy juices from the floor, with her tongue of course.

He sat back on his sofa and watched her gobble the puddle on the floor when two dark haired twins walked in. One of them held a branding iron in her hand, while the other walked what could only be described as a portable mini-furnace on wheels, spreading steaming hotness in the room.

“You called, master?” The one holding the branding iron asked.

The twin wheeling the furnace around had so many tattoos on her nubile body that finding two straight inches of smooth, young, and unpainted skin was nearly impossible. Among other demeaning tattoos were Phrases like “Proud to be a cumslut” and

“My master's property”, along with requests of the “Cum in, please” variety, complete with a tattooed arrow pointing to all her needy holes.

On her forehead, the sentence “A good cocksucker is a silent cocksucker” was written in permanent, irremovable ink. Her twin sister was the direct opposite. Her fair skin was clean, pristine, and unblemished, almost as if their master wanted a reminder of how one of them looked like without any ink.

Their expressions were the same, though, both staring at him with a silly smile, eagerness practically written on their faces. Well, truth be told “Eager cum-pump” was literally written on the left cheek of the painted twin.

“I have acquired a new permanent slut. Do your work.” He told them, and then looked at Summer “Present your ass for branding, slut.”

“Yes, master!” Summer exclaimed.

She straightened her legs, lowered her head, and pointed her naked, pert behind at the twins. She had enough brains left to understand what was coming, but found not a shred of fear in her heart, only deep and honest pride.

Her devotion to her master will be scorched on her skin, like all the hard working, ass wiggling, buzz humming slaves she passed on her way up to the seventh floor. That brand was the one mark the two twins shared, on their pretty, slim behinds.

Summer looked forward with a slutty smile, drooling on the floor, and waiting patiently, her body shivering with excitement. She heard the iron hiss as the clear-skinned twin heated it in the furnace until it was gleaming gold. Summer was not even given a smidgen of warning, not that she needed one in her eternally submissive state.

The fiery steel kissed her hot behind with its steamy, scalding lips, burning the encircled words “Owned Forever” into her buttock. Summer bit her lips and gave out a muffled whine, tears running from her eyes, but her smile never truly waned.

Her master watched as his branding slave mercilessly pushed the glowing metal onto the skin of his new toy, giving off a faint of smoke and a slight scorching smell. With a swift motion, the blindingly painful kiss was done, and a burned scar remained on Summer's ass. In time, the wound will heal and cease throbbing, but the meaning of it will forever be etched on Summer's petite body, and more importantly, her soul.

“Well, my next toy is scheduled to arrive in five minutes. Get out, the three of you, and get back to work.” Their master said, and with a joint “Yes master”, they left, taking the furnace, the branding iron, and their hot pieces of ass with them.

Summer crawled into the hallway where the buzz was strongest, and was immediately immersed within it. Her ass no longer hurting, she began humming and searching for chores to perform.

At the end of the hallway there was a window overlooking the city, and there was a bucket filled with soapy, bubbly water on the floor below it. Seeing the window could use a wash, and lacking a washcloth, Summer dipped her firm, perky jugs into it, lathered it into her smooth skin, and rose to her feet, her ass shaking in tune with the powerful low hum filling the air.

She pressed her soapy tits on the glass window, and rubbed it up and down, her hardened nipples scraping and squeaking against the clear surface. She looked over to the horizon, at the city skyline. It wasn't daunting or exciting any longer. The towers seemed so tiny in the distance, and so insignificant when compared to the colossus that her master was.

Instead of expanding her horizons and escaping the mundane life in a small town, Summer's entire existence was reduced to naught but one averagely sized apartment building. Bathed in the mind emptying buzz, Summer knew that her dreams never truly mattered.

She found her home, and as long as her master allows her to stay, she would never, ever leave. The words burned to her perfect behind told the absolute truth.

She was owned, forever.

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