

Under His Control

*A Collection
Of
Erotic Stories*



Will B. Gunn

Under His Control - A Collection Of Erotic Stories 8

By **Will B. Gunn**

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

Pocket-watch Stick-up

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Michelle's head was buried in her book, fully engrossed in a tale of mystery and intrigue.

She made sure to keep half an eye on the store's front door, ready to give a welcoming smile and an introductory nod to any incoming customer. It was a slow morning at her uncle's clothing

store, and the young college girl was happy to lounge and relax, enjoying a good read.

Her uncle left and locked the manager's office, placing the key in a drawer next to her, and giving her a jokingly sly wink. She giggled at him, and read the next line of her book. Her job was simple, she was just the cashier, it was a nice and comfy part-time job, especially considering the small store was owned by her uncle.

He checked his watch and cleared his throat.

“Well, I'm heading out, then.” He said “You're all good here, right?”

“Why wouldn't I be?” She asked dismissively, but then lifted her eyes from her book and saw the concern in his face.

“Come on, I'm a responsible eighteen year old college student. Look, I'm reading a book and everything, when was the last time you saw a delinquent youngster do that?”

Her uncle laughed.

“Well, isn't that exactly what such a youngster would say?” He jested “But I do trust you, Michelle, I always worry when I leave my store with a new employee for the first time.”

“I know how to work the register, I know how to be nice and courteous to customers, and...Wait, what else do I need to know for this extremely complicated job?” She returned the favor with a jest of her own.

“Not much, just don't burn the place up.”

“Right.” She nodded “Now, where did I put that bottle of gasoline?” She scratched her head in wonder.

Her uncle still seemed standoffish.

“Okay, if you don't get out right now, uncle Jerry, I'll start taking this personally.” She said harshly, but still with a sweet smile and a soft expression on her face.

“I'm going, I'm going. Don't get all...You know, whatever...”

He took one last look around his store, and opened the door. Halfway through the door, he paused, looked back at his young

niece, who was already back to reading her book, and sighed.

“Wait, Michelle, there's one more thing.” He said and closed the door behind him.

“What now?” She sighed, and asked curtly.

“Now, look, I don't want to scare you or anything, but I feel you should know.”

His words immediately put a slightly concerned look on her face.

“That's probably scarier than anything you want to tell me.” She said, frowning at him.

“What is it?” She asked.

“Okay, there have been a streak of robberies around this part of town. Three stores on this street were hit over the last week.”

“Oh...” Michelle said, pursing her lips and trying not to look too concerned.

“First of all, if something happens, do whatever the robbers want, okay? I don't care about money, just don't put your life at risk.”

“Of-Of course, uncle! Trust me, if it comes to my life or your financial ruin, I'll choose my life!” She tried to sound as joking as she could, and it wasn't lost on her uncle.

“Heh, well, that's nice of you. I won't be ruined, though, let's be clear. I have everything insured, so...”

He paused again.

“Well, there's one more thing, Michelle. I've installed a panic button under the counter and in my office. I didn't want to stress you so I didn't tell you. Your mother would kill me if she knew about this...”

Michelle crouched down to look under the counter.

“Oh, yeah, I didn't see this before. So it will call the police?”

“A private security company I hired, and they will notify the police.” He nodded “But listen, don't use it if you feel at risk, okay? Only if you're certain they don't see you.”

“Sure, I get it, uncle. I won't do everything stupid, trust me.” She said.

“Don't you mean, 'anything'?” He asked.

“I think we both know I can't make that promise. Really, who can?” She joked again.

This time, she succeeded in lightening the mood.

“Hehe. Oh Michelle, you should be a comedian, honestly.”

“Yet another thing you should never tell my mom, unless you dislike having your head firmly situated on your neck.” Michelle wisely advised her uncle, making him laugh to tears and nod in agreement.

“Is there anything else you can tell me, though, about those robberies?” She asked, curious.

Her uncle seemed a tad hesitant.

“From what I hear, most of these robberies were an inside job. That's why they were not caught, yet. Apparently, the businesses always have their security cameras wiped clean, there's never an alarm, and never any witness to give a description of the suspects.”

Michelle frowned.

“So they always have an employee helping them?” She asked.

“It seems so. The police thinks one or more of the clerks usually erase all incriminating evidence, and then refuse to talk, even after being arrested.”

“What are you worried about, then? I'm the only employee here, other than you, and I promise I won't try to rob you, and not just cause my mom had me swear to be good!”

Her uncle didn't take to that joke very well. In fact, he seemed quite worried.

“Well, thing is, I know one of the girls who were arrested. She worked at a store across the street. I've known her for years.” He sighed sadly, shaking his head.

“I just don't see why she would do such a thing, it's not like her at all. I mean, they have no evidence of her committing a crime, so she'll probably walk, but she lost her job, and everyone's respect. It's just weird, that's all...”

Michelle could see her uncle was truly concerned, and possibly hurt.

“I promise I'll be okay, uncle.” She said in her best reassuring voice “Just go, and have fun! Say hi to aunt Gloria for me.”

“Heh, will do, sweetie. Will do.” He said, and turned to go.

Two young women entered the store just as he left, so he nodded at them and held the door in a greeting manner, making sure his bookish niece saw the arrival of the day's first customers. Well, calling Michelle bookish was a bit of an overstatement. She liked reading more than the usual girl of her age, but it's not like she was a four-eyed nerd who never got to see the sun.

She had shoulder length dark hair, clear blue eyes, and a youthful, smooth, slender body, fitting for an eighteen year old kitten like her. Her tits were small and perky, perfectly fitting the rest of her petite and flexible body. She was very outgoing and playful, ready to party at a moment's notice. And yes, she also liked spending some mornings reading mystery novels, and there's nothing weird about that.

Michelle smiled at the two young women, both looking posh and fashionable. She worked there long enough to know the type. They were in their early to mid twenties, at least as far as the teen behind the counter could tell.

“Oh, Look at this cute blouse.” The blonde told her brunette friend “What do you think?”

“I don't know, look at how deep the cleavage goes...”

“Hmm...” The blonde pondered with a curve to her lip “You're right, of course.”

“Can I help you with anything?” Michelle asked, doing her salesmanship duty.

“We'll see in a sec, hon, thank you.” The blonde answered with a friendly smile, sounding a bit pretentious. She had glowing green eyes, like two emeralds. Her bust was quite impressive for her skinny physique, making Michelle quite certain that she had her breasts enlarged.

Her friend had light auburn hair, tied in pigtails, honey colored eyes and a pristine, young looking, innocent face. Her provocative dress came in contrast to that innocent look, wearing a backless shirt and a tight leather skirt.

Her hips were relatively slender, but her little bubble butt certainly popped. She looked like a cross between the shy, lollypop licking, girl next door, and a booty-shaking tramp on a rap music video.

Michelle shrugged and was about to go back to her book, when she saw two men ogle at her from beyond the store's glass door. One of them gave her a lecherous look, and said something to his friend. For some reason, Michelle felt uneasy just looking at them. She instinctively knew those guys were trouble.

She looked at them for a few seconds and already had her finger on the panic button.

“Am I just being paranoid?” She wondered “Maybe I've been reading too many crime novels.”

Her suspicion rose when she saw one of them reach down to his pants, and she thought she saw something resembling a gun.

“What's the worst that can happen, if I raise a false alarm? I'll get scolded by the police?” She considered “I can always blame my uncle for scaring me like that.”

Her finger still gently caressed the button when one of the men suddenly burst through the door, quickly followed by his friend. She jumped in shock and her finger slipped, though she couldn't tell if she actually pressed the button, or not.

A few seconds passed, and Michelle truly hoped her finger-slip succeeded at raising an alarm. The man who entered first approached her with a smile, but as soon as he reached the counter he lifted his shirt and showed a gun tucked in his pants.

“Show me your hands, little lady.” He said in a threatening tone.

Michelle stifled a squeal and quickly raised both hands in the air, a terrified look on her face. The other man flipped the entrance sign, to change it from 'open' to 'close', and shut the blinds so no one would be capable of seeing into the store.

The two customers were also startled by the loud entry, and after the second man shut the blinds he approached them and quickly flashed his gun. The blonde gasped while the innocent looking brunette kept a sealed, terrified face. Michelle couldn't hear him, but she guessed he told them to be quiet and not make any sudden movements, or something of the like.

The man before Michelle cleared his throat and got her attention.

“Don't be rude, honey, focus on me, now.” He said, his voice much more soothing than before.

“Y-Yes, sir.” She mumbled in a high pitched tone, thinking that she'll just give them what they want, let them escape, and survive, just like her uncle said. She couldn't believe this was happening to her - It was like some sort of cosmic joke.

He took something golden and shiny out of his pocket.

“That's a good girl.” He said with a soft voice, placed his hand above her head, and let the golden trinket hang from a chain he held in his hand. It immediately started spinning brilliantly, reflecting the light and shining in her eyes.

“Th-Thank you...” Michelle said quietly, breathing a relaxed sigh, the sparkling gold reflecting in her eyes. She couldn't even blink, let alone look away. It was okay, though, she needed to do what the man wanted, so she could survive the ordeal.

After a few seconds of slow breathing as she focused on the shining object before her eyes, she heard a man chuckle.

“That's right. It's beautiful, isn't it?”

Michelle couldn't help but nod, and slowly say “Yeah...Beautiful...”, never taking her eyes off of it.

“So pretty, how the lights make it glimmer and shimmer.” The soothing, low voice said. She didn't even see him anymore, just the golden spinning light before her eyes.

“So pretty...” She echoed without thought.

“So relaxing.” The deep, manly voice said.

“Relaxing...” Michelle droned out peacefully, feeling an immense calm coming over her, like floating in a pool of cool, crystal clear water.

“So entrancing.” He continued.

“Entrancing...”

“You can't think about anything. You don't want to think. You can hear nothing but my voice.”

“Not...Think...Voice...” She echoed a fragmented version of his words, but soaked them all in.

“I will count to three, and when I reach three you'll close your eyes and sink into the deepest hypnotic trance. You will obey everything I say. Do you understand?”

“Yes...” She said, her blue eyes blank and glassy.

“One.”

“Two.”

“And three.”

She closed her eyes, as ordered, but the light was still vibrantly spinning in her mind.

“Can you hear me?” A foreign voice asked.

“Yes.”

“Good. When I wake you up, you will be my slave, and I will be your master. Do you understand?”

“Yes master.” Michelle said, her voice unwavering and clear.

“You will do everything I tell you to, no matter how degrading or sexual. Heh, especially sexual.”

“Everything, master. Especially sexual, master.” She said sweetly, warmth between her smooth, young legs, inside of her equally smooth, pink pussy lips.

“That's very good. Nothing is more important than obeying my will and pleasing me. You have no past, no family, no cares or worries, and no desires of your own.”

“Yes master. No family, no past, no worries, no wishes. I live to obey and please my master...”

“Your present and future are mine to mold. You are a mindless toy, a brainless object that I can use.”

“Yes master. I understand.” She nodded, her mind clear for the first time in her life.

It was so obvious, why did she ever do anything else? She was meant to have her petite, teen body used. There was nothing else, she was a tool for her master to utilize, and nothing more.

“Good, now I want you to awaken, and open your eyes.” He said.

“Yes master.” She nodded again, and smiled as her sapphire eyes sparkled, looking up at the center of her existence.

“That's a good slave.” He praised her, and held her chin between his fingers.

“Thank you master.” She said with a wet, lust filled voice, seeing the desire in her master's face, and the bulge in his pants.

“Stand up and show me this nubile body of yours.” He commanded, and then called out to his partner “This one is done, Brett.” He notified him.

Near the opposite wall, Brett was already enjoying a double blowjob from the stylish, gorgeous young customers.

“Just now? *Ahh, ohh fuck!* You're slow, Gary!” He called back and shoved his cock deep in the blonde's mouth, fucking her face hard. She grunted and choked, but still made sure to move her tongue and lick the length of the cock sliding in and out of her luscious lips, looking up at him with adoring green eyes.

“Lick my balls, bitch.” He told the skinny, pigtailed brunette, patting the back of her head and nudging her forward.

“Yes master.” She whispered sexily, leaning forward to kiss her master's balls with love and care.

Gary saw his friend was already having fun with the two hot pieces of ass, and looked back at his dark haired, teen beauty. Michelle writhed and shook her petite form, for his benefit, just like he told her.

She wore tight black jeans and a white tank top. Gary couldn't help but rub his crotch through his pants when he looked at her,

moving her hips like a slow-motion belly-dancer, her petite behind inviting him alluringly.

He wasn't about to turn such a lewd invitation down, especially coming from his new teen slave. He unzipped and let his erection spring out of his pants.

"You're so fucking hot." He hooked his fingers in her black jeans and pulled her to him, ass first, moving her like a doll and pinning her from behind, with his hard-on.

"Ohh, master." She cooed and stretched her legs, feeling his raw cock on her tightly wrapped little butt. He reached around her with one hand and squeezed one of her gravity defying tits, burying his fingernails in her pristine, perfectly smooth skin.

With his other hand, he grabbed her ass cheek, the length of his cock pressed to her jeans. He clutched her jeans strap and started lowering it slowly, revealing the lacy pink panties under it. Her firm breast was still tightly cupped in his hand, and she moaned meekly every time he gave it a squeeze.

Michelle stood as pretty as she could, and took the degrading abuse with a happy smile on her face, glad to be her master's fresh squeeze toy.

"Rub my cock." He whispered in her ear and gently nibbled on her lobe, his lower hand moving from her backside to her front. With her jeans down to an inch above her knees, he slid his hand in her pink panties, and casually rubbed her barely touched, virgin pussy lips.

"*Ohhh*, yesss master." She arched her graceful neck and shuddered a moist moan, her knees buckling together as her master's burly fingers played her secret lips, the way a rock star would jam on his guitar.

She blindly reached back and found her master's throbbing hard-on. It was easy, since it was now pressed on her lacy panties and her bare skin. She used one hand to tenderly fondle his balls, while the other methodically jerked his rod back and forth, at a steady pace.

They were locked like that for what felt to her like hours, his fingers rummaging through her sloppy, flooded young cunt, making her hips writhe in sexy circles like a slithering serpent, her hands tenderly caressing his cock all the while. Her jeans dropped to her ankles, and her master already lowered her tank top from her chest, to reveal her sweet, round, perky teen titties.

Lost in nirvana, Michelle barely noticed her master was guiding her light and easily manageable body over to face the counter.

“*Ah!*” She squealed as he swiftly took his wet fingers from within her panties, held her hips with both hands, and pushed her forward to lean on the counter, pressing his rod between the cheeks of her bubbly behind.

“Here, taste your pussy, slave.” He brought the fingers that roamed in her cunt to her pink cherry lips. The smell of youthful lust was intoxicating to the teen coed, as she stretched her tongue to lick her own juices.

“Yes **Lick** master.” She said, teased his fingers with a few short, moist licks, and then wrapped her lips around them, sucking slowly, taking the flavor in her taste buds, joining them to the orgasmic aroma in her nose. She became drunk and horny from the nectar of her own pussy.

The man ruling her petite body took his fingers from her mouth, and hooked a thumb in her pink panties.

“I’m going to fuck you now, you tight little hottie.” He informed her with a whisper in her ear, and a lick to her neck. He gently lowered her panties till they dropped down her smooth legs, joining her jeans around her ankles

“Yes, *Ahh!* Master.” She said, a shrill gasp escaping her lips as the man that owned her gave her bouncy behind a sharp slap.

The next thing she felt was the tip of his raging erection teasing the lips of her uncharted, pristine, smooth pussy.

“Are you ready, sex toy?” He asked, his tip secured in her tight twat.

“*Ahh!* Mh-hmm...” She nodded nervously, biting her lower lip and closing her eyes.

“Here, I'll count to three so you won't be surprised, okay?”

“Th-Thank you, master. I am your slave, master.” She said with a shaky, subservient voice, glad that her master was such a gentleman.

“Make sure to thank me for my consideration, afterward.”

“Yes master.” She said with a trembling nod.

He ran his fingers through her long, dark hair, bent her forward a little more, and took a firm hold of her petite, slender shoulder.

“One.” He said calmly, and with an evil smirk shoved his full length into her until his crotch smacked her bubbly butt.

“*Nyaaaaaahhh!*” Michelle squealed at the top of her lungs, her tight pussy burning as her hymen tore.

“Hmmm.” Gary closed his eyes and hummed in a low bass, enjoying the wet, tight hold of his new slave-pussy.

He was only beginning, though. Gary opened his eyes and looked down at her bent-over form, smiling as he looked at the place where his skin connected with hers, her smooth ass cheeks soft and bouncy, pressed by his crotch.

He breathed in, and pulled out to the point only his tip was lodged in Michelle's teen cunt. Slithers of blood adorned his fleshy, rock hard sword, as the red liquid slowly oozed from her popped cherry.

“And two!” He exclaimed, and drove his cock back in with a quick and forceful motion, pushing Michelle onto the counter, her body pushing the mystery book she will never finish onto the floor.

“*Ahhhhhh, masteeeeerrr!*” The teen college coed moaned and cried as pain mixed with pleasure, her mind telling her she must be happy to have her master drill into her, as her deflowered pussy ached in scorching heat.

She welcomed her master's pleasure, regardless of what it did to her. He pulled back again, and Michelle gave a relieved whimper, her head stuck to the counter's surface.

“Fucking amazing.” Gary said, savoring the moment, his shaft throbbing.

“And three!” He called out and Michelle gave another shocked gasp as her master's steel rod rammed deep into her, his crotch muscles striking her soft rear so hard it reddened her cheeks.

“*Nyaa! Hah! Hah!*” She moaned and breathed heavily, closing her eyes and smiling as her petite, worn-out, young body adjusted to his presence within her.

It wasn't her time to rest and recollect, though. Gary took her by the hair, bringing her to a semi-upright position, and started pounding her at a rapid rhythm.

“Yeah, you stupid, worthless little slave! **Spank* *Spank**” He jackhammered into her and spanked her ass repeatedly, changing hands between spanking and firmly holding his brainwashed teen slave in place.

“Yes master! I'm your *Ahhhhhh!*” She couldn't even finish her sentence as he increased to a blazing pace, filling the store with loud repetitive smacking.

“You forgot something, bitch!” He said “What were you supposed to say once I finished counting?!”

Her pupils shook in her eyes, panicking as she took the hard banging.

“*Ohhhh!* I'm so sorry, master! *Th-Mfff...*” She bit her lips and her master slowed down to half throttle.

“Th-Thank you for being so considerate, master.” She said, tears running down her cheeks, and a meek, radiant smile on her face, her eyes moist and shiny.

“That's a good little slave.” He spanked her round, bubbly behind again, and kept on grinding into her. Michelle submitted herself to him with joyous moans and squeals, happy to be mounted and pounded as hard and as strong as her master willed.

The pain in her deflowered cunt subsided, and while her master enjoyed fucking her doggy-style, Michelle looked over to the blonde and brunette customers, who fell victim to the same mesmerizing treatment that subdued her own mind.

The other man, her master called him Brett, was busy fucking the innocent looking face of the brunette, coiling her pigtails around his hands and using them as reins. The busty blonde stood topless before him, showcasing her tits like a prized trophy, bouncing and shaking them for his viewing pleasure.

Brett liked nothing more than hearing his new mind-fucked whores gargle and gag on his cock, as he speared their throat with no mercy.

"Ahhh! Pigtails really are a great and useful hairstyle." He said, talking mainly to the bare tits of his blonde fuck-toy.

"All women should have them so...Oh, so fucking good...So they can have their throats deeply fucked more easily."

The blonde gave her tits a hearty bounce.

"You are so wise, master. If only the sluts of the world would all listen and kneel before you, like that worthless bitch down there." She pointed to her auburn haired friend, not that the kneeling mouth fucked little hottie could see.

"Look at her eyes, all white and rolled up to the back of her head." Brett said, looking down at the innocent looking angel, feeling the back of her throat. She gagged repeatedly, but never recoiled against his cock – Her resolve to please her master way too strong.

"I just love shutting spoiled little bitches up with my cock, Ohhh, Just like that."

He reached out and pinched the pair of tits on display before him.

"Our mouths exist for you to shut and fill with your cock, master." The blonde pair of tits said

"Talking dirty for you and moaning our tight little cunts out are just a secondary function."

"That's right bitch. Ahh-fuck! Look at her choke!" He moaned as tears ran from the whited out eyes of the innocent, young-looking face under him.

He grabbed the blonde's big tits so hard she squealed.

“Are these squeeze-toys real?” He asked out of pure curiosity.

“No master.” She answered and shook her heavy chest proudly
“Do you like them?”

“They're okay to look at, but that's not really how one judges the quality of big boobs.” He said, pushing the brunette's head just to drive his cock a fraction of an inch deeper into her mouth. Her slobbering created a puddle on the floor next to her knees, she had no way of ever swallowing, considering the fierce drilling into her soft lips.

He pushed her head on his cock with both hands, using as much force as he could, and then pulled her back, and shoved her away.

“*cough* *cough*” She fell to the floor, disoriented and disheveled, struggling to regain her breath.

“Thank you *cough* master.” She said with a coarse and barely audible whisper – It was even less audible through the constant fucking ambiance coming from the counter, as Gary still drove his shaft in and out of the recently cherry popped Michelle.

Brett looked at the pathetic brunette on the floor, still smiling at him with thick beads of saliva oozing from her well fucked lips.

“She'll need some time to rest.” He said “Let's see if your plastic surgeon did a good job, then, if you know what I mean.”

The blonde was happy her master spoke mainly to her tits, and didn't care at all that he didn't even know her name.

“I think I do, master.” She said, and dropped to her knees with a loud and slightly painful thump, taking her tits with both hands.

“I should squeeze my tits around your cock and use them to polish it, until you explode and paint them white.”

“Don't forget to worship my tip with your tongue.” Brett reminded her.

“Of course master. That's what my tongue is for.”

“Heh,” He chuckled “For a brainless fuck-slave, you're pretty smart.”

She looked up at him with her sparkling emerald eyes, wrapped her modified tits around his wet cock, coated with her friend's saliva, and began working diligently.

“Are you happy with the pace, master? Should I squeeze harder?” She asked, wanting to prove her tits were as good as they seemed.

“Oh yeeeeeaaah.” He groaned deeply “Keep it up.”

“Yes master.” She said and stretched her tongue to circle around his tip every time it emerged from between her soft fun-bags, occasionally lowering her head further to give it a loving, luscious kiss.

Gary still bent his slender teen over the counter and mercilessly rammed into her. Her pussy hurt at first, and then turned numb, but now as the warm tingling decreased she began feeling immense pleasure.

“*Ahh* master! Fuck me master! *Ohh*, I'm so happy to be your toy!” She squealed with a smile, her tongue lulling out of her mouth, looking like a brainless bitch, locked in horny bliss.

He shoved deep into her, and leaned on her back with all his weight, pushing her down to the counter.

“Hey, slut.” He whispered in her ear “Do you sell sexy lingerie in this store?” He asked.

“Mm-hmm.” She nodded “Yes master, it's on the shelves right next to my uncle's office.”

“Purrfect.” He said, lifting his body up, but keeping her head down. He took hold of her hips while her front pressed against the cold counter, and kept on fucking her. Her nipples grated against the hard surface as her body moved back and forth.

“Yes master. Use me, master.” She begged meekly, a twinkle in her deep blue eyes.

He spanked her, and called out to his friend, who was still enjoying a very eager titfuck..

“Hey, Brett, I've got an idea for a little bit of fun we can have with these bitches.” He said, casually fucking Michelle's tight

cunt.

“Oh yeah?” Brett asked. Pinching the fat nipples under him.

“Mm-hmm. They have some sexy lingerie here. Sounds fun to me.” He said with a smile. Michelle wasn't listening, she focused on tightening her wet twat for her master's pleasure. It was none of her business, her role was to pleasure and obey. She was too brainless to understand her master's business, anyway.

“Hah! You're right! That will be fun.” Brett said, taking the blonde's tits in his hands, moving his cock back and forth between them.

“Just let me cum first.” He added “Then, we'll play a bit.”

“Sure, sure.” Gary said “I have something to unload here, as well.”

Gary took Michelle by the hair again, and picked up the pace of his fucking, his cock swelling up with every passing second. Michelle would soon learn what it meant when her master's cock bulged and throbbed inside of her like that.

“I'm about to cum inside, slave.” He said “That won't be a problem, will it?”

Michelle wasn't on the pill, but that thought never crossed her mind. Few thoughts did, ever since her master spun his trinket before her eyes. She knew exactly what answer her master wanted to hear.

“O-Of course not, master. My pussy is your cum dump.” She said with a sweet voice.

“Hrrm, that's the right answer!” He grunted, moaned, clutched her hips with both hands, and plastered his crotch to her ass, ramming his cock as deep as it can possibly go.

“*Hng! Hng! Hrm! Ahhhhhhh!*” With every grunt, a heavy spurt of thick liquid shot inside of the eighteen year old college girl, painting the pink, fresh walls of her pussy white, and filling it up.

He stayed inside of her until he was sure he was done, and slowly pulled out, letting his load ooze out with the last traces of

her virginal blood, creating a pink mixture on the floor. He looked over at Brett and saw his friend wasn't done yet.

“Well, no time to rest.” Said the industrious scoundrel “Stand up, cunt.” He curtly slapped Michelle's ass.

“Yes master.” She stood on her wobbly feet, her pussy lips still dripping creamy whiteness down her inner thighs.

There was a void in her young pussy where her master's cock was meant to be, an absence even his creamy load couldn't make up for. At first, his cock painfully tore through her cunt, causing her great discomfort, which she was glad to endure for his benefit. Now, she felt utterly incomplete without his bulging rod ramming into her.

Gary looked around, and found Michelle's school bag tucked under the counter, filled with college textbooks, and notebooks filled with her earnest studies. He emptied its contents to the floor, where it mixed with the cum that dripped from her pussy, turning it from valuable college material to garbage, at his whim.

He pushed the empty bag to her chest, and she understood she should take hold of it.

“Now,” Gary said, sitting down on her chair “I want that bag to contain every bit of money, both bills and change, and any other item of monetary value in this piss-poor store. Don't bother with clothing you find valuable, I won't be reselling corduroy on the black market. Put any valuable jewelry you find, though. Kapish?”

“Yes master.” Michelle said, holding her school bag open.

First, she opened the cash register and cleaned its contents into the bag. She opened all the counter drawers just to make sure she wasn't missing anything, and found her uncle's gift to his wife for their wedding anniversary, a pair of rich, diamond studded earrings.

Remorseless, the little well-fucked sex toy tossed them to the bag, quickly picked the key to her uncle's office, and shook her petite butt over there. She knew her uncle had some valuables

her master may want, along with a secret safe holding the cash income from the entire week.

Since the money in the vault was used as backup, in case the registry was out of change, the cum-dripping pussy-slave knew the combination that opens it. She was so proud to line her master's pockets with so much cash and gold, wiggling her teeny booty for him until she entered the office, out of pure servile instinct.

On Brett's front, a tough dilemma arose. The angel faced brunette recovered from the rough face fucking she received, and knelt next to her blonde friend in perfect silence, her honey colored eyes gazing up at her master while her friend still treated him to one hell of a titfuck.

“Ohh, yeah, I'm about to cum, bitches. But, damn, I can't decide what to do. Do I spray it on the blonde pair of tits and have the other slut slurp from the valley between them.”

He scratched below the chin of the innocent looking brunette, and she closed her eyes and purred at him like the enslaved sexy kitten she was.

“Or, do I glaze your pretty face, and have blondie here lick you clean afterward.”

The two enslaved sluts looked at each other hesitantly. The good friends communicated with their eyes, gave each other a competitive glare, and turned back to their master.

“Please master, fuck my tits and explode between them. My surgically enhanced boobies are nothing when bereft of your cum!”

“N-No!” Cried the brunette, caught off guard by her blonde friend's speedy response to their master's challenge.

“Master, please spray your warm cum all over my face.” She said slowly, with a soft, flowing voice.

“Please soil my spotless face with your spunk, master. My pristine face is a work of art that can only be complete with your thick cum glazing it.”

Brett looked at the pigtailed brunette. She used her strongest weapon, looking up to him with sparkling eyes and a shy, innocent face, her open mouth making her look like a hungry chick, waiting for a meal.

“Fuck, she's so fucking cute!” Brett moaned, his face twisting.

In a split second decision, he let go of the tits he was fucking, shoved the blonde back, and let the sweet-looking brunette lock her lips on his tip so she could coax his load out. After feeling her lips and tongue play around his shaft for a second, he pulled back and jerked his cock before her face.

“There we goooooooo. *Ahhhhh!*” He moaned as a flowing stream of cum shot out of his cock and onto her face, staining it from her forehead to her chin, glazing her flushed cheeks, and nearly hitting the honey in her eyes.

The blonde pair of tits didn't need to be told what to do, and even before her master finished nutting on her friend, she closed in and began licking her face clean. Brett took a step back and watched his handiwork, as the two friends-turned-sex-slaves locked lips in a slutty cum-filled kiss, with plenty of tongue.

“Hmm, phua.” The brunette kissed her friend “Master's cum tastes so good!” She cheered.

“Yeah...” The blonde said with a drunk sounding voice, and licked the thick white sperm sliding down from her friend's forehead before it got in her eyes.

“It's the best thing **Kiss** ever **Lick**.”

Five minutes of watching them make out and guzzle his cum was enough for Brett to be semi-erect again. He walked forward and shoved his cock between their faces, patting both heads as they instinctively caressed his rod with their tongues and lips.

Michelle already finished gathering all the valuables and cash into her school bag, and as a reward Gary bent her over his lap and spanked her until her rear-end was red and swollen.

Spank

“*Ah!* Thirty two, master! Thank you very much, master!” The obedient teen called out, loudly counting the number of times her

master gave her ass a full-handed slap.

Smack

“*Mm!* Thirty three, master! Thank you very much, master!”
The petite youth felt her master's cock harden under her, slowly but surely.

Slap

“*Nya!* Thirty four, master! Thank you very much, master!”

Brett enjoyed the show, but got a little bored after three spanks.

“Hey, Gary, wanna put these sluts in that lingerie now?”

“Hmm?” Gary lifted his eyes from Michelle's well swatted behind “Yeah sure, I already had this one collect the loot into her bag.”

He gave her one final quaking smack.

“*Ahhh!* Thirty five, master! Thank you very much, master!”

“Get up.” Gary told Michelle, and she obeyed, standing back on her feet, a little unbalanced at first, her ass burning hotter than her pussy did when her master fucked it bloody.

“Oh, and Brett here is your master, just the same as me.” He informed her.

Michelle looked at the other man, blinked a few times, and nodded.

“Yes master. I understand.”

Brett told the same to his two bitches, making sure they'll respond to Gary properly. The three young women stood side by side, slowly moving their upper bodies from side to side, listening to Gary as he lay out their next set of commands.

“Now, you are going to take these two cunts,” He told Michelle “and show them the lingerie available in this little store of yours. You'll all wear the sexiest, most revealing outfits for us. No veils and none of that subtle exposure that gets the imagination going. We want to see short skirts, barely covered tits, and if you think

panties will make it look better, make sure they show most of your ass, and are easy to tear off.”

He finished and stared at the three owned, feminine bodies, all nodding as they soaked his words in.

“Well, get going, and if you disappoint us, all your butts will be redder than this one.” He said and spanked Michelle again.

“*Mh!* Thirty six, master! Thank you for--”

“No need for that anymore, bitch.” Gary interrupted her.

“Yes master.” Michelle said meekly.

“Well, what are you cunts waiting for?” Brett said, losing patience “Get going!” And he spanked all six butt cheeks in turn, sending them on their way.

The three sensual young women did not act like any other group of giggly sex kittens, busy picking out alluring lingerie. Doing so would waste time, and their masters wanted to enjoy their bodies as soon as possible.

Michelle showed them the lingerie shelf, and even hurried to the back, to bring everything they had in storage. The girls rummaged through it as quickly and efficiently as they could, tossing away anything they deemed unsuitable, and everything that did not fit Gary's specifications. The floor was soon carpeted with all the rejects.

None of them cared about the state they will leave the store once they were done, not even the nubile teen, Michelle, who was the owner's niece.

“This will emphasize your big tits.” The brunette told her blonde friend, factually and seriously, holding a strapless push-up bra with transparent cups.

“Oh.” She looked at the tiny piece of clothing and blinked.

“You're right. Thank you.” She said and took it from her friend's hand, spitting on the cups and rubbing, to make them even clearer.

“You're welcome.” The brunette with the girl-next-door face said, and returned to her searching.

It took them ten minutes to pick the best outfits and wear them, and by the time they stood shoulder to shoulder before their masters, Gary and Brett were more than ready for another bestial romp.

The blonde ended up wearing the push-up bra her friend suggested, the cups practically invisible over her big boobs and poking nipples. As a bottom she wore nothing but a white leather belt, tightly wrapping her slim waist, leaving her neatly trimmed pussy and round, bouncy ass fully exposed and ready for the taking. White thigh-high stockings adorned her smooth legs, and she posed with one knee bent forward, a hand on her belt, and her waist lewdly curved sideways.

Michelle had some trouble finding a proper wrapping for her small, perky teen tits, so she decided to be creative and found two small heart stickers in one of the lingerie box sets. The images on the box showed the stickers placed elsewhere, but Michelle proudly covered her nipples with them, standing before her masters with fully bare breasts and heart-nipples that showed her eternal love and servitude.

Her legs she wrapped in black fishnet stockings, and above that she wore a red thong and a skirt that wasn't long enough to fully cover her butt. That wasn't enough for the eager-to-please college coed, so she hiked her skirt all the way up and folded it, in a way that covered more of her lean belly than her well-spanked behind.

The brunette chose to sprinkle some glitter she found, on her cheeks and forehead, giving her innocent face a nice aura. As a top she wore a black strap around her bust, that covered her nipples alone, exposing both her ample cleavage and her under-boob.

Finishing her lewd display was a pair of stretchy red pantyhose, which was intentionally a size too small. It stretched from her feet to her waists, painting her bubbly behind redder than Michelle's. Her masters wanted her holes to be easily

accessible, so she tore the crotch apart, in advance, exposing her smooth and fuckable twat for all to see.

Gary and Brett appraised the line of nearly nude pieces of hot ass standing before them, in endless patience to be ordered about.

“I think the little bitches did well.” Brett said, fondling the blonde's big tits.

“Yeah, for sure.” Gary walked behind the brunette, moved the black strap around her chest, to uncover her nipples, and casually slipped his cock in her pussy, his crotch enjoying the softness of the transparent red pantyhose.

“Ohh, thank you, master.” She said, a little surprised by the sudden insertion. Her master didn't really fuck her, but used her wet, accommodating fuck-hole to warm his cock up while he fondled her tits and grabbed her behind, gently slapping it occasionally.

Brett moved to Michelle's heart-sticker tits. He inspected the little hearts and found the adhesive to be quite strong.

“Let's see now.” He said, grabbing the edge of one of the stickers between two fingers. Michelle stared forward blankly - an erotic sex doll dressed to please, and happy to be played with.

With one swift, surprising motion, Brett tore the sticker off, and Michelle felt as if her nipple went with it.

“*Hnnng!*” She squealed in shock, her eyes widening for a fraction of a second, but she did not even look down to see what happened, or at her master to beg an explanation.

“Well, that was fun.” Brett said in a pure self-centered manner.

“Wasn't it, bitch?” He slapped her, still rather pinkish, ass hard, the force causing her to move half a step forward.

“Yes master.” She said, staring forward like an obedient, docile soldier “It was fun.”

“Good girl.” Brett said, placed the heart sticker back on her nipple, and forcefully pressed her breast, to stick it in, and then some more, because that too, was quite fun.

Gary was still busy touching the brunette all over, enjoying as she tightened her cunt just for him.

“You have a very tight pussy. I like it.” The man who was a stranger to her a mere thirty minutes earlier said.

“Thank you, master. Your words of praise mean the world to me.” She said, and tightened her honeypot even more.

“Okay, then.” Gary bounced her tits twice with his hands, pulled out of her, and walked to stand near the counter.

“How about we have a little fashion show here?” He wondered aloud “Have these horny little twats walk back and forth, like on the catwalk.”

“More like pussy-walk.” Brett zinged, busy drumming on Michelle and the blonde's ass cheeks, with his cock. He had the two women bring their asses together for just that purpose – Making some dick-slapping, Ass-banging music.

“Hah! Yeah, for sure.” Gary laughed.

Brett stood by the door, and Gary explained to the girls what their masters desired. The three obedient pussies were to prowl sexily on an imaginary catwalk, always attentive to orders from their masters, who will hungrily watch the skimpily dressed sex slaves.

“Okay girls. I hope everything is understood. Begin.”

“Yes master.” The three said together, a fulfilled smile on their faces.

The eager sex kittens scurried to the back of the store, quickly determined the order in which they'll wiggle their cute little booties for their masters, and started some imaginary musical rhythm in their clouded and heavily drained heads.

The first to walk her owned body forward was the busty blonde. She walked slowly, carefully measuring every movement, curving her hips as far as she could to each side with every step, her bare pussy lips smiling lewdly in various ways, for her masters. Her tits jiggled every time her feet gently touched the floor, affected by how she sharply bounced her hips at the end of every step.

As she reached the end of the imaginary pussy-walk, standing between the door and the counter, and between her two masters, she struck a few poses for them. First, she put her hands to her hips, in a normal respectable manner. The sex toy had no self respect to speak of, though, and the next pose perfectly reflected that.

She popped her ass and made a coy face, forming her lips to an O shape, with her thumbs hooked in her leather white belt. Gary walked in to spank her booty hard.

“Thank you master.” She said with a lewd smile, as if he slid a twenty dollar bill in her belt.

Next, she bent forward as far as she could, with her legs straight, and slowly wiggled her ass a few times. Brett stopped her before she could straighten back up and walk away.

“You forgot to give me a nice kiss.” He stopped her head at the height of his crotch, and rudely put his erect cock in her face.

“Oh, I'm so sorry, master. **Kiss**” She said, and gave his tip a sloppy, passionate, tongue-filled kiss. A man can't be blamed for being rude to his own sex toy, after all.

Brett casually shoved his rod deep in her throat a few times, and sent her back on her way with an ass bouncing spank. She walked back in the same measured manner, tears running down her cheeks -A biological reaction to the sudden face fucking she proudly endured. Gary and Brett watched her ass wink at them, shaking strongly with every step, her tight pussy peeking from between her legs.

The next piece of ass to strut her stuff for her masters was the nearly virgin eighteen year old, Michelle, with her heart shaped nipples, hiked up skirt and red thong. She moved much more fluently than the cunt before her, and faster, too. Her perky tits bounced up and down repeatedly, like an automatized arousal machine.

The petite teen took big strides, reaching the end of the line, and shaking her cute ass for both men ogling at her. She was

never this free with her body before, but of course it was no longer her own body, it was owned by others.

She walked back just as swiftly, showing how perfect her lightly reddened ass looked with a thin line of red fabric separating her well-spanked cheeks. Gary and Brett had her walk back and forth a few times, and then had her drop the thong, and put it on her head, a sexy, befitting crown for the black haired, enslaved little princess.

The third pair of tits, with her crotch-torn red pantyhose, didn't last long on her sexy pussy walk. The previous two bitches aroused her masters so much, that Brett just charged at her in the middle of her booty shaking walk, turned her around, prodded her pussy lips for a second, and penetrated them with a smile and a groan.

She bent at a ninety degree angle, with both hands on her ass cheeks, spreading them for the man banging her, deep and hard. Gary joined in, a moment later, screwing her orally in the same exact pace. He fucked her face with his hands holding her head, at first, and then let go and allowed the innocent looking brunette bob back and forth on her own.

Having both her owners double penetrate her fuck-holes made her so proud, especially since she was never even fucked like that before. Michelle and the blonde realized the game was over, and joined their roughly fucked slave-sister, standing to either side of the pornographic scene, in case one of their masters felt like having a change of cunts.

Good thing, too, because Gary was getting bored with the brunette's mouth. He pulled out, and a thick sliver of saliva hanged between her lips and his cock, slowly arching downward till it reached the floor.

"Thank you, master." She said with a polite, if somewhat crass voice, her body still shaking back and forth from the fucking Brett gave her.

Gary looked at the two still vacant cunts, casually rubbing his wet dick.

“Bring your hot asses here, bitches.” He said, and the two actually walked sideways toward him, as if their asses were leading the movement, and presented their behinds to him. It was as if he asked them to pass the salt, treating their butts as inanimate property, owned by their master.

He pressed their cheeks together.

“Hmm.” He pondered as he dick-slapped the place where their bubbly behinds softly kissed.

“Well, I already pulverized this little pussy.” He said, pinching Michelle's ass “And stole its cherry along with all the other valuables.” He added with a grin.

His decision made, he told the blonde to get on her hands and knees, positioned himself behind her, and slid his cock in, locking her in place by holding her golden hair, slightly tilting her head backwards.

“Hmm, nothing like an obedient, hypnotized pussy.” He said calmly, fucking her slowly and indifferently.

“Yes master.” The blonde pair of tits said blankly, whimpering gently every time his cock pushed inside “My obedient, hypnotized pussy exists to obey. I am your fuck-toy.”

Brett directed his brunette fuck-doll to her hands and knees, as well, and positioned her right next to her blonde friend.

“Hehe, I bet you sluts never thought this day would turn out like this.” Brett mocked “Getting fucked side by side, by two men you've never met.”

“Ohh, master.” The brunette said, her body swaying back and forth as she was fucked “We never even planned on coming in here. It's like fate brought us here, to show us what we were born to do.”

“I couldn't have said it better, master.” The blonde said, lovingly looking at her friend being fucked beside her.

“We were such spoiled prudes. This worthless slave is so happy you woke her true self up. I am nothing but a sex object for your pleasure, master.”

Gary rewarded the blonde's honest words with a sharp slap.

"Hey, where's the third cunt?" He asked aloud, looking around to find Michelle still standing semi-nude, all alone, and feeling left out.

"Spread your legs over here, little bitch. I want to see this blonde bitch eating a young set of pussy lips."

"Yes master!" Michelle jumped to obey, the short time she was ignored by her masters made her feel utterly without purpose.

The young coed spread her smooth legs on the floor before the blonde, thrust her heart shaped nipples out, and grinned.

"I never licked another woman's muff, master." The blonde informed, her body still moving at a slow fucking pace, back and forth, back and forth.

"I don't care." Gary shrugged a response, and kept on fucking.

"Of course master." The blonde said "Sorry for bothering you with useless information."

She hesitantly leaned her head down, pouted her lips, and touched the wet lips of the young college coed.

"*Hmmm.*" Michelle closed her eyes and hummed. The small, soft touch enough to spread an electrifying tingle in her awakened sex pot.

The blonde stretched her tongue out and flicked the folds of the tight cunt spread open before her. She was clearly untrained in the arts of orally servicing another woman, but was eager to learn quickly, and put a nice hot show for her master.

In the beginning, she treated the teen twat like a fragile, tender thing, seemingly worried she'll break it if she dove onto it too strongly, or ravaged it too hard. She soon realized the young cunt was durable and ever-so-willing, and allowed herself to stick her face down like a champion at a pie eating contest.

"*Ohh, ahh, Mmm!*" The teen moaned, thrashed and giggled as the older woman's tongue danced on her pussy lips, her nose tickling her clit and her lips frequently locking on her muff with a soft, loud, slurpy kiss.

“Does this please you master?” The blonde raised her head and asked, her mouth, jaw, chin, and even nose shiny with Youthful, lustful pussy juices.

Gary smiled, and shoved her head back between Michelle's legs, making the teen shiver and squeal in delight.

“Don't waste time talking, bitch!” He told her, and spanked her ass, hastening his doggy style banging of her.

“Mff Mffther (Yes master)” She spoke into Michelle's cunt, causing her to laugh in a sweet, innocent manner.

“Oh, you like that, don't you, little cunt?” Gary asked the cutely giggling Michelle.

“Yes, very much, master.” She said with an almost childish smile.

“Well, don't get too used to it, your cunt's primary use is much more, shall we say, direct and penetrative.”

Michelle recalled the joy she felt when her master bent her over the counter and fucked her virgin cunt silly. The pain she felt at first was completely gone from her mind.

“I can't wait, master! *Ahhh!*” She arched her head back as the blonde nibbled on her clit.

“Oh yeah, keep exploring that little twat, blondie. I dumped a load in there earlier, maybe you can still lick some of it.”

A few seconds later, Michelle's eyes opened wide and she began to hyperventilate. The blonde eating her tight cunt growled like a starving bitch and ravaged her cunt so violently, that Michelle couldn't even whimper in delight anymore, blinded by the deep tingling sensations. Her face even turned a little red for a moment, unable to breathe in her deep ecstasy.

“That's enough.” Gary said and spanked the blonde, worried she might actually break the little eighteen year old. He grabbed her by the head and pulled her up.

The blonde's tongue hung out of her mouth, carpeting her chin. Her eyes were lightly crossed, and her smile was horny and dumb. She looked more like a bitch in heat than an actual woman. Michelle's pussy juices dropped from her chin in tropes.

“Yesh mashter.” She slurred out, her numb tongue impairing her speech.

“I shink I thashted shome ov your cum, mashter (I think I tasted some of your cum, master)” She said proudly. The brunette looked at her friend's pathetic face with jealousy-filled resentment.

“That's a good whore.” Gary said, and spanked her again, looking down to see his cock go in and out of her cunt.

“It's so easy to turn them into slobbering, submissive fuck-holes. Honestly, I don't see how some women still see themselves as anything more than cunts for the grind.” He mumbled to himself, guiding her ass back and forth. She was a nameless pussy for his pleasure, nothing more.

Michelle was so overwhelmed by the blonde's last bout at her tight cunt, that she actually fell squarely on her back and lost consciousness for a few seconds. When she woke up, she still felt too exhausted to move, but her master's words made her shoot back to her knees.

“Hey, little bitch, stop lounging there.” Brett said “Hey, Gary, what do you say we double team that little whore?”

Gary looked over to his partner in crime, both fucking the women before them like they were inanimate things, and smiled.

“Sure thing.” He said, pulled out of the blonde, and jumped to his feet. Michelle was shivering in anticipation, a jovial smile on her pristine face.

Brett pulled out of the brunette, and the two friends were left on their hands and knees, side by side, wiggling their butts in a silent plea to be used again. Both men stood over Michelle – She couldn't decide which of their cocks to worship with kisses first.

“Which end do you want?” Gary asked “I'll let you decide, seeing as I opened her up for business.”

“Heh, do you even have to ask?” Brett said “I can't wait to fuck that sweet little face of hers.”

“While we're playing with her, I want the two of you to sixty-nine each other.” Gary said.

“Yes master.” The two friends said, and the blonde lunged at the brunette, taking the top position.

Michelle smiled at Brett's words, knowing what she must do. She took Brett's cock with her dainty hands, and gave the underside her best possible, moist, loving kiss.

“That's so sweet.” Brett said, patting her head gently “You know what would be even better?” He asked her.

“What mash---*Mmh!*” He forcefully shoved his cock in her mouth, took a fierce hold of her head, and fucked her face without warning.

“Heh, how cruel.” Gary said, and leaned down to take Michelle's hips in his hands “Upsy daisy” He said and hoisted her backside up to where his hard cock waited.

“*Mm! Mmm!*” She moaned gratefully, her mouth full. From the side, the brunette could see how the inexperienced cock sucker was trying her best to move her tongue around her master's shaft, to varying success.

Gary flicked his tip a few times on her pussy lips, teasing her, but then raised it and prodded her anus. With an evil smirk, he spat on her ass and used his cock to moisten her anal entry, before putting it in, inch by slow inch.

“*Hmm! Mm!*” Michelle moaned and flailed her arms, trying desperately to tell her master he was penetrating the wrong hole.

“Quit fidgeting, bitch!” Gary said strictly, and spanked her ass “You're harshing my buzz”.

Michelle's desperate arm swings stopped. She had to obey her master. Her arms slumped to her side, dangling lifelessly from her shoulders. Her eyes showed a weird calm of acceptance, and her mouth was still filled with Bret's cock, going in and out at a gagging rhythm.

The young slut only whimpered silently as Gary drove his hard-on all the way into her ass, and after asserting his dominance over her third and final fuck-hole, he began pounding into it, fast and furious.

“Hey, girl, if you want to do something useful with your hands, why don't you spread your ass cheeks apart, a bit. It will make it easier for me to butt-fuck you.”

Michelle wanted to make her master's life easier, so she reached back and spread her ass open for him. The drill that came next made her previous deflowering feel like a tiny scratch.

“*Mmmmm! Hmm! Hmmmmmm!*” Her muffled moans of pain and pleasure filled the room as she was fucked hard on both ends. Knowing her masters were receiving pleasure from her body was the only thing stopping her from fainting.

The other two sluts were still on the ground, rolling around in a slutty, free for all lesbian romp. Before, they would be embarrassed to see each other naked, and now they were ravaging each other's pussies like untamed sows.

“So, how are we going to wrap this job up?” Brett asked.

“As usual. Leave the bitches here with explicit orders to not say a word, and accept all the blame. Unless you want to keep one of them?” Gary answered. None of the girls paid any attention to their chat, they were too busy with their important slave duties.

“What if I do?” Brett inquired further.

“Than I guess we'll have to rethink things.” Gary said “We've got time.” He calmed his friend down.

Michelle's feet weren't even touching the floor anymore. She was suspended in mid air, held by two cocks, one fucking her face, and other one screwing her from behind. Even in her worn out physical state, she could still sense the cocks throbbing in her holes, ready to burst.

“Fuck! I'm gonna cum!” Brett said, still fucking her young lips, enjoying her flexible tongue.

“Yeah, me too! Her ass is so tight!” Gary held Michelle's slender hips and wrecked her hole so hard she was wondering if it may be gaping for the rest of her life. In her altered state of mind, she nearly wished it too, since it would make her ass easier to fuck for her master.

“Hey blonde, get over here. I want to feed you my cum.” Gary called out.

The blonde's face was buried in her friend's twat, but at the sound of her master's words, she raised her head like an enthusiastic squirrel, and crawled to his side so fast, she didn't notice she stomped her friend's breast with her knee.

“Yes master! Yes master! Yes master! Thank you so, so much master!”

The brunette massaged her aching breast and sadly gazed at the fun her slave-sisters were having, Michelle being pounded on both ends, and the blonde on her knees with her mouth open, like an ashtray for cum.

“Well, guess I'll use that worthless cunt over there, then.” Brett said, pointing at the brunette.

“Eek! Yes master!” She squealed and jumped to her knees, rushing to him and patiently waiting with her mouth wide open.

Both men reached the point of climax, and pulled out of Michelle together, letting go of her body, making her fall to the floor with a painful thump. There was a big smile on her well fucked face, as she ignored the pain throbbing through her body.

“*Ahh* there you go, bitch.” Gary aimed straight into the blonde's mouth and exploded like a cannon, filling her up to the brim and glazing her lips. Brett did the same to the brunette, leaving her with white soup filling her mouth..

“Cheeks together.” Gary said, and the obedient cum jars crawled awkwardly, so as to not spill a single drop, and mashed their cheeks together.

“Looks good.” Gary said, as the two slaves gargled on the load they so wanted to swallow already. He took his phone out, found a good angle of the lewd, filthy display, and took a few shots.

“You can swallow.” He said, and placed his phone back in his pocket.

Both girls gulped loudly, and opened their mouths again, letting their tongues touch as they showed their masters how good they are at storing semen in their bellies.

Suddenly, a police siren sounded in the distance, and it got closer by the second. They were answering the call of the frightened Michelle, about forty minutes after she pressed the panic button.

“What the fuck?” Gary peeked through the window blinds and realized the cops were alerted to their location. They were checking their car, which was not acquired in the most legal of manners, so to speak. Gary saw the cop call it in, and knew they'll soon be busted.

“What is it?” Brett said.

“Shh!” Gary silenced him.

“Get dressed, quickly. We need to get out of here.”

He picked Michelle by the tits.

“Any side exit or back door to this place?” He asked.

“Wha'?” She said, still rather disoriented.

“Focus, slut!” He hissed and shook her body from his hold of her perky boobs.

She opened her eyes and stared at him, fully alert.

“Yes master.” She nodded nervously “There's a fire escape from my uncle's office, leading to a back alley.”

“Good girl.” Gary said and put his pants back on “Stand up, you're coming with us.” He told her.

“Yes master.” She said and stood with a smile on her flushed, disheveled face. With the hearts on her nipples and the short skirt which hid nothing, she looked like a dirty hooker.

Brett zipped his pants back up and frowned at Gary.

“We're taking her?” He asked.

“She knows the area.” Gary said “She can help us escape.”

“I'd love to, master.” Michelle said, her past and family completely gone from her mind, or at least the caring for them.

Gary turned to the other two, still on their knees, oblivious to the world.

“Now, the two of you will be our distraction.” He told them.

“That means we're leaving you here. We had our fun with you, and now we're getting rid of you like yesterday's trash, because

that's all you are.”

“Yes master.” The two lowered their heads in shame.

“Aww, don't look so sad. You were born to be garbage.” Gary said in an appeasing tone, and the two looked at him with a twinkle in their eyes.

“You should be happy you had a chance to please us for a while. I mean, for a pair of nameless twats I probably won't remember in two days, you weren't half bad.”

“Oh, thank you master.” The blonde smiled and whispered in a breathy voice.

“Your words honor this worthless piece of trash, master.” The brunette agreed with an eager nod.

“Good garbage. Now kiss my crotch goodbye, and who knows, maybe some day you'll have me mount your worthless butts again.”

The two nubile young women gave his jeans a wet, teary-eyed kiss.

“This piece of yesterday's garbage will miss you, master.” The brunette said.

“I know.” Gary said “But now it's time for your most important commands.”

They looked up at him again, more attentive than ever.

“When the cops come in, you will start making out, and lunge at them. You can either try to sexually assault them, or beat them up. I don't care, just stall.”

“Once you're arrested. You will never say a single word about me and my partner here. Even if you're tortured. Even if you're sent to jail for life. Even if someone is threatening to kill you if you don't tell the truth. Understand?”

“Yes master.” The blonde said “I will die for you.”

The brunette nodded in agreement.

“You will take the blame for the mess here, and say you've hidden all the cash somewhere. If you're asked about that sweet little bird, over there” He pointed at Michelle “You'll just say

she's in a better place, and refuse to say anything else. If you're asked why you did this, you'll say 'for fun' and try to appear as legitimately crazy as you can.”

“Yes master. As you wish.” They said together, soaking their final commands into their controlled minds.

Gary gave the blonde a final glance.

“And give me those earrings. Brett, how did you miss this?” He hissed at his partner as the blonde eagerly torn the earrings off, and handed them over. Brett shrugged and let Michelle lead him to her uncle's office.

“Wow...” Brett said, looking around the office. It was as if a hurricane hit it.

“You went to town on this place.”

“I had to find all the valuables, for my master.” She said plainly, making all the sense in the world, in her mind at least.

Gary showed up with Michelle's heavy school bag, filled with the loot that the sexy young coed was nice enough to collect.

“Let's go.” He said, and the three exited to the back alley, in a hurry.

“Fucking damn it!” Gary said, noticing a couple of cops waiting in the only exit of the dead-end alleyway.

“What now?” Brett asked, getting positively worried. Even if they won't be connected to the robbery, walking around with the practically naked eighteen year old Michelle was enough to raise suspicion.

Meanwhile, horny squeals were heard from within the clothes store.

“Hello officer! Want to fuck my pussy?!” The blonde was heard screaming.

“What the fuck? Stop hitting me, bitch!” One of the cops said in anger.

“Why should I?!” The brunette laughed and laughed.

Gary looked around.

“No manhole covers. Only one way to go.” He said, looking at the adjacent apartment building's fire escape staircases,

stretching all the way to the roof.

“Let's do it.” He took Michelle by the hand and lifted her light body up to the base of the first floor's staircase. She silently accepted anything he did with her doll body.

“Lower the ladder.” He told her.

“Yes master.”

If Michelle felt like the kidnapping victim she now was, she could have easily escaped at that moment. Her masters were stuck on the ground, and she could just go up the side of the building and find help. Instead, she did as she was told, lowered the ladder for them, and received her reward spank with pride in her heart.

They walked up a couple of floors, occasionally looking down to make sure the cops didn't spot them.

“Are we going to the roof?” Brett asked.

“I hope not.” Gary said “I doubt this building has a chopper parked on top of it, and I'm not going to try jumping from roof to roof.”

“We can have her try it first.” Brett said, pinching Michelle's nipple.

“Yes master.” she said immediately, happy to be their crash test dummy.

“Stop being stupid, Brett. There are eight floors in this building, four apartments on each floor. We just need to find a suitable one to hide in.”

They were on the fifth floor, and Gary saw Brett staring into one of the windows.

“Are you listening to me?!” He seethed.

“I am.” Brett said with a smile “This seems suitable to me. What do you think?”

In the apartment stood a big breasted woman in her early thirties, she stood above the sink, washing her dishes. Her hair was light brown and smooth, stretching well below her shoulders. She wore an apron over her simple, conservative clothes.

“Heh,” Gary chuckled “What you lack in brains, you more than make up in fortune.”

“And great talent, Gary.” Brett said, unsheathing his favorite weapon, a glowing purple crystal hanging from a chain. The one he used to convince the blonde and brunette to honestly believe they were lower than trash, and lived to serve him.

“Go get her.” Gary said, and turned to fondle and squeeze Michelle, a sort of stress relief as he hoped his friend won't fail. Brett opened the window and silently moved inside, towards his target.

Gary patted Michelle's dark hair, and she looked at him with loving adoration.

“Everything will work out, master.” She said, noticing her master was nervous “Do you want to fuck me, to calm you down?”

“Well, I am getting hard just hearing you say that.” He said, reaching down to grab her pert behind.

“Just pick your hole, master. I am yours.” Michelle said, fully meaning her words, now that she had no more virgin holes to give.

Gary didn't even say anything. He just unzipped his pants, raised her leg, and inserted his rod in her pussy.

“Yes master. Use my pussy, master.” She moaned quietly as he slowly and leisurely banged her.

A small object hitting the half-opened window beside him, took his attention. He stopped fucking Michelle for a second, and looked inside.

Brett stood in the small kitchen, next to the fridge, with a big smile on his face, waving at him. The long haired brunette was on her knees before him, her back to the window, and judging by her upper body moving vertically, up and down, she was properly exercising her big tits.

“Damn, he's fast.” Gary said and guided Michelle inside, closing the window behind them.

Brett looked down at his brand new fuck toy, who looked up at him with the adoring stare he knew so well, as she diligently squeezed her massive tits around his cock. She was still fully clothed, apron and all – Only her bare big boobs popped out, to service him.

“You know, Gary.” He said, taking a few steps forward, the eager lady under him trying her best to move along with him.

“I'm starting to notice a difference between boobs that were enlarged and natural tits.”

“Really?” Gary lay down on the sofa calming himself down “Which do you prefer?” He asked, and told Michelle to ride him.

“Hard to say.” Brett said, grabbed the woman's large natural tits, and roughly fucked them “*Ahhhh*. They all have their benefits.”

“Are my tits goo...” The new toy started asking.

“Yes, yes. They're quite okay, bitch.” Brett said to the pathetic sex doll.

“Thank you for letting me serve, master.”

For the first time, Michelle was the one doing the work, and she did her best to circle her hips, writhe her slender body, and bounce in the most pleasing of ways, her master's hard-on sliding in and out of her tamed and well trained pussy.

Gary lay his head on the sofa cushion and casually played with Michelle's tits, enjoying her young honeypot's tight and moist embrace.

“These heart stickers are a nice touch.” He told her, one hand on her tits, and the other grabbing her soft, petite behind.

“I'm glad you like it, master. I live for your approval.” She said as she ground her hips in perfect, flowing circles, trying her best to maximize his pleasure without burdening him with the light weight of her petite physique.

Every movement she made was to increase his pleasure and help him relax, every time she thrust down she made sure to take his full length and tighten her cunt, every time he opened his

eyes to look at her, she smiled, letting him know she understood her place in life, and was more than happy to serve.

Brett's new pair of tits did her job brilliantly, until a small nuisance arrived.

“Mommy?” A high pitched voice suddenly came from the hallway. It was a little kid, no older than five.

“Yours?” Brett asked, rapidly losing his boner.

“Yes master.” The young mother said, distraught that her master's cock was softening on her.

“Well, go lock him in his room or something, and make sure he doesn't start screaming and whining, that would be such a turn-off. Oh, and when you come back, I want you to wear nothing but that sexy apron.”

She blinked a few times, her maternal instincts helplessly fighting against her master's control.

“As you wish, master.” she said with a smile, and stood on her feet. None of her instincts had any chance against her master's strong hold over her mind.

“Come on, let's go to your room.” She took her son by the hand, and forcefully led him away.

She returned a moment later, and dropped to her knees to continue servicing her master with her tits. As commanded, she was fully naked beside her apron, her juicy ass fully exposed.

“I am just a pair of tits. I am just a pair of tits. I am just a pair of tits.” She droned out repeatedly, as she did her most important duty.

“What did you do to quiet him down? Gave him a sleeping pill?” Brett asked, enjoying the soft embrace of her heavy jugs.

“I tied him up and gagged him, master.” She said as if it was the most normal thing ever.

“Holy shit! Well, you deserve quite a spanking for that!” He said, and shoved her aside “Where do you keep the oven spoon?”

Twenty minutes after her unexpected guests arrived, the young MILF's behind was red and throbbing, the wooden ladle

giving her a well deserved spanking.

“Ahh! Thank you for spanking me, master! Please spank me again!” She was on her hands and knees, her face planted on the floor, and her ass served up for a good beating.

Brett got tired of spanking her, got on his knees, and mercilessly rammed his cock in her ass, to the sound of her surprised squeals.

“So, what now?” He asked Gary again, ignoring the deep moans of the MILF slave he was anally banging.

“Do you have a car?” Gary asked the woman, as he lay on the living-room sofa with his hands on Michelle's hips, and his cock in her tight teen pussy.

“Y-Yesss!” She squealed in response, her massive tits pressed on the marble floor, her nipples grating the spaces between the tiles as Brett drilled deep into her.

“Is it parked on the street or the building's private lot?”

“Ahh! P-Private! Ahh! Thank you for spanking me, master! Please spank me again!”

Gary smiled.

“And that's our way out.” He determined.

“Kewl, when do we go? Hmph, I'm bored of your ass, titfuck me again.”

“Yes master. Thank you for fucking my ass, master.”

Gary pinched Michelle's tits.

“Honestly? As soon as we can?” He said.

“Hear that, bitch? Get me off already.” Brett berated the pair of tits wrapped around his cock.

“Yes master. Sorry master.” She said, and vowed to work harder.

“And we should probably notify someone about that kid once we're in the clear. I feel bad about it.” Gary said.

“You do? How about you, boobs?” He asked the boy's mother.

“I am a pair of tits that exists to serve my master.” Was her response.

“Yep, that's quite true.” Brett said and casually shrugged.

Gary tossed Michelle aside, and stood on his feet, guiding her to her knees to suck his cock.

“You know, I didn't get your name?” He said, fucking her face
“What did you say it was?”

“Muhshuuu (Michelle)” She said.

“Muh-what? Sorry, I can't pronounce that. I'll just call you cunty. You're not the first cunty, of course, I tossed the previous ones in random places around the globe. Sometimes a man needs a regular pussy to bang, for a week or so, you know?”

“Yesh mashter!” She said and nodded with his cock in her mouth, happy to hear he'll be using her for a full week, and hoping for even more.

“Well, if you're going to name her, I guess this bitch should have a name too.” Brett said “I'll call her funbags.”

“Thank you so much for giving me a name appropriate to my station, master.” Funbags said, and Brett liked the notion so much that he exploded right there and then.

“Thank you for cumming on my tits, master.” She said, her cleavage dripping with spunk.

Gary pulled his cock back from Michelle and zipped his pants.

“Great, let's go, then.”

“What? You're not done yet.”

“I'll finish in the car.” Gary said “Come on, let's go.”

“Shouldn't they wear something else?”

“No need. We'll be out on the road in no time. Come on, bitches, shake your booties out the door, and down to the parking lot.”

The new toy was about to stand up, but Brett stopped her.

“Crawl to the door, slowly.” He said.

“Yes master.” She crawled on her hands and knees, popping her ass out for her master.

“Faster.” He said.

“Yes master.” She hastened her crawl.

“As fast as you can!” He said.

“Yes master!” She exclaimed, and moved so fast she banged her knees on the floor more than once.

“Stop.”

“Yes master.” She came to a crushing halt.

“Wiggle that booty.”

“Yes master.” She wiggled her behind like a thrilled puppy, a big smile on her face, her hole gaping slightly from the surprise ass-fucking she received a moment earlier.

“Okay, now you can stand up and come with us.”

Gary gave his partner an incredulous look.

“You're unbelievable.” He said, shaking his head, and followed the young Michelle out the door.

“She's driving.” Gary said when they reached the car.

“Shotgun.” Brett said “And you'll be driving topless, funbags.” He told his new toy, taken from her apartment while washing her dishes.

“Of course, master.” She said, casually shaking her tits for him.

Once out of the neighborhood, and away from the flashes and sirens outside the clothes store they robbed, Funbags asked her masters where they were headed.

“Well, since we took Cunty with us, we might as well skip town.” Gary said, pulling on Cunty's nipples. She will never be known as Michelle again, in her new life.

“Yeah, I was getting bored of this town anyway. Time to move on. Good thing we took some nice souvenirs.” He fondled the fun bags in the driver's seat.

“Hey, man, she needs to focus on driving.” Gary berated “Cunty, blow me.”

“Gladly, master.” The dark haired beauty said, leaned sideways, and expertly choked on his cock. It was hard to believe she started the day as a virgin.

“Wait? So *you* can get your cock sucked, and I have to sit here and avoid even touching this bitch.” Brett complained.

“What can I tell you, buddy, you called shotgun.” Gary said, and laughed out loud.

“Where should I drive, master?” Funbags asked again, looking for a more specific destination.

“For now, out of town. We'll decide as we go. By the way, from past experience, you and Cunty will probably spend the rest of your lives working the streets in the next town me and Gary settle into. Just thought you ought to know.”

“Yes master. I am your obedient pair of tits. I live to serve you.” She said, pressed on the gas, and drove her masters away from trouble, and away from her life.

Cunty's head was buried in her master's crotch, fully engrossed in the act of sloppy deep throating, and focused on her master's pleasure. She made sure to keep half an eye on her other master, ready to accommodate to his needs as best as her nubile, owned body could muster.

Brett was busy ogling at the bust of the MILF sitting on the driver's seat. Michelle couldn't blame him, seeing as the heavy breasts of their driver were fully bare, and she was even bigger than the posh blonde they left behind, at the store.

Yeah, it was a slow and calm morning in her master's brand new car, and the young sex slave was happy to help her master lounge and relax, giving him an enjoyable, good head.

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Spiral Employment

* * * * *

Her eyes opened sharply as light broke through the thin openings of the locker she was kept in. She slept soundly and peacefully every night, no worries or thoughts to interrupt or wake her up, before the morning neon lights came on.

It was one of the benefits of having no past, beyond mindless servitude. She couldn't remember the last time she made a willful decision. She wasn't even sure a time like that had ever existed. Her memories only went back to her first day at The Mesmo

Lounge, as if she was born at the age of, well, whatever her age was, back then.

“It's your single-mindedness – That's what makes you girls so perfectly loyal, and obedient.” One of the handlers once told her. For all she knew, nothing existed outside of the lounge. She kept hearing patrons discuss locations and events occurring beyond her tiny world, but her mind could never fully register it. The information simply flew past her dumbed down brain like a fleeting image, and disappeared just as soon as it emerged.

The reconditioning process left only one constant in her mind, and that was the lounge. And she had only one emotion, if the need to obey can be called that. She spent her nights in her locker, next to all the other female employees, sleeping like a mindless log, from lights-off to lights-on.

She waited for her locker to be opened by the handler, her eyes half opened and dazed. It was no different than any other morning, for as long as she could remember. She heard other lockers being opened. Steady, barefooted footsteps traversed the floor of the locker room, as her fellow work drones began their morning routine.

Those still locked remained in complete silence. They didn't call out, asking to be released from the tight confines of the locker. They didn't even fidget in anticipation. While in their lockers, they were merely objects that had been put away – Stored possession, in every sense.

It's not that she knew her door would definitely be opened. If it doesn't, it may mean she is not needed that day, or perhaps that she was forgotten. Either way, it was not her choice to make, nothing was.

She heard her door unlock, and stood straight, thrusting her chest out. Her eyes squinted slightly as the full brunt of light entered her locker.

“Out.” The handler said.

“Yes master.” She replied, and took a step forward with one leg, and then aligned her other leg, to stand at attention outside of her locker. He checked her from top to bottom, appraising her naked body, cupping a feel of her perky tits, her chest slowly rising up and then winding down, as she breathed in deeply, and then slowly exhaled.

He circled his finger in a counter clockwise fashion before her eyes, telling her to turn left. She obeyed as wordlessly as his command was.

“Go have your morning shower.” He said, gently slapping her behind with a barely audible spank.

“Yes master.” She said, and began walking towards the showers, stationed at the end of the long hall filled with lockers. The handler, meanwhile, continued to the next locker, bringing another doll-like employee back to life.

Five broad shower-heads adorned the walls at the far end of the locker room. With about two dozen working girls, the naked women had to share, if they wished to clean themselves as effectively, thoroughly, and expediently as possible.

She chose a shower head that only had one other slave under it, and hoped that she could finish before a third one joined in. The other slave did not try to shove her off, or fight her. It was understood by all, that they must work together in order to be ready for work.

The other slave, a redheaded beauty, had already soaped up. So, she gave up her soap and ground her body against the newcomer, doubling the speed of her counterpart's soaping. Not to mention it made for quite a nice view for any handler who may have been watching.

The two slaves rubbed each other in places which were otherwise hard to reach, making sure they were both spotless and shiny for any customer's pleasure. They did not say a word to one another. They had nothing to say – No interests to share nor any hobbies to discuss.

They had no memories or tales to tell, because they both led the exact same life, and shared the very same history. They woke up in the lounge, on the first day of their existence, with nothing but servitude on their mind.

The redhead finished her cleaning first, and went on to be assigned for the day.

It wasn't long before a raven haired young beauty replaced the redhead. The dark haired one was clearly new, and wasn't used to their usual cleaning routine.

“Turn around so I can use my breasts to soap your backside up.” She told the new one, who silently nodded with gleaming, almost innocent eyes, and swiftly turned around to face away from her.

She showed the new girl how they can scrub each other more effectively, using the least amount of words possible. The handlers did not like hearing the girls talk with one another - For too long, anyway.

“What if there are three or more under the shower-head?” The new girl asked, rubbing soap betwixt her tits.

“When it happens, you will know.” She answered, simply and coldly.

She was about to step out of the shower when the handler who let them out of their lockers walked their way, fully naked, his hard cock swinging from side to side. He fiercely grabbed her from behind when he arrived.

“Time for me to have my own morning shower.” He said, rubbing her pussy lips before guiding his erect member into her.

“Yes master.” She said, and yelped as he thrust his manhood into her from behind, pumping into her under the stream of hot water.

She was just a pussy to him, and truth be told, she wasn't much more to herself. Obedience was the only thing in her life, and if one of her masters wished to use her, all of her other duties were put on hold.

The dark haired new slave continued washing herself in silence. The handler occasionally spanked her, making her body jerk in surprise, an act usually accompanied by a high pitched, girlish yelp from the nubile, raven-haired hottie.

Two other handlers arrived in the showers and started fucking the women under the other shower-heads. One had a blonde kneel on the cold, wet floor to blow him, while the other pinned a big breasted slavegirl to the wall, spearing her spread legs while the water gushed atop their heads.

“Hey, you're here early!” The handler who opened their lockers called out to the other two, still ramming into her bent over cunt.

“Who would give up on a chance to have a morning shower like this, dude?”

“I wasn't sure it was allowed.”

“Pretty much everything is allowed here – If you're a man, that is. You're new here, but you'll learn quickly, trust me.” Said the man fucking the blonde's throat.

They usually had about five handlers, ordering the female slave-drones about their daily work. Recently a new handler was hired, and the others spoke about a promotion prospect for one of the older ones.

She didn't know where they could be promoted to, since she had no knowledge of anywhere else even existing, but she had enough brains to realize the handlers lived by different rules than her and the other women.

For starters, Her and the rest of the girls were programmed to obey the handlers, adherence to their word embedded to every girl's very core. They also received money, she gathered, and at times seemed to exit the lounge – Not that she could comprehend anything existing beyond its confines.

They most likely slept in places more comfortable than lockers, too, she figured. They were superior to her in every manner, after all, which is why all her holes must be made available to them, at any time.

There were very few things she knew for sure, but the fact that the handlers were to be respected, feared, and obeyed, was certainly one of those things. Their strength and influence was never to be ignored, and always to be admired. At least, that was what every fiber of her being told her.

The handler fucking her moved over to the new slave, and sent her away with a spank, to continue her morning routine. She heard him groan as he came inside the black haired newcomer, and knew that one would have to stay under the stream to wash away the thick white liquid running from her cunt. All slave-pussies had to be presentable and unsullied for the patrons, after all.

She stood before the long wall mirror at the other end of the large locker room, her entire body visible on it from head to toes. Several other slaves stood before it, mumbling their daily devotions - Their prayers, some called it.

She looked at her mirror image, and blinked. On her first day, the only way she could recognize her own reflection was by waving to the mirror, and seeing which of the nubile young women waved back. She had no name, no clothes, and no yesterday, but at least she was pretty looking.

“This one is the property of The Mesmo Lounge.” She mumbled, looking at the young, firm body, which belonged to the lounge.

She had long, smooth, brunette hair, hazel eyes, and a perfectly lewd body. Her face was something that always made both the clients and handlers pause. They often told her she has an angel's face.

She saw her face in a magazine once, as she cleaned a table in the lounge. It didn't remind her of anything, or awaken some long forgotten, and erased personality, but it did tell her that her face was indeed something unusual. It was no wonder so many patrons enjoyed fucking it, so often.

“This one lives to serve. This one loves to serve. This one always obeys.”

The new black haired girl arrived and stood before the mirror. Her pupils widened at her image, and she even let out a tiny gasp, high pitched and cute. Her shock was easy to recognize, seeing herself for the first time since her existence was wiped away, and restarted.

She moved her arms, just to make sure she was looking at the right direction. Then, she began gauging her physical attributes, popping her behind, squeezing her tits together – She was clearly impressed by her own beauty. Of course, if she wasn't pretty, she wouldn't have been brought to work at the lounge.

“This one is mindless. This one is nothing but a lounge employee.” Angel Face continued her morning devotions.

“Nothing exists beyond the lounge. This one will serve any capacity the patrons and handlers require of her. This one will work hard, until she is relieved from her duty. This one will return to her locker once she is no longer required. There is nothing else.”

By the time she finished, she was dry enough to move on. The new girl was still stuck before the mirror, mesmerized by her own mirror image.

“Stop wasting time.” She told the young new blood, who looked at her with child-like innocence.

“Is that really me?” She asked, amazed “I have no memories of...Well, anything. It feels like everything started inside of that locker, this morning.” Her eyes glinted in the neon light.

“Is that girl in the mirror really me?” She asked again.

The angel faced brunette sighed.

“There is no you, new one. You are an owned object, just like this one before you, and all the rest of us.” She said, locking eyes with the raven-haired young woman.

The new girl still seemed confused.

“Distant, confusing traces of personality and individuality often linger in new girls, for a few days. Saying your morning

devotions can help with that, new one.” Angel Face told the black haired beauty.

The new girl slowly nodded.

“But what if I don't know the devotions by heart?” She asked dumbly.

“You do.” Angel face said “It's one of the few things all female lounge employees know. Simply stand at attention before the mirror, and begin. The words will flow out, you can trust this one's word, for she has been as new as you, in the past.”

The new girl nodded again, and with great uncertainty faced the mirror, and started talking.

“This one is the property of The Mesmo Lounge.” She said, her voice shaky at first, but confident by the time she finished the sentence.

“This one lives to serve.” She continued, her anxiousness and uncertainty drifting away and vanishing.

Angel face continued on, seeing that the new girl was all set, speaking her devotions fluently and naturally. She left the locker room and arrived at the foot of the lounge, setting her bare feet on the rich, wooden floor.

The exit to the slave-drone locker rooms was discrete, almost invisible, and in the end of the narrow hall stood a handler in charge of sending the women to their various duties.

“This one is ready to be assigned.” She stood at attention before the handler, stark naked and awaiting his word.

He checked his chart, and squeezed her ass playfully.

“Let's see, angel, where will we put you today. You know what? You can start off tending the bar.” He told her, and let her go with a spank.

“Yes master.” She said, and walked past him as he picked his pen and marked a V on his chart, keeping track of positions he filled, and ones yet to be filled.

As usual, she passed next to the kitchen door, glanced inside, and walked past it. She was never assigned to the kitchens, because the handlers preferred having her on hand, ready to

please both them, and the patrons. The most veteran of the slavegirls were usually assigned to the kitchens, working tirelessly on the buffet which always had to be full, fresh, and tasty.

She did not know what happened to girls once the handlers decided they weren't even kitchen worthy anymore, but she knew those girls never returned to their lockers. Another fact to hint that something existed beyond the lounge, that her feeble mind would simply never accept.

She reached the bar and began tending it, setting up glasses and mixing cocktails, ready for patrons to both order it to their tables, and to serve their needs on the bar. She remained nude, her breasts swaying as she began wiping the counter in circular motions, using a simple washcloth.

Other women kept emerging from the locker-room, mostly heading to the kitchens, or to function as greeters, standing in a row of perky tits, ready to be taken by arriving patrons, and entertain them until their private orders arrived.

The handlers told some of them to don nipple piercings, and others were told to put studs in their tongues. It was a pretty random procedure, fully bent to the whim of the handlers who happened to be in charge at the time.

All female employees had the appropriate holes drilled in their tongues, nipples, and clits, and were ready to fill them with cold hard metal and jewelry, at a moment's notice. Angel face did notice those with the biggest boobs were more likely to be given the nipple piercings.

There was already one patron enjoying his order of supple young twins on the upper balcony, and the stream of clients was only just beginning. Ten minutes later, and four patrons already enjoyed the sum of seven greeters, getting blowjobs, titfucks, and other, even more penetrative services. The serving girls came to the bar often to place glasses on trays, and haul them over to the thirsty patrons, receiving tips in the form of hearty spansks of gratitude upon arrival.

The angel faced brunette saw only five greeters remained, and knew she may have to join them, soon. She started looking around to find a slavegirl who could replace her behind the counter, but her salvation eventually came from the locker room, as the last girls emerged from it. One of them was the new girl, with the long, black hair, and the handler assigned her to join the bar, and help Angel Face.

“Make sure the glasses are always clean, as well as the counter.” The angel faced brunette said immediately, not even greeting the young blood.

“Watch how this one prepares the cocktails, make sure to ask questions if you don't understand anything.”

The new one nodded, seeming much more certain than she was earlier.

“This one understands.” She said.

“The devotions help, as this one told you it would.” The angel faced brunette said, and this time even added a small smile.

The new girl followed her lead to the letter, and the bar worked like clockwork.

“Make sure to always look on the number of available greeters. If there's less than four, you must join them.”

“What about the bar?” The new one asked.

“Make sure to find a replacement among the other girls. Remember, if the patrons want your service, you must oblige, regardless of what you might be doing. Always be mindful of your surroundings, and be ready to request replacement, and also to replace the others, if needed.”

One of the twins came down the stairs with a giddy smile on her face, and approached the bar.

“My master told me to get him something to drink.” She said.

“Whatever he desires, it is this one's duty to provide” The angel faced brunette said “Was he, perhaps, more specific?”

The blonde had a dumb expression on her face, and she looked up to see her twin sister happily riding their master's cock.

“Umm...I don't know...he said I should know what to give him...” She said in an air-headed sort of way.

It sounded to the pretty bartender like the blonde's new master was setting her up for failure, so he would have an excuse to punish her. The blonde wasn't like the lounge employees, and anyone with any of the five senses could see that.

The girls that the patrons brought over to be processed retained some of their personality, and all of their memories. They were simply conditioned to be loyal and obedient vessels of their master's will, carrying out his commands, no matter what they may be.

Angel Face often wondered if she should be jealous of them, but that emotion would never surface. It was a foreign notion to her, like so many other things. She looked at the ditzy blonde, knowing that mere hours ago she was probably an independent woman, somehow related to the man who was enjoying her twin sister.

“Umm, how about a beer?” The blonde finally decided, biting her fingernail, clearly aching to go back up, to please her new master.

“Which brand?” The brunette asked.

“Umm...That one!” She pointed out dumbly to one of the beer taps.

Angel Face allowed the new girl to pour it, standing right next to her, making sure she did so properly.

“There you go.” The dark haired new girl handed it to the blonde with a smile, and Angel Face reminded herself that her co-worker still had some final layers of her own personality to shed.

The blonde ran up, nearly spilling her drink in her rush back to her master. It didn't really matter. As Angel expected, the man became angry at the blonde and told her to bend over for a spanking.

That is, until he realized his flight was about to take off, and took his newly brainwashed twins out of the lounge, where nothing had existed. At least, that's what the angel faced brunette kept telling herself.

The first few hours of their work went on without a hitch. The greeters made sure to entertain the patrons until their personal orders were ready, the servers often got fondled or pulled in for a squeeze-fest that sometimes ended with fucking, and the brunette with the angel's face and the new raven-haired girl tended the bar.

It took the new girl a while to get used to the fact that the women brought in by the patrons retained more of themselves than the lounge employees. She actually sneered in derision once as she heard one of them speak of herself as if she was a person.

"That feeling of superiority over them should not exist." The brunette told her "If it does not go away after a few days of morning devotions, you should speak with the handlers about having you reconditioned."

"I...this one understand." the new girl mumbled.

One of the handlers approached the bar with a smile on his face. There were times during the day in which the lounge was less frequented, and at times it was even completely vacant of patrons altogether. Such periods allowed overly used girls a reprieve to wash themselves in the locker room, before returning to their duties, and allowed the handlers to have some fun of their own.

The handler reached across the counter and pinched her nipple.

"Angel, you seem thirsty."

"This one is whatever you wish her to be, master." She responded.

He smirked, clearly enjoying the absolute power he had over her.

"You," He looked over at the new girl "Get that cunt nice and wet for this beautiful angel to drink."

"Yes master." The dark haired girl said, turned around and popped her ass in his direction, and started frantically fingering herself.

“*Mmm! Ahhhhhh.*” She moaned, stretching her legs and wiggling her ass from side to side as she drove two fingers in and out of her cunt, and then added a third one.

She stood on the tips of her toes, and smiled at him, clearly trying to please.

Spank

She used her free hand to smack her ass.

“Oh, I like this one. She's quite energetic.” The handler said, clearly holding his erection under his side of the counter.

“Okay, you can stop now.” He said.

“Yes master.” The new girl stopped immediately, wiping the smile off her face, staying motionless on her tiptoes, her pussy wet and her juices flowing.

He turned to the angel faced brunette.

“Here, have your drink, angel.” He said, and pointed to the new girl's tight, pristine pussy lips.

“This one is grateful, master.” She said, and quickly knelt behind the new girl, positioning her face between the slightly spread-apart legs of the dark haired young woman.

She gently caressed the new girl's lips with her tongue, softly kissing her lower lips, and eventually nuzzling her face betwixt her butt cheeks, eliciting moist moans of pleasure from the dark-haired beauty.

The new one's arousal built to such heights, from the slightest touch, that she stretched her entire body upwards, almost floating away in her bliss, with only the tip of her toes touching the wooden floor.

Angel face was only beginning, and with a feral purr, she lunged at the younger woman's pussy, lavishing it with kisses and tongue-strokes, nibbling the folds of her young cunt, often sticking her tongue into the tight hole, whole.

The black haired woman let out a high pitched moan and grabbed the wooden shelf before her, grasping it to keep her balance as her entire body shivered from the angel faced brunette's service. She looked back at the handler with a lewd

smile and luscious eyes, and spanked her own behind again, gleaming at him.

Angel face felt the new girl's tender hands shove her face deeper into the firm, bouncy mounds and responded with a growl, increasing the movement of her tongue in the newcomer's cunt.

Her nose was nuzzled betwixt the new girl's butt-cheeks, making it hard to breathe, but she was beyond such concerns. She did what her master wished her to do, that was all that mattered.

She moved her angel's face up and down, as if guzzling on a pot of honey, and was about to deliver a finishing blow in the form of clutching the younger girl's clit with her teeth, an action she knew would push the young, lust-filled girl over the edge.

Something stopped her, however. A powerful, burly hand pushed her aside so fiercely that she fell to the floor, disoriented. By the time she regained her senses, and caught a swift breath of air, the handler had his cock aimed at the cunt she had just kissed so passionately, and the new girl's breast in his hand.

He spanked her with his other hand, secured the tip of his manhood in her sloppy fuck-hole, and penetrated her to the hilt.

“Good job, angel, you got her nice and wet.” He said, as he banged the dark haired girl hard.

“This one is honored by your words.” The brunette said to the sound of the new girl's screams of joy, thanking the handler for fucking her worthless cunt.

Angel Face got back to her feet and continued tending the bar, using the same washcloth to wipe the counter down, and shining the glasses left by the patrons who left. She used the washcloth to wipe her face from the new girl's pussy juices. There was no reason for her to go all the way to the showers.

The handler never stopped fucking the other one while Angel Face worked, but she did not pay it any mind. It was not uncommon for the handlers and patrons to just grab one of them and pound away.

“You're a tight one, I think I'll have some fun with you, later.” The handler said, spinning around with his toy, to fuck her facing the lounge, rather than the back of the bar.

“This one will be honored, master!” The new one moaned, her tits swinging back and forth next to the hard working brunette, wiping the counter in familiar circular motions, completely oblivious to what's going on two inches to her right.

The handler glued his waist to the new girl's behind a few times, pumping into her, hard and slow.

“Ohh, fuck, I'm gonna cum!” He said, and quickly pulled out of her with a spank that made her squeal happily.

“On your knees angel, it's feeding time.” He told the brunette, and squeezed her ass.

“Yes master.” She answered immediately, turning towards him and dropping to her knees, not even using any muscles to control her fall. She was so used to the practice, that her knees no longer bruised.

He shoved his cock into her open mouth, and it slid in as if it belonged there. The girl with the angel's face had a lot of experience with having her face fucked.

“Here's your meal, angel!” He said, and unloaded his thick load into her.

She swallowed and gulped his entire load – She was no stranger to the art of cum guzzling. He pushed her head to his crotch and groaned, arching his head up, and staring at the ceiling.

As quick as he shoved into her mouth, he pulled out, shoving her back with a smile on his face. Angel face gulped one last time, thick liquid running down her chin – Her saliva mixed with the handler's cum. She wiped it clean, and thanked him for the meal.

The other handlers used the break in patron arrival to indulge themselves with the serving girls, leaving the greeters alone - They were not allowed to touch them, for they were reserved to any incoming clientele.

The girls who were not fed with sperm were given a piece of bread to keep them going. Angel Face almost never received a solid meal, she was happy with her gooey, creamy, white meals.

Before they knew it, a new wave of patrons began, and some of the female employees were still showering from the rough and messy treatment the handlers gave them. Angel face and the new girl had it pretty easy, in comparison. With most of the man's load eventually ending up in the brunette's mouth, none of them were in need of a cleaning.

Warm, servile, nude female bodies were starting to grow scarce, however, and all girls present kept glancing at one another, wordlessly assessing where they might be needed next. Angel Face noticed one of the serving girls got sidetracked by a patron waiting for his order, and left two tables in need of cleaning, after previous patrons occupied them.

None of the servers and cleaners could spare themselves to perform that duty, and the angel faced brunette knew what had to be done.

“Take a washcloth and go clean those two tables.” She told the new girl.

“The handlers trust us to keep the place clean, and the patrons happy. We must not fail them, no matter what.” She added, seeing the uncertainty in the raven-haired girl's eyes.

Her words seemed to instill a certain resolve in the new one's heart, and she proceeded to do the deed with fire in her eyes. It was a good thing, too, since a group of three patrons arrived just as the new one finished clearing and cleaning the tables.

The dark-haired new girl was about to return to the bar when one of the patrons decided he wanted her, as well as the greeter he took from the line of perky tits at the entrance to the lounge. He sat her down on his cock and had her ride him slowly. He just wanted her to warm him up, after all, as he was waiting for the women he brought to be enslaved.

The new girl looked at the brunette behind the bar with concerned eyes. Angel Face returned a stern glance, trying to tell

the younger girl she must focus on the patron, as he used her, and that they'll manage, somehow, even though only three greeters remained, and quite a few girls were in need of a shower.

She caught the eye of another veteran serving girl, laying on her side and being fucked by a patron lying beside her, holding her leg up high and casually pounding into her pussy. Not all patrons brought their own women to brainwash. Some of them just came to pass the time with the female lounge workforce, and probably left with heavier wallets than the ones receiving full service.

Things seemed quite bleak until three servers were released in pretty mint condition. They were all taken by one patron, who had them slowly lick his erect rod together. He released them once his order arrived, a tall redhead with tiny tits and a bendy body. The three women were not in need of a shower, and one of them quickly replaced the new girl behind the bar. The other two went straight to the greeter line, raising their number to five.

The young raven-haired girl was still riding the patron's cock well after his order arrived, and it was clear she would be occupied for a while. The cute smile she wore when she was fucked seemed to dazzle both the patrons and the handlers. It was rather rare for a patron to focus on a lounge employee, and have his own ordered bitch lick his balls in the meantime.

Before long, the greeter line shrunk once again, and this time there was no denying what Angel Face had to do. It was the busiest time of the day, and no table was free on the lower level of the lounge, though the upper balcony was still pretty quiet.

"I'm going to join the greeters." She told the naked bartender beside her, and that one replied with a nod of agreement, immediately looking around for a girl who could serve as her replacement. The lounge was filled with wet moans and low grunts of pleasure, the happy faces of the men, and the servile, horny faces of the slavegirls.

Being in the greeter line was probably the easiest job. All she had to do was stand, push her tits out, smile, and be ready to

greet the arriving patrons. Once one of them joined the greeter line, they no longer looked back into the lounge.

There was no need to - Even if there was a shortage of serving girls, the greeters would never leave their post, until a patron came to claim them. It was a position of the highest priority, and no girl could shirk out of it for any other duty.

The next patron to come was clearly a first timer. The girl at the head of the line greeted him, and his eyes shone brightly when she told him he could choose any of the gorgeous women standing in line before him, to entertain him as he awaits his purchase.

“This is fucking unbelievable...” He said, and paused next to angel face, touching her tits as if to make sure she was real.

He clenched her chin between his thumb and his forefinger, and smiled. She smiled back, as warmly as she could.

“Her!” He shouted back to the girl who greeted him, thinking she had to approve.

Angel Face cleared her throat.

“This one is grateful, master. Please, follow me into the lounge.” She told him, and started strutting, shaking her ass sexily for the man who chose her.

“Can I have more than one of you.” He asked.

“Certainly, sir.” She answered “You can have all the girls in the greeter line, if that is your wish.”

She tried to hide her concern. There weren't enough greeters as it is.

He thought for a few seconds, and then grabbed her ass, still seeming quite bewildered at his position

“Nah, you're enough for now. You're just the appetizer, after all.”

“Yes, sir. Please, choose where you would like to lounge, and lead the way. This one is here for your pleasure.”

The man looked around the first floor, gauging the sexual mayhem happening all around.

“Wow, is it always like that?” He asked, moving his gaze between steamy scenes of sexual debauchery.

“You came at a busy time of day, sir. But we can go upstairs. It's quieter.” She suggested.

“Oh...” He said, noticing the stairs to the upper platform for the first time.

“Sure, let's go.” he said, and prodded her with a hearty grab of her naked butt.

He lay down on one of the long chairs, and told her to straddle him.

“Your face is so beautiful...ohhh...What a tight pussy!” He moaned as she guided his cock into her, and sat down.

“Would you like this one to make you cum, sir, or just warm your cock?” She asked.

“What? Oh...” he said, disoriented by the pleasure “Just warm it. I want to save myself for my girlfriend and her annoying sister.”

“Of course, master.” She said, and began sliding herself up and down slowly, looking at him with a smiling, and unmoving face. She could tell he was enjoying staring at her pretty face, while she gently rode him.

He rested his hands on her behind, looking straight into her eyes, and even used one of his hands to gently pat her head briefly. He seemed like a nice man, clearly unused to treating women like sex toys. Even the nice ones get used to it fast, though – That, she learned a long time ago.

“How did you come to...Uhm...Work in this...mmm...Capacity?” He asked, only pausing to moan happily as she slid her body back on his cock, slowly taking his full length fully into her.

“This one doesn't know, sir. Mesmo Lounge employees do not retain such knowledge after going through the process.

“Heh, of course you don't...” He answered, and closed his eyes, resting his head calmly.

Another serving girl came to their side and stood in silence, not wanting to interrupt his nirvana. Luckily, he opened his eyes once he felt someone was standing next to where he lay.

“Apologies, sir. May this one ask for your preferences with regards to your orders. They are nearly ready.”

“Preferences?” He repeated, blinking.

“Clothing, form of arrival. Would you like them to walk over to you, or crawl? Or perhaps walk on all fours like prowling tigers. We at the Mesmo Lounge aim to please.”

Angel Face could feel his excitement building in her cunt, and she slowed her movements so he won't accidentally nut inside of her – She was only his warm-up. He spent some time browsing the outfit options, and chose some slutty attire that carried words representing their submission to him. One outfit came with pants with “Private Property” written on the buttocks, and that was only one, mild example.

She continued riding him until his orders arrived, two young blondes, crawling to him with submissive smiles.

“Fucking unbelievable.” he said for the third time at least, and tossed Angel Face aside.

“Now what do you have to say, bitch?” He told one of the blondes, clutching her cheeks between his fingers.

“I'm your sex toy, master.” She said, looking at him with smiling, remorseful eyes.

Angel Face knew this was her cue to leave. He never came in her, and all she did was slowly ride him, never over-exerting either of them. That was good, for it meant she could keep going without a shower, and seeing the situation downstairs, she knew she was needed.

She spent a while as a serving girl, acting as a waitress, a cleaning slave, and an occasional squeeze for the patrons. It didn't take her long to return to the greeter line, however.

The frantic period ended not too long after that, a fact which made all female employees breathe a sigh of relief. Many of them

went to the showers, while the last of the patrons collected their new belongings and left for their flights. Angel Face hadn't seen the new girl in a while, and wondered if she got stuck in the showers, or perhaps gotten lost in front of the mirror again.

It amazing how things could change so rapidly in the lounge. Before long, the only patrons left were the young man that Angel Face entertained, still enjoying his two blondes, and an old man spanking a certain nubile blonde senseless.

That was when a middle aged man walked into the lounge. He stopped the greeter in mid sentence, telling her he heard her speech too many times, and grabbed Angel Face, as if out of habit. She figured he must have used her before, not that she could remember every patron who ever used her.

He turned her around, stuck his cock inside of her, and started guiding her like that, over to one of the many empty seats.

“Wrap your lips around my cock and start sucking.” He told her once he sat down.

“Yes sir.” She fell to her knees, and began her work.

“Ohh, that's good.” He moaned as she diligently shined his rod, spearing her face on his cock as if her gag reflex was non-existent, her hands folded behind her back.

“Spencer! I haven't seen you in quite a while. How's the family doing?” He recognized the old man spanking the young blonde. Angel Face kept sucking, not remotely interested in their conversation, knowing it wasn't her place to eavesdrop.

When his naked teen slaves crawled over to him, he threw Angel Face away like the disposable cunt she was. One of his new slavegirls had black hair, and the other was a blonde.

“Now, Jill, is there anything you want to tell me, regarding our little parking lot mishap?” He asked one of them, and shoved his cock into her mouth before she could even answer.

Angel Face returned to the greeting line almost instantly, seeing as she was not needed anywhere else, and a mere five minutes later, another obvious first timer showed up. The blonde slave at the top of their line greeted him appropriately, and once

his shock dissipated, he chose both her, and the angel faced brunette. She barely received a reprieve from her previous patron, but she knew it was her duty to obey.

The young man sat across from the middle aged man who just finished using her, not that he even noticed her, anymore. Being a bit shy, the more experienced man advised him to tell his serving girls to blow him.

“Well, have a sit and have some fun.” He said “Nothing takes the shyness away better than a blowjob from a hot girl. But I'll let you give your slaves your own orders.” The middle aged man was getting a double header from his two young slavegirls, himself.

The young man seemed to be taking his new position much easier than the previous first timer.

“You.” He told the angel faced brunette “Blow me with that perfect face of yours.”

He said, and she obeyed, giving him the best blowjob he has ever gotten. In fact, she was so good, that he unintentionally unleashed his load into her mouth, while having a pleasant conversation with the older man sitting before him.

“Oh damn! I wanted this load to go on that annoying bitch! Ahhhh...” He moaned as he shot into her accommodating mouth.

She gulped his load, and plopped her lips off of his member.

“This one is sorry, master, she will accept any punishment.” She cried, thinking she had displeased him.

“It's okay. You have some cum on your chin.”

She quickly licked the remains of his load off her face, and walked away when she saw the young man continued his conversation with the older man sitting across from him. She was lucky he was a first timer. A more confident patron wouldn't have let such a transgression fly with no punishment.

This time she had to go take a shower. Sure, she swallowed most of his cum, but after one handler and three patrons used

her, and with the stickiness of her chin, she had to retire for a quick wash.

She was the only one in the showers at the time, and she allowed herself to sigh and relax a bit, cherishing the warm waters raining down upon her. She heard footsteps heading towards the locker room, and then saw the same new girl that had been with her at the beginning of her day, tending bar with her.

Her entire body was covered in semen, her black hair drenched with sticky white liquid, and she wore a weary but content expression on her face. She waddled over to the stream of water the brunette was under, even though there were many vacant shower-heads.

The new girl started sleepily rubbing herself on the angel faced brunette, sharing her soap like she was taught that morning, but Angel Face ended up sharing just as much of the cum covering the new one, on her own previously cleaner body. She forgave the tired newcomer, though, considering how well fucked she seemed to be.

Angel Face quickly lathered the both of them with a new layer of soap, and they washed the cum off together.

“Five handlers took this one and fucked her in a small, side room.” The new girl said quietly.

“This one figured as much.” Angel Face said. She wasn't a stranger to such surprise kidnappings from the bored handlers, in the middle of the day.

Right when the two were clean enough to go back, four handlers showed up, naked and ready to have their own shower. They quickly had the new girl bent over and Angel Face on her knees, using both her hands and her mouth to please three cocks at a time.

“I almost feel too fortunate!” One of them said, while pumping into her mouth , streams of hot water hitting the back of her head.

“I mean, we just sort these bitches out in the morning, watch over them, and they do all the rest. These little whores somehow always manage to keep everyone satisfied, even if the lounge is packed to the brim.”

“Not always, man.” The man fucking the new girl from behind said “You're new here, but trust me, sometimes we have to step in and shake these bitches into form, especially if a lot of them are new.”

“I was actually worried with today's rush hour.” He added

By the time they were done with the two slavegirls, they were both drenched in cum, and had to have another long shower, and by the time they returned to the lounge, they were told their shifts were over.

They did not know how many hours they worked that day, or even if it was day, or night, but those details were meaningless. The handlers decided when their day began, and also when it ended.

The two young women walked to their lockers, and smiled at one another before getting in.

“This one was happy to work with you today, new girl.” Angel Face said, showing the respect she now felt towards the raven-haired beauty.

“Thank you for teaching this one about her new life.” The new one answered with a smile, and vanished into her locker.

The angel faced brunette sunk back into her own locker, and waited for the handler to pass through and lock it upon her, shutting away the neon light of the locker room.

When he did, she closed her eyes, and instantly fell asleep, recharging her energy for the next day, in case her locker door would be re-opened.

The handler finished locking all the slaves, and walked out to make his report.

“Locker room one is down for a ten hour reprieve.” He told the man standing before him.

“Okay then, I guess I'll open locker room two, then. How did room one do today?”

“Pretty good, but there are a lot of experienced cunts in there. I hope that your shift won't be as heavy as ours was, or the new meat in locker room two may need a stern hand on the tiller.”

“Hey, now.” The other man said “They pay us for a reason, right?”

“Heh, sure do. Well, I'm heading home. Have a fun night.”

“Will do!” The fresh handler said, jingled his keys, and walked over to awaken the female employees in the other locker room, whistling to himself jovially.

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The Lawyer

* * * * *

“Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you god?”

“I do.” Diana answered.

I got up from my chair, and approached the witness stand.

“Mrs. Peterson,” I said “first of all, let me just say, I understand this is difficult for you.”

I paused.

“But, in order for justice to be carried out this day, you'll have to endure this.”

Diana looked at her knees, and oozed sadness, just like we practiced earlier. I knew how to get jury sympathy for my client, that's for sure.

“Now, tell me, Mrs. Peterson, about your relationship with the defendant - Your husband, Jim Peterson, and how he treated you and your daughter along the years.”

“Oh, it-it was horrible.” She said, bursting into tears. In the past, I would've felt sympathy for her, but that ended at prom night, many years ago. I still needed to pretend to be saddened for her, though, to ensure our victory here.

You see, we went to highschool together, and she was my very first crush. No, it was more than that, I truly loved her, from the

bottom of my heart, and tried everything I could to make the feeling mutual.

I watched her sobbing on the witness stand, with blue marks on her arm and a slightly healed black eye, and all I could think of was how beautiful she still was. With her flowing blond hair, and her brown eyes. Every time I looked at her I was reminded why I adored her so much in highschool.

I couldn't even listen to her little sob story, that we had rehearsed for so long, about how her jerk of a husband always beat her up, ever since they got married, and abused their little girl, too. All I could do was reminisce, and remember how she crushed my heart time and time again.

I was shy in high-school, but I didn't let that stop me. I gathered the nerves to ask her out, and she shot me down so cruelly, that I considered never going to school ever again. Instead, I decided to try harder, and never give up, just like all those idiotic Hollywood heroes I saw in the movies.

How naive and stupid I was, that I couldn't see her as anything less than an angel sent from heaven. I tried so hard to appease her, sure that the problem was me. I was willing to go to the edge of the world and back for her, and refused to admit to myself that inside of her angelic exterior, lies a heartless serpent.

“Do you have any more questions, councilor?” The judge's harsh tone brought me out of my day dream, and I realized she was done with her speech. I looked at the jury, and saw the shock and horror on their faces. It seemed she certainly did a good job, even though I didn't pay any attention.

“No further questions, your honor.” I said, and sat back down.

“Very well, will the defense attorney want to cross examine the witness?” The judge asked Jim's lawyer.

“Yes, your honor.” He said, and stood up.

“Mrs. Peterson, when did you meet the defendant?”

“In high-school.” Diana answered.

“And, did you love him?” He asked, and she made an astonished face.

“Well, I married him. Of course I loved him.” She said curtly

“Objection, your honor. It's an irrelevant question.” I said.

“Sustained. Get to the point, whatever it may be.” The judge told the defense attorney.

'Excellent, it seems the judge is on our side,as well.' I thought to myself.

I looked over to where Jim was sitting, and couldn't help but feel overjoyed. He seemed utterly broken, with his head laying low, and his hands clutched in fists. His attorney is such an amateur. Doesn't he know how guilty his client looks in that pose? Remorseful, sure, but guilty nonetheless.

I drifted into nostalgia once more. I recalled all the times he shoved my head down the toilet, and gave me atomic wedgies. All the pranks and bullying that I suffered from him. He once took my clothes after gym, and left me with only one cheer leader outfit! Because of him my nickname throughout high school was Rona the Pompom girl...

I also remembered one of the worst days of my life. The day I heard Diana actually started dating him. I sat in my room and sobbed for hours. Crying about how unfair the world is, that my worst tormentor would get the girl of my dreams. I was so depressed I almost didn't come out of my room the entire summer break, and my parents actually brought a doctor over to see if I was okay.

I kept thinking about how the grown ups, and all those Hollywood movies lied to me. The good guy never gets the girl. It's not enough to be yourself, and put your heart on the line, unless you wanted it smashed. If that was enough, then Diana would have chosen me, rather than that bullying beast.

'Look at him now - Utterly defeated, and completely confused and depressed. It's a wonderful sight' I thought to myself happily.

“I have no further questions, your honor.” This time it was the defense attorney who brought me out of my nostalgic dream world. I wondered for a second if I should have paid more

attention to what he asked Diana. I wasn't used to being so distracted, but this trial really brought back memories I couldn't suppress. Weirdly enough, I was hardly as stressed as I probably should have been, considering what was really on the line for me.

I felt confident in our victory, though. I didn't think there's anything the defense can come up with, really. After their wild accusations that the wounds were self-inflicted were debunked by both ours, and their expert, the only thing they had left was the claim that she was doing it for money, and that just sounded like blaming the victim, to any reasonable ear.

Not to mention, that we had more than just her testimony, to display as evidence.

“The prosecution calls Victoria Peterson to the stand.”

Vicky was Diana and Jim's eighteen-year-old daughter, and she was the spitting image of her mother, from our own highschool days. It was truly quite amazing.

I asked her about her own abuse by her 'daddy', and sunk back into my thoughts. Seeing their daughter on the stand made me remember the day I swore I'd forget. My prom night...

A week before the prom I heard that Jim cheated on Diana with some slutty cheerleader. I took it as a personal insult, that he would actually cheat on Diana, after she was already his. At that point, I already lost hope on her, and figured it would be heartless to ask her to go with me to the prom, right after the break up.

I planned to skip the prom myself, actually. I had no one to go with, and most of the school was under the thumb of my worst bully.

He was bound to be the prom king, and the only question was who will be the queen, now that Diana broke up with him. He was the quarterback for the football team, after all. I resigned to my fate, and only held hopes that things will be better in college, and the future beyond it.

That was when she came, and changed everything. Diana came to my home, and told me how wrong she was to reject me. She told me she was there to make things right, and asked me to go to the prom with her. Me! The nerd who got bullied all the time. The least popular guy in school. Diana wanted to go to the prom with me.

For a week, I was in cloud nine. I started thinking that all those Hollywood movies were right. That it's true that if you're true to yourself, you'll get what you want. It all felt like the ending of a romantic movie to me. Where the girl finally realizes that true love was right in front of her all along, begging to be hers the whole time.

It was probably the happiest week in my life...

At prom night, I picked her up, with a rented tuxedo and all the right manners. I was afraid I would make a mistake, and the carriage will turn back into a pumpkin. But in the end, it had nothing to do with me...

As they announced Jim as prom king, he took the microphone, and spoke to Diana. He apologized to her and said that he loves her, and that this night won't be the same without his queen by his side. He told her that he can now see how wrong he was. That people can only know what they've lost, once it's gone, and that he can't continue living without her.

He kept throwing idiotic romantic cliches left and right, until he told her that he's sure they can work through it, and invited her to him. I felt strangely confident. I was sure she won't buy into his little show, after all the bad things she said about him. He even threw a jab at me during his romantic little speech, that made everyone laugh. The fucking jerk...

At first she ignored him, although in hindsight, it was obvious she was touched. She kissed me in front of everyone, as spite against what Jim said, and I felt like the king of the world. Then, he approached us, and got on one knee before her.

He freaking proposed to her, right there and then!

Her eyes filled with tears, and she reached to him, and pulled him up. The 'yes' resonated through the microphone he still held, as they kissed. Everyone cheered, and went to hug them, pushing me aside. I was so shocked, I could have been trampled by a herd of rhinos and wouldn't notice.

I didn't know what to do with myself, so I went to the bathroom and cried my eyes out. After that, I went back to the party, mainly because I had no way of going back home. I heard everyone talk about how romantic it was...

The girls all gushed about how it was all like the ending of a romantic movie.

I wanted to scream at them. Tell them that if it was like the movies, then the evil bully jerk would never get the girl. I wanted to get a bowl of punch and pour it all over him, and her, no matter what physical pain he will inflict on me afterward.

At some point during the night, Diana apologized to me, and I, like the stupid sap I was, accepted her apology, saying I understand and I will never stand in the way of true love, or some bullshit like that. Those two went on to get married, and have a baby a mere year later.

Of course, that baby grew up to be the eighteen year old angel before my eyes, testifying against her father, so it wasn't all bad.

"No further questions, your honor." I said, knowing Vicky did her part perfectly.

"We will not cross examine." The defense attorney said immediately. It seems he has pretty much given up. Well, we are not done yet. Not by a long shot.

"The prosecution calls Gloria Avila to the stand."

A voluptuous Latina woman in her thirties stood up, and walked over to the witness stand. How lucky was I, that Diana's neighbor was so hot. Not only was she hot, she was also a known activist for women rights, and manager of a chain of shelters for women suffering from domestic abuse.

I couldn't ask for a more credible witness. I didn't even need to say anything - She did my job for me, telling about the violence she 'witnessed' from her next door neighbors.

Anyway, prom was the day I realized how unfair life really was, and I guess in a way that made me study law, and become a lawyer. I never cared about whether my client was innocent or not. No – I wanted to become one of those lawyers who are paid millions to defend the worst mafia bosses.

Justice doesn't exist anyway, so who cares?

Of course, my original plan was subverted by the fact I never had the right skills to become such a highly paid lawyer. So, I tried the next best thing. And, when that failed, I became a state attorney, prosecuting the low lives of the world.

Only recently, I read a story about how successful Jim was. He became a great businessman. A freaking millionaire. That almost made me want to kill myself.

I still live like a rat, and can barely pay rent, while he is living the good life, with the woman I always loved. He had everything. The money, the girl, and the perfect suburban life with his little family. It was infuriating.

That's why I couldn't help but smile, when I heard him scream his heart out.

“It's all a lie! None of it is true! I never laid a finger on my wife and daughter....I don't understand...Why are you going along with this, Gloria? What kind of sick joke is this?!” He almost burst into tears.

I quickly wiped the smile off my face, hoping no one noticed.

“That's how it always is with them.” Gloria said, with a heavy accent “They never do a thing. Well, this is judgment day, mister!” She said with fire in her eyes.

“Silence in this court. Sit down, or I'll find you in contempt!” The judge bellowed.

“I don't care! It's all a lie! Ron! You have to believe me!”

“Believe you would never hurt anyone. Really?” Was all I said, and he understood his salvation will certainly not come from the

guy he used to ask the classic 'Why are you punching yourself?'

Oh, the look on his eyes was delicious.

“Y-Your honor” The defense attorney said, as he failed in calming Jim down “The defense requests a break, to calm the defendant down. Please.”

He was obviously embarrassed. Well, it's not every day that you request a break to calm down a guy accused of violence against his own wife and child, and the entire court room was abuzz with “How dare he?!” and “he needs a break! The gall!”

The judge also had a reviled look on his face, but then he looked at his watch.

“Well, it is lunch time. Court will adjourn for precisely thirty minutes. If anyone is a minute late, I'll hold them in contempt.”

People started to shuffle outside, and I led Diana to my small office, to “calm down”.

“I just can't believe he can lie so brazenly.” She said, obviously distraught.

“Yeah...” I said, completely uninterested. I found all the private reminiscing I did in my head got me really hard, especially when I was alone in that room with her.

I was about to get what I really wanted from her, when her daughter walked in, and I realized the mistake I nearly made. I mean, I almost had her blow me in my office with the door unlocked. I must never be that careless.

“Hey, mom, are you doing okay?” Vicky asked her mom

“Oh, I'm fine. I'm more worried about you...” Diana told her daughter.

“Yeah, yeah, and I'm massively bored.” I said, curtly and rudely. They both looked at me, shocked at my insensitivity. I didn't care, because it really didn't matter. The only thing that mattered was that I was throbbing in my pants, now that Vicky has joined us.

“What is wrong with you?” Diana asked me.

“Not much. My hot little fuckdolls.” I said, and the light immediately left their eyes, as they sank into an obedient

submissive trance. It truly is amazing how weak the human mind is, compared to a simple hypnotic drug.

I call it simple, but it's not like I understand it. It was a pure stroke of luck that I got it, actually. Really, who would've thought that helping some old man escape prosecution, by deleting evidence from the DA records, would get me a full bottle of a drug that induces a pure hypnotic trance.

He did promise me that the reward would be unimaginable. And he was definitely right. I could never have imagined something like this. Well, I guess it was another proof that life simply wasn't fair, and that being honest and just never pays off. My first unjust act landed me with what I've always needed.

“Lock the door, Vicky.” I said.

“Yes master.” The beautiful blonde eighteen years old said. It was so hot. The great thing about this drug was I could use it to install post hypnotic suggestions, and triggers, in my subjects. I know nothing about hypnosis, but with a single drop, I can achieve something no hypnotist ever could.

And, after the first time, I never needed the drops anymore. I still had a nearly full bottle, with probably hundreds of drops to 'spend'.

“Suck my cock, Vicky.” I told my young slave, and whipped my cock out of my pants.

“Yes master.” She said, got to her knees, and went to work immediately. Her blowjob skills were sublime, and made me wonder if her mom was as good as her, when we were in highschool.

I looked down on Vicky, and saw her beautiful eyes look up at me, while she bobbed her head up and down. She looked so much like her mother at that age, that I had no problem pretending it was a young Diana sucking my cock.

She pulled her head back so only my helmet was in her mouth, and I both felt, and saw her tongue swirl around the tip of my cock, while she moved her hands to caress my balls and shaft.

“Ohh, you raised a fantastic cock sucker, Diana.”

“Thank you, master. I am happy she pleases you.”

“Yeah, it's her purpose, isn't it Diana? You made her for me, to make up for not serving me properly at high-school, right?”

“Yes master. Her purpose is to please you, to make up for the fact I didn't serve and obey you at high-school. I'm so sorry, master.”

“Hmm, I'll think about forgiving you.”

I leaned back in my chair, and enjoyed the head Vicky was giving me. I sighed deeply, and reached over to Diana's tits. They were slightly bigger than they used to be, but still rather small, especially compared to Gloria and her daughter. I dreamed of squeezing them like this for so long, and now I owned them. And, if I wanted to squeeze perky, fantastic teen tits, I had her daughter to play with.

“Hmm, take your top off, Vicky.” I said.

“Yes master.”

I didn't last long, fucking her face while squeezing her perfect natural boobs.

“*Hrrrrm!* I'm coming!” I said, and unloaded into her mouth.

“Swallow it.” I ordered her, and she did so immediately, with no hesitation.

“Thank you, master.” She said, still looking straight up at me.

“Mmm, such a good girl.” I said, patting her cheek with my index finger.

I turned my gaze to Diana, and my eyes fell on her black eye.

“I was wondering, how did you get that black eye, eventually?” I asked.

“I had Vicky shove me onto the bed.” She said.

“Great. You followed my orders perfectly.”

“Thank you, master.”

I told her to make sure to have some visible bruises, to strengthen our case. But, I knew the defense would want to check the validity of those bruises, and with today's medical knowledge and technology, it might be possible to check the size of the person inflicting the wounds, which meant her daughter couldn't just punch her for it.

So I told her it has to be something that would be physically reasonable for Jim to do, and to make sure it wasn't self inflicted.

Who knows, if she just throws herself on a hard surface they might somehow know she did it to herself. Having someone else shove her on her bed was perfect, really. And she passed all of the scrutiny of the so called 'expert' witnesses. So, everyone were happy. Well, other than Jim, but hurting him was one of my main goals here, after all.

I sat there for a few minutes, with Vicky gently kissing my flaccid cock every few seconds.

“Okay, get out of my office, wake up from your trance , and go eat something, unless you're already full after my cum, Vicky.” I said, mocking my young sex slave.

“Yes master.” They both said. I spanked both their asses before they left my office. I loved doing that.

I went and got my own sandwich, and gobbled it up quickly. Getting blowjobs always gets me hungry. After I finished my lunch, I looked at my watch, and noticed I still had fifteen full minutes to go before I had to be at the court again, so I just walked around the corridors aimlessly, until I bumped into Gloria, and her amazing boobs.

She was walking beside her daughter – The eighteen years old Gigi, who had the same boobilicious assets, only she was younger, and tighter.

“Oh, Ron.” She said “Listen, I want to thank you again for helping Diana and Vicky. I can't believe I didn't notice this until recently. I'm so ashamed of that.” She was always busy fighting for women who suffer through domestic abuse, so her feelings were quite understandable.

“My daughter is more than ready to testify as well, if you need her.” She said.

“Mom, he knows I am. I'm sure he doesn't need you to remind him.”

I barely listened to them, I was too focused on their boobs, not that they noticed.

“It's amazing...” I said, looking around, checking that no one was around.

“What is?” Gloria asked.

“I blew my load only a few minutes ago, and your big tits got me hard again, just like that.” I said, enjoying the shocked look on their faces.

“What did you--” Gloria started, but I triggered them before she finished her sentence.

“Bouncy tits are bouncy.” I said. I know, I need to work on my verbal triggers...

They both stood there in silence, completely entranced, and fully under my control.

“To the bathroom.” I said, and started walking towards the ladies room. The corridor was completely empty, so I hoped we won't be interrupted.

“Yes master.” They said, and followed me like the nice little pets they were. I checked that the place was empty, and got on with my fun.

“Show me those titties.” I said, and the two exposed their massive breasts. I squeezed Gigi's tits first, and enjoyed the fact Gloria just stared, seeming almost proud of her little girl, for pleasing me so perfectly. Then, I grabbed Gloria's tits, and made my decision. I didn't have much time, anyway.

“Gloria, with me. Gigi, keep watch and warn me if someone approaches.” I said.

“Yes master.” They said, and I took Gloria to one of the booths, where I had her kneel before me immediately.

“Oh yeah, I always love seeing you like this, considering how strong willed you are usually.” I said, and slapped her tits with

my cock. She grabbed them and served them up for me to dick-slap, while giving me a puzzled look.

“I have no will, master. I am your owned object.” She said.

“Oh, right. I forgot.” I responded, with a big smile on my face.

I grabbed her tits from both sides, and started ramming my cock into her cleavage. It didn't take me long to get tired, and let her do the work on her own. Watching such a strong independent woman serve me like a fuck toy was the epitome of happiness, and I soon decided I just had to fuck some pussy.

“Okay, get those floatation devices up here.” I said, and she got up. I forcefully ripped her panties off, turned her around, and bent her over. I teased her cunt just a bit, and then rammed into her hard.

“If you weren't my obedient sex doll, you may have called this 'violent behavior'” I said with a snicker. All she did was moan in response, and thank me for fucking her, like the owned little bitch she was.

“*Ah! Ah!* Yes master! Use my pussy, master!” She moaned, as I spanked her ass.

“Shh, you stupid bitch, don't make this much noise.” I told her.

“Yes master. Sorry, master.” She said, and stifled her moans.

“Yes master. Use my pussy, master.” She said, without yelling this time, to show me how well she takes in my every whimsical command.

I banged her harder than I ever fucked any other woman. In the past, when I did get a chance for sex, I always tried to be gentle, and not make the woman mad. But now, I had a completely obedient and mindless slave, who won't complain no matter what I did to her.

So, I allowed myself to enjoy my most hardcore fantasies, and rammed into her so hard that my hips started feeling numb, but my cock couldn't be happier. It was even more fun to hear how hard she tried to stifle her moans.

“I can do whatever I want with your worthless body.” I said, ramming into her with every word.

“Yes master.” She agreed “I am your fuck toy, to use in any way you wish.”

I decided I can be even more whimsical in my exploitation of these two obedient pairs of tits. I shoved into her again, and then shoved her away, with a spank on her ass.

“Did I displease you, master?” She asked, with actual concern in her voice, that made the moment even sweeter.

I considered telling her 'no' for a second, but decided it would be more fun if I didn't answer at all.

“Tell your daughter to come here, and keep watch instead of her.” was all I said.

“Yes master.” She said, and walked out to bring Gigi. She didn't even try to cover her ass, or pick her torn panties up.

I was so hard that even the few seconds of waiting were excruciating. When Gigi walked into the stall, I didn't even wait a second to admire her perfect body. I ripped her underwear off, bent her over, lifted her skirt up, and started pounding into the teen pussy I owned immediately, not even warming her up first.

Luckily, the hot Latina teen didn't need much to get wet, and it took mere seconds for her to beg me for more, and moan, as quietly as she could. I don't know if she heard me tell her mom to be quiet, or if she's just a smarter sex toy. But, her soft, barely audible moans were music to my ears. I started spanking her, adding some “drums” to the orchestra of pounding flesh and quiet, high pitched moans.

There was something about being able to ram into her so forcefully, making the entire bathroom stall shake and tremble in the process, while she tried her best to both please me, and make sure I am not caught violating her. It really was like fucking a sex toy, only I knew she was, to say the least, a toy no one has ever had the privilege to enjoy.

Needless to say, it didn't take me long to cum. I took my cock out of her tight pussy, and threw her to her knees, pointing my

already cumming manhood to her tits.

“Thank you, master.” She said with a smile, and squeezed her magnificent boobs together, serving them up for me on a silver platter.

“Yeah!” I said as I shot a full load onto her tits “No need to fucking hold back. I can pour it all out on my cute little cum dump!”

“Yes master.” She said with a big smile, trying to get as much of my spunk as she could, on her tits, probably wondering if I'll have her lick the leftovers from the floor, like she had to do several times in the past.

“I am nothing but a hot receptacle for your cum, master. I am a pair of tits on hot legs.” She said, as I finished, and wiped the last drops on her luscious full lips.

“Okay, let's go.” I said. She got up, and walked after me.

“We still have five minutes” I told my topless slaves “Let's see you press your tits against each other. Go ahead.” I said.

“Yes master.” They both replied.

Gloria and Gigi grabbed their tits, pushed them together, and moved forward until their nipples touched. Then, they both pushed into each other, and squished their tits on the other woman. They then started to pivot their upper bodies from side to side, giving me a view of their boobs being pressed, and then released, and then pressed again.

What made it hotter was seeing my cum moving from Gigi's tits over to her mother's., until at some point it was hard to tell where it had originally landed, as their tits became wet with my man milk.

“Oh, wow, if only I could take a picture of this.” I said, and both girls froze, with their tits pressed in a way that their nipples were hidden by their massive, squishy boob flesh.

“You can take a picture of us, master.” Gloria said, as she and her daughter waited patiently in that demeaning position, made even more disgraceful by my cum adorning their cleavage.

I was tempted, to be sure.

“Nah, I'm too paranoid to do that. If anyone finds such a picture on my phone, it might put the whole case in jeopardy.”

“Besides,” I said, looking at my watch “We only have three more minutes, and the two of you need to lick your tits clean, before we return to court.”

The two of them started to immediately slurp the cum off of their own boobs. They were both capable of sucking on their own nipples, and watching them do so, while licking my cum the whole while almost made me ready for another round.

But, we had to get going, or the judge might be mad.

“Okay, get decent, and let's go. When we enter the court room, you'll wake up from your trance, and it won't seem weird to you that you are back in the court room. You'll simply take a sit, and continue watching the trial,” I told them “until I call you to the stand, Gigi.” I added.

“Yes master.”

I sat back down on the prosecutor's bench, a whooping one minute before the thirty minute break the judge gave were up. Jim and his layer were already there.

“Court is now back in session.” The bailiff said, and the judge motioned for me to continue.

“The state will now call Gigi Avila to the stand.” I said, and Gigi approached the stand, like the good obedient girl she was.

Like with the rest of my lovely witnesses, I simply told the jury who she was, asked her to tell the jury what she had 'witnessed', and allowed her to embark on her well prepared testimony. Some people in the court might have found my methods lazy, but I knew the defense attorney was probably in awe of how well I prepared my women.

I'm sure he was waiting for them to make a mistake I'd have to fix, and give him an excuse to object that I'm 'leading the witness'. But, I had no reason to do so. Not only that, but their testimony was so perfect, that he couldn't really latch onto anything they said, and create an argument out of it.

The girls gave passionate speeches, with the emotion you would expect from a witness, and the perfect wording only a lawyer could transcribe. It was almost impossible to do, normally, since people who talk from their heart usually get tangled in their own words, and provide massive loop holes for a skilled lawyer to shoot through.

On the other hand, normal people can't really act so well, if they're just repeating a pre written script, and it's usually obvious they're just parroting someone else's words.

Most lawyers didn't have their own hypnotized slaves as witnesses, though. I could tell them to pretend like it's from the heart, while repeating precisely what I told them to say. And to top it all up, the women actually thought it was all coming from them. The subconscious truly is an amazing thing.

It was a rare thing to see a witness give such a perfect monologue, and it gave me time to consider other things while Gigi hammered another nail in Jim's coffin. I couldn't help but look at her now clothed chest, and think of the residue of cum I left there just a few minutes earlier, that she wasn't even aware of.

I also found myself thinking about my reunion with Diana. She came to me after hearing I'm a lawyer, because she had a problem with a parking ticket. At the time, I only had that special drug for a week, but I was already deep enough into the testing process.

You see, my twenty year old intern, Katelyn, already spent most of her time under my desk at the time. So, I felt fully comfortable taking advantage of Diana, and getting revenge for what she did to me on prom night.

I obviously wanted to get back at Jim, as well. For all the suffering he caused me back then, and for being so much more successful than me in adulthood.

Ten minutes after I offered Diana some coffee, she was under my desk taking lessons from my intern on how to best pleasure me. At first I figured I'd end it at that, but I soon realized I could

finally set things right, with the proper planning, and get what I truly deserve.

And now those plans were mere hours from coming to fruition. Gigi will finish her testimony, and the jury will take a couple of hours to make the inevitable decision. After all, the eye witness evidence is overwhelming. Then, I will stand victorious as the verdict is read. I could taste ultimate triumph, for the first time in my life.

“No further questions.” I said, and the defense attorney chose not to cross examine. Really, what else could he do? And that was it - In a few minutes, the judge will send the jury to make their decision. The trial was practically over.

The defense attorney managed to surprise me, though, asking to bring a witness of his own. I thought it through enough to know he had no witness that will testify against the allegations.

“The defense calls Ron Mitchel to the stand.” He said. I must admit - the young defense attorney managed to surprise even me.

I made a mildly surprised face, and pointed at myself with apparent astonishment, before I stood up and walked over to the stand. I raised my shoulders and shrugged as I walked, to express my confusion.

“Well, this is a first.” I said after I sat down, and brought some smirks on the faces of the jurors. The bailiff approached me.

“Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you god?” He asked.

“Yes.” I answered plainly.

“Mr. Mitchel.” The defense attorney said “Can you please tell us how you know the defendant, and his wife? How did you meet?” He asked.

Now I was starting to see where this was going. It's possible he saw my little smile before the break, when Jim started yelling. But, I knew I could defuse this situation, as long as I keep my cool.

“Well, I went to high school with the both of them.” I said.

“And, how was your relationship with the defendant.” He asked me.

“He bullied me at times, but it never bothered me much.” I said, mixing the honest truth with a blatant lie.

“Ohh, I heard it was much more than a bit.” He said.

“Is that so. What did you hear?” I said, mocking him.

“Well,” He did not appear phased by my pretentious tone “I heard he made your life a living hell. I heard that the defendant's wife was your date to the prom, and I heard that she ended that night engaged to the defendant.” He said, eliciting a few shocked gasps from the crowd. I didn't blame them. It was quite the unfortunate, and amazing story.

“All true.” I said.

“And you're telling me you're fine with it? You're not holding a grudge against my client?”

“No.” I said plainly, with an assuring smile on my face.

“Because if you do,” he continued, ignoring my question “Then there's a great conflict of interest here, and you should have disqualified yourself from this case.”

“Well, then it's lucky I hold no grudge, since I wouldn't want to be responsible for letting a guilty man free.” I said.

“*YOU FUCKING JERK!*” Jim burst out from his seat.

“Order!” The judge bellowed, hammering his gavel down “Or I will hold you in contempt.”

The defense attorney looked like he wanted to strangle Jim, for undermining his efforts.

“Mr. Mitchel, might I remind you, that you are under oath.” He said. Gosh, It was so cliché...

I narrowed my eyes at him.

“I have been working this court for over ten years, lad.” I said “And you're asking me that?”

I jeered at him.

“Yes, I certainly remember I am under oath, kid.” I finished. I spoke calmly, and with just the right amount of smugness. I may not have had the skills to ever become a top lawyer for the rich, but I was still experienced enough to take on this mewling novice. It's lucky I made sure Jim didn't have the money to hire a better lawyer.

“Your honor.” He turned to the judge “You cannot honestly believe this man harbors no grudge for what my client did to him in high school. I demand a miss trial.”

The judge looked at him with harsh eyes. It was a desperate attempt - But, if it worked, it would ruin my plan completely. Anything I said at that point would only serve to hinder me, though, so I kept quiet, and hoped I was right about the judge being on my side.

“I don't see how his relation with the defendant and the victim nullify the testimonies we have heard.” The judge said. That was a good start, for sure.

“And, considering what I just heard, I would think Mr Mitchel has an incentive for grudge against the victim, as well.”

“His bias against my client is much more severe, and much clearer!” The defense attorney exclaimed.

“And you cannot ignore...” He started, but the judge stopped him.

“Mr. Mitchel,” The judge addressed me “How did you end up prosecuting this case?” He asked.

“I was picked for it by the assistant DA. I only realized I knew the defendant after I received the case.” I lied, because I knew if the judge found out I “convinced” Diana to press charges, he would call it a miss trial for sure.

He stared at me for a few seconds, probably assessing my honesty.

“I've heard enough. Mr. Mitchel's previous association with the defendant ended over twenty years ago, I would assume. The evidence against your client is strong, and the crime he is accused of is severe. The trial will proceed.”

The defense attorney was seething, and I found myself trying to hide my happiness once again.

“Umm, for the record: it has been nineteen years, not over twenty. I'm not that old.” Was the last thing I said, before returning to my sit on the prosecutor bench. Some people actually laughed out loud at that comment.

The judge wasted no more time and sent the jury to make their decision.

“You have to believe me! It's all a lie! Somehow, someone got to my wife and daughter and forced them to lie! Or...” He mumbled a bit “O..Or maybe they want my money...I..”

“That's it!” The judge said “ I find you in contempt of the court. Officer...”

“Your honor.” I interrupted, knowing I was taking a risk here, but I didn't feel like waiting for this contempt farce to end.

“Please, for the sake of the victims who are still in this court room, may I humbly request we continue without wasting time on this. They shouldn't have to wait any unnecessary time here. It is traumatic enough for them, as it is.” I looked over to Diana and Vicky, both wearing a sad face, now that they are awake, and truly believe in the memories I have implanted in their minds.

The judge again pierced me with his eyes. He took a deep breath and said “Very well. I suppose you are right. Calm your client down, councilor.” He told the defense attorney.

It was done. I figured it would take about an hour until I was called back to hear the verdict. The jury should come to a decision in a short while, and that decision could be nothing but a guilty verdict.

I went straight to my office, and when I opened the door, I saw my five slaves standing in a row, waiting for my command, just as I told them to do after the trial ends. The tiny office could barely contain that many people.

Two pairs of mother and daughter, and my lovely intern, to boot! I locked the door, and ordered their tops off. Why, you ask? Well, it's a row of ten perky tits standing at attention before me, why the hell not?

I crossed before them like a basketball player entering the court, giving them each a high five, only my five hit their lovely breasts, rather than their hands. As I passed Diana I took my coat off and threw it on her, just like you would do with a coat

hanger. I did have four younger slaves to enjoy at the moment, so I could spare that role for her.

I sat on my chair, and told my girls how I want the next hour or two to begin.

“Katelyn and Vicky. Under my desk.” I said, and removed my pants and underpants.

“Yes master.” My entranced sexy intern, and the mindless blonde high-school senior said. It felt a little weird sitting butt naked on my chair, until the two gorgeous young women crawled under my desk, and I felt both lips kissing my erect shaft, and two tongues running along the side of my fully erect rod.

“Ahhh, nice. Gloria, give me a back rub.” I said, and removed my shirt.

“Gladly, master.” She said, and I watched the big boobed Latina goddess obediently move towards me, her tits bouncing heavily and heavenly. I lowered the back of the chair all the way down, and gave her tits one final squeeze before she positioned herself behind me, and started rubbing my upper back and shoulders with her hands.

“Hey! Who told you to use your hands!” I said. I could almost see the look of puzzlement on her face, as I felt her hands fly off of my back in shameful hastiness.

“Use your tits.” I said, knowing she won't figure it out on her own.

“Oh!” She said, as if it was obvious “I understand, master. Yes master.”

A second later, I felt her hardened nipples on my bare shoulders, and her gigantic soft cushions pressing against my upper back with amazing tenderness, mixed with surprising firmness.

“Wow! What have I been missing?! Honestly, I pity all the guys who don't have a big breasted sex slave to give them tit massages. I'm gonna have one of these every day.”

I cannot overstate the amazing feeling - it was bliss fucking squared. Honestly, it was the best massage a man can ever get.

Well, maybe other than a happy ending massage, but with two hot mouths on my cock the whole while, I didn't just get a happy ending. I had a happy start, happy middle, and an ending that would shame a double dose of laughing gas.

“I'll be happy to give you a tit massage whenever you wish, master. My tits are yours, and yours alone.” She said with a hazy voice.

“So, if you've got plans to do some of your charity work, or give a speech about domestic violence, and I happen to want your tits as love cushions for my back?”

“Everything else is meaningless, master. Only your pleasure exists.”

“Good girl. I'll take you up on that. I think having you do this for a full day will be a great test of your stamina.”

“I hope these tits that you own will pass the test, master. Thank you, master.”

I laid back and relaxed, and enjoyed the pleasant sensations going through my entire body. Nipples tickling my aching back, and hungry lips tickling my cock, while I thought about the last few months, and remembered something.

“Oh, right!” I said “didn't I order you to get a tattoo for me, on your hot little ass, Katelyn?” I asked my intern, wondering if I'll praise her for a job well done, or punish her for forgetting to follow my commands.

“Yes master. You did.” She said, only barely detaching her lips from my cock, so I still felt her soft lips on my shaft as she talked.

“And...” I said impatiently “Did you get it?”

I tell you, sometimes you have to be a little too literal with your mind fucked sex slaves...

“Yes master. I did.”

“fantastic!” I said “Show me.”

She crawled from beneath my desk, and her absence was certainly felt. Luckily, I still had the young Latina, Gigi, on reserve, standing topless, and pushing her impressive cleavage forward with the pride of a brainwashed little whore.

“Gigi, get under my desk. Take her place. I can't relax with just one set of lips on my cock.” Okay, it's possible I was getting a little spoiled. But, hey, can you blame me?

Just as I felt the second set of lips kissing my manhood, my lovely intern lifted her skirt, to display her tattooed ass. Two lines of freshly scorched tattoos covered her behind.

“Private Property” Was written above a squiggly and artsy “For Master's use only.”

“Wow, the tattoo artist really liked the idea.” I said, admiring her ass, that now had its purpose engraved on it forever.

“She asked me if I'm sure, and if it's some kind of kinky S&M thing. She seemed interested.” Katelyn said.

“Oh my,” I said, enjoying Gigi cupping my balls with her mouth “Is she hot?”

“Yes master. She is thin, and attractive. She has a lot of tattoos on her body, and lots of piercings.”

“Hmm, that should be interesting, indeed. I might invite her to a drink later. You deserve a reward, Kate.” I said.

“Come here, and ride me.”

I pushed my chair away from the hungry cock suckers, and surprised Gloria a bit, making her stumble backwards slightly, before continuing her boob rub on my shoulders and upper back. Vicky and Gigi whined a bit, having my cock pulled away from their hungry mouths.

“Thank you so much, master.” Katelyn said, and walked over to me with a sexy swing to her ass.

My young intern spread her legs above my lap, used her hand to align my cock with her pussy, and plunged her hips down with experienced practice. Well, she has been my slave the longest, and her tight snatch was shaped to fit my cock, by now. I'm the only one who fucked her for almost a year, and I've been doing it quite a lot.

Her ass wasn't used to the tattoos, though, and they were still fresh enough to offer a bit of pain, with the pleasure of making her master happy. I'm not a cruel man, but I couldn't resist the

temptation of spanking her already sore ass a bit, so I could enjoy her pure devotion to me.

Slap

“Nyaaa” She moaned hard, as pain seared through her ass, and pleasure throbbed in her wet cunt “Thank you, master!”

Slap

Smack

Spank

She wrapped her arms around me, and started riding me even faster, kissing my neck. She may have been a bit of a masochist before I enslaved her, because the more I seared her ass with the palms of my hand, the hotter and more passionate she became.

“Gloria, feed her your nipples. She's a good slave today.” I said, spanking my lovely intern once more, as Gloria fed her one thick hard nipple to nibble on, while still giving me a nice massage with her other tit. Feeling the young woman suckle on her erect nipple hardened the other one even more, and increased the pleasure I received from the massage.

“Oh, yeah! This has been a very educational day! Ahhhh!” I moaned, and came hard inside of Katelyn. She felt my orgasm starting, and pushed her hips down to receive my load as deep as she could inside her, giving my cock the warmest, wettest, most amazingly arousing surrounding, to explode in.

I once more enjoyed the fact I never needed to hold back my pleasure, ever again, and allowed my slave to have her own quivering orgasm on top of me. She was vibrating around my now sensitive cock, and writhed over me for a few blissful seconds.

I spent the rest of the time before the jury finished their deliberations sitting on my chair, and switching between slutty mouths that attempted to both clean my cock, and get me hard again. I regained an erection just as I got the call that the verdict was ready, which proved that having a harem of sex slaves doesn't mean you can't be interrupted in the worst of moments.

I could afford a couple of minutes to cum again, before heading out, though. I decided to fuck Vicky senseless, bending her over my desk, and hearing her moan and beg me to use her tight teen

body. Fucking Jim's daughter right before my brilliant plot sends him to jail for a long time was the best thing ever.

Knowing she will stand before him, and stare at him with cold eyes, while he stares back at her with dim-witted confusion, not knowing her pussy was just creamed by the geek he bullied at highschool, and wondering why she lied at court about him abusing her. I almost wanted to make the ultimate comic book villain's mistake, and admit my plot to him, just to see the look on his face. I won't, though. I'm not that stupid.

These thoughts running through my head made my climax come unusually early, and I poured my cum into her with a big smile on my face, just to feed my fantasy, which was about to come true. Her father hauled away to jail, while my junk swims in her tight cunt. I kept thinking about it after I pulled out, and blew an accidental spurt on her ass.

“Gigi, lick her clean.” I said.

The hot Latina licked my cum off of Vicky's ass, and finished with a few wet kisses on her pussy, which started to slowly drip my thick white load out. I made a mental note to have these two perform lesbian shows for me in the future – Maybe while Gloria gives me a nice tit massage.

I continued thinking of my future fun with my sex slaves, until the judge demanded order in the court, hammering his gavel down. I didn't want my constant day dreaming to interrupt this joyous moment.

“Have the jury reached a decision?” The judge asked the jury representative.

“Yes, your honor.” She responded “We find the defendant...”

I took a deep breath of anticipation, while Jim did the same.

“Guilty on all accounts.”

There was a rumble in the court, as Diana and Vicky breathed a sigh of relief, and Jim looked shocked, as if his life was just ruined completely. Oh wait, it was!

“NO!” He shouted, pleading one last time “THIS IS ALL A LIE! I never did any of this” He started moping. He almost made me feel bad, until I remembered the time he made me eat my own arm hair.

“Take him away!” The judge said.

“No!” He continued shouting, as the police officers hauled him out of the court room.

“Diana! Why?!” He pleaded with the woman who was his wife for twenty years “What happened to you?!”

“Vicky!” He said, turning to his eighteen year old daughter “Please! If someone is forcing you, trust me, we can fight it together! Please!” His daughter turned away from him in disgust, and he looked as if he shattered completely at that moment.

The only thing that made the scene more fun for me, was the knowledge she had my cum deep in her young cunt, the whole time. Okay, I may be obsessing about that a bit, but again, can you blame me?

He then noticed me smiling, and I may have had a slightly wicked grin on my face.

“*YOU!*” He shouted at me “*RON! YOU FUCKING RAT! I know it's you! YOU DID THIS! I'm gonna kill YOU!*”

“Uh oh” I said, as I watched him struggle to get away from the officers holding him.

“Come on, you scumbag.” One of them said, forcefully pulling Jim away, while two others helped. The last thing I heard was one of the cops saying “It's never your fault, is it, dirt-bag? It's always someone else coming to get you. Pathetic!”

Oh, yes, he was indeed pathetic. I stood there in the court room, and engraved the scene in my mind. I won. There's nothing else to it. After everything that happened in my life. After all the bullying. After the girl of my dreams chose him. I ended up on top, and that's an understatement.

Myself and my five sweet sex slaves left the court room together, and walked to our respective cars. When I felt we were at a safe distance away, I placed my hands on the slave asses

walking closest to me, one was Diana's, and the other Gloria's, but both asses belonged to me, now.

I sent Gloria and Gigi to their car with a slap on the ass, and a squeeze of their tits, and told Katelyn to bring my own car around. I planned to have Diana drive us while Vicky gave me head.

“We're heading to yours and Jim's home, Diana, which belongs to me from now on, of course.”

“Of course master. As you wish.”

No more need for me to live in a crummy apartment on the wrong side of town. I now owned two adjacent suburban houses, and the white picket fences that went along with them. Oh, and the four ladies that went with them, too.

As I felt Vicky's hot mouth landing on my cock once again, and a second later felt the depth of her throat as she bobbed her head up and down on my erection, all I could think of was those Hollywood movies, and their happy unrealistic endings. I lost my naivete a long time ago, but as I looked to the future, only one thought crossed my mind...

Isn't it nice when the good guy finishes first, and gets the girl?

“Yeah, really nice.” I said out loud with a happy sigh, and fed Vicky another dose of my cum.

* * * *

Two months later...

I sat down on the sofa, and watched my favorite program, with my intern, and Vicky dancing naked on either side of the TV, just in case I got bored. Well, what I was really sitting on were Diana's new boobs. I found her newly enlarged cleavage to provide great and comfy support to my buttocks.

Diana never had much in the way of big boobs. In fact, her daughter was much larger. Probably the only difference between them. So, I had her remodeled to fit my needs better. Her tits nearly matched Gloria's now.

I looked at Vicky for a second, and admired the tattoos I had my newest slave, Michelle, draw on her. One of her tits spelled out 'sex' while the other had the word 'toy' on it. On her ass were the words "Please fuck.", with arrows pointing towards her pussy and ass.

Her inner thigh had the word "cum dump" with an arrow pointing to her cunt. The permanency of those tattoos made it that much hotter.

The tattoo chick, Michelle, was at work, and she was certainly a fantastic slave. She had a slender body, an ass that I couldn't get tired of fucking, and she made me money, too! Lots of money, actually, with her tattoo business. Plus, she branded my slaves with any tattoo I wanted her to, free of charge.

There was a knock on the door, and I had Vicky get dressed and answer it, while I wiggled my ass on my comfy Diana-boob seat. She returned topless, and smiling. Behind her, two Latina goddesses walked in. They were topless, as well.

"Hello, master" Gloria said "Me and gigi thought you might need two more pairs of boobs for dinner."

They both went to their knees, and served their tits up to me.

"Oh, good thinking." I said, enjoying the irony of my mindless slaves 'thinking'.

"Ride me, Gloria." I said, and lay down on top of Diana. The hot Latina woman didn't need to hear anything else. With a big smile on her face, she rushed to obey, and mere seconds later, I watched her tits bounce up and down before my face, as she bounced her hips on my cock.

I grabbed her neck and brought her face closer to mine, choking her a bit.

"What are you?" I said, banging her harder.

"Your fuck-doll, master." She said, making slight choking sounds.

"That's right!" I said, removing one hand from her neck to slap her across the face.

"And that means I get to do whatever I want with you."

“Yes master. You can do whatever you wish with my body, and soul.” She said, happily taking the physical abuse, while never stopping her hips from gyrating on top of me.

“And to think you're so vehement about domestic abuse, usually.” I said, mocking her, and slapped her face again.

“This doesn't qualify, master. No one can tell you how to treat your own property.”

“Yeah, that's right, bitch.” I said, and slapped her ass.

“Okay, get off.” I said, tossing her off the sofa, and sitting up straight.

“Use those boobs properly, now.” I told the big titted Latinas.

“Yes master.” Mother and daughter said together, and hugged my cock with their big tits from both sides, before starting to rub it with their massive mounds of flesh.

After the warm up inside Gloria, it didn't take me long to cum. I sprayed my jizz on their tits, not missing a single spot, when I remembered something.

“Hey whores.” I said, getting their attention “Remember the picture I was too cautious to take back then? Well, I think it's time to do it. Press your tits against each other.”

They did as I said, while still on their knees, and I brought my smart phone. They looked even better kneeling down, pressing their tits together as hard as they could, with cum sprayed all over them. I took a few pictures, and wondered if I would ever release them, just for fun.

“Oh fuck!” I said, as I realized I missed something I really wanted to watch on my show.

“Stupid bitches! You made me miss it!”

They both made such a cute apologetic face, as they begged for forgiveness.

“Make my dinner, and then spank yourselves a hundred times on each slutty butt cheek.”

“Yes master. Thank you for punishing us, master” They said, and crawled away.

“Heh, domestic abuse, indeed.” I laughed, and sat back down on Diana's tits. Life was perfect, and nothing could ever ruin that.

What? Oh, Jim?

Yeah, he got fifteen years of hard time. Which might end up as ten for good behavior. I'll definitely have to plan for that, at some point.

There's still plenty of time, though, and his daughter and wife's fuck holes aren't getting any tighter.

“Eh, screw it. I'll catch it online. To the bedroom, bitches!”

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Safe Harbor – The Over Achiever

* * * * *

Chapter One - Prologue

In the girlishly decorated room of a recently legal maiden of eighteen years, all was silent and serene, like a pink-colored, flower-encrusted womb, a still frame of recently lost innocence. Phoebe, the young maiden who called the room her own, lay in a fetal position on her soft, cushy bed, nearly nude and in deep slumber.

She cuddled the pillow with her skinny arms, drooling upon it from bright pink lips. Her knees touched her elbow, her pink panties tightly enveloped her pert behind, and her smooth legs glistened in the neon light, shining from above her. She was so tired, exhausted, and unnerved, that she didn't even bother to turn it off before falling into bed.

She felt safe in her room, but the relaxed calm that engulfed her stood in contrast with her dreams and inner thoughts. Even within her deep, deep sleep, the young woman was in turmoil.

Her dreams drifted between nightmares influenced by her stress of the exam she had to attend that very day, and nightmarish misgivings concerning her last exchange with Ashley, her amorous study buddy, among other things. An exchange that was heated in all the wrong ways.

She had been so cried-out and tired by the time she got home, that taking a quick shower and falling like a rock to her bed was the most she could do. Well, she also succeeded in relieving some of her pent-up sexual frustration during that shower, making her feel like in a drunken stupor when she clumsily stumbled out of it.

Phoebe thought she heard the bathroom door open as she fiddled her shaven pussy and played with her clit, under the steaming hot water. Normally, Phoebe would've gasped, moved the shower curtains just enough to peek beyond them, and stare sternly at the intruder, be it her mother or her older sister, Chloe.

She was so out of it, at that point, however, that she just ignored the noise and kept on masturbating, knowing both her mom and Chloe would be surprised to see her being so frisky with her youthful body. At that point, she didn't even care anymore.

What the lewd little sleeping beauty did not know, was that for a few days now, their three bedroom apartment has played host to a very unique intruder, and that her family had already been enthralled to his ultimate service.

Matt was his name, and hypnosis was his game. At his command, Phoebe's own mother took luscious pictures of the sweet, nubile young lady, and gleefully held the pictures before him as he fucked Chloe, her older daughter, senseless.

In one of the most ironic strokes of fortune, Phoebe's stress infused fatigue placed her in her most relaxed and calm place, sleeping like a log on her own private bed, right when the so called 'hypno-rapist' needed it the most. After all, if Matt was to use their home as a sanctuary, he would have to pacify Phoebe as well, and enlist her into his service as another of his brainwashed sex toys.

The door to her room cracked open, and into the comfy womb stepped a man and his two mindless blonde sex slaves, known to Phoebe as 'mom' and 'Chloe'. They donned sheepish smiles on their faces, happy to guide their master and help him in the taking of the young gazelle sleeping so soundly on the bed, not even flinching as they shut the door behind them.

“She's so fucking hot...” Matt said as he looked her up and down, from her perky cleavage, peeking through her flimsy pink top, and down to her perfect ass and creamy long legs.

“She's all yours, master.” Said the topless MILF fuck-toy next to him.

“Yes, she is.” He smiled at her, taking a handful of her big tits “I just need to teach her that.”

“Yes, master.” Both women whispered, playfully moving their topless upper bodies from side to side.

If there was one thing the already indoctrinated blonde bimbos knew, as they looked upon their master with pleading eyes filled with servile submission, it was that becoming the devoted hypno-fuckdolls of their master made their lives so much better, and so much simpler. They would never exchange their present state of mindless obedience with anything else, even if they could.

And given a choice between their master and their sister or daughter, their priorities were so obvious it sent a jolt of pleasure to their owned cunts. They pressed their bare breasts onto his shoulders, smiled, and awaited his instructions.

It was finally Phoebe's turn, and once she learned her place, their master will finally be free to rule their house as the king, nay, the god he truly was, and they would be free to spend the rest of their pathetic existence worshiping him. They only hoped the young, nubile, gorgeous blonde lying so seductively on the bed would have the sense to thank him properly for such a magnificent honor.

Matt grabbed the feminine, bubbly behinds he owned, to the sound of Chloe and Janice's lewd whimpers. He smiled, and moved one step forward.

“Well, I came.” He said “Many times, in most of your holes, in fact.” He japed at his mindless slavegirls.

“I saw,” He continued, pinching their asses while fixing his gaze on the still unclaimed rear of the sexy and young Phoebe.

And with a triumphant smile of a true ruler, he said “Time to conquer.”

Chapter Two

Matt gave his two slave-bitches a hearty pinch on the behind, and moved closer to Phoebe's bed.

“If she wakes up and starts making a fuss, I'll need you two to help me restrain her.” He whispered back to them.

“Yes master.” The naked mother and daughter pair said, their tits slowly rising and falling as they breathed relaxingly, waiting for their master to require their services.

He sat on the bed next to the young, lewdly dressed blonde, and took a deep breath, waiting a few seconds to make sure the sudden weight shift on the bed did not disturb her slumber.

Matt gently ran his fingers along her slender hand, all the way from her shoulder to her elbow, caressing her fair skin ever so slightly. Phoebe reacted by pleasantly cuddling her pillow tighter, a sweet smile forming on her face. She was in the perfect state of mind for Matt to do his business.

He lowered his head and began bending her ear with a soothing voice, mesmerizing the already absolutely relaxed girl into a suggestive, hypnotic trance.

“Hello, Phoebe, are you enjoying your stay in my dreamland.” He spoke into her ear with a low baritone, making sure each and every dreamy word was clear and intelligible.

Phoebe's only reaction was a small frown. Her eyes remained closed shut, and her body shifted barely half an inch further into her fetal position, her cute ass bending even further. Matt had to struggle not to ogle at her stretched pink panties and perfectly petite behind in the mirror standing in front of her bed.

He considered telling Chloe and Janice to stand before it and obscure his view of his sexy next conquest, but quickly realized four shapely tits, one young and perky and the other older and far heavier, would only serve to distract him further.

Either way, Phoebe's reaction was just what he hoped it would be. It may have seemed miniscule to an ignorant passer-by, but Matt knew she was listening attentively. In fact, in her present state of deep sleep, she had no other choice but to listen to him, and absorb the first seeds of his control over her mind.

“That's right, Phoebe, I am the one in charge of your dreams. I always try to give you happy ones, filled with love, hope, and most importantly, pleasure.” He continued in a drawn out voice, trying to not sound bored as he repeated his usual and well rehearsed exposition – The one he used on so many sleeping nubile young women before her.

He still needed to be cautious, however, especially with her. He had lived in her home for a few days, and though she was mostly out studying for exams, he had her personality pegged quite well. If Matt had a choice, he would not use such a direct approach on a girl like Phoebe, with her strong sense of reason, superior intellect, and critical thinking abilities.

He continued caressing her body in a loving fashion, blowing a soothing breeze of wind in her hair, before continuing his speech.

“But you don't always make things so easy for me, my sweet Phoebe, do you? Hmm?” He said coyly, patting her head.

“It isn't easy being the dream lord of such a serious, stern, and diligent adolescent girl. You're always so concerned with your daily affairs – School, family, and even global daily affairs.” He sighed.

“Not that I'm complaining - It's my job, after all, but it's really difficult to distract you from your worries and give you good dreams. Your obsessive focus on whatever troubles you is giving you so many bad dreams, so many nightmares.”

Matt played off the info he received from Janice and Chloe, who made a point of stating Phoebe seemed to be going through some emotional turmoil. He knew from her accepting and sleepy reaction that his hunch was correct, the lewd little hottie had been having nightmares.

“If only you could forget those things that trouble and disturb you. If only you could forsake them, I would give you such pleasant dreams.”

She loosened her cuddling grip on her pillow, and a half smile formed on her gorgeous face.

“That is my duty.” He drove the point home, cementing a sense of trust in his voice within her mind.

He didn't give her too long to really process the information he gave her. With her sharp mind, she may realize it didn't make sense, and that was a chance he could not afford to take.

“I know how to help you, Phoebe.” He said calmly and assertively “That is why I have revealed myself to you.”

“You are no longer a child, but a woman grown, and it's time for me to show you what a dream lord is capable of. I cannot do it without your help, however.”

She tightened her grip of her blanket for a second, and stretched her legs, sighing. Matt put his entire focus on every motion and facial expression, and continued once her muscles relaxed.

“Are you going to help me, Phoebe?” He asked “Will you help me bring you nothing but good dreams? Will you help me make you forget your worries?”

He waited a couple of seconds, and saw no reaction.

“You can trust me, Phoebe. I have been helping you from the moment you were born, and I won't leave you until you draw your final breath.”

He paused for another small moment.

“Will you let me help you, Phoebe?” He asked again.

“Yes.” She mumbled quietly and almost inaudibly, her lips barely moving.

Matt smiled, predatory lust in his eyes.

“Good girl.” He said in a praising tone as he patted her long, smooth, blonde hair “That's a very good girl.”

“I always had the power to influence your dreams, but now you will give me total control, Phoebe.” His voice was

authoritative and strong.

“So that I can make sure all your worries and fears are no more.” He touched her shoulder gently.

“That's a good girl.” He said again, making her smile and cutely cuddle her pillow.

With Phoebe in an agreeable and attentive state, Matt moved to the next phase of her induction.

“Forget your nightmares, Phoebe, and let me guide you into the best dream, one you won't ever want to wake up from.”

“You are now floating in outer space, swimming among the stars and galaxies, majestic colors swirling around you, purple and blue, silver and white and gold all around you.”

“To your right you see a slowly spinning nebula, a mesmerizing and relaxing sight. It makes you feel so good to fly weightlessly through space. You have never felt so calm, so relaxed.”

He stopped and gave her a few seconds to enjoy the picture he painted in her mind.

“Calm...” She murmured with a merry smile.

“You are willing to give everything to stay as happy as you are now, Phoebe, and me, your dream lord, can make that happen. I can make sure you will never be sad or scared, ever again. You want that.” He stated factually, and Phoebe sighed in agreement.

He ran his hand along her thigh, brushing against the fabric of her tight pink panties, feeling secure enough to be a little frisky with the nubile angel lying on the bed beside him.

“I'll tell you a special, dream-lord secret, Phoebe. The stars and galaxies you are so fluently flying around are actually parts of your mind. Every sparkling star, every shiny sun, and every blazing comet – They are your thoughts and fears, your worries and wishes, the things that make you sad and those that make you glad. Every star represents just one of your innermost traits. And now, I have full control of all of them. Do you understand, Phoebe?”

There was a moment of silence, and then Phoebe nodded with a silent “Yes...”

“That's 'Yes, dream lord.', Phoebe. Show me proper respect, and speak up.”

“Yes, dream lord.” She said with a louder voice.

“Good girl.” He moved his hand from her flowing golden hair all the way down to her slender waist.

“Very good girl.” He moved his hand to her behind and cupped her bubbly cheeks, fondling her shamelessly.

It was done. Phoebe was deeply relaxed and entranced. She willingly gave control of her mind to the man sitting next to her, and now it was time for him to toy with the gift she so graciously gave him, and mold it to fit his desires.

“I am going to count to three, Phoebe, and when I reach three, you will open your eyes and sit up on your bed, but you will not wake up from this trance you are in. Do you understand?”

“Yes, dream lord.” She said.

“You will look up at me, realize that I am the one in charge of every aspect of your consciousness and mind, and say 'I am ready to receive my orders, master.', understood?”

“Yes, dream lord.”

“Excellent.” He said with a glint in his eyes and a broad smile on his face.

“One, you feel yourself sinking to a place of total submission.”

“Two, you are happy to give absolute control over your life to me.”

“And Three.”

He stood up and glanced over to Chloe and Janice, still standing patiently on the side, proudly thrusting their tits up, showing their master what he owns. Phoebe jumped up to a sitting position as if she was an automaton, rather than a tired young woman. Her eyes were open and staring blindly ahead, glassily and blankly. Matt looked down at her perfect form, perfectly wrapped in her pink panties and loose pink top.

“Spread your legs for me.” He told her.

“Yes, dream lord.” She said immediately, his command bypassing any critical thinking processes and moving straight from her ears to her mouth, and almost as instantly over to her smooth legs, which opened as wide as her nubile body could take.

Wide eyed, Phoebe sat patiently at the edge of her bed while Matt touched her inner thighs and flicked his forefinger on the fabric covering her tight honeypot.

“Let's see now.” He mumbled and grasped the strap of her pink panties, pulling them up and wedging them in her moistening cunt.

“Nice, nice.” He said and backed away, stealing a quick fondle of her perky breasts. A watery stain formed on the part of her panties kissing her pussy lips, turning its color from pink to light red.

He took his place between his already brainwashed slaves, and grabbed their asses.

“Phoebe got my cock really hard, but she's still not ready to properly serve me.” He told them “So get on your knees and make out with my cock, bitches.”

He slapped their behinds and their knees buckled with a wet, slutty moan.

“Yes master.” They sang back at him. Janice rubbed his boxer shorts and felt his erection, while Chloe rubbed her tits together and salivated. When Janice lowered his shorts and his hard-on sprang out, both blondes looked at it as if seeing a beautiful flower. They cooed, and swooned towards it.

Not a second later, and Matt felt both sets of wet lips kiss his cock, one slippery tongue moving up the shaft to lick his tip and deep throat his rod, while the other moved down to give his balls some proper loving. Slurping, gagging, and kissing sounds filled Phoebe's room in no time.

Matt closed his eyes and moaned in bliss for a few seconds, and then opened them again and spoke to the thoroughly entranced Phoebe.

“First and foremost, Phoebe. You trust me completely.” He told her “Look at my face, and know that you trust no one else more than you trust me.”

“Yes, dream lord.” Phoebe turned her entranced eyes to him, and said.

“Everything I tell you is true, and everything else is a blatant lie. You can share everything with me, even secrets you wouldn't share with anyone else.”

“Yes, dream lord. I trust you completely. I can tell you everything, and everything you tell me is true. No one can ever contradict what you tell me.” She repeated his words in a way that was easier for her to comprehend.

“That's good, Phoebe.” Matt smiled, realizing that the young twat's strong powers of deduction worked for his benefit. Chloe coiled her tongue around his erect member and sucked deeply, oblivious to anything but her master's pleasure.

“I want you to rub that tight little cunt of yours, Phoebe. As you do, make sure to remember that you can only have such pleasure thanks to my instructions.”

“Yes, dream lord.”

The normally serious blonde teen reached between her widely spread legs and started mechanically rubbing her pussy lips through the fabric, her gaze still fixed on the man that now had complete control of her mind, and thus, by extension, her body.

“Now answer me this: Why were you so upset this morning?” Matt asked, his curiosity getting the better of him. Janice told him that her younger daughter came back sulking after a night of studying at a friend's house, with signs of tears recently shed on her pristine and beautiful face.

Her perfectly pink lips parted, but no words came out.

“Were you stressed because of your exam today?” He pushed “Remember, all your fears are gone now, thanks to me, so it no

longer matters.”

Phoebe reminded herself that she trusted him completely, even more than her own mother and sister.

“No, dream lord.” She said “It wasn't that at all.”

“What then?” He was quite surprised. He thought he had the hot young over-achiever fully pegged by now.

“I had a fight with my girlfriend, Ashley.” She droned out, her pupils trembling in her eyes. Chloe looked at her little sister while lovingly running her tongue along her master's shaft, eyes wide in unexplained surprise.

“Girlfriend?” Matt asked “You mean she's your lover?”

“Yes, dream lord.” Phoebe answered without skipping a beat “We've been meeting at her home while her parents were away, and, well...” She hesitated. Janice replaced Chloe, tenderly sucking his rod.

“And what?” He asked with a smile, roughly face fucking Janice “You completely trust me, Phoebe.” He reminded her.

“We would meet and talk, and...And make out, and...And have sex. I...I love her.” Her blank eyes moistened as she spoke in a sweet, uncertain voice.

“Well, that's quite heart warming.” Matt said, grabbed a handful of Chloe and Janice's hair, and arched their heads up, looking down on them. Their sparkling, adoring eyes were fixed on him, and their tongues were stuck to his raging erection.

“Did you bitches know about this at all?” He asked.

Chloe was the first to pull her tongue back with a kiss.

“No master. I always thought Phoebe wasn't interested in sex or boys. I guess now I know why.”

“I had no idea either, master. I knew she and Ashley were good friends, but I never considered they might be romantically involved.” Janice agreed.

“I insisted on meeting her at her home because I didn't want my sister to find out, dream lord.” Phoebe admitted blankly.

Matt smirked and nudged Chloe and Janice back onto his cock.

“It's a good thing I'm here, then. I really brought this little family closer together, haven't I? Heh.”

“Yeth **Slurp** master.” Chloe said and proceeded to gag on his cock with a servile smile.

“My life would have no meaning **Lick** if you weren't here, master.” Janice said and kissed his balls, pinching her nipple and twisting it.

In a way, Janice should have been grateful to Matt for turning her into his sex slave. If she cared about anything other than his pleasure, learning that her daughter hid such an important detail of her life would've made her feel bad, at the very least.

As she was now, Phoebe's admission barely registered in her addled mind, and even if it did, it would seem irrelevant and insignificant.

“So. *Ohh*. what did you fight about?” He asked Phoebe, still sitting her perfect behind on the soft mattress and looking at him with unblinking eyes.

“She wants to make our relationship public, I don't.”

“Oh? Why? I thought you girls were progressive and liberal in this household.” He half mocked “Are you really afraid your family won't accept you? That doesn't seem to make sense...” He asked more seriously.

“I don't want all the undue attention...” Phoebe's voice became a little emotional, as if she was still having the argument in her head.

Matt didn't want her to get riled up and awaken from her trance.

“Don't worry, Phoebe. Trust me, and I'll make sure all your problems with Ashley are solved. But you'll have to do precisely what I tell you.”

“Yes, dream lord.” Phoebe said, a seed of hope implanted within her, that perhaps if she properly obeyed, her relationship

troubles will be solved.

In a whimsical heartbeat, he tossed Chloe and Janice aside, and had them kneel before him.

“Okay, let's begin. First of all, Phoebe, when you are deep in trance, as you are now, you will refer to me as master. This dream lord thing is cute, but I prefer a more formal approach.”

“Yes master.”

“Whenever you hear me say the words 'freshly feathered lullaby', you will return to this state of deep, obedient trance.”

“Yes master.” The nubile young woman said, engraving the words in her presently empty mind.

He thought for a few moments, arranging his wishes as a line of simple and understandable instructions.

“Now, for the fun part.” He sent a hand to grab Janice's big tits, squeezed once, and kept going.

“When I awaken you, Phoebe, you'll obviously recognize me from the news as the so called hypno rapist. You won't be bothered by it, however, because it is all just a big misunderstanding.”

“A big...Misunderstanding...” She repeated, and ended with another submissive “Yes master”.

“That's right, Phoebe. You see, some women are simply born to be submissive sex toys. Not every woman can be ambitious and independent like you.”

“Born to be. Sex toys.”

“Exactly, Phoebe. It makes perfect sense to you. It flawlessly fits your view of the world. Some women exist to serve their master, it's the purpose of their lewd, feminine bodies, and of their lives.”

“Yes master, I understand. It makes perfect sense. Some women exist to serve their master. They are sex slaves from birth.” Phoebe agreed, her whole ideology changing in a heart beat.

“Good girl.”

He wordlessly directed Chloe and Janice to come closer, and they obediently moved to each of his sides. Each of them hugged one of his legs, their breasts mashed on his thighs. They faced Phoebe and stared deep into her empty, entranced eyes.

“Phoebe, Your mother, Janice, and your older sister, Chloe, are my sex slaves.” He informed the skimpily clothed eighteen year old, delicately brushing the two silky blonde manes at his feet.

“I understand, master.” She said instantly, eager to please even with her mind so vacant.

“That means my pleasure is more important to them than you are. They are here to please me, and I control whatever they do. Any interaction they have with you is dependent on my approval.”

“Of course master. They are your toys, your property.” She naturally agreed.

“That's quite correct, dear.” He said with a smile, happy to see how well she was taking his new rules.

“And it's totally natural for me to use them sexually whenever and wherever I want, even if it's right in front of you.”

“Clearly, master.” Phoebe said with a drawn out sigh, almost sounding bored.

Matt paused to consider whether he should try to go a little further, seeing as she took to his reprogramming of her so nicely.

“And one more thing, Phoebe.” He said upon making his hasty decision “It's normal and proper for me to touch and fondle you in any way I wish while we're here at home. You don't feel embarrassed or shy about your body at all, and casually accept whatever comment I make about it.”

“Of course master. It's perfectly normal for you to touch me while in the privacy of home. It would be impolite to complain when you make indecent comments or gestures about my body.”

He clapped his hands with a big grin.

“Fantastic, Phoebe. You are a surprisingly good subject.”

“Thank you very much, master.” Phoebe said with a cute smile and a courteous nod.

“Now repeat your orders for me, just to make sure.”

“Yes master.”

As diligent and studious as ever, Phoebe repeated her instructions to the letter, letting them sink in and become one with the foundations of her psyche.

“I will casually accept any liberties you wish to take with my body. My mom and Chloe are your obedient sex toys, and exist to please you – It's perfectly normal. The stories about you on the news are nothing but a mix-up, a misunderstanding. I will return to this state of perfect obedience when I hear you say 'freshly feathered lullaby'.”

She turned her face to his general direction with a thousand mile stare.

“I trust you completely, master. If I obey you, my problems will be solved, and I will have no worries, no problems, and no fears.”

“Such a good student.” Matt grinned at her, standing bottomless before her, his hard cock receiving the loving, wet pecks of his two obedient toys.

“Now, I will count backwards from three to one. When I reach one, you will wake up. You will remember nothing of what I told you while entranced, but will follow all the instructions I gave you. Do you understand?”

“I understand, master.”

Chapter Three

Phoebe blinked a few times, feeling a tad disoriented. She shook her head, and rubbed the cobwebs from her eyes. Weirdly enough, she didn't feel as if she spent the last few hours with her eyes closed, at all.

She was sitting on her bed, clearly ready to get up and start the day, even though she didn't really get a lot of sleep that night. Truth be told, she was quite surprised she woke up so soon, considering how tired she had been and the fact she only went to sleep in the early hours of the morning. That wasn't bad, however, considering her exam was only a few hours away.

Fully awake and aware of the world around her, Phoebe quickly figured out what woke her up so early.

"Ahh! Yes master! Bend my nubile body and fuck my tight pussy hard, master!" Her sister squealed in delight while her master rammed into her, doggy style, up against the wall.

"Do you have to do this here, Matt?" She yawned and asked.

"Is there a problem?" Matt asked casually, not even looking in her direction, and spanked Chloe hard.

"I was sleeping..." Phoebe complained.

"Oh yeah, sorry about that, hun. You know how it's like, though, I get an urge and my sex slave is right there, it's hard to resist the temptation." He grabbed Chloe's hair and pulled her up to him.

"Isn't it, slave?"

"Ahh! Yes master!" The blonde sex toy moaned as her master banged her "I'm here to please your every wish, whenever! Wherever! Ahhh! Whatever you wish!"

Phoebe looked at her sister's tight, bent over ass jiggle with every deep thrust, and sighed in boredom.

"I wouldn't know, Matt. I never had a sex slave of my own." She got up from her bed and stretched her muscles. This time Matt did look at her, specifically her slender legs and slim waist.

Her pink panties were still moist between her legs, and her nipples showed their presence beneath her shirt.

“I can lend you one of my slaves for a bit, if you want.” Matt said, still staring at her.

“Eww, they're my mom and sister, Matt!” She said, appalled.

“Oh right, right, sorry.” He barely contained a chuckle, and turned back to fucking Chloe.

Janice was kneeling at his feet, holding her big boobs in her hands and rubbing them in a circular motion.

“What about lunch, mom?” Phoebe asked, but Janice was so transfixed on her master gloriously fucking her other daughter, that she couldn't hear a single word.

“Mom!” Phoebe screamed assertively, trying to steal her, admittedly fragile, attention.

“Wha'?” Her mom jumped in surprise and asked dumbly “huh?” She stared at her younger daughter with the eyes of a brainless bimbo.

“How was I born to such a brain-dead sex toy? I need to move out of here as soon as possible...” Phoebe lamented.

“What about lunch?” Phoebe asked again, hoping her slow-witted mom didn't already lose focus.

“*Ohh.*” The air-headed MILF said “Whatever master wants.” She said plainly, and averted her gaze back to the mesmerizing sight of her master's cock pumping into Chloe's tight cunt.

Matt realized he didn't even have any breakfast, and was starting to feel quite starved.

“You know what? Lunch is a good idea.” He said, and pulled out of Chloe.

“Wipe my cock with your tits and go make it.” He told Janice.

“Yes master!” Janice bounced her tits with her hands and quickly wrapped them around her master's junk, even his balls were gently cradled by her gigantic fun-bags.

“What will you be making?” Phoebe stood next to Matt and looked down at her whore of a mother.

“I can give you the leftovers from breakfast, Phoebe, since you ate so little and Chloe doesn't need to eat anything other than master's cum. I have to put all my effort on making the best lunch for master.” She diligently rubbed his cock, Chloe's pussy juices shining both his rod and the valley between her jugs.

Matt took the opportunity and pinched Phoebe's nipple through her blouse.

“*Ngh!*” She let out a squeal and stared at Matt for a second, looking as if she was about to say something. Instead, she blinked a few times, and turned back to her mom.

“I don't want leftovers, mom, can't you make the same meal for me and Matt?” She whined, and Matt wrapped his arm around her hips, grabbed her ass, and pulled her close to him.

“Of course not, Phoebe.” Janice huffed and panted as she worked her entire upper body for her master “That would be rude to our master!”

“Can't be rude to the one who owns us!” Chloe said with a wiggle to her cute butt, still bent over on the wall, ready for anything her master wishes.

Matt held Phoebe in his arm and pressed her soft body to him, sticking his hand in her pink panties and grabbing her raw ass cheek.

“Whatever...” Phoebe said, rolling her eyes, her perky tits pressed against his body. She wore nothing under her shirt, so he felt how hard her nipples were on the broad meat of his shoulder.

Matt looked from Phoebe's exasperated, bored face, down to Janice's warm, loving ones.

“Okay, I think you're done scrubbing my cock.” He said, and immediately the tight grip of her tits on his shaft loosened.

“Go ahead and make me some lunch.”

Janice jumped to her feet so quickly she nearly fell back down, and scurried out of the room, walking like a whore, vibrantly shaking her ass with every step.

“Can't you tell her to make me some proper, fresh food?” Phoebe asked, her face an alluring mix of pleading and resentful judgment. Matt still had a handful of her tight, smooth behind in one hand, and with a big smile, moved his other hand below her shirt to cup her firm, young tits.

“Of course I could, but come on Phoebe, I didn't even eat breakfast today. You can't expect me to deny my devoted servants a chance to please me.” He said while squeezing her breast hard and moving her body back and forth like a doll.

Phoebe whimpered lightly, but otherwise ignored the rough fondling.

“I guess that's true...” She said in a resigned tone “Sorry.” She apologized to him, suddenly feeling bad about being so cranky. Her fight with Ashley was still affecting her, she realized, not to mention her nearing final exam.

“Oh, it's okay, hun. Why don't you kiss me right here” he pointed to his cheek “and go have your lunch.”

Phoebe smirked cutely, feeling a tight squeeze on her pert behind, followed by a three finger pinch.

“Yeah okay.” She said, puckered her pristine lips and gave his unshaven cheek a long, moist peck.

“I'll see you at the table.” He said, and took his hands off of her willing body.

Phoebe nodded with a smile, and turned to walk away, not even considering changing to something less revealing.

“*Mm!*” Matt snuck in a hearty spank before her cute behind got out of range, and turned over to give the still bent over Chloe another short banging. Phoebe left her room and turned toward the living room, but not before giving the pornographic scene happening in her room a final glance, giving the soaked part of her pink panties a single, horny brush of a finger.

Phoebe unenthusiastically picked the crummy, cold leftover food off her plate with a fork while Matt fondled her tits through her shirt. Chloe was hidden under the table, the only indication of her very existence were the soft moans and slurps she

occasionally made as she sucked her master off in a paced and pleasant rhythm.

Janice came from the kitchen with a plate of hot food, a juicy steak cooked to perfection next to an omelet, with a side of salad which she carried on a different plate. She lay the food before her master, and poured some of their finest red wine into his glass.

“Bon appetit, master.” She said and sat across from him, thrusting her shapely tits for him to feast his eyes upon. She started bouncing her big fun-bags for him without even being told to. With no plate before her, and nothing to eat, she had nothing to do other than being a nice bit of eye candy for her owner.

“Looks great.” He said, giving Phoebe's nipples a final twist, to which she responded with an uncomfortable frown as she begrudgingly chewed on her cold meal.

Matt picked his knife and fork, and attacked the steak hungrily.

“Mm, delicious. Suck me off slower, Chloe, I want to enjoy this steak along with your lips.” He told the obedient sex doll under the table, not wanting to ejaculate too quickly.

“Yeth Mather” Came a muffled response, and Chloe slowed her head bobbing to half of what it was, her lips tightly holding her master's shaft. She even slowed her tongue twirls around his cock, giving him an almost perfect, slow motion blowjob.

Phoebe couldn't help but stare at Matt's meal and salivate in desire, a fact that was not lost on the devious master hypnotist.

“Anything wrong Phoebe?” He asked innocently, slightly thrusting into Chloe's mouth as he adjusted himself on his chair.

“Uhm no, nothing.” Phoebe shook her head and returned to her own crummy plate.

“Okay then” Matt said in a mocking tone, rubbed her back in a reassuring, though rather sexual manner, reaching nearly as low as her pink panties, and returned to his meal.

Phoebe found it impossible to avert her gaze from the gourmet meal right next to her, and quickly drooled on her own plate once

again, while staring at Matt eating the perfectly cooked meat.

“C-Can I have some of yours, Matt?” She asked, taking Matt's attention from Janice's bouncing tits.

Matt looked at her and smiled in silence for a few seconds, just to fuck with her a bit.

“No sorry, I'm really hungry.” He told the disappointed teen.

“You can have some of Chloe's lunch, if you want.” He added, pointing down to the table, where her sister knelt with her face between his legs, gagging and slurping.

Phoebe turned red, donned an angry frown, and smashed her fork on the table.

“Just because these two bimbos practically exist to be your slaves, doesn't mean you should treat me like a brainless slut, too!”

“Is that a no?” Matt asked coyly.

“Yes, it's a no! Believe it or not, but I still prefer this meal of stinky leftovers to a dose of your spunk!”

Matt chuckled and dragged his chair back, so he could look at Chloe, her mouth full with his bulging rod.

“Hear that, Slave?” He asked her.

Chloe popped her lips off of his shaft with a wet slurp.

“She's wrong, master. You cum is the best meal a woman can ever have.” She gave his tip a passionate kiss “Any woman.” She added. And she continued sucking him off with glee and gusto. Matt looked over to Phoebe with an 'I told you so' face.

“That's sweet.” She said sarcastically.

“Oh don't be like that.” Matt said, and fondled her perky breasts “Just finish your meal.”

“Yeah yeah, whatever.” Phoebe said while shaking her head in disapproval, not even responding to his leisurely violation of her petite body.

The rest of the meal was rather quiet. Phoebe read the morning paper, and the only sounds filling the air were her turning of the pages, her older sister's wet sucking sounds, and

an occasional smack of Janice's big jugs as she merrily shook them up and down, and side to side.

Phoebe reached another short article about their house guest, Matt, stating that he is still at large and loose upon the world.

“Tsk Tsk Tsk. Just unbelievable...” She said.

“What?” Matt asked.

“Oh nothing.” She said “Doesn't matter.” She figured he didn't want to be reminded of his predicament, but he already looked at the page she was reading.

“Oh right...” He said, his eyes fallen “That.”

Phoebe felt bad, and allowing him to reach between her legs didn't really help.

“I'm sorry Matt, I didn't. *Ngh*. Mean to.” She said as he tickled between her smooth legs.

“I don't get it, honestly.” She said, opening her legs a bit and sounding pissed “How can they claim you hypnotized women like that? Don't they know that's not how hypnosis works? Seriously...”

She whimpered as he pinched her clit, and he was barely able to hide his mischievous smile.

“I mean, can't they see that some women are...Mmmm...just predisposed to being sex toys?”

“Let's change the subject.” Matt said, pretending to be upset.

“Yeah, sure, sorry. I'm sure everything will be sorted out eventually...”

“I hope you're right.” He said, smiled at her, and patted her cheek with the same finger he used to rub her snatch.

“And until it is, I can just hide here.” He said and took a sip of his wine.

“Yep.” Phoebe smiled sweetly and said “What are friends and sex slaves for?”

“I mean I'm the friend, and Chloe and mom are the sex slaves.” She added, wanting to avoid any misunderstandings. The last thing she needed was him thinking she might be leaning

towards a life of sexual servitude, like the other cunts in her family.

Phoebe swallowed the last bite of her meal and got up from the table.

“Well, I still have a few hours of studying before heading to school. My exam is at five, wish me luck!”

“Good luck!” Matt said and slapped her bubbly butt so hard, that she jumped a bit on her way to her work desk in the living room.

“Wish your sister good luck, bitch.” He told Chloe.

Chloe tried to plop her lips off of his cock but he used his hands to keep her sucking.

“Goo' 'uck, thiter (good luck, sister)” She called out.

Matt grabbed her blonde head with both hands, and started fucking her throat hard, shoving his cock so deep into her that his pubes tickled her lips. He lowered his hands and let go of her head, but Chloe kept going at the same rapid pace and the same gagging depth, making her master groan in surprise.

“*Oh, oh. Ohh yeah!*” He moaned and exploded in her welcoming mouth, filling her throat with his thick load. He unloaded so much into her that a small portion overflowed from her mouth and stained her slutty, red, sweet lips.

“Swallow it, bitch.” He told her, and the hot slavegirl gulped it all down in an instant.

“Thank you for the meal, master.” She sang gleefully, a thick strand of whiteness going down from her cum-glazed lips to her chin.

“If you want dessert maybe you can munch on Phoebe's muff...” He started saying.

“No!” Phoebe called out from the living room “Didn't we already discuss this?!” She asked, a little pissed off.

“Oh, I was kidding.” He told her.

“She has great hearing.” He looked down at Chloe, who was busy licking his cock clean with her soft, gentle tongue.

Matt finished his meal and allowed his two slaves to lick the plate clean, on the floor where they belonged, with their asses hanging high in the air. Their only complaint was that the plate they were licking was bereft of his sperm. They did not dare to vocalize their silly gripe, of course, their master did not need to be bothered by such trivial concerns.

Having nothing better to do, Matt sat on the living room sofa and watched some TV. He had Janice dance seductively next to the TV set, just for fun. Phoebe sat before a desk a few feet away, and was clearly bothered by the high volume of the speakers. She did her best to ignore it, however, not wanting to confront him, knowing she was quite outnumbered with Chloe and her mom blindly following his every whim.

Chloe bounced like a giddy bunny from the kitchen to the living room, bringing her master the beer he wanted, and patiently waiting for further orders.

“Go dance with your mother.” He told her and took a long sip from the beer can Chloe opened for him.

“Of course master.” Chloe said, the smile never leaving her pretty face.

Phoebe massaged her forehead, irritated and unable to focus on her studies. Failing to solve a question on her example test sheet, she felt her confidence dwindling, and her nerves beginning to wreck.

She peeked over to the TV lounge where her mother and sister danced, and turned her face away when she saw Chloe turn her mother around and spank her ass, while wiggling her own bottom in Matt's general direction.

“Pfft, she would never allow me to smack her like that...” She mumbled, almost jealous of her enslaved sister.

Matt grunted and took the TV's remote in his hand.

“Fuck, this is so boring.” She heard him rant “Time for some real quality entertainment.” He said, and changed to one of the porn channels he had Janice unlock the other day.

Phoebe was willing to cope with the loud volume when Matt was watching normal programming, but the high pitched, deafeningly loud moans coming from the roughly fucked porn star was too much for her.

“Would you please turn it down a bit?” She asked, hoping Chloe and Janice were too busy shaking their enslaved bodies to berate her for interfering with his fun.

“No, I like it this loud.” Matt said, enjoying himself.

“Then at least put the headset on.” She almost begged.

“Nope.”

“Why? It's cordless! It won't be a bother...” She tried to reason with him.

“I'm not going to wear those stupid things on my ears.” He flat out refused. He was too used to getting whatever the hell he wanted, and never being concerned with the inconvenience of others.

Phoebe made an exasperated sigh and returned to her studies, but Matt was already quite distracted, and looking at her long, bare legs, crossed on her chair did nothing to help him calm down.

“You know, Phoebe, I really could use some *ahem* release.” He said, touching his crotch, making his intention as clear as day.

“What do you want from me? Use one of them...” She waved in Chloe and Janice's general direction, not even looking at him, or them.

“Oh, come on, I know you're not really interested in men, but I'm asking nicely here!” His voice had a mocking quality to it.

“Let's face it, if you really want me to change the channel, the fastest way would be to get me off yourself, luv.”

Phoebe stomped her pen on the desk, much like the fork on the dining table earlier, and turned to glare at him.

“I already told you, do *Not* mistake me for one of your whores!” She fumed.

“It's hard not to, they share so many traits with you, both physical and, hehe, otherwise.” He couldn't hide his glee any

longer.

“That's because they're my mom and my sister. Now, I'm fine with you using them like sex objects, mainly because there's nothing I can do to change their nature, but I won't let you disrespect me!”

She paused for a second, pondering as to how far she was willing to go with her rant. When he derisively chuckled at her, she had her answer.

“Listen to me, and listen good, if you keep this up I swear I will hurt you! You're making me want to call the police and turn you in, you fucking.”

“Oh, you really shouldn't have said that, girl.” Matt said, staring her down.

“And why's that?” She asked defiantly.

Matt smiled smugly at her.

“Because 'freshly feathered lullaby', bitch.” He said, and the defiance instantly went out of her, along with any ability to resist his wishes.

“Yes master.” She said, her face sealed and her eyes staring to a non-existent horizon, glassy and emotionless.

He got up and walked over to her desk, passing by Chloe and Janice, just to give their backsides a solid spank. Standing next to her, with his rod touching her cheek, he snickered.

“Don't get me wrong, hon, I'm certainly enjoying playing with you.” He said, patting her flowing, silky, golden hair, while using his other hand to rub his tip on her flushed, blushing cheek.

“Thank you, master.”

“But, like I said, right now I need release. So go ahead and jerk me off till I cum, you lovely little hottie.”

She blinked twice, parsing his wishes, which were so unfamiliar to her.

“Yes master.” She reached up and tenderly held her master's cock in the soft, dainty palm of her hand.

As foreign and strange as a man's cock was to Phoebe, her trance was so deep and her obedience so full, that not fulfilling

his wishes seemed just as absurd. The young beauty pumped back and forth, completely content with being a tool for the pleasure of the man who promised to end her worries and fears.

She looked up at him with blank eyes, looking to see if she was doing a good job, her hand moving all the way from tip to root, as gently and pleasantly as possible. Matt was enjoying her service, for sure, but something was still missing.

“Spit on your hand, slave. Lube this handjob up for me.”

Phoebe once again took a moment to understand his desires.

“Of course, master.” she said, let go of his cock, and quickly moistened it with her own saliva. While making sure her hand is sufficiently lubricated, she used her other hand to keep her master pleased.

When she finally placed her lubed hand back on his cock and started rubbing as rapidly as the slick little cock-holder could, Matt groaned in absolute bliss.

“*Ahh, fuck!* That's much better!” He was so heated up that he couldn't help but wrap his own hand around hers and pump into her tight, moist grip like a beast.

“Yes master.” Phoebe said as he fucked her pristine fingers, making a mental note in her subdued subconscious about the way her master likes his handjobs.

Matt was throbbing at that point.

“Rub faster, bitch. I'm gonna cum!” He moaned at her, some of his own drool escaping his mouth and landing on her arm.

“Yes master.”

If the room wasn't filled with loud moans from the porn on TV, they would have heard the silent, repetitive, slippery whooshing sound Phoebe's hand made as she polished his shaft. As inexperienced as she was, even she could feel his load swelling with her thumb, which ran along the underside of his cock.

She was ready to bring her face for him to cum on, or lift her shirt so he could paint her perfect knockers. She was even ready to swallow his thick load, giving her the dessert she refused so vehemently earlier.

Matt had other plans entirely. He moved forward to the open notebook on the table, filled with her studious scribblings that he couldn't care less about.

“Here's what I think about your fucking exam.” He said, his cock still firmly in her hand. He moved her hand with both of his hands, jerking himself off with her smooth, tight skin.

He came like a comet, shooting his load and staining the white pages of her notebook, only missing and hitting the desk itself with two misplaced spurts.

“*Ahh*, that was goooooood.” He said in a low, satisfied growl.

“Thank you master.” Phoebe said, a whiff of thick white liquid on her previously untouched fingers.

“Lick your fingers clean.” He said “There's a bit of it on your thumb.”

“Yes master.”

Phoebe first licked her thumb with short tongue pecks, and then fully sucked on it.

“You look so cute like that.” He put his hand on her head, tilting it upwards so he could see her face as she sucked the cum from her thumb.

“Take your thumb out of your mouth.” He told her.

She obeyed, and before she could even think to speak her mandatory “yes master”, he pushed her head down on its side, pushing her cheek squarely on the cum bathed notebook.

“Theeeeere we go.” He said with a justly arrogant expression, pressing and mashing her cheek onto his thick load.

He let go of her, and she stayed with her cheek stuck down, a blank slate waiting for more words to obey.

“Lift your head up.” He said, and was hardly surprised when the notebook was lifted along with it, glued to her cheek due to the adhesive that she helped jerk out of his shaft.

Once he had his fill of watching her degraded form, he ripped the now ruined notebook from her cheek, leaving half of her face sticky and somewhat shiny, with a few touches of cum-colored white.

“Lick the cum left on the notebook and the desk, bitch, seeing as you love leftovers so much.”

“Yes master.”

The used and humiliated young, sexy blonde lowered her head and slowly lapped the cum from the wood of the desk, and then kissed the notebook and slurped the white meal her master gave her, the paper sticking to her lips for a few seconds with every cum guzzling kiss.

“That's good, Phoebe. I think it's time to play a different game with you.” Matt said, fluently running his hand through her airy golden hair, her head still facing the desk and her tongue busy licking.

He looked over all her textbooks and study material, and smiled mischievously.

“And I know just what I'll do with you next.”

“Anything you wish, master. *Lick* Anything you wish.”

Chapter Four

Janice and Chloe still danced and frolicked next to the hardcore porn scene on TV, writhing their naked bodies for their master to look upon. Chloe was so often accidentally hit by her mother's massive tits, that she decided to slap them in frustration, in a sexy and alluring manner, of course, still fully pledged to providing Matt with a good show.

Janice wasn't a push-over, though, and quickly spun her daughter around and gave her as rough a spanking as she could, ignoring Chloe's squeals and moans as she slapped the heck out of the pert, nineteen-year-old behind. They were locked in the most disingenuous looking cat-fight, clawing at each other in all the ways a superficial man would hope to see from such a feminine struggle, especially a nude one.

Matt wasn't really focused on the two sexy performers, nor was he viewing the porn on TV. He was much more interested in degrading the young, thin, and flexibly erotic Phoebe a little more.

"Turn the TV off, bitches, and come stand next to me here." He said, all the noise becoming a nuisance.

"Yes master!" Janice was the first to say, stopping a buttock-reddening spank in mid-air. Chloe really wanted to return the favor and spank her mother's shapely behind a few times. She would've, too, had she not been busy turning the TV off and shaking her cute little ass over to Matt's side, as commanded. He even gave her a gentle spank which echoed in the, suddenly quieter, room.

"Thank you, master" She cooed at him, craving his touch regardless of the form it arrives in.

Matt took a moment to enjoy the sudden silence, looking at the still sitting eighteen-year-old beauty, with cum lathered on her cheek, a smidgen of it soiling her pink shirt which covered her young and perfect breasts.

From her, he turned his gaze to the perky and slightly bigger tits of Chloe, looking up at him as if he was the only person in the entire universe with her adoring eyes. Finally he set his eyes on the other pair of hot tits at his disposal, much bigger than all the rest, if a tad saggy from age. Their balloon-like qualities made up for that in droves, however.

He gave Janice a hearty spank as well, so she won't feel left out, and turned back to Phoebe.

"I've decided to embrace how diligent and hard working you are in your studies, Phoebe." He told her.

"Thank you, master." She said with a slight nod, her face expressionless, and her eyes staring blankly forward.

"Only problem is, everything you've learned so far has been so awfully wrong. You've been so misguided throughout your life, that you must forget everything."

"Forget. Everything. Yes master."

"That's right. You must forget everything you ever learned about life, and let me re-educate you."

"Re-educate. Me."

"Yes, Phoebe. When I wake you up, I will become your one and only teacher." He told the receptive blonde teen "You will forget your exam, your school, and your studies. You will be a blank slate, ready to be taught whatever I feel is required for you to know."

"Ready to be...Taught...Yes master." She said, pushing all unnecessary knowledge aside, making room for whatever her master wanted to teach her.

"Everything I teach you will become absolute truth and law, in your mind, like gospel sent down from the heavens. You will address me as Teacher, and adhere to my word above anything else. Nothing is more important than your education, Phoebe."

"Yes master. Educate me, master. I will do my best to learn. I will refer to you as teacher. I will accept any lesson you wish to teach me."

"That's right, Phoebe. No matter how uncomfortable, degrading, or painful the lesson is, because you're a good girl, and

a good student.”

“Yes master. A good girl. A good student.” She repeated in a deep monotone, not even pausing between words any longer, her mind already empty of everything she once knew, and ready to be re-filled with whatever Matt wanted her to be.

Phoebe would have to re-learn even the smallest things anew. She was so happy she had such a trustworthy teacher to guide her and show her how she should really behave.

“Good. I will count from three to one, and when you awake, we will begin our first lesson.

“Yes master.”

“Three, your awareness is slowly returning.”

“Two, you are a blank slate, ready to diligently study whatever knowledge I wish to imprint on your young, suggestive soul.”

“And one. Awake, my hot, gorgeous student.”

She blinked a few times, her head floating in a disoriented manner. Light returned to her bright blue eyes a second later, and a naive and eager expression formed on her face.

“Are you ready for your first lesson, Phoebe?” Matt asked the still sitting hottie.

“Yes teacher.” She nodded with enthusiasm, a big smile on her face, looking up at Matt as if he was the source of all knowledge and information in the world.

“First of all, go ahead and throw away all of these needless books, papers, and notebooks.” He said, derisively waving his hand at the well organized study material on the desk.

“Umm...” Phoebe looked around at all the textbooks and notebooks. She couldn't put her finger on it, but they seemed important to her, somehow.

“Go ahead, I don't have all day.” Matt said sternly.

“Y-Yes teacher.” Phoebe jumped up from her chair and began collecting all the papers and books, crumpling everything up and methodically tossing everything in the kitchen's garbage bin.

With all that needless mumbo-jumbo in the trash, where it belonged, Phoebe stood before her teacher, her hands folded behind her back and a sweet smile on her face, knowing nothing and totally willing to learn.

“Good girl.” Matt gloated at her, pinching her nipple so hard it hurt, just to make sure she was willing to endure everything.

“*Nghhhh.*” She whimpered and tensed as her nipple was pressed, but the smile never left her face, and the eagerness to learn never left her wishful eyes.

After having his fill of playing with her nipples under her pink blouse, Matt cleared his throat, and spoke in an authoritative and regal voice.

“First of all, a cute little slut like you shouldn't be wearing clothes while indoors. Look at your mother and sister, they don't have clothes covering their titties, do they?” He asked rhetorically, and slapped Janice's massive jugs.

Phoebe beamed at her benevolent teacher.

“That makes so much sense teacher!” She said and peeled her top off, finally freeing her two perky bags of lustful, youthful fun. Her pink panties fell to the floor a second later, and kicked away like discarded fruit.

Matt took her petite ass in his manly hand, squeezing and releasing a few times, enjoying the jello-like vibrations of the tight, fair, and bubbly mound.

“Good girl.” He said, and gave her a gentle reward spank.

“The next lesson I have to teach you is how to properly position your body in my sight. Proper posture is important for a nubile and pretty girl like you, especially when you're naked.”

“I'm ready, teacher.” She stood at attention before him, her hands at her sides, ready to learn how to properly display her lewd body.

He started teaching her the proper, mandatory ways to pose her body.

“First of all, when you're allowed to stand on your own two feet, you should keep them slightly spread, make sure to fold your hands behind your back, with each hand reaching and grabbing the other arm's elbow, and make sure to thrust your tits out, emphasizing them for my viewing pleasure.”

He looked at Chloe and Janice.

“Show her, girls.” He told them, and with a smiling “yes, master”, both women assumed the exact position he described, their tits glistening with cold sweat on their hot bodies. Their previous erotic dance and cat-fight put quite a strain on them.

Phoebe stared at them with innocent and gullible eyes, smiled, and jumped to attention, just the way Matt instructed.

He approached her and appraised her posture, touching her all over, fondling her tits and squeezing her behind.

“Spread your legs a bit more.” He told her and tickled her pussy lips.

“Yes teacher.” She complied.

“No that's a bit too much.” He flicked her clit.

“Ah! Yes teacher!” She squealed and hurried to adjust her legs.

He then lay three fingers across her pussy lips, and pressed on her twat without inserting them inside.

“*Mmmhhh.*” She bit her lower lip and moaned, writhing her slender, flexible hips in perfect circles, her arms locked behind her back, each hand grasping the opposite arm's elbow-cap.

He donned the pretense of a stern expression, as if rubbing her cunt and making her moan, writhe, and move her lewd body so sexily was just part of some testing procedure.

“Gooooood girl.” He exclaimed as she gave out moist moans of pleasure, and one surprised yelp as he flicked her clit once again.

He took his hand away, and circled around her one last time, before moving to the next lesson.

“You may have to lick my feet, at times, whether for cleanliness or my amusement. It is important that you lower your

head submissively, arch your back like a stretching kitten, and raise your cute little butt in the air, for me to look at and spank.”

Phoebe nodded with wide, dumbfounded eyes, as if amazed at the awe-inspiring wisdom of her teacher's lessons.

“Well go on. Let's see how you properly lick my feet, bitch.” He said curtly.

“Yes teacher!” She said, almost egged on by being called a 'bitch'.

Phoebe gently dropped to her knees, lowered her head, stretched and arched her back, and popped her ass upward. She ran her hand over her lower back and petite behind, making sure she was adhering to the strict standard her teacher lay forth.

Without a single freckle of hesitation, the young blonde stretched her tongue to lick Matt's feet, starting with long licks along the foot, and then kissing where she licked, long moist and full kisses. Matt enjoyed the sensation and stared at her perfectly bent behind.

“*Mh!*” She squealed when he spanked her.

“Did I do something wrong, teacher?” She said, wiggling her ass like a dog wagging its tail.

“Not at all, slut, I was just enjoying your body.”

“Oh.Okay!” She said happily and went back to slaving at his feet.

Matt slapped Janice's ass, standing right next to him.

“Let's check the little whore's balance. Go ahead and sit on her, Janice.”

“As my master wishes.” Janice said with a respectable bow, hoping her master will like the servile performance.

She parked her shapely, MILF behind on her younger daughter's perfect ass, which was pointed at the ceiling like a perfect lounging chair. Phoebe nearly buckled under the weight for a moment, but quickly re-asserted her perfect posture and continued lapping at Matt's feet.

“Ohh, master, she's such a comfy chair!” Janice said playfully, grinding her naked ass on her daughter's behind, with Matt staring at both their bottoms kiss and mash against one another.

“I'll have to test it once.” He said, wondering if he should have Chloe try and fit her own petite butt onto Phoebe's, and maybe take a picture.

Just the thought made his cock tickle, and he knew Chloe could be of much better use closer to him.

“Chloe, get me hard with that hot mouth of yours.” He commanded.

“Yes master!”

She kept her legs straight and only arched her back and hips forward, lowering her head to his cock. Her warm lips embraced his rod a short, blissful moment later.

“Hmm, that's nice.” Matt groaned “Lift your head a little, Phoebe, look at your sister.”

He squeezed Chloe's ass cheek, perfectly in his reach.

“Yes teacher.” Phoebe gave his foot one last kiss and arched her head up, her backside wobbling a bit under the weight of her mother.

“See, this is how you should suck my cock unless specifically told otherwise. Legs straight, butt high in the air **Spank**” He spanked Chloe and she tightened her lips around his shaft “and head bobbing on my dick, with your lips tightly wrapped around it.”

Phoebe spent a long moment inspecting every aspect of Chloe's demeaning oral servitude, and finally nodded, smiled, and said “Yes teacher, I understand.”

“Should I practice it now, teacher?” She asked, salivating at the thought.

“Nah, we can go over that later. Get up, Phoebe, and you get off of her ass, Janice.”

Matt's cock was already hard again, but he was only starting his fun time with his earnest student. He tossed Chloe aside by

yanking her long, strong, blonde hair, and before long all three of them stood back at attention, just the way he liked them to.

“Now, Phoebe, you must learn how to walk.” He said, and her legs began to shiver. Was she not supposed to know how to walk? She felt herself nearly falling off her feet, subconsciously wishing to follow her master's commands, until he noticed her inner struggle, and clarified.

“Well, of course you can already walk, Phoebe.” he said, calming her legs down “But you must learn to walk as a sex toy, in an alluring and sexy fashion, shaking your cute little ass with every step and displaying your hot body properly.”

“Oh...” She said dumbly “I understand, teacher.”

He smiled.

“How about the two of you show her what I mean.” He told Chloe and Janice, and prodded them forward with a sharp slap on the rear.

“Yes master.” The two said and started slowly walking forward, like smooth, sexy drones. Phoebe watched their bodies writhe and asses shake with such concentration, that even her teacher's flicking of her sensitive nipples didn't make her flinch.

“*Ungh. Mmmm.*” She did whimper upon further play with her delicate nipples, but her eyes remained unblinking and perfectly focused on the example her mother and sister set.

Chloe and Janice reached the end of the living room, stood on their tip toes, and wiggled their asses from side to side for their master.

“Okay, bitches, get back here and do it again. This time you'll join them, Phoebe.”

“Yes teacher.” Phoebe looked at him and nodded like the good girl she was. Meanwhile her sister and mother scurried to her sides, and waited for their master to start them up.

Matt walked behind the line of enslaved pieces of ass, sighed happily, and spanked one random buttock.

“Get going.” He said, and the three embarked on a slow walk away from him, showing him every nook and crevice of their sexy bodies.

Phoebe did her part perfectly, making Matt's cock throb, but he wanted to fuck with her, both literally and figuratively.

“No no no Phoebe. Your ass needs to move much more fluently with every step, and you have to really emphasize it every time your foot touches the floor. Look at how your mother's hot ass jiggles every time she completes a step!” He complained.

Janice spanked her younger daughter's behind in retaliation to her poor performance, she seemed quite disappointed of Phoebe.

“Be a good long legged pussy for our master!” She berated the young blonde angrily.

Matt held back a fit of laughter.

“Now now, Janice, instead of mindlessly scolding her, how about you try giving her some advice on how to get it right.”

Janice's head jerked as if a jolt of lightning hit her.

“Yes master! Sorry master!” She said, feeling scorned by her god in human form “Uhm, advice...Umm, let's see...”

She scratched her head, trying to think of a way to explain, one that would be easy for a brainless, stupid little thing like her daughter to comprehend, only to realize she was just as brainless, and just as stupid.

“I dunno!” She cried, giving up “It's just natural for me to move my body for my master's pleasure. I never really think about anything else.”

She looked at Phoebe with shocked eyes.

“Do you?!” She said with a gasp.

“I only think of the lessons my teacher wants to teach me. I can know nothing without my teacher.” Phoebe assured her, and Janice seemed to relax a bit.

Matt stood and stared at the naked bimbos talk and felt as if he was in a comedy show, he wasn't even trying to hide how

humorously entertained he was.

“Maybe if you walk down the hallway it would help.” He suggested.

“Oh, brilliant master!” Janice called out and Matt couldn't help but snort a loud laugh, almost tearing up as he violently chuckled.

They walked Phoebe over to the hallway in the same slow, seductive manner. Chloe had a weird look on her face ever since Matt told Janice to come up with an advice, and in the middle of their way to the hallway, she revealed the reason for her ponderous, far away stare.

“I know!” She exclaimed.

Janice and Phoebe looked at her with wide, uncomprehending eyes.

“What?” Janice asked dumbly. The three of them looked like deers, their eyes flashing wide in the headlights.

“I have an advice for Phoebe!” She said proudly, looking back at her master, desperately seeking approval. His appeased smile almost melted her tight pussy.

“What is it?” Phoebe asked, hooking her forefinger in her mouth like a curious child.

“Just pretend master's cock is fucking you in the ass. That's what I do when I walk.”

Matt's eyes widened in surprise – He liked that idea. In fact, he felt his cock throb from the very thought of it.

“That's what you think of, whenever you walk, and yet it took you this long to come up with your advice?” He chuckled to himself “I may have underestimated how stupid I made the little whore.”

“Here, look!” She walked down the hallway at a brisk pace, like a sexy super model who really just wanted to showcase her sexy behind. When she reached the end she spanked herself, turned around, and walked back.

“See?” She asked her doe-eyed little sister “Now your turn!”

Matt had other plans. He stopped Phoebe's advance with a hand on her shoulder, and rubbed his cock, which was already lubed up thanks to Chloe's masterful blowjob.

"Teacher?" Phoebe asked and looked back.

"Chloe gave you some really good advice." He growled in a low, predatory voice behind her, his dick playfully slapping her ass cheeks.

"*Ohh* master!" Chloe squealed "M-*Ahhh*-May I orgasm?" She asked "I. Receiving such. *Mmm ohhh*. A compliment from you, master, it gets me so wet and horny!"

She rubbed her legs together, clearly feeling immense heat between them, but she did not dare to touch her precious, owned honeypot.

"Sure, go ahead." He said with a smirk, and Chloe shoved a single finger in her cunt, instantly erupting in a massive orgasm.

"*Ahhhh! Ah! Mmmmm. Ahh. Oh.*" She fell to her knees from the force of her climax, and smiled up at her master with satisfied and submissive eyes.

"Thank you master."

Phoebe was so engrossed, watching her sister's pleasure, that she didn't notice Janice's fingers between her butt cheeks. Janice kissed Phoebe's bubbly behind, almost like taking a teeth-less bite of an apple, drooled on her finger, and circled it across Phoebe's anal entry.

"Good girl." Matt told Janice as she fulfilled his wishes, and nudged her away.

Phoebe was still looking down at her sister when she felt a sharp pain from behind, her eyes widened in surprise, and a shocked gasp left her mouth.

"*Nyaaa! T-Teacher?!*" She cried out and turned her head to look at her teacher. He had a smile on his face, which instantly calmed her nerves, though did nothing to alleviate the pain of his cock being inserted into her untouched and petite ass.

Her teacher knew what he was doing, and it was her duty to be a good girl, a good student.

“It's all part of the teaching process, Phoebe.” He assured her “This way you won't have to just imagine me poking your ass as you walk”

He slowly penetrated her, spreading her ass cheeks with his strong hands.

“And even when I don't ass-fuck you, you'll be able to recall this moment, and walk your cute little butt in a proper and arousing manner.”

He sensed his rock hard erection was secured within her, and let go of her bouncy buttocks, grabbing her shoulder and hair for leverage.

“*Ahh!*” He rammed the final few inches into her, making her squeal as his crotch smacked against her perfectly tight, smooth behind.

“Th- *Mnn* Thank you teacher, for *Ohh*, For helping me learn with your c—*Mm!* Your *Ahhh!* Your Cock! Th-Thank yooooohhhh...”

Matt spanked her ass. She was so petite and sensitive, that he actually felt the tremors of his strong slap vibrating around his cock.

“You're welcome, Phoebe. Now, start walking.”

“Y-Yes teacher.” She said, sounding hesitant but eager to perform to approval.

With tears in her eyes, a smile on her face, and a shiver to her step, Phoebe moved one long, shapely leg forward.

She made sure to wiggle her ass sideways with every cautious step, while Matt enjoyed resting his hands on her slender waists and casually walk behind her, his stiff rod enjoying the tightest of fuck-holes.

About halfway through the narrow hallway, Matt greatly tightened his grip of her waists, stopped her in her tracks, and began pistoning into her like there's no tomorrow.

“*Ahhh! Ahhh!* Teacher! *Ahhhhhhh!*” She moaned deep and long as loud, repetitive smacks filled the air, creating a symphony

only heard when a young virgin gets her ass bulldozed by a virile, dominating man.

Matt ignored her pleas and continued jack-hammering into her until he got tired, at which point the young woman's buttocks were already numb and her vision blinded by the throbbing pain. Phoebe knew it was all for the sake of her education, so she swallowed the hard pummeling of her ass, along with the drool that built up in her mouth, and waited for him to be done.

“You didn't do it properly.” Matt panted, catching his own breath “Try again.”

Phoebe proudly raised her upper body, and smiled back at her teacher with red eyes, filled with a desire to succeed.

“Yes teacher.” She said “I promise I'll do better this time. Thank you so much for not giving up on me.”

It took them a few rounds of going back and forth in the hallway, and a couple more hard ramming sessions, before he was satisfied with her form and performance. By the time he was, Matt was so proud of his little student that he allowed her to kiss his feet again, holding her gaping asshole in the air while Chloe and Janice cleaned his cock together.

“If only you got properly educated earlier in your life, you wouldn't have needed such a rough ass-fucking now.” He said as he shoved his rod into Janice's mouth, poking her cheek out and slapping it with the palm of his hand.

Matt looked down at Phoebe and reminded himself what an innocent prude she was just a few hours before, basking in the power he had to turn her into his willing anal whore with simple hypnotic manipulations.

Phoebe, on her part, was so happy her teacher was such a perfectionist. To her, learning was never just about getting a good grade, but about improving her life and her future. She knew that with Matt as her teacher, she'll become the best little booty shaking eye-candy she can be, and if her ass had to be temporarily destroyed in the process, so be it.

She kissed the soles of his feet and thanked him profusely for the honor, using her hands to spread her cheeks apart, just in case her teacher felt she needed a little more tutoring.

Having worked up quite a sweat, Matt figured a good shower was in order, and so he decided Phoebe's next lesson will take place in the tub, under the constant stream of water, running down from the shower-head.

Once he enjoyed the warmth of the hot water along with the naked and slick bodies of Chloe and Janice, he tossed his two slaves out of the tub, and told Phoebe to take her place under the shower-head.

“I received some images of you showering from that cunt over there,” He pointed to Janice “and I feel there's still room for improvement in your shower routine.”

Phoebe was ready to learn, her soaked blonde hair running down her back, and her young body glistening. She looked at the soaps and shampoos with dim eyes, not knowing the first thing of how to work them.

“Oh those are not for you, girl.” Matt said sternly “Well, whenever I'm in the shower with you. When I'm showering with you, Phoebe, you must use your body to make me cum, and then rub it all over your hot little body. Then, and only then, are you allowed to jill yourself off for my entertainment.”

Phoebe smiled, glad to see the shower rules weren't too complex.

“Yes teacher.” She said obediently “Shall I get you off with my hand again?”

“Heh, no. Not this time.” He put his finger across her lips “It's time for you to learn what your mouth is for. You see, in the past you've been led to believe your mouth is for talking, giving out opinions and spreading your knowledge. Thing is, you should really leave that to someone like me.”

He directed her to her knees, pushing her down by the shoulder. She gave no resistance.

“What you need to do with your mouth.” He said, waving his cock in her face “Is suck my cock. Sure, you may have to talk occasionally, but sucking me off will always take precedence to that.”

“Yes t...”

“No no no.” He said, holding a straight finger to his mouth, implying silence.

Phoebe understood, and nodded in silence. She opened her mouth wide, and took his helmet in her mouth.

“*Ahhhh.*” She felt his hand touch the back of her head as he moaned in pleasure, and the same hand slowly nudged her further and further down his shaft.

Her gag reflex began working overtime as half his cock was in her throat, but Phoebe did her best to ignore it, wanting to show her teacher what a good student she was. It was worth it, for when she looked up at him, his meaty shaft fully in her mouth, tightly caressed by her ripe, cherry colored lips – He looked so pleased that it actually got her aroused.

Phoebe remembered the correct order, however, and knew she had to finish her cum-bath before being allowed to rub herself to orgasm. Her teacher helped her so much, pushing her head back and forth and dictating the pace. All she had to do was swirl her tongue around and look up at him with horny, submissive eyes.

“*Ung! Unh! Unh!*” He grunted with every thrust.

“*Hmph! Ahhhh!*” He pushed his cock in her throat deeper than ever before, causing her cheeks to bloat as she gagged and slurped, trying to move her crammed tongue even though her mouth was so filled with his rod.

She knew the moment had to arrive, but still she feared and dreaded it. His reassuring and strong grip of her head loosened right before he let go of her completely, looked down at her with a smile, and said “I can't do all the work here, time for you to show what you've learned.”

He was panting heavily, and Phoebe could see how he was exerting himself just to teach her. She was so afraid she would let

him down, but she had no choice. His hands on her head, dictating depth and pace, were like training wheels, and it was time to ride without them.

She nodded with his diamond stiff rod in her mouth, took a deep breath through her nose, and began polishing it with earnest determination, trying to mimic the fast pace and deep oral penetration her teacher enforced on her with his burly, strong hands.

Phoebe wondered if she was doing a good job, when she heard him moan and grunt in pleasure. Phoebe believed she might have been doing a good job, when her own deep movements caused her cheeks to bloat like before, as she took his cock deep enough to actually lick his balls. Phoebe knew she was doing a good job, when she felt his cock throbbing and inflating in her sore throat.

"Ohh yeah! Fuck!" Her teacher said, falling back into the wall, his cock leaving her mouth. Phoebe did not see it as a reprieve. Instead, she lunged forward and guzzled his cock down again, exerting herself so much that her eyes rolled to the back of her head.

Phoebe knew her effort was well worth it when she felt the creamy, thick liquid shoot into her mouth.

"Ungh! Ah! Mmph!" Her master moaned and grunted with every hot spurt, and Phoebe flinched slightly every time a forceful cannon load shot between her lips.

*"*Pant** Don't swallow it, Phoebe. You still need it for later." Her teacher told her, and she meekly nodded, looking up, gathering his massive load in her mouth.

Matt instructed her to get up and stand under the running water, she carefully nodded after every command, trying her best not to swallow or spill a single drop.

"Now rub your tight little pussy to climax." He told her "And remember, you're doing it for my pleasure, your own is secondary."

She nodded, her mouth clearly too full to even open, and started on the job at hand. Instead of playing with herself the

way she usually does, going straight to the business of rubbing herself off, this time the young blonde started by teasing herself in a way she hoped her teacher enjoyed.

She pinched her nipples and squeezed her own breasts while moving her hips from side to side, wiggling her perfectly slender waist and showing Matt just how beautiful, smooth, and fresh her skin was.

Her ass was no longer gaping, and returned to the pristine, untouched form one would expect from such a young, lewd creature, proving to Matt just how beneficial it is to have youth. He knew that if he fucked Janice's ass so hard, her MILF body would be re-sculpted forever.

Phoebe had to open her mouth and moan when she finally allowed herself the privilege of rubbing her youthful, tight cunt. So, she arched her head back to make sure her teacher's gift doesn't drizzle off, and used her tongue to block it from going down her throat. When she finally climaxed, she moaned so hard that a bit of cum did escape her mouth and fly away, only to land on the white porcelain walls of the bathtub.

“No worries. Chloe can lick it clean.” Matt said. Instead of just using the running water to wash it off, he clicked his fingers and pointed it out to Chloe, who stood next to her mother, near the sink.

“Yes master.” Chloe leaned forward and licked the cold, cum encrusted porcelain, lapping it all up, and swallowing with a small gulp.

“Thank you master.” The nineteen year old said, licking her lips.

Matt stared Phoebe down sternly, and she thought he may be mad at her for letting some of his cum escape her mouth, until she remembered the final part of her new shower routine. As she spat the thick whiteness into her hand, and began rubbing her entire body with it, a smile appeared on her teacher's face.

“That's good.” He said “I was worried I might have to punish you for forgetting.”

“I wouldn't have been such a good student if I hadn't had such a great teacher.” Phoebe said, proverbially sucking up to him, not long after doing so literally.

She made sure to lather his sperm even in her most intimate places, taking extra care to rub between her pussy lips, her tits, and her ass-cheeks. She even made sure to have enough cum left, and took the time to wash her ears clean.

“Impressive.” Matt said “You certainly are a good student.”

“Is there any left in your mouth?” He wondered “I forgot to tell you that you should make sure to leave a reserve in there, for the next tiny little lesson. Sorry about that.”

Phoebe grinned ear to ear.

“No need to be sorry, teacher.” She said happily “I have more than enough for the next lesson.”

Phoebe opened her mouth wide, proudly showing the cum still remaining there, amassing at the bottom of her mouth and lightly glazing her tongue.

“Fantastic, Phoebe. Such a good student you are. Go to the sink, then, I may as well teach you how sex toys brush their teeth.

Phoebe nodded like a thrilled puppy, her eyes glowing and happy as she jumped over the tub wall and moved her ass over to stand above the sink, before the mirror, Janice and Chloe standing to either of her sides.

Phoebe looked forward into her own mirror image, and saw a clean, beautiful, and proud young woman, with blue sparkling eyes, and spunk glazing her strawberry lips.

“Take your toothbrush, and brush your teeth.” He told her “You should be grateful whenever you have enough of my cum to use as toothpaste.”

It was so clear to the air-headed naked teen, that she felt like it went without saying.

“Of course teacher. Thank you very much.” She picked her toothbrush, placed it under her mouth and took her tongue out, letting her teacher's sperm slide down and ooze upon the brush.

Matt watched as his new toy brushed her teeth with his cum, making sure his spunk was engrained into her tongue, gums, and taste-buds. He liked knowing he won't even have to nut in her mouth to give her a taste of his cum, all she had to do was lick her teeth.

“Your brushing technique is a bit sub-par.” he said as she gargled his cum-paste out with a glass of water “Maybe I'll enslave a dentist to teach you how to properly do it. Wouldn't want my favorite student to get any cavities now, do I?”

“I'm so happy to have you, to watch over me, teacher.” Phoebe said, and knelt before him, all on her own.

“May I have my next lesson, please?” She asked with restrained jubilation.

“Not right now. Janice, my cock needs wiping again.” He told his personal fuck-MILF and pointed to his flaccid rod.

“Of course master.” Janice took hold of her massive tits, got on her knees, and went to work, happy to put them to their only possible good use.

It was dinner time before any of the lust filled fuck toys could notice – It was easy for a submissive twat to lose herself while doing her best to arouse her master. They did a good job, though, Matt was nice and hard again by the time Janice served Phoebe her dinner of scraps and left-overs.

This time, Phoebe was more than ready to scarf it all down, at least once her teacher told her it's what she should be eating. She couldn't fathom the notion of his teachings being anything other than the pure and honest truth.

“But wait.” he said “before you chow down, there's still one ingredient missing, that must complete any good, nutritional meal for a young and budding sex toy like yourself.”

“What, teacher?” She asked, getting hungry.

Matt chuckled.

“Line up your pussies, slaves.” He told Chloe and Janice. The two mindless twats bent over the dining table next to Phoebe,

rubbing their cunts to make sure they are as ready as they could be for their master.

“Ah, master!” Janice was the first to squeal in delight as Matt banged her hard, her hands on the table and her big tits swinging back and forth.

“I'm so happy my warm snatch can please you, master! I'm nothing but a brainless piece of ass, a walking, talking twat!”

Matt couldn't stop grinning as the formerly independent single mother confessed about her submission and dependence. He moved from her MILF cunt to Chloe's fresh one, beside her, and instantly felt the extra tightness.

“Nyaa, master! Do you like how I'm tightening my pussy for you? I'm a better fuck toy than my mom, right? I want to please you so much, master!”

“It is better than your mom's.” Matt said, feeling Chloe's pussy lips clamping up on him with every slippery thrust – Chloe's pussy was so easy to access, and the nineteen year old fuck toy was proud of it, she was so happy to be owned.

“I'm so proud of her, master.” Janice said, still bent over the table, ready to be fucked again at her master's whim “I wasn't there to serve you when I was a fresh and tight nineteen year old sex toy. I'm so happy you can play with her nubile body whenever you want.”

While her mother praised her, Chloe squealed and her tongue lulled out of her mouth, her eyes popping out as her master plowed her well-fucked pussy.

“My pussy was made for pleasing you...Ah!...masteeeeer!” Chloe squealed.

“She's right master!” Janice agreed, wiggling her shapely behind “I didn't know it at the time, but I made my daughters for you to use. I lived my entire life for you, master!”

Phoebe sat comfortably in her chair the whole time Matt enjoyed the degrading declarations made by his two slave-bitches, patiently waiting for the miraculous final ingredient to complete her meal.

“I'll be right with you.” Matt nodded at her once he realized how she was sitting and watching him in silence, like the good girl that she was.

“Take your time teacher.” She giggled “I'm more than happy to watch you use your toys.” She said, but her stomach growled in hunger.

Matt grabbed Chloe's neck with two hands and drove into her with bestial fierceness. Phoebe smiled up at him with her cherry lips.

“I'm glad you can use---Oh!” She was cut off by a surprise grasp of her hair.

“Teache---*Mbhh buh buh Mmm!*” Matt pulled out of Chloe's pussy and shoved his cock deep into Phoebe's mouth, fucking her youthful, angelic face even harder than the previous hole he used.

“You ready, slut?! Mm?! Ready?!” He asked as he drove his manhood deep into her throat, her nose nearly cracking every time it hit his crotch with violent force.

“Hmm Mhebhe (Yes teacher)” She tried answering, but only muffled grunts escaped her roughly fucked mouth.

When he finally pulled out, instead of taking a hurried breath Phoebe lashed her tongue out, trying to lick as much as she can of her teacher's gift with a crazy, lustful hunger in her eyes. Matt didn't give the nubile puddle of young lust a chance, though, as he sprayed his entire load on her plate, the meal on it already ice cold.

“There you go.” He told Phoebe and patted her head like one would a pet “Such a good girl.”

“Thank you teacher.” She said, gave his softening cock a wet kiss on the tip, picked her knife and fork, and ate her meal of leftovers and cum-sauce.

“Make me something proper to eat now, cunt.” Matt told Janice and sent her away with a loud spank.

“All this educating and ejaculating sure made me hungry.” He said, looking at a famished Phoebe chew on a jizz covered meal

with a heart melting, cock stiffening smile.

It didn't take long for Chloe to assume her usual position under the table as Matt's unseen, barely heard in-meal blowjob-machine. At least that way the first nubile blonde he enslaved got to eat something that was rich in proteins.

Chapter Five

Ashley called Phoebe during dinner, probably worried about her missing the exam, and wondering if it had something to do with their lovers' spat the night before.

“Don't answer it.” Matt told her “It's inappropriate to do so while guzzling my cum at the dinner table. The little dyke can wait.”

“Of course, teacher, she can wait.” Phoebe said, and put her phone on silent. She will wait for when her teacher deems it proper for her to call her girlfriend, and not a second sooner. She was no longer focused on the hope of resolving her issues with Ashley, anyway, her sole focus was to be a good student for Matt, and follow his teachings to the letter.

Matt dubbed her last lesson of the day as the most important one. She was to watch the porn channel with him, and learn the proper, feminine, sexual etiquette from the slutty whores on screen. It was a much more relaxed, less physical lesson, compared to the previous ones.

Matt promised her one hell of a final exam, however, so Phoebe made sure to focus on every horny moan, every slutty gyration of every young, glistening wet female body, and every cum shot sprayed onto said feminine bodies.

Still, it was quite a calm experience. She lay down on her side, on the sofa, her head on her teacher's naked lap, and her eyes fixated on the raunchy scenes on screen, while her mouth nonchalantly kissed and made out with his shaft's backside.

He deserved some form of relief while watching the hot porn, and after all, that was exactly what her mouth was for. Just like Chloe and Janice's backs were made to support the godly weight of their master's legs, among many other things.

His hand calmly rested on her naked behind, often slapping her gently, telling her to pay extra attention on a certain scene, or ignore the misleading social undertone of certain others. She

could feel his righteous anger, in the form of a painful pinch of her butt, when a scene came on depicting a young college coed blackmailing her male professor, taking both his money and his pride.

“See, now that's ridiculous.” He said while Phoebe played the backside of his cock like a harmonica.

“A little bitch like that would never have the brains to blackmail a respectable college professor. She should beg for a good grade with her head between his legs, and thank him for his cum, even if he doesn't give her anything else.”

“This bullshit is just made for those feminists who like pretending they can control men.”

Like Phoebe once was, or at least she considered herself an equal member of society. The cock munching little blonde she became felt so bad about her past errors

“Yes, teacher. **Kiss** **Slurp** They are just misguided, like I was. They need to be **Lick** taught, teacher.” Phoebe said, willing to take any punishment to appease her teacher's nerves.

It was clear that the awful, lie-filled scene wasn't about to end soon, and Matt had little patience when it came to such things, as it is.

“Ehh, fuck it.” He said, muting the TV “Smack your asses against one another while I mouth-fuck Phoebe.” He told Janice and Chloe, his sex slaves, forever vigilant in wait for his whimsical needs. The foot stools stood up and allowed Matt's feet to rest on the floor. He took Phoebe's head from its comfy resting place on his lower belly, and impaled it on his hard-on.

The two blonde fuck toys obscured the TV from his view, replacing it with their bubbly behinds smashing against each other in an almost perpetual manner, like a clock ticking away the seconds. Matt used Phoebe's mouth like he would use his own hand to masturbate, watching the sexy display before him, her gags muffled by the constant drumming of her mom and older sister's behinds hitting each other.

“Something is missing.” Matt said, moving Phoebe's head up and down on his cock so quickly, that she couldn't help but slobber all over his crotch.

“Oh, I know – Janice, you should buy a double ended dildo tomorrow. That should make this show much more fun.” He told his enslaved MILF.

Phoebe was surprised by the rough face fucking, but after the shower training and dinner, she was almost used to having her teacher's cock shoved up her throat in the most random of times. He only stopped banging her mouth when his hands got tired, it's not easy to shove a young woman's face so deep on a cock that her jaw nearly cracks, even if she offers no resistance whatsoever.

Even after he let go of her, Phoebe still remained where he left her, slightly playing her numb tongue on the shaft that was stuck deep in her throat. She only raised her head and lay it back on his crotch once he told her it was time to continue her video lesson. Janice and Chloe returned to their hands and knees, supporting their master's legs as his foot stools. They would serve as his furniture until told otherwise

Phoebe was back in the position she was before her face was brutally speared, lying on her side, her cheek on her teacher's crotch and her lips sporadically kissing his member, to keep him happy and content.

The next scenes were much more to Matt's liking, and he made sure to point them to his fuck-doll student. There was a thirty minute scene about a woman begging her boss not to fire her, by giving him a blowjob and offering her juicy holes for him to plunge his cock into. It ended with the woman being fired anyway, leading her to run out in shame with cum all over her face.

“See that, fuck-toy. It's not enough that a woman offers her body to her boss, she needs to be good at it, too.”

“Yes, teacher **Kiss**. A boss has all the rights in the world to fire unpleasing pussies **Lick**.” Phoebe deduced precisely what her teacher wanted her to.

There was a shorter scene about a cheerleader being auditioned, teaching Phoebe what cheerleaders were for, not that she didn't know it already. It was followed by a respectable looking female doctor being a bitch to a patient, and Phoebe already prepared her sore throat muscles for another hearty face fucking, until that same doctor's boss called the aggrieved patient and together they gave the doctor the fucking of her life.

It ended with the bitch doctor having an ass red from spanking, heavily fucked holes, and make-up and tears running over her face. Even though they abused her to such an extent, the slutty doctor ended up begging for more, as well as begging forgiveness by kissing the patient's shoe in the same way Phoebe did to her teacher's feet, earlier.

Phoebe learned some valuable lessons from that scene. The importance of proper begging, for women at least, and that in the end, no cunt is anything more than a pin cushion for cocks. Her teacher told her to make sure and focus on the porno whores as they beg away, telling her it will be a significant part of her final exam.

Luckily for her, in the span of about two and a half hours, Phoebe received a lot different forms of sluts begging to be used and fucked in all sorts of ways. She couldn't wait for her teacher to order her to beg for his use and abuse, on her knees like a proper fuck-toy. He may even order her to beg a rough anal banging, there was quite a lot of that in the hour long movie called 'Pawn My Ass', and Phoebe felt more than ready to imitate the anal sluts on screen.

Her lesson ended with Matt shutting the TV off, saying "That's enough porn for now".

His cock was still hard, and Phoebe never stopped kissing it for a second, and so she thought she knew what was coming.

"Shall I orally service you until you cum, teacher?" She asked courteously, her lips tickling his cock's backside as she spoke.

"Nah, get up, bitch, sit up." He said, slapping her ass. Phoebe lifted her naked body to a sitting position, and stared at Matt

with asking eyes, waiting to find out how she can calm his sexual tension.

He smirked and pinched her nipple, barely making her flinch, she was already so used to it.

“It's time for your porn fuck-toy etiquette final exam.” He said, and Phoebe's eyes lit up.

“Oh yes sir! Yes teacher! I'm so ready for it, now!” she giddily jumped up and down, her tits bouncing in perfect circles.

“That's good.” He said “The test is quite simple, Phoebe, you need to beg me like the little bitch you are, to pop your little cherry. You are still a virgin, correct?”

Phoebe nodded, her cheeks flushing as she blushed in embarrassment.

“Once I give you permission, you will impale yourself on my cock, and work your nubile body to receive a creampie deep in your bleeding cunt. I'm just going to sit here with my legs on your mom and sis, and enjoy myself.” He folded his hands behind his head, assuming a leisurely lounging position.

“Oh, and if you fail to get me off in your tight twat within twenty minutes, you'll fail, and there's no way for you to retake the exam.”

Phoebe swallowed nervously. The instructional videos she watched over the last few hours showed nothing about a virgin fuck-toy begging to have her cherry popped.

“S-Sir, that form of begging was not covered in the material...”

“Exactly!” Matt exclaimed “That way I can see how much you've actually learned. What's the point of having you repeat what the porno whores said and did verbatim? That's wouldn't be real learning.”

“I-I understand, teacher.” It did make sense, she realized

Matt smiled wickedly.

“Get going then. Your time starts...Now!” He couldn't help but laugh out loud, like a cartoon villain.

Phoebe did not even notice his maniacal laugh. She had to subdue the nervous jitters she always had before an exam, don

the most appealing, suggestive smile and pleading eyes, lower her head, and begin the most degrading speech the young slut could think of.

“Hello, sir.” She dove down to his cock “Mmmm...Phua. I'm Phoebe, and I'm here to make you happy with my sweet, tight, and virgin twat.”

She gave him a seductive glare and reached down to touch herself between her legs.

“Here, I'll prepare my ripe little cherry for you, sir. Rub it and play with it so it will be all nice and wet and ready to please.”

She dove onto his cock again and licked his tip one more time.

“Just like me.” She said “I'm so ready to lose my virginity, sir. My perky tits are getting sensitive and my nipples are so hard just thinking about it.”

She took his hard cock in her hand and slowly jerked it.

“*Ohhh*, sir, I'm so hot and bothered. My tight pussy is crying for your pleasure. Please take my virginity, sir. My cherry is yours to pick, sir, whenever you wish.”

Phoebe squeezed and licked her own tits, looking at Matt the whole time, letting him know it was all for him, and that she was his for the taking, whenever he wanted her.

“Please take my virginity, sir, it's always been yours, and yours alone. Pound this tight eighteen year old virgin before you, like the piece of meat she is. Mmmhh...”

She dove on his cock yet again while rubbing her lower lips in circles and moaning wetly.

“Pwease thuck me, thir.” She said with a mouth full of hard dick “*Phua* There's nothing I wouldn't do for you, sir. Use my fresh, virgin body.”

She straightened up with her knees on the sofa, and struck a pose, showing him all that she had to offer.

“I promise to make it good, sir.” She bit her lower lip and rubbed her pussy, looking like a sexy kitten.

“I'll make you feel so good. Please don't send me away. Please let me stay here and serve my precious cherry to you, on a silver platter.”

Phoebe felt like time wasn't on her side, and all her teacher did was smile at her with predatory eyes and occasionally chuckle, sigh, or stretch his arm to touch her. She flexibly dove on his cock one final time, or so she hoped, and bobbed her head up and down a few times, making sure to wiggle her pert behind as it hung high in the air.

“My pussy **Suck** Ish sho hoth and weth **Slurp** for you, sir. Please, may I give you my virginity like the worthless cock-pleasing whore I am?”

Matt enjoyed the helpless pleading of the formerly strong spirited, opinionated young lesbian so much, that he almost didn't want to move to the next phase of the so called exam. She did such a good job of hiding her anxiousness to pass the test behind moist, lust-filled and inviting, ocean colored eyes, that Matt nearly forgot he gave her a strictly timed ultimatum.

He rested his hand on her ass and lowered it to tickle her pussy lips. Feeling how nice and moist it was, he smiled.

“Okay, slut, go ahead and mount me, and apologize to your mom and sis for adding your weight to their backs.”

Phoebe slurped one final time and jumped.

“Oh yes sir! Thank you sir! I won't let you down sir. I'll be such a good little sex doll for you!”

Matt re-folded his arms behind his head and leaned backward, as Phoebe spread her legs above his cock, and took a tender hold of it. She salivated onto her other hand and used it to moisten his rod before tickling her pussy lips with his tip.

“I'm sorry for adding extra weight on your backs.” She told Chloe and Janice in an offhand manner, as her teacher insisted.

The virgin eighteen year old did not feel the grandeur of the once-in-a-lifetime event. She was more concerned about pleasing

her teacher and making him cum before her twenty minutes were up.

She lowered her hips on his cock with one swift motion, almost surprised by the pain of having her hymen torn.

“Ah!” Her head jerked up as her freshly pierced cunt lips kissed his balls. Taking no time to fathom the fact that a man's member was fully plunged within her wet pussy, she lowered her head and smiled at him, attempting to tighten her numb twat even more.

“*Ngghh. Nyaaa. Ohhhh.*” She shivered and slumped forward, her forehead touching Matt's chest.

She kissed his chest once, raised her head again, regained her composure, and smiled.

“Do you like my pussy, sir?” She asked, a slither of blood already running down his balls from her torn hymen.

“Start riding bitch!”

“*Oh!* Yes, of course, sir!” She smiled and raised her petite hips, suddenly remembering it was her fuck-toy etiquette being examined, not just her pussy.

She bounced on his cock with the biggest smile she could muster while ignoring the jolts of pain deep within her cunt every time she swiftly lowered her hips.

“Ohh yeah, fuck me, sir! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck this tight virgin cunt, sir! *Ahaaaa Ahhh!* Use me! Use me sir! Let my virginal blood stain your hard sword!”\

“Ohh what a poetic little bitch! You want me to cum, don't you?” Matt mocked and spanked her.

“Oh, yes sir! Please cum! Please spray your load in my barely-used twat as if it's your property! **Spank** I-I mean. My pussy IS your property, sir. Fuck this cunt you own, sir! *Ahaaaahhhh! Ohh yeah, fuck this pussy!*”

In spite of what she screamed and moaned, Matt wasn't exerting a single muscle of his own. Phoebe, the freshly deflowered teen, was doing all the work, bouncing madly on her

teacher's shaft, gyrating her hips just like the seasoned whores she saw on the porn channel.

“*Ah!* Does it feel good? *Ah!* I am here for you! Please *Ahhh!* Enjoy this pussy that you oooooown!”

Matt had quite an experience at fucking normal and adjusted young women like the enslaved whores he turns them into, but even he was surprised at how rough the young Phoebe was, as she rode him, her gentle and soft body providing him nothing but absolute pleasure.

“Yeah ride that cock!” He couldn't decide whether to spank her already reddened behind or play with her tits.

Janice and Chloe felt every intoxicating bounce on their backs as phoebe's weight affected and moved even his legs up and down. They whimpered and did their best to support the extra weight, dreading the thought of what may happen if they accidentally let his legs drop to the floor.

Meanwhile, Phoebe felt enough sensations in her half-numb, bleeding cunt to know her teacher's broad cock was throbbing. She knew this was it, and did her best to tighten her pussy lips even more, bouncing so fast that her ass started to hurt more than the inside of her cunt.

“Cum in me! Please! Thank you so much for fucking me! I needed it so much, sir! Ohh! I need your cum! I live for your cum! *Ahhh.*”

“And I thought, oh fuck, you were a lesbian.” Matt decided to say, wondering how she'll react.

“*Mmh!* I'm here for your pleasure, sir! It's my duty as your fuck-toy to make you happy, sir!” She stared deep into his eyes and slowed her bouncing, feeling his cock swell up. Somehow, she instinctively knew that slow and tender will make him cum even faster, and stronger.

“When your cock is hard and needs release, you are my ruler. My will and preferences don't need to be acknowledged, sir.” Her sparkling eyes were oozing lust and subservience, her voice a steamy whisper.

“I'm so happy I had a chance to give my new and unused pussy for your pleasure, sir. Thank you so much for granting me such an honor.”

She kissed his neck and chest and kept on riding him, slow, wet, and tight, parroting the degrading words she heard from the cum-whores on TV.

“My cunt is yours. My tight little lesbian muff is all yours. I'm your cum dumpster, sir, I promise to always be a good cum-dump for you, sir.”

Matt reached his limit in the face of Phoebe's angelic, willing, joyful and teary eyed mug. His cock was so warm and his release so pure, that he felt he was about to faint from the immense pleasure.

“Ohhhhhh.”

Phoebe snuggled against him as he filled her up, mumbling submissive words of shameless sexual nature.

“I can feel it in my pussy, sir.” She whispered “My numb, deflowered pussy. Thank you so much, I'm so happy you enjoyed yourself. I'm so happy you enjoyed my body”

His climax didn't stop. He just kept on shooting massive loads of white liquid, even he was afraid he may get fully depleted.

“Fuck, I've never had a new doll as good as you, Phoebe. This was fucking amazing...”

“Thank you, sir.” She cuddled against him and kissed his shoulder, her breaths calm as white thickness drizzled from her pussy along with her maiden's blood, creating a pink mixture of lost innocence.

“Did I pass the exam, sir?” She asked, her eyes closed, warm sensations filling both her rejuvenating pussy, and her heart.

Truth be told, Matt didn't even keep time. He figured he'll play with her, tell her that she failed and that she'll have to make it up to him, for the rest of her life. Seeing her sweetly snuggle against him, a cute smile on her face as her tight pussy invited

his cock to stay inside forever, even the heart of the immoral hypnotist melted.

“You did, Phoebe.” He said and kissed her forehead “With flying colors.”

“In fact.” He added “You did so good, that I think I'll keep you forever, even after I finish teaching you.”

In her altered and addled state of mind, his words of praise were the pinnacle of her young life.

“That makes me so happy, teacher.” She whispered sweetly, her pussy tightening on its own, and then oozing another dose of sperm onto the sofa below.

“I'll be the best fuck-toy you ever had, teacher. I promise.”

Chapter Six

All good things and every great experience must come to an end, and Matt felt like it was time to call it a day. He told Phoebe to get off of him, and had Janice and Chloe clean his cock with their tongues until it shined. None of them cared they were mostly licking Phoebe's blood and pussy juices, as long as some of it was their divine master's cum.

He wasn't about to lose an opportunity to teach Phoebe another lesson before bed, and told Janice and Chloe teach the younger blonde how to properly prepare for bed in his service.

While Matt watched some sports re-runs, his three devoted new housemates showered and primed themselves up for bed.

It's been forever since Janice felt so comfortable being naked in such a setting, next to her two daughters, but they didn't even speak to one another. Their only focus was to dab their skins with appealing, rosy smells and give themselves a proper feminine glow before decorating their master's bed with their precious bodies.

Ready for bed, the three called their master and waited on their backs or on their sides, lewdly and tenderly caressing their own bodies as they waited.

Phoebe learned another valuable lesson that night – How to be a proper bedding accessory for her tired teacher.

Matt entered the bedroom and smiled ear to ear, feasting his eyes on the three servile blondes in their erotic lingerie. Their small, silky lingerie would normally be erotic enough, but the three hypno-fucked beauties made sure all their holes and desirable parts were fully revealed and accessible, turning the already lewd panties into crotchless ones and foregoing anything that might cover their tits.

When they saw him, they knelt on the bed, side by side, and smiled up at him, silently waiting for him to inform them of their important roles for the night.

“Lie on your fronts and raise your bouncy little asses for me to hump.” He said and sat on the bed.

“Yes master.”

“Yes teacher.”

They lay flat on the bed, with their asses raised mere inches above the rest of their bodies, like a trio of living mattresses. Matt first lay on top of Chloe, pushing his semi-erect cock into her warm, relaxing twat. He needed some warm relaxation after all the fucking he did that day. It's been quite a while since he had the run of a house filled with obedient living sex dolls - Ever since the police got on his tail, in fact.

He was nothing if not fair, and moved over to lay atop Janice, easily sticking his cock into her looser pussy. Her ass was bigger than her daughters, and certainly provided a softer mount to rest his crotch on. He almost fell asleep on top of her without even noticing, but he knew he wanted her to fulfill a different purpose that night.

“Well, you'll definitely be one of my regular crotch pillows, slave.”

“Yes master. Every second you spend sound asleep thanks to my soft, unworthy body is a blessing.” The curvacious MILF said.

The last one in the line was certainly the tightest fit, but also the most comfortable one, once he settled in. He couldn't actually balance himself properly on Phoebe's slender body, so instead he lay on his side and moved her body accordingly.. Once his body was comfortable on the bed, and his cock was comfortable in her cunt, Matt cuddled and hugged her like a toy, squeezing her tits and closing his eyes.

He still required something to rest his head on, however.

“Janice, get your flowery scented tits over here, I need a pillow for my head.”

“Of course, master. My tits are yours.”

Janice lay on her back at a ninety degree angle to Matt.

Her feet kicked some stuff from the nightstand next to the bed, but none of them cared. She positioned her freshly cleaned tits right next to her master's head, and he pulled himself and Phoebe up to them. He gently rested his head on the massive breast closer to him, snuggled and adjusted himself on the spot until he was comfortable, and let his head fall down with all its weight.

Janice stared at the ceiling with wide, mesmerized eyes, her boob mashed, pressed hard against her chest. She knew she won't be getting much sleep that night, and she didn't even care.

“Tuck me in, Chloe.” Matt said, and just so his nineteen years old slave won't feel left out “And tuck yourself with us, you'll be my meat-blanket tonight.”

“Yes master.”

Chloe wrapped herself, her master and her little sister with the thin fabric, and gently lay on top of him, intent on keeping him warm and happy throughout the night. She wrapped her legs around him and touched Phoebe's legs. Phoebe felt it and slightly turned her head to look, and the two exchanged a loving glare.

It was quite ironic – Though Chloe and Phoebe always cared for one another, and wanted the best for each other, it took forsaking their own well-being, and devoting their lives to another, for the two sisters to share a moment of true sibling affection. Perhaps the love between fellow harem slaves was actually stronger than the one between sisters.

As the hours passed, Phoebe learned that there was more to being a night time cock-sleeve than just lying there and keeping it warm.

Matt got hard in her tight pussy plenty of times during the night, and actually pumped into her in his sleep, ending each penetrative session with a dreamy groan and a creamy load in her snatch. She was lucky to have a couple hours of sleep between each night-time fucking session. It also gave her pussy a chance to soak her teacher's recent load in, so that her cum-dump cunt didn't overflow.

Matt woke up the next morning with Janice's breast in his mouth, and if the bite marks around them were any indication, he was biting her nipple all night long. The hot MILF didn't get any sleep, but at least she felt more fulfilled as her master's pillow than when she actually breast-fed her own daughters.

He also salivated in his sleep, one of the issues with breathing through the mouth during the night. Matt found a perfect way of dealing with his night time issues – His living tit-pillows were self cleaning, among other things, and his snoring never bothered the other occupants of his bed. Or, if it did, the mindless cunts would never dare to complain, let alone wake him up to do so.

As with every day, he woke up with a raging morning wood, and he was finally back in a place where he could just fuck away at the obedient pussy that had accommodated him throughout the night.

“Good morning, fuck-toy.” He grabbed her chin and kissed her neck, banging her from behind at an increasing pace.

“Good morning teacher.” Phoebe sang with a happy tune, silently whimpering with every thrust. She was used to it, at that point, the only difference was that he was actually awake.

Or so she thought...

She soon found out that her teacher being awake made quite a difference in the roughness of his ramming into her. Before long, he was fucking her so hard that they heard a group of birds fly off from a tree near the window, escaping the constant sounds of his crotch bitch-slapping her pert, bouncy behind.

She soon felt the cannon that lounged in her cunt at night shoot another round of cum into her.

“*Ahh! Ungh! Ngh!*” He thrust his hips deep into her and grunted with every warm, thick spurt he shot inside.

“Nothing like a good morning wood creampie.” He sighed and lay his head back onto his soft boob-pillow, Janice.

For the first time since getting into bed, his cock left Phoebe's pussy. He lay on his back and took Phoebe in one hand, and Chloe in the other. All three of the cunts on the bed woke up with

the man who ruled them. Janice kept staring at the ceiling, knowing she was still only meant to be nothing but soft support for his head.

“I always cum fast in the morning.” He said, slowly running his hands over his teen slavegirls, both snuggling onto his sides with their soft, pristine, smooth bodies.

“Makes sense, doesn't it? Considering I spend the entire night in a tight, wet, teen pussy without any real release.”

Cum from her master's morning load started oozing out of Phoebe's fresh twat and slid down the slippery smooth skin of her butt cheek.

“Uhm...” She hesitated, looking deep into her teacher's eyes, wishing only to please “Yes teacher, it makes all the sense in the world” She finally said, stroking his flaccid cock with her dainty hand.

Phoebe saw no need to contradict what her teacher said with the honest truth, that he has been nutting in her twat every few hours during the night. Most of his loads were already absorbed into the pink walls of her pussy, and deep in her womb, anyway – A pussy which was uncharted and virgin a mere twenty-four hours earlier.

“The first chance you get, when I'm not busy *ahem* teaching you” Matt spoke to Phoebe “take a morning after pill from your sister's stash.”

He cupped her buttock, the one not stained with his spunk.

“Don't want you pregnant yet.” He gave her cheek an open handed slap.

“Yes teacher. Whatever you want, whenever you want.” She hugged him, wrapping her arm around his chest and kissing it. She knew Chloe would immediately take over gently patting his cock.

They stayed in bed for the first few hours of the morning, the two sisters cuddling, kissing and rubbing the man between them

like high class call girls, while their mother supported his head with her jugs, in complete silence.

By the time he finally decided it was time to get out of bed, both Chloe and Phoebe already had their breakfast of cum. Since Phoebe already had her shower lesson the other day, Matt decided to enjoy both sexy teens in his shower, while their mother prepared a hardy meal for him.

That shower did not strictly follow the protocol Matt taught her. Instead of her and Chloe sucking him off and then using his cum to soap their nubile bodies up, they applied actual body soap on their lewd bodies, especially their perky tits, and used them to lather the soap onto Matt's body.

They spent a long time rubbing their soft, soapy tits around the cock that fucked them in so many ways since Matt invaded their humble abode, but their diligence was worth it.

“Now smile for me, bitches.” He told the two blondes at his feet and took his cock from between their four breasts. Chloe and Phoebe smiled meekly as he rubbed his cock an inch from their faces.

“Press your cheeks together.” He said.

With their soft, wet lips curled in a sweet smile, the two blondes met cheek to cheek, looking up at their master's cock which was aimed straight at them.

“*Ahhhhhh.*” He sprayed his load on both their faces, and then stood back to get a good look of their angelic, cum-stained mugs.

“Touch tongues.” He told them.

“Yes master.”

“Yes teacher.”

Cum ran down their faces and drizzled down their tongues as they met. They shared a creamy frenching, licking and sucking cum from each other's mouth. Phoebe made sure to save some cum in her mouth to brush her teeth with later.

Matt decided the shower was done and allowed his slaves to wash their faces before drying his body off. He spanked them and left the room, starving for a good breakfast. Phoebe took the

chance to brush her teeth, rejuvenating the taste of her teacher's cum in her mouth, and then asked Chloe for a birth control 'morning after' pill.

“We'll have to get you the daily pills and start you on a proper regimen, Phoebe. Master really likes to grind into our cunts and only stop after exploding. And even if he doesn't do that, one night of cock-sleeve duty is enough to get our pussies crammed with cream, as you probably noticed tonight.” She joyfully winked at her little sister.

“I can get them myself.” Phoebe said and smiled at her older sister. She meekly extended her tongue and Chloe fed her the pill.

“Great.” Chloe smiled “We are tools for our master's pleasure.”

At the dining table, Janice already served Matt his breakfast and took her place under the table, using her tits as a cock-holder for her master.

“Hmm, delicious.” He said, taking a big bite from the spicy bacon on his plate “Lick the tip, I feel another hard-on coming.”

“Yes master.” Came from under the table, and Matt quickly felt her extended tongue circle around his helmet, her massive tits hugging his cock with a firm, yet soft hold.

With Chloe and Phoebe in Chloe's room discussing their new and improved role in life, Matt could leisurely sip from his wine cup in silence, resting from all the hyperactive fucking. Not that he had any reason to complain, but a small meditative rest with just one huge pair of tits around his cock, and only one tongue quietly flicking against his tip, ended up being quite a therapeutic experience for him.

Somehow, by the time he finished his meal, he felt so refreshed and rejuvenated, that before he knew it he was roughly fucking Janice's tits. His two young fuck-toys finally came back from their little reprieve, giggling like a pair of brainless bunnies.

“Nice tits, bitch, but I want to play with your daughters a bit more.” He told Janice, all the while grabbing her tits and moving them up and down. Well, she was the one doing the work, but her

movements were completely guided by the hands painfully clutching her massive jugs.

“Yes master!”

Chloe and Phoebe looked as their mother was discarded like a piece of yesterday's garbage as if it was the most natural thing ever.

“Phoebe, it's time for you to learn how to properly give me a kiss.” Matt said, still sticking to the whole teacher/student relationship, even though he drilled the fuck-toy idea so hard into her, that her devotion to learning and expanding her horizons was already fully replaced by an endless desire to please.

She walked over to him, shaking her booty like she was taught, remembering the sensations of Matt's cock drilling into her ass.

“Yes teacher.” She leaned towards his face, closed her eyes, and puckered her lips, but the only thing they met was his index finger, stopping her in her tracks. Her eyes opened abruptly and she stared at him with her naive blue pearls.

“Tsk tsk tsk, that's why every fuck-toy needs to go through proper training from a professional master like myself.” He said “You don't kiss your owner on the lips.”

“Where should I...” She started asking, but stopped once she understood “Oh, yes teacher, of course. Silly me.”

She slowly slumped to her knees. Matt moved his hard-on up and pointed to his balls. Phoebe nodded, and puckered her lips once again. She gave his balls a wet, juicy, long kiss, and then started pecking at it with her soft cherry lips. She treated his balls like ice cream, giving them short licks and kisses that made them practically melt in her mouth.

“Ahh that's nice. Chloe, jerk my cock while she does that.”

“Yes master.”

Phoebe smiled sheepishly after every slurpy kiss, happily stuck in a perpetual motion of moving her head forward to suck

and make-out with Matt's testicles, and then moving it backwards to take a breath, before diving back in. Chloe moistened his shaft and jerked it slowly, her mouth salivating as she pleaded with her eyes for her master to choke her with it.

“Janice, get over here and join your daughter.”

“Yes master.” The MILF under the table said, and sexily crawled over to the sofa.

Her master wasn't specific as to which daughter she was supposed to join, but Janice could see that her younger one had his balls covered quite nicely, so she extended her arm from the floor and gently gripped the part of his rod Chloe's hand could not cover, and they jerked him off together, in perfect unison.

“Hmm, lovely. Keep going.”

He looked at Phoebe and saw how lovingly she caressed his balls with her mouth.

“Hey, Phoebe, if you could be my own personal fuck-toy for life, would you forget all about Ashley?”

The young blonde wetly plopped her lips from his balls. Her answer was so clear she didn't even take a single breath before speaking.

“Who? Oh, right.” She said dumbly, and gave his balls a lick “In a heart beat, teacher. I would love nothing more than to call you my master, like Chloe and my mom.”

Matt patted Chloe, who sat beside him, on the back, and Janice, who knelt next to Phoebe, on the head, like one would a kitten.

“Then you have officially graduated, Phoebe.” He said, and Phoebe beamed at him with excitement “You are now my sex slave, my toy, just like these two bitches.”

“Ohh...Ohh, wow, master.” Phoebe said, tears of joy filling her eyes “Thank you so much **Kiss**” She passionately kissed his balls. “Is that it?” He asked, feigning disappointment “Come on, this is a momentous event, give us a proper speech!”

Phoebe thought for a few seconds, never taking her lips off of his manhood, and then raised her head to speak.

“Throughout my life, I searched for meaning in textbooks, ambitiously planning my life to the smallest detail. I don't really remember what I used to study, thanks to you, my benevolent master, but I know I didn't plan on you entering my life, and my sopping pussy.”

She stopped to give his balls some extra attention, and continued.

“I needed you to show me how utterly misguided I was, master. Planning my life was never my role, it's solely yours, and I am so happy to finally be able to give you the reins.”

“Do what you will with my body, and my life, master. Use me to advance your goals, or ride me to oblivion until I'm too loose and saggy to be used as your whore. I was born to make you happy, master, guide my existence as you see fit.”

“I shall forever be your devoted tool, an object in your possession, unworthy of a sense of self. I am only what you see me as, master, nothing more. That is the truth I could never learn from any textbook, and now it is the only truth in my life.”

“I am yours, master, forever and ever, till the day I die. No one else matters, nothing else matters.”

She placed her hands on the floor, and lowered her head, kissing his feet submissively, wiggling her ass seductively. Janice looked so proud of her youngest daughter's passionate graduation speech, and Matt grinned.

“That was perfect, slave.” He said “So perfect that I think I want my three toys to titfuck me, together.”

Janice, Chloe, and Phoebe looked at him with shiny eyes.

“Whatever you want, master, it is our duty and pleasure to obey.” Janice said, squeezed her tits together, and moved towards his cock.

“Yes master.” Phoebe said and did the same.

“My tits are yours.” Chloe declared, and dropped from the sofa to the floor.

“I want to feel all six titties, whores. If I don't, I'll slap 'em till they're purple.”

“Yes master.” The three chimed in unison, and pressed their soft fun-bags on their master's hard shaft, their nipples mashed on his rod as their tits pressed against each other.

It was a sort of slutty corporation one could only expect from close relatives. The three looked at each other, Janice moved her lips without a sound, counting from three to one, and as she reached one they moved together as a single unit, their tits engulfing his manhood from all possible sides.

“*Ohhh wow!* That's fuckin' amazing!” He groaned “Faster! Faster, bitches!”

Without a sound they increased the pace of their vertical movements, and pressed their tits onto each other, and his cock, with increased force. Matt started drumming on their tits, disrupting their teamwork slightly, but none of them complained, it was their job to weather whatever his slightest whim entailed.

At that point in time, they were nothing more than pairs of pleasant and fuckable boobs, and when their master did not enjoy them, they were nothing.

“I'm so proud of you, Phoebe.” Janice whispered to her daughter while dictating the pace of the triple titfuck with her massive balloons “You defined our purpose in life so accurately.”

All the teary eyed Phoebe could do was nod and smile at her mother, still on cloud nine from graduating her studies. It was her only goal, after all, even before she met her master.

“Come up here, Janice.” Matt said “Let the little cum-dolls share my cock with their mouths.”

Janice sat beside him and leaned on him like a dependent, drunk harlot, pushing her massive tits onto his chest. Chloe and Phoebe heard his words, and moved to lick and run their lips along his shaft, when Phoebe moved her wet lips from root, to stem, to tip, Chloe moved her own in the opposite direction.

Matt grabbed a handful of massive MILF tit.

“Look at them, sucking and kissing my cock, so naturally. Slurping and flicking their tongues on my tip and my balls. It's like they were born for this.”

“They were, master.” Janice said “Just like me.”

Matt chuckled.

“Yeah, that's right bitch. It's funny, I bet a week ago you would have placed their well-being before even your own, you would have protected them from any man wanting to exploit them like this.”

Janice looked at her daughters, her pupils shaking in her eyes. She then turned her gaze to her master's face, and her eyes showed nothing but devotion and adoration.

“And now you would put your life, their life, and anything else I wish, in the palm of my hand, and suck my cock while I have my way with anything you used to hold dear.”

She looked at him with confused eyes, unable to comprehend the meaning of his words. What he said about her made no sense in her mind.

“Don't worry, though, both your daughters now perfectly share your new world view.”

She looked at her daughters again. Phoebe was back to kissing and sucking her master's balls, while Chloe gagged on it.

“Everything we have is yours, master. This apartment is yours for as long as you wish to stay here. Our tits, our asses, and our cunts are here for you to fuck. Our mouths are for sucking, fucking, and declaring our obedience to you, in any way you please. Our hands are for bringing you food, and drinks, and for rubbing your cock whenever you wish.”

Matt smiled and took hold of her chin. He used his thumb to slightly lower her chin, leaving her mouth to hang open.

“I haven't fed you today, have I?”

“No, master.” She said “Nor yesterday.”

“Really?” He said, surprised “Well, wrap your hot lips around my cock then.”

Chloe heard, kissed the tip, and backed away. Phoebe stayed where she was, tending to his balls. He lightly pushed Janice's head down, a gentle nudge was all that was needed, and she hungrily took his cock in her mouth, deep enough to have Phoebe's golden hair tickle her nose.

"I'm about to cum." He said, roughly fucking Janice's face "Go bring me some beer from the fridge, Chloe."

Chloe stood up and walked away, swaying her hips just the way her master likes. After such extensive arousing activity, it wasn't surprising that Matt blew his most massive and thick load of the day. He kept on cumming well after Chloe returned with the beer, and Janice kept it all in her throat, expertly gulping every single drop.

He took a large sip from the can, and sighed.

"*Ahh*, refreshing." He said "I'm done cumming, you can take your mouth off."

"Yes master." Janice did as she was told, and gulped the last few drops still in her mouth.

"And next time I don't feed you for a while, eat something else. I don't want you starving to death."

"As you wish, master."

"That goes for all three of you."

"Yes master." The youthful blondes said, Phoebe's voice still slurred and muffled by her master's balls.

"Heh, yeah. Dream-lord is surreal, teacher is surprisingly appealing, but nothing beats an eighteen year old blonde cunt calling me master, especially with my balls in her mouth."

It was only then that he noticed Phoebe's phone on the edge of the sofa, it was vibrating madly. Janice handed him the phone, at his behest.

"thirteen missed calls and forty messages, all from your little fuck-buddy, Ashley. Wow, she's practically begging you to answer her by the end of it." He said, browsing the pathetic pleads of the spurned lesbian lover.

Phoebe didn't even respond, she was still busy keeping her master's balls warm.

“What did you say your argument was about? Her wanting to tell everyone about your relationship?”

“Yeth masher.” Phoebe said

He browsed through the photos on her phone, and nearly jumped from his seat when he saw Phoebe hugging a gorgeous, busty, and young brunette.

“Holy shit, is this her?” He asked, and showed the phone to Phoebe.

“Yes master.” Phoebe raised her head to look, and confirmed.

“Wow, I didn't expect that. Usually feminine lesbian gals like you go for more butch.”

He flipped through the multiple photos of Ashley on Phoebe's phone. If he hadn't just cum in Janice's mouth, he would've gotten hard just by staring at them. Ashley had the most perfect, roundest, prettiest pair of tits he ever saw on an eighteen year old girl, usually tucked beneath one tank-top or another.

Some of the images were quite risqué, actually.

“Pfft, if any of you would have looked over her phone, you'd have known about her relationship with this brunette Greek goddess immediately.” He criticized Janice and Chloe “She has more pics of Ashley here than any other person combined.”

“Ashley isn't Greek, master.” Phoebe said, taking another break from licking his balls.

“Well, I didn't mean literally, silly cunt. Just keep licking my balls, stick to what you're good at, and leave the thinking to your master.”

“Yes master **Slurp**.”

Matt put the phone aside.

“Time to expand my domain.” He said “If I ever want to clear my name, I need a proper plan, and an army of cunts to execute that plan.”

He looked down at Phoebe with an evil grin.

“Phoebe, I think you should call your girlfriend and apologize to her.”

“Whatever you wish, master.”

“And then you'll set a date with her. First, though, it's time I teach you how to properly put a fellow hot pair of tits in a receptive, obedient hypnotic trance...”

Phoebe nodded as her tongue worked overtime. Hypnosis, apparently, was a much stronger force than she ever thought. She was never so happy to be so wrong. And now she will use her great learning abilities to bring more cunts to her master's service, starting with the young woman she once loved.

Once her master orders her to stop treating his balls like a bowl of ice cream. An ambitious young woman must keep true to her priorities, after all.

###

Thirteen

* * * * *

Brenda finally finished the mountain of paperwork that damn intern was supposed to work on, when she saw him walk in.

“James! Where have you been all day?” She yelled at him.

“Sorry, Brenda.” He said “I had a family emergency...”

Brenda quickly changed her expression to a concerned one, since he seemed so sincere.

“I'm sorry. I hope everything is okay, now.”

“Yeah, things got sorted out, barely.” He said.

“Well my mom is waiting for you in her office, but I'm sure she'll have mercy on you once you tell her what happened.” Brenda told him, reassuring the young man.

“Thanks Brenda. I'll go to her now...” He said, obviously concerned.

Brenda insisted the employees referred to her with her own name and not as Ms. Hudson. Ms. Hudson was her mother,

Rebecca Hudson, the biggest name in real estate the city of Chicago has seen in the last twenty years. Brenda acted as the senior assistant at their main branch, with her mom as the manager.

They had about one hundred other employees in that building, and some of them didn't like the obvious nepotism of making Brenda, in practice, vice president of company.

Brenda could take it, though. She had her intern, who was only about 3 years younger than her own twenty-five years of age, and the same fire her mom had when she started this business.

Brenda intended to take over the company when her mom retires, and make it even more successful, despite the stares she got from Walter, the thirty five year realtor, and the best salesman they had, other than Brenda's mom, of course.

Brenda knew he wanted her position, and she loved showing him just how far he is from ever getting it, every chance she got. James got out of her mom's office with a spring in his step. Obviously, Brenda was right about her mom not being too harsh on him.

Brenda got her wit and people skills from her mom, and they were both quite talented at keeping their employees happy and productive.

"So, it went okay?" Brenda asked him as he sat down at his desk.

"Oh, better than okay, Brenda. Thanks." He said with a big smile and took a big pile of leftover paperwork to chew on "Really, I'd like to thank you and your mom so much for giving me the opportunity to work here. You're both so understanding, and nice." He said.

"Yeah, you just wait until you want to rise up the ranks, twerp." Walter said angrily.

"There isn't anywhere you can advance to, Walter. You're already our most accomplished salesman." Brenda said, knowing how deep those words cut him.

“Oh I have places to go, Brenda.” He spat her name “Maybe not in this cesspool of nepotism, but I have ways to advance, trust me.”

“Ohh, cesspool of nepotism!” Brenda mocked “How long did it take you to think about that, huh?”

Walter looked at her, enraged. He had a very distinct vein popping from his forehead when he got really mad, it was rather funny. Brenda looked back at him with a smug smile, while James the intern tried his best to keep his eyes down and pretend he was not listening.

“Okay, I’ve had enough.” He said, and started walking towards her mom’s office.

“She’s busy, Walter.” Brenda told him, as he walked in a brisk pace.

“Like I give a damn!” Walter snapped, and barged into Rebecca Hudson’s office.

“Well, this should be interesting.” Brenda said, and James chuckled slightly. James was rather cute, actually, which is why Brenda spared him the acid Walter and most every other man got from her.

It only took five minutes for Walter to barge out of her mom’s office, most likely after yelling the whole time.

“You think you can just ignore me?! That’s it! I quit! You and your bitch daughter can go fuck yourselves for all I care!” he bellowed, and rushed passed Brenda, giving her the finger, before heading to the exit. He had quite the satisfied look on his face, a look Brenda knew just how to crush.

“Don’t let the door hit you on the way out! And make sure to collect that unemployment check on time!”

She couldn’t tell if her words wiped the satisfaction from his face, but she liked to hope that it did.

“Won’t it be a problem?” James asked, finally having the courage to talk “He was the best salesman we had, wasn’t he?”

“First of all, my mom is the best by far, and I’m second.” Brenda started.

“Oh, of course miss...I mean... Brenda.” James hurried to correct himself.

Brenda giggled “Second of all. Trust me, we’ll find another star salesman, Walter was an expandable blowhard.” She said that, although inside she knew she might get some heat from her mom for pushing Walter over the age before his “usefulness was fully depleted” as her mom always said.

“I don’t know, he seemed quite mad...” James said.

“Who cares?!” Brenda snapped “You don’t make it in real estate without cutting a few throats and making some enemies. Screw him, and anyone who gets in our way, right?!” She said arrogantly.

“Right!” James said enthusiastically. Brenda was starting to consider keeping him around as a full timer, as a pet of sorts. He was so eager to please.

Then, her mom’s office opened, and Rebecca Hudson herself walked out, wearing pitch black sunglasses, ready to leave the office for the day. She had an impressive figure indeed, for a woman of her age. She was barely wrinkled, and sported a 38-DD chest, slightly bigger than Brenda’s.

“Honey, I need to tell you something.” She told Brenda, and Brenda figured what her mom wanted to say.

“I know, I know. I shouldn’t have pushed Walter out just yet...” She started

“It’s not that. I don’t care about that.” Her mom said. Brenda noticed she sounded a bit off.

“I want you and your sisters to come to 13 Russell Street today, at ten p.m.” She said.

“That creepy old house? Why? You’re not thinking of selling it, are you?” Brenda asked.

“I’ll explain there. And I’ll call Emily, Casey, and Andrea too, to make sure they’ll all be there.”

“Okay, sure.” Brenda said, knowing that arguing with her mom when she’s like this won’t do any good.

“What’s thirteen Russell Street?” James asked, after Rebecca left.

“Oh it’s this creepy abandoned house. It was the scene of some horrific crime like twelve years ago. I don’t know about the details, I was too young.” Brenda said.

“Why would she want to meet you and your sisters there?”

“No idea. There’s no way it will ever sell. It’s in poor condition and was a murder scene. I’m sure she has her reasons, though.” Brenda told herself out loud, a little creeped out actually.

“Well, have a nice Friday the thirteenth.” James said, and prepared to leave for home as well. Brenda looked at the calendar.

“Friday the thirteenth! Of course! That’s why she was being so weird.” Brenda said “She probably has something special set up for us in there.”

“Hah! Well, then you’ll definitely have fun.” James said.

“I guess.” Brenda wasn’t really the playful prankster type, and neither was her mom. Brenda still wondered what has gotten into her mom, inviting her and her sisters to a creepy murder house on the supposed unluckiest and scariest night of the year.

“Guess I’ll find out tonight...” Brenda mumbled as James left for home as well.

* * * *

Emily and Casey arrived just as Brenda was trying to get Andrea to give her some of the beer she brought.

“Come on! You’ve got four six packs over there! I’m sure the people at your party won’t notice one can is missing...Especially after they’ve had a few.”

“Well, I guess we’ll never know, will we?” Andrea said “Oh, good, the under aged are here.” She added when she noticed the twins walking in “Maybe now this boozehound will stop pestering me!”

“Oh sure, cause these two have never had any beer...” Brenda said sarcastically.

“Who me?” Casey joined in the conversation “Never! That’s gross!”

“And weed, too” Emily added “It really sucks. You know, if you hate being all high and happy.” She said with a devilish smile.

“Seriously, Emily?” Andrea gasped “You’ve smoked pot?! I haven’t tried that one yet.”

“Are you afraid of losing the family’s black sheep status, Andrea?” Brenda asked.

“Well, she does have that tattooed on her ass, so I understand her worry.” Casey said.

“Ha ha ha, soooo funny.” Andrea said. “I hope this silly little family gathering won’t make me too late for the party.”

Andrea was twenty-two years old, and worked as a waitress in some seedy diner at a shady part of town. She didn’t like to flaunt her family’s money, and lived a very green life style. She often partied with her like-minded friends, and got the reputation of being both the bad girl, and the flowery green hippy in the family.

Casey and Emily were identical twins. Being fresh out of high school, they still lived in their mom’s house, and didn’t quite know what they wanted to do with their lives. They were more into boys and teen music bands to focus on their future, and were in the middle of planning a trip to Europe with some friends.

“I’m telling you,” Andrea told the twins when they started talking about the cost of their trip versus their mother’s allowance “You can save an amazing amount of money by showing a little skin! Do you know what guys will do, for even a hint of an eighteen year old set of hot twins?”

“Oh great, whore your teen sisters through Europe. Good one!” Brenda said, trying her best to be the responsible older sister, at least until their mom arrives.

“Whore your teen sister through Europe.” Casey repeated “Sounds like the next MTV hit show!” The girls all laughed at that, until the door suddenly swung open, and their mom came in.

“Mom!” Brenda gasped

“Oh my god!” Andrea exclaimed.

The twins simply stood there, with their mouths wide open,

shocked out of their wits. In front of the girls stood the most surreal and grotesque sight they have ever seen. Their mother was wearing a crotch-less thong, and no bra.

There was a chain connecting both her nipples, attached with a sharp metal clip to each nipple, on each gigantic tit. Her tits were also adorned with a white liquid that could only have been a man's sperm.

Her pussy was shaved and her clit had three fresh piercings in it, which were obviously crudely placed by the hands of an amateur. In the mirror that stood in the middle of the derelict and dusty living room, the girls could see their mother's ass was crimson red, obviously from constant and insistent spanking, that she probably received earlier.

She made sure to swing her naked breasts from side to side, making the chain connecting her gigantic jugs clink occasionally. But perhaps the most disturbing of all were her whited out eyes, void of emotion or thought, and the gun she held in her hand. Upon seeing her four daughters, she lifted the gun to her head, and moved her hand to the trigger.

Casey made a frightened gasp while Andrea cried out "Don't!"

Rebecca Hudson, the supreme realtor in town, didn't pull the trigger. Instead, she spoke in a dazed drone, parroting the words of another.

"Hear the words of my master, and play his sadistic game properly, or I'll blow my useless brains away to oblivion. In this abandoned house, you will find clues of a great tragedy that has occurred here. You must discover the phrase to free you from this hovel of death and decay. You must also discover the master's identity, if you wish to free me from the shackles that bind me to his will." The mindless drone that used to be their mom finished her eerie speech.

"Fly, my lovelies, and discover the truth. Or be destroyed."

The four sisters just stood there, speechless.

"What's going on here?" Casey finally managed to ask.

“Isn’t it obvious?” Andrea said “It’s Friday the thirteen. Obviously some vengeful spirit of someone who died in this house possessed her, in order to play some sadistic game, to sate its murderous appetite.” She made it sound like a mundane thing that happens every week or so.

“Don’t be ridiculous!” Brenda said “Such nonsense can’t be true. She’s obviously being controlled somehow. It’s like hypnosis, or something.”

“Hypnosis can’t work that way.” Emily said “You can’t make someone do anything they don’t really want to do, let alone go against the most basic instinct to keep on living.”

“I heard that, too.” Casey said.

“Of course you did, I told you that, numbskull...” Emily told her.

“See? It had to be some other worldly spirit using some magical form of perfect mind control.” Andrea said.

“Don’t be ridiculous, Andrea. Just because hypnosis can’t bring about this kind of control, doesn’t mean it’s not possible by other means, right?”

“I-I guess. But there is no known way to do it.” Emily said.

“Well, obviously someone knows how.” Brenda concluded.

“Maybe she’s pulling a prank on us?” Casey said hopefully, while studying her mother’s expressionless face.

“You really think she’ll go as far as self-mutilation just to prank us?” Brenda asked her.

“Oh. I guess you’re right...” Casey said, even more nerve wrecked than before, now that she looked at her mother’s state of dress again, after trying hard to block the image away.

“What do we do?” Andrea asked, her beer and party long forgotten. Brenda looked at the pitiful state of the woman she so admired.

“Mom?” She said.

“Yes, honey.” The mindless drone answered, not moving the loaded gun even an inch from her head.

“What will happen if we try to get help? Or take the gun from you?” Brenda asked.

“I will immediately shoot and kill myself, honey.” That made Andrea and Casey whimper “And if somehow you manage to stop me, I’ll find another way to promptly end my life.”

Brenda was afraid of just that answer.

“And if we use the clues and find the phrase, and identity, of your master, will he really let you go?” Brenda wondered.

“That is up to the master. He can toy with our lives in any way he wants.” She answered.

“See! There’s someone controlling her. Not some ghost!” Emily said.

“How do you know it’s not a ghost or some other worldly spectre?” Andrea insisted “It can still be a male ghost!”

“Oh yeah, then where did the, you know, thing on her chest come from...” Emily had a hard time referring to the spray of cum on their mother’s breasts, but Andrea understood.

“It’s Friday the thirteenth! All sorts of weird things can happen with the spirit world tonight.”

“Oh, come on!” Emily snapped at her older sister.

Brenda didn’t really listen to the conversation next to her, between her younger sisters. She still heard the voice of her mom saying her master can toy with their lives in any way he wants. She knew her mother would be appalled by those words, and would rather die than live such a life.

“Simmer down, you two.” She said “Who cares who or what is controlling her. The important thing is that we have to play the game, for now, and find the answers she needs us to find. We can’t let her down, after everything she’s done for us.”

Those words filled Emily with confidence and determination, as she took a deep breath, and nodded to her older sister.

“I’m scared...” Casey said.

“We all are.” Andrea told her, as Emily put a reassuring hand on her twin sister’s shoulder “But we are survivors, just like her. We can beat this poltergeist.” Those last words made both Brenda

and Emily sigh at Andrea, but they both chose to say nothing about it this time.

The girls decided to split up and look for clues, with the twins taking the bottom floor and basement, and Brenda and Andrea searching the upper floors.

Brenda and Andrea walked the corridor on the second floor. The house was dark and gloomy, and every now and then there were noises that made Andrea wince in terror

“Did you hear that?” Andrea said, after she heard a drawn out, high pitched wail.

“Yes. It’s probably the person behind this, trying to mess with us.” Brenda said, getting irritated by her sister’s weird ideas.

“It sounds just like a ghost, though...” Andrea insisted, while Brenda opened doors and checked within rooms for clues and signs.

“You mean like a ghost from cartoons and bad horror movies? Stop being ridiculous. We need to be calm and smart if we want to beat this maniac.”

“Okay, okay...” Andrea said. She wanted to add that insulting the maniac by calling him that might be bad idea, ghost or not, but held her tongue.

“I bet this has to do with Walter.” Brenda finally vocalized a concern she had.

“Your number one salesman? The one you always like teasing?” Andrea asked.

“Why?”

“He quit today. He got all mad and yelled about being ignored. He went and had a heated discussion with mom, and then left.”

“You think that’s when he did that *thing* to her?”

“It’s possible...” Brenda said, vowing to cut his balls off when she sees him next, if he has anything to do with their current situation.

They entered a room that looked like a stripped down office. All the drawers were empty, and there were cobwebs on the few pens that remained on the desk. The one interesting thing was a bunch of newspaper articles neatly laid down on the desk.

“The two largest real estate agencies in Chicago Have announced a merger, creating the biggest, wealthiest and most successful real estate agency in the United States.” Andrea read the headline of one of the stories, and moved to the sub headline.

“Almost creating a monopoly in the housing market of Chicago, The Hudson Real Estate company and...Umm...” She stopped reading.

“Why did you stop?” Brenda asked, browsing a tax file she found on the floor.

“The name of the other company is blotted out. Do you remember this? Mom’s company merging with another big realtor?” Andrea asked.

“No.” Brenda answered “I only remember Hudson Real Estate being the one and only big name in real estate...Keep reading.”

“Responses from the market are mixed. Some claim the owner of...the other company...” Andrea said, because the company’s name was again blotted out “made a mistake merging with the smaller Hudson Real Estate.”

That really struck Brenda with surprise.

“Mom’s company was the smaller one?” She asked.

“Apparently.” Andrea said, and continued reading.

“The owner, Richard Gardener, simply said: Thirteen is my lucky number, and it has never failed me. How can I turn down a business proposal from a woman with thirteen letters in her name?... He sounds cuckoo.” Andrea said.

“Many great business men are.” Brenda told her “Keep going.”

“Rebecca Hudson, CEO and owner of the Hudson Real Estate Company assured us Mr. Gardener was making the right decision, and added: I’m certain this merger will be extremely beneficial to both our companies, and the housing market in the city of Chicago.”

“Well, it was beneficial to her. But he vanished, as far as I can tell.” Brenda said, grabbing another article from the desk. This time it was one with a much darker and more tragic headline.

“Businessman shoots and kills his wife and two children, mortally wounding another, before committing suicide.” Brenda

read out loud.

“Richard Gardener, forty-one years old, shot and killed his wife, Ellie Gardener, and their two children, Micah and Tessa. His youngest son, Brian, was mortally wounded, and doctors doubt he will make it through the night.”

As Brenda finished reading, she looked at the picture, and realized something,

“I know him!” She said, surprising Andrea. Seeing the question mark practically drawn on her sister’s face, Brenda continued explaining.

“Mom introduced him to me once. She called him her lucky thirteen. I always thought he was one of her employees. She certainly always treated him like that.

Andrea then picked up what looked like a hand written letter, and read it.

“You should know that if you interfere with my plan to take over the company, your wife will know of our more intimate relationship.” Was all that was written.

“Isn’t this mom’s handwriting?” Andrea asked Brenda, knowing Brenda knows their mom’s handwriting better than anyone else, probably.

Brenda looked it over.

“It definitely is.” Brenda concluded immediately.

“So mom swindled this man’s company from him, and he committed a mass murder suicide?” Andrea said “No wonder his spirit is mad...”

That made Brenda lose it.

“First of all, mom didn’t swindle anything. If this man was stupid enough to let her manipulate him, then he didn’t deserve that company. Second of all, there is no ghost involved, so stop with this nonsense!”

“We found a letter of her blackmailing him and threatening to tell his wife he cheated on her. If that’s not swindling...” Andrea said.

“Well, he shouldn’t have cheated on his wife, then, don’t you think?” Brenda asked, annoyed with her little sister.

“I guess. I’m just saying, in the end karma gets a hold of anyone. Even mom...”

“Are you saying mom deserved it?!” Brenda snapped.

“No, of course not. I mean, it’s just...” Andrea mumbled.

“Just what?” Brenda insisted.

“Never mind, let’s keep going. There’s nothing else here.” Andrea finally said.

Brenda nodded, and they moved on to the third floor.

Meanwhile, the twins went down to the basement, after Emily managed to convince the frightened Casey to go down there, of course. In the basement they saw a makeshift bed, with black cats drawn on the newly washed covers. Those weren’t the only black cats in the room, though. There were statues of black cats and even a few stuffed ones.

There were ladders lined over by the walls, with yellow brick wallpapers on the floor under them. The walls had at least twenty broken mirrors on them, and the floor had the discarded frames of at least a hundred other broken mirrors.

“It’s like a shrine to bad luck in here...” Emily said, as Casey gulped audibly and nodded.

“Sharp girl...” A sarcastic male voice came from behind them, and the twins turned around.

Both girls gasped in shock, and Casey had to stifle down a scream of terror. Blocking the staircase they used to climb down to the basement was a man in a pure white robe, and a black cat mask on his face. His eyes were dark, and popped out in a deranged manners.

“Is he a ghost?” Casey said, frightened.

“Stop letting Andrea’s craziness get to you.” Emily said through gritted teeth, and looked at the man.

“Who the fuck are you?! If you’re the one who did those things to our mom, I can guarantee a world of hurt is coming your way.” Emily told him.

“Ohh! Such a brave girl!” He said in a carefree and mocking tone “And who will administer the ‘world of hurt’, if I may humbly ask?”

“Oh you’re looking right at her.” Emily said, folding her sleeves and assuming a threatening pose “I have a black belt in Jujitsu, and I’ve learned Kung Fu for three years now. You don’t want to try me.” She said.

“Wow, Jujitsu AND Kung Fu. You’re quite a ninja, aren’t ya?” he said, and opened the palm of his hand, that he kept closed up till now, to reveal the black metallic box that was clenched within.

“Impressive you’ve learned all those martial arts. I’m quite jealous” he said “All I’ve managed to learn throughout the years is how unfair and unlucky this world truly is, unless you cheat and tilt the scales in your direction.” He tried to pretend making sad eyes, but it only made him look more deranged than before.

“Oh!” He said right before Emily Intended to jump him with her martial arts skills “I also learned how to make this!”

In a split second, the black box emitted a blinding light straight in Emily’s face, stopping her movements immediately.

It took a moment for the dust to settle, and Casey was already crouching under a ladder, shivering in fear.

“Did you get him?” She yelled at Emily, with her eyes closed, in an upright fetal position.

“What are your orders, master?” Casey heard her sister say in a docile tone, all the impressive fighting spirit drained from her completely.

Casey opened her eyes, and saw Emily stand before the man with eyes that were as white as their mother’s.

“Oh no, Emily.” Casey almost started crying, when the man flashed his little black box at her face as well. She got up, and walked over to where her sister was standing at attention.

“What are your orders, master.” Casey said.

“For now, get on your knees, where you belong.” He said.

“Yes, master.” The two girls said, and instantly obeyed.

He stared at them for a moment, savoring the sight of the two hot eighteen year old identical twins, with their eyes completely whited out, waiting, on their knees, for his commands to tell them what to do, and think.

He took his cock out of his robe, and began slapping their lips with it, starting with Emily.

“There we go, you mouthy girl. This is what your mouth is for!” He said.

“Yes, master. Thank you, master, for using my mouth properly.”

Then, he moved to Casey. He told her to take her tongue out, and started slapping her all across her tongue and face with his dick.

“Fantastic. Now, lick my balls, girls.” He said, and each girl immediately took to licking and kissing one of his balls.

“Oh yeah! Even your ball licking skills are identical!” He said as he moaned in pleasure.

“You know,” he said, after thoroughly enjoying their sloppy mouths on his balls and cock “I’ve never had an eighteen year old high school senior in my bed, other than in my fantasies.”

He lay on the bed, his erection pointing up, ready to be ridden by the mindless sex dolls that were kneeling before his bed.

“Go ahead and ride me, karate girl.” He commanded Emily.

“As you wish, master. Thank for using my body to fulfill your sexual fantasies.” Emily said, submissive and obedient, removed her panties, and got on the bed.

She spread her legs over his cock, and speared herself instantly, making him groan in pleasure. Then, she started grinding her hips back and forth, utterly focused on her master’s sexual pleasure.

“Damn, that’s fucking tight!” He exclaimed, and grabbed her tits. He brought her down to him, and she complied like a sex doll would, letting him move her around as he pleases. He sucked and fondled her tits and nipples as he pumped into her pussy.

“Ohh, yeah! This is heaven.” He said, spanking Emily’s smooth ass.

“Okay, get off” He said “it’s time to see if your fuckholes are identical, as well. Get on top, Casey.”

“Thank you for using me, master.” Emily said and got off of him.

“Yes, master. I exist to please you.” Casey said, and replaced her twin sister as their master’s living fuck glove.

She speared herself on him just like her twin sister, but she was much tighter, and it took a few ferocious thrusts for him to understand why, as he saw trickles of blood running down her pussy.

“Oh, wow! An eighteen year old virgin! I thought your kind was extinct!” He exclaimed in massive pleasure, as he got so close to cumming that his cock started to throb.

“I’m glad you’re enjoying yourself, master. My virgin pussy is yours to use whenever you wish.” Casey said. If Emily was in any state to do anything other than kneel and await further commands, she would’ve been quite surprised her twin sister was still a virgin, but this certainly isn’t how she would’ve wanted her to lose it.

“Ohh yeah! You’re the first cherry I’ve popped, did you know that?” The man in the black cat mask said.

“I’m honored, master. Thank you, master.” Casey said. He spanked the young virgin a few times, closer to climaxing than ever, as the tight teen made sure to be wet and pleasing for the member pounding inside of her.

On the upper floors, Brenda and Andrea continued looking for clues, oblivious to the fact their little sisters are being violated in the basement, thanks to some sound proofing that was done on the basement walls.

They entered what appeared to be the main bedroom, and saw a picture of a loving family of five. Two parents and three little kids, smiling while on holiday. Brenda found a gift card and read it aloud “For my one true love, happy Valentines. Xoxo”

“That’s so romantic...” Andrea gushed.

“Yeah, only if she was his one true love, he wouldn’t have shackled with mom, would he?” Brenda said, and Andrea gasped, still worrying about angering the dead man’s spirit.

Andrea then found a diary, written with the same handwriting as the Valentines card.

“What’s in there?” Brenda asked.

Andrea looked at her with a worried face.

“Well, this entry talks about how much he finds mom trustworthy, and is hoping their partnership will make both of them prosper.”

She flipped a few pages.

“This one talks about mom getting him drunk, and seducing him for a night of passion. And he writes that he hopes she knows he loves only his wife, and always will...”

“Bullshit...” Brenda said “Booze is like what Emily said about hypnosis. It can’t make you do things you don’t want to.”

“Still, we saw that note from mom threatening him to stay quiet about the takeover or she will tell his wife...” Andrea said.

“And so what if she did? Her willingness to do anything to get ahead in life is what paid for my higher education, and for all of our lives! He was a fool for falling for such an obvious trick.”

“How can you say that!?” Andrea said, shocked “You’re okay with striking a deal with someone, cheating him out of his company, and pushing him to commit a murder suicide on his own family!?”

“Yes! That’s the real world! Welcome, you hippie, rose colored, glass housed hypocrite!” Brenda felt obliged to protect her mom’s decisions, though she may have been over compensating a bit “And besides, I’m sure there were other things that pushed him to do it. And he was probably crazy from the get go, anyway.”

“Well,” Andrea said “Looking at his diary, it seems not much happened other than that. He is writing about how she was convincing investors to demand the board to remove him. About how he can’t do anything for fear she might tell his wife about their night together. Then, it’s a bunch of pages where he seems

to ask the number thirteen for guidance. The last pages are really just a bunch of thirteens written in all sorts of ways.”

“See?” Brenda said “He was cuckoo for coco-puffs. Making business decisions based on his lucky number. I bet that’s why mom wanted him out, and how she convinced the investors and board members to kick him out. You can’t have an unstable man who believes in charms and mojo leading a multi-billion dollar company.” Brenda finished triumphantly.

“I guess you might be right...” Andrea had to agree “So, who do you think the ‘master’ is? And what’s the secret phrase mom was talking about?”

“No idea. But I don’t think it has to do with Walter anymore...” Brenda said.

“It was a stupid idea, anyway. I mean, how would Walter be able to do that thing to mom?” Andrea said, and Brenda realized how right she was, increasing her concern greatly.

“Who would be able to do it...?” Brenda said, and the two sisters continued through the third floor corridor.

At the same time, the twins searched the basement thoroughly. Somehow, they’ve completely forgot about what happened to them just a few moments earlier.

“It’s like someone is currently living here...” Emily said.

“Maybe a bum made this place his home?” Casey suggested, crossing her legs uncomfortably.

“Do you need to go to the bathroom...?” Emily asked, raising her eyebrow.

“No...” Casey said “It’s just...I feel a little uncomfortable...you know, down there...” She said, embarrassed. If only she knew she still felt the pain of her hymen tearing and being fucked so forcefully on her very first time.

“This isn’t the time for you to get your period.” Emily said “Let’s go search more upstairs. There’s nothing here but bad luck...”

Upstairs at the third floor, Brenda and Andrea continued through the corridor, or so Brenda thought.

“Okay, Andrea, all we have left is to search there.” Brenda said, looking up at the attic door. There was no response, so she turned around to find Andrea gone.

“Andrea?” She said. She was sure Andrea was right behind her. “Andrea?! Get over here! Where are you?!” She called out to the empty corridor.

“God damn it! She can’t even be trusted with following me through a freaking straight corridor.” Brenda said “Andrea!” She yelled.

“Screw it.” She decided “I’m going up the attic!” She screamed, hoping Andrea will hear her “Join me whenever you feel like being useful, you spoiled brat!”

Andrea did hear her older sister calling. She simply didn’t care. She was too busy deep throating her master’s cock in one of the rooms they’ve already checked.

“Ohh, yeah! This is perfect. I really needed someone to shine my cock after your little sisters soiled it with pussy juices and virginal blood. Your mouth is perfect for the job, don’t you think?” The man in the black cat mask said, violating her mouth as he would a sex toy.

Andrea made a loud popping sound as she got off of his cock to answer “Yes, master. My mouth’s main purpose is to clean your cock, whenever you desire.” She said, her lips lightly tickling his tip, before returning to her duties with gusto.

“Good slave. Damn, that’s a good sloppy blowjob. I’m gonna cum!” He said, and kept true to his promise, by shooting thick jets of sperm down the mindless girl’s throat.

She swallowed his load perfectly, and continued to clean his cock and balls with utter devotion, as his rod grew limp before her. She would continue to lick him clean forever, if he wanted her to.

“Okay, you can stop now. Good girl.” He said, and Andrea stopped immediately.

“Thank you for using me, master, and feeding me your cum. It was delicious.” She said, hoping her words of mindless reverence will please the masked man who became the purpose of her life.

“Now, listen to me. You’re going to go back downstairs to where your mom is. You won’t remember a thing, and when you hear the words...”

Meanwhile, Brenda found the light switch in the pitch black attic, and switched it on. Painted red on all the walls were phrases such as:

“She tricked me!”

“That damn Hudson bitch!”

The number thirteen adorned the wall more than anything. And, taking up an entire wall were the words “I’m out of luck” written in giant letters, in crimson red.

“Gosh...” Brenda said “I hope this isn’t real blood or anything...”

Brenda stood in the room, and felt her whole world collapse upon her. What did all of this mean? Why did this maniac bring them all here? Could it really be a dead and disgruntled ghost?

She face planted her head in her hands, feeling desperate. She didn’t even feel close to working out who their tormentor was, nor did she have an inkling as to the phrase he demanded of them.

Brenda felt so alone. She decided to go back down to see if her sisters came up with anything. On the way down, she considered what she learned in the past couple of hours, about her mom’s past. She defended her mom’s actions in front of Andrea, but even she had doubts about it.

“She took everything from him, and he ended up killing his family and himself. Three little kids...” She told herself, and realized something “She must have been devastated, though, even thinking it might be her fault. She never showed it, though...” Brenda continued mumbling, considering whether her mother was that cold hearted, and whether she wanted to become like that, herself.

“And she continued being a cutthroat business woman afterwards...well, why shouldn't she? Should she have stopped, just because some idiot couldn't handle the heat?” She rationalized.

“Oh, there she is.” Emily said. What Brenda saw deepened her desperation, if that was even possible. Her mom didn't move a single inch, and still had the gun pointed at her head. Then she had an idea.

“I need proof that you. I mean, your master, is serious.” She told her mom.

“What are you doing?” Casey, asked nervously.

“As you wish.” Their mother said, and fired the gun to the ceiling, making the girls jump in terror from the loud bang. By the time they calmed down, the gun was already pointed back to their mother's head.

“The next one goes through my brains.” Their mother said.

“Well, so much for that idea...” Brenda said.

“What was the big idea?!” Andrea snapped at her.

“I don't know!” Brenda matched her younger sister's anger “Checking the gun was real! Seeing if we can take it from her and tie her up! Do you have a better idea?! Did you find anything while hiding from me like a little girl!”

“I wasn't hiding! I was....” Andrea stopped, not sure what she was doing.

“Well, great, Andrea, just great! What about you two. Found anything useful?” She asked the twins curtly.

“Nope.” Emily said “The only thing we found out is that a bum is probably shacking in the basement. One that really likes omens of bad luck.”

“What do you mean?” Brenda asked curiously.

“Well, there are statues of black cats all around, and broken mirrors, and ladders with shiny paths under them for people to walk on” Casey said, still feeling a little sore in her nether regions.

“You think it was a clue?” Emily asked.

“Well, the previous owner of this house had an obsession with the number thirteen, and with luck. He used thirteen to make all of his business decisions, believing it will bring him good luck.” Brenda said.

“Yeah, and mom took everything from him and pushed him to murder his family and commit suicide.” Andrea added.

“Oh please!” Emily said “I’m sure...” she started, but Brenda stopped her.

“Shh! I just realized something.” Brenda told them.

It all made sense to her now. All the pieces came together perfectly: The basement, her mom’s humiliation, the successful businessman who killed his entire family and committed suicide.

“Almost...” She mumbled.

“What?” Andrea asked, confused.

“Almost his entire family.” Brenda said louder “The article said that the youngest son was mortally wounded, and that doctors didn’t believe he would survive the night. It never said he died. I-I know his name!” Brenda said happily.

“Then say it!” Emily said.

“Quickly!” Casey agreed.

“It was Brian! Brian Gardener!” She shouted, hoping someone will hear.

Slow clapping sounds came from the moss covered kitchen, as a man wearing a black cat mask walked into the room.

“Finally, you figured it out, Brenda. I really thought you’ll solve it sooner.” He said.

“Well, there wasn’t much to solve. Now, let our mother go. You promised.” Brenda said.

“Oh, I don’t think so.” He said, and started removing his mask “You’re still missing the phrase.”

Brenda gasped as he finished removing his mask, revealing his true face, a face she knew well.

“James?” She asked, not believing her eyes.

Before her stood her enthusiastic intern, that she thought was so clueless and dimwitted.

“Well, actually it’s Brian. James is my stage name, sort of.” He said.

“You’re. You’re that man’s son?” She asked, with fear in her eyes, as she saw the madness in his, for the first time. But it wasn’t just deranged madness. He had determination in his eyes, a look she saw on her mom a few times, her mom whose eyes were pure white right now.

“Why are you doing this to us? How do you know Brenda?” Casey asked, still confused.

“He’s my intern...” Brenda started, but Brian Gardener interrupted her.

“Oh, I’m much more than your intern, you snotty little bitch! I’m here to teach you what happens when you run out of luck!”

“What does luck have to do with it?” Brenda asked.

“You’re perfectly right. Luck has nothing to do with it. I carefully planned it all. Making sure you’ll all be here at the right moment, just like your mom planned my father’s downfall. She told me everything after I enslaved her, as I punished her for her evil deeds.” He said.

“You were wrong earlier today, Brenda.” He continued “The horrific crime happened precisely thirteen years ago, not twelve. Right here, on thirteen Russell street. My dad was very methodical with his obsession. Did you notice he named his children, so that we had precisely thirteen letters in our names? Brian Gardener, Micah Gardener, and Tessa Gardener. Even my mom, Ellie, had thirteen letters in her name after they married.”

“It wasn’t my mom’s fault your father couldn’t handle the stress of real business.” Brenda said with tears in her eyes.

“Real business?!” He snapped “Your mother ruined him! And you think it was real business?! You don’t think there was luck involved?” He said, smiling an evil smile.

“The day my dad met your mom, his obsession with the number thirteen worked against him, for the first time in his life. It had to happen at some point. He just wasn’t aware of the laws of probability, like I am. That day, thirteen was your mother’s lucky number, instead of my dad’s. There’s no such thing as an

endless source of luck. Eventually, it will stab you in the back.” He said.

“Today, though, Luck plays no factor. I’ve taken over the game of probability, and you cannot escape.”

“Ever since that dreadful day, I surrounded myself with bad luck. You saw my room. I did it to prove to myself that facing the heat of my vengeance, luck has no chance!” He yelled triumphantly.

“I studied neurology, chemistry, and biology. Because, you see, I came to the conclusion that the only way to defeat bad luck, was to take complete control.” He approached their mom, and spanked her already red ass, hard.

“And I found a way to take control, trust me. You can’t escape me.” He said “Even on the unluckiest day of the year, Friday the Thirteen, I will succeed in my plans. Good luck is mine to manufacture, because luck is mine to control.”

“But you said you’ll give us a chance.” Brenda said, desperate to save her mother’s life, and the lives of her sisters.

The other three sisters just stood there, mouths open in shock, trying to parse the recent information they received.

“Oh right! I forgot.” He mocked “Well, what is it then?”

Brenda was still drawing a blank. What could it be?

“Oh, you stupid bitch!” He snapped “What was the name of the company your mother destroyed!? My father’s company!”

“She made it better!” Brenda said angrily, prompting Brian to spank her mom on the rear, once more.

Brenda searched her brain in efforts to remember the name of the company. Her mom never told her, but she figured she must have heard or seen it somewhere at some point

Then, with another moment of happiness mixed with an ‘How didn’t I realize it before’ feeling, she had the answer, which was right before her eyes the whole time.

“Lucky Thirteen Real Estate! You...” She wanted to call him a psycho, but couldn’t finish the sentence properly.

The four sisters didn't even make a sound, as their eyes whited out, and their brains were depleted of all free thoughts. Brian approached Brenda, and smacked her ass hard.

"Good girl! I knew you could do it!" He said, fondling her tits along with her ass.

"Thank you, master. I aim to please." Brenda said submissively.

"I told you, you worthless bitch. You can't escape me. I am the master of my own luck now, not a slave to it like my father was."

"Yes master. You are the master of everything, master." Brenda said, as he undressed her completely and bent her over.

"Oh, but I completely forgot again!" He said while he pumped into her pussy.

"I said I'll let you go, if you found out the correct phrase. You did, what do you want to do?" He asked, already knowing the answer

"Only what you want me to do, master. Thank you for using my pussy." Brenda said submissively, while getting fucked by the intern she looked down upon so arrogantly before.

"Haha, well, it's lucky I programmed you and your sisters to return to your enslaved state after hearing that phrase. I told you, I made sure I'll win, no matter what. I took you and your mom at the office already, and your sisters here tonight. You lost even before you entered this house." He smiled, while still fucking her pussy hard.

"I think it's time to use this snotty ass of yours. He plunged his cock deep in her ass, taking her anal virginity, not that she gave any inkling to the fact it was her first time being used anally.

"Thank you for using my ass, master." Was all she said.

"Yeah! You better thank me, you worthless bitch!" he said and spanked her "You know what? I think I'll only use your face and ass from now on. You're not even good enough to properly fuck! I'll have your fucking pussy lips sewn shut!" He said, ramming her ass, and making loud slapping sounds in the otherwise quiet room.

“Yes master. I am yours to use in any way you wish.” Brenda said.

Before the day was done, Brian had the other three sisters undress and bend over as well, fucking all their pussies in turn, right there in the living room.

Their lives will never be the same again. From that day forth, the son of the defeated realtor will own the very life of the woman who tormented his father to the brink of madness, and her four lovely daughters will share her fate, and pay for her sins alongside her

* * * *

Rebecca Hudson entered her master’s house, which used to be her own, and immediately disrobed to more proper attire for a slave like her.

The metal chain connecting her gigantic tits was now properly connected with two nipple piercings, and her slutty pussy and clit had five piercings in it, to make sure her master inflicts pain on her worthless body, while he receives his pleasure.

Her master sat on the sofa, being attended by the loving and wet tongues of her twin daughters, sucking and licking his cock all over, as he watched the TV. She knelt before him, removed her sun glasses to reveal her whited out eyes, and awaited her master’s commands.

“Where’s Brenda-bitch?” he asked.

“She is pleasing Walter, to convince him to take his old job back.” Rebecca answered.

“Good. He’s a great salesman, and he deserves your daughter’s previous position.”

“Yes, master. Of course master.” Rebecca agreed.

“Oh, I bet you’re wondering who these three lovely pussies are?” He asked, pointing to a line of girls beside the TV, bending over and spreading their pussies wide open.

“I never wonder anything anymore, master, since you enslaved me.” The mindless slave answered.

“Of course you don’t. Well, I’ll tell you. They are the girls who were supposed to go on the Europe trip with the little cock cleaners down here.” He said, and took the twins by the hair, lifting them a little higher, so they had to wiggle their tongue in the air, in effort to lick their master’s erect cock. Their white eyes, and the metal studs he had their tongues pierced with made the sight all the more alluring.

“But I convinced them to cancel the trip, and become my live in sex toys instead. Had a chat with their parents, and they were okay with it as well.” He laughed as he watched the three teen asses wiggle from side to side for his enjoyment, as they spread their fuckholes open for him to use whenever he pleases.

“I’m glad, master. You deserve as many tight teen pussies as you want, master.” Rebecca Hudson said.

“Come over here, and titfuck me with those gigantic milf tits, you slut.” He ordered her.

“Yes, master.”

The twins crawled a few steps away, and assumed a kneeling position, while their mom began to expertly massage her master’s cock between her massive boobs, the chain connecting them adding to the tightness of her service.

“Oh yeah! make my cock shine with your daughter’s saliva!” He moaned, as she did just that. His cock was nicely lubricated from the earlier joint blowjob from the twins.

“I can’t believe my first plan was to have you kill your daughters and commit suicide, as revenge. I’m glad I got passed it and realized you and your daughters can still be useful as my toys!” He moaned even harder.

After the long care he received from the twins, it didn’t him long to cum. He sprayed his load all over Rebecca’s gigantic tits, and had his three new teen slaves clean the cum off of her.

When he got hard again, he gave his new slaves their first fuck, having them ride his cock on the couch while he watched TV, and enjoyed having his balls licked by the twins.

Precisely at eight p.m., like clockwork, Andrea walked in, on her knees. She also had her tits pierced, but connected between them was a small tray, and on the tray was a cool can of beer.

“Your eight o’clock beer, master?” Andrea asked, ignoring the pain she felt on her nipples due to the weight of the full can of beer.

“Ah! Just in time!” He said as he came inside of one of his three new slaves. He quenched his thirst, and sent Andrea back to make dinner with a slap on her ass.

It was half past nine when Brenda finally returned.

“So, will he take his old job back? Did he enjoy using you?” Brian asked as she disrobed herself, and attached a leash to a piercing on her clit.

“Yes, master. He enjoyed himself greatly. I made sure he couldn’t see my eyes, and he didn’t care about only using my ass and face.” She said, as she knelt down.

Walter couldn’t use her cunt because Brenda’s pussy lips were sewn shut. It was just another way Brian chose to humiliate his slave, and prove his complete dominance of her.

“Okay, time to go for a walk, pet.” He told her, took hold of her leash, and started pulling her by the cunt to their vast front garden. Brenda was completely naked, of course.

Brenda didn’t talk - she simple swung her ass slowly and seductively from side to side, waiting for her master to finish enjoying the view, and start using her. It didn’t take him long to charge her and start fucking her ass roughly, calling her many choice words of humiliation and degradation. She responded with her own self degrading statements, until he blew his load on her well fucked ass.

To close another happy day of fun and games, Brian had his five teen slaves lie on his king sized bed, ready to have their soft tight bodies used as mattresses by their master.

He crashed on top of the squirming teens, and immediately put his hard-on inside one of his new slaves, pumping slightly, in

a relaxing rhythm.

“Ahhh! I’m so lucky...” Said the man who took complete control of his luck, as he fell sound asleep on top of his bed of slaves.

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Sorority Mansion

* * * * *

Dani quietly opened the door, and slipped out of the big mansion through the servants' quarters. She was panting, sweating, and in great distress. She looked back at the luxurious mansion she came to know more as her prison, with eyes filled with dread.

“I made it out...” She whispered “I can't believe it, I made it out...”

She looked around her in shock. The mansion was in the middle of nowhere. Dani started running in a random direction into the surrounding forest. It was thick as a rain forest, and she wondered if the sun even reached the ground at day time.

“Is this guy related to the witch from Hansel and Gretel?!” She thought to herself, aghast. She kept walking as fast as she could, in the only direction she could - Away from that place.

“I wish he used candy to fatten us up, instead of that damned spiral to control us.” She kept mumbling to herself. Though she damned his spiral to all seven hells, just thinking of it was enough to make her remember...

She stopped in her tracks, her eyes becoming glazed. She could see it – The colors spinning around and around, always flowing towards the center, but never reaching it. The mesmerizing music that seemed to reflect that endless cycle. The cycle that emptied her mind so effectively.

A spark suddenly lit in her distant eyes, and she shook her head slightly.

She blinked a few times, and slapped herself.

“Ouch!” She rubbed her face “I have to focus on getting as far as I can away from that place. I can't let that

damn...Thing...Distract me again!"

She made haste again, and walked to the thick of the forest.

"I shouldn't slap myself this hard, though. That really hurt...Better than spanking myself for him, at least..."

It was hard to walk the treacherous ground in her silly get-up, but she still preferred it over being nude. She wore a harem girl's outfit, blue and silky, like the kind you get at a costume shop. Well, maybe an adult costume shop, since it left most of her desirable parts to be gently fondled by the early morning breeze.

It also came with silly scarfs attached to the hands and legs, that wove elegantly as she danced, but also kept getting tangled in branches sticking out of the trees around her. It didn't take her long to tear them apart on some pointy branches, and just leave them there. She realized it made her easier to track, but she hoped that by the time her captor finds out she'd escaped, she'll be long gone.

She started running until she reached a clearing. Dani figured she went far enough, and stopped to catch her breath.

"I wonder if he figured out I escaped, yet...What is this place, anyway?!...I wonder if we're close to the beach resort...I can't believe this happened..."

Dani couldn't help but think of Ana, her sister. She was two years younger than Dani, and this was her very first spring break. As the resident queen of their sorority, Dani had no problem getting her sister accepted, and making sure she was invited to the spring break festivities, even though only a handful of freshmen got invited every year.

From the clearing, she saw only two ways to go. One was an obvious woodland track, made for people to traverse. The other was, well, not. She could barely see a way through the vines, but it was there. For all she knew, it could have been a dead end.

"But it might be easier to stay hidden there..." She thought.

She tried to look as far as possible down the better path, and saw something that made her gasp.

"There's a cabin over there!" She yelped ecstatically.

“It's probably someone's summer cabin, or something. Maybe there's someone there...” She mumbled as she darted over to it as fast as she could.

“Or it's a creepy forest dweller...” She considered, on second thought.

She didn't care, though. Whether it was empty, or had some smelly loner creep inside, there was bound to be food there, and over the past few weeks she lived off of scraps, leftovers, and cum.

“Fuck! Why does my mouth get watery when I think about his cum...” She scorned herself. She couldn't help it, though. The programming was beaten so deep into her noggin, it's a wonder she managed to shake it off and escape without him noticing.

“At least that means it's reversible...I can still save Ana, and the rest of them.”

First, thought, she had to find civilization, and call for help. Dani was still mad at herself for not taking Ana away with her. She couldn't, though. The man who usurped their free will liked her sister so much, that he always took her to bed with him And several of the other girls, of course.

Sometimes he took Dani as well...

The image of her sister hungrily sucking him off was something she will probably never forget.

“I never thought my first threesome will be with my sister...” She shook her head and mumbled.

“She's surprisingly good at giving head, come to think of it. And I thought she was little miss innocent...” Dani chuckled, trying to lighten her mood.

“I'm talking to myself like a crazy person...” She realized as she reached the cabin's door.

“That might be good, if this place belongs to a crazy forest dweller.”

She knocked on the door, hoping her captor's neighbor was more reasonable than her master...

“Master...” She whispered in a husky tone, and had to slap herself again.

“Stop it! I'm probably gonna need intensive therapy to shake that damn programming off...”

“Woof woof! Arf arf arf!” Came from inside the cabin.

“What the fuck is that?!” Dani frowned.

At first it sounded like a small dog, the kind that didn't really fit with the deep forest scenery. She heard scratching on the door, and more barking, but it didn't sound like any dog Dani ever heard. Dani knew how it sounded like, but she blocked the thought out. Until she pried the door open, and a pair of clearly human hands lunged at her from below.

“Oh my god! Heather?!”

A slender redheaded girl pounced on her, licking and panting with the dumb smiling eyes of a puppy, thrilled its owner returned.

“**Pant* woof! *Lick**” Heather whined. There wasn't a shred of humanity left in the aspiring engineer.

“And to think you were one of the smarter girls in the sorority...” Dani sighed as Heather sniffed her hands for signs of food.

It took her a while to calm Heather down. Patting her head and scratching her behind the ear finally did the trick. Dani watched her completely nude friend crawl around the cabin, happily wiggling her ass with her tongue lulling out of her mouth.

Dani was amazed at how real Heather's reactions were. She actually reminded Dani of her old puppy, and how he got over excited whenever they came back home from a long trip. Heather behaved just like a puppy who hasn't seen its owners for weeks.

Just at that moment, Dani realized something that scared her to no end.

“Hold on...” She said “If you're here, then...” Her pupils widened in shock and terror.

“...That means this cabin belongs to him...”

She clenched her fists, gritted her teeth, and let out a hurried breath of anger.

“I have to get out of here as fast as possible.”

She turned around to leave, but just as she was about to step outside something stopped her.

“*Mm!*” Came a puppy-like whine from beneath the kitchen counters.

Heather stared up at the kitchen counter with wide, wet eyes. She grumbled and whined, and even stood on her knees with her hands and tits pressed against the low kitchen drawers, before dropping to her hands and knees again with a disappointed moan.

Dani looked at the counter, and noticed there were two bowls resting on it. One was filled with water, and the other with dog food. Heather continued whining and crying, looking at Dani with pleading eyes.

Dani wanted to tell her that she can just stand up and get it, but she knew that wouldn't work. In her present state, Heather probably wouldn't even understand her.

Dani sighed – She couldn't leave her friend like that. Who knows how long it's been since she was fed...

She turned around and walked towards the counter. To the ambiance of Heather's happy squealing and barking.

The puppy-girl even bounced on her enthusiastically, licking her hands and panting on her hips. Feeling Heather's warm breaths on her bare skin felt rather nice, but Dani had to push her brainwashed friend away.

“No.” She said in the same authoritative tone she always used with their dog at home.

“If you don't behave you won't get food.” She said. Heather whined and whimpered, but it seemed like she understood. She settled down on her knees and looked up at Dani with her puppy eyes, waiting like a good girl.

Dani took the bowl of water and lowered it to the floor.

“That's a good girl.” She said, patting Heather's head “There you go.”

She settled it on the floor and frazzled Heather's hair a bit. Heather charged the bowl as if she hadn't drank in ages, lapping it up little by little with her tongue, like any true pet would.

“Oh, you were thirsty, weren't you? Yes, you were.” Dani said out of instinct as she patted Heather's head, before realizing she was taking the whole puppy thing a bit too far.

“Damn, she makes a surprisingly convincing puppy.” She mumbled. Dani placed the food on the floor as well, and Heather quickly moved to chow it down, using only her mouth.

“Okay, I have to go now...” She said, wondering if Heather can even parse her words “...You be good, okay? I'll get help!”

Heather responded with a happy wiggle to her behind, and kept eating.

Dani tried to leave, but the smell stopped her, and she realized how hungry she really was.

“I can't believe I'm salivating over dog food...” She mumbled. There was a fridge, and in a moment of weakness Dani decided there was no harm in checking it for food.

“I'll just eat some of this vegetables and get on my way.” She said, taking some groceries out of the fridge. It was a little weird that the fridge was running so smoothly, and had fresh produce inside, but in her starved state she didn't think about it. Dani made herself a little salad, and sat at the kitchen table to eat, trying to ignore the naked Heather and her puppy-like antics.

Heather became harder to ignore once she finished her meal of dog food and bowled water.

She lounged under the table, begging to have some of Dani's food.

“You already had your meal, Heather. This is people food, it's not for pup...Oh, gosh, what am I saying...” Dani face palmed, and then fed Heather some sliced cucumbers and tomatoes.

“There you go, honey.” She said as Heather lapped at her open hand, dropping some on the floor and eating it, licking the floor clean in the process.

Dani kept throwing Heather some veggies from her plate, trying not to look at her friend waddling after it on all fours and

eating it off the floor. She felt really bad for treating her friend like that.

Heather, on the other hand, seemed happier than ever, and Dani didn't know if to be happy or sad about that. She didn't have much time to mull over it, though, since she had to get going as soon as she was done eating.

Heather returned after eating another piece of carrot Dani threw for her, and settled under the table. Like any puppy would, she immediately whined for more, but Dani didn't have more to give her.

“Oh, I'm sorry, honey.” She looked under the table “I promise I'll take you to a proper restaurant once we all have our minds back, okay?” Dani asked Heather, scratching under her chin lovingly.

“Raff!” Heather barked happily, and pushed her face between Dani's legs.

“No! Mmmm...” Dani said as she felt Heather's hot breath on her sensitive pussy lips. Her body got used to excessive attention, both from her master, and his other slaves. The fact she didn't orgasm once during the night was getting to her, she realized.

She tried pushing Heather's head back, and Heather started licking her inner thigh instead.

“Oh, wow...When did you become so strong? *giggle*” Dani couldn't help but giggle a bit as Heather pushed her head between Dani's legs, as forcefully as the little puppy-girl could.

“*Ohh! *giggle**. That's, umm, *ahn!*” Dani moaned as her legs buckled. She allowed Heather to shove her head deep between her legs, and even put her hands on the back of Heather's head, to push her deeper into her aching pussy.

“*Ahhh! Mmmm.*” Dani moaned, completely giving in to the sensations.

Heather used the same lapping technique she used to drink her water, and Dani started to understand the appeal of having a slavegirl who thinks she's a puppy.

“*Nyaaaaa!* No!” She opened her eyes suddenly, and pushed her chair back, away from Heather.

“I can't do this! I have to get out!” Dani said determinedly, moving the chair out of the way.

“Woof!” a hungry bark came from under the table. Heather crawled out from under the table with a hungry look on her face. Her expert tongue dangling from her mouth, drooling wetly on the floor.

“Umm...” Dani said, her voice shaking. Heather looked even scarier than a rottweiler bearing his teeth, in her lust-filled, bestial state.

The horny and hungry redhead charged at Dani, and she felt stuck in her place, unable to take even a step in any direction.

“*Ah!*” Dani yelped when Heather tackled her, and fell to the floor with a thump.

“Oh no!...mmmm...ohhh...” Dani bit her lip, opened her legs for Heather, and prepared herself to be ravaged, unable to fight her own arousal any longer.

Dani felt Heather's warm breaths on her wet lips, and wondered what was taking the brainwashed puppy so long. She expected Heather to shove her tongue and fiercely eat her out. Instead, she felt a tender kiss on her pussy lips, making her squirm, aching for more.

“Come on, now you're taking it slow?!” Dani moaned in frustration.

Heather did take it slow. She caught her prey, and now she was playing with it a bit, before going in for the kill. She whined hungrily and sucked on Dani's clit, her tiny mind in ecstasy as she heard Dani's moans of pleasure. Heather backed off, and waited to hear Dani's pleas.

Dani felt the cold air on her tender pussy lips, panting harder than Heather did when she entered. She couldn't wait anymore, and brought her hand to rub her wet twat. Heather grabbed her

hand before she could use it to rub her honeypot, and shoved it away.

“Aw fuck! Now she knows how to use her paws!” Dani moaned.

“What are you waiting foo~r?”

“Please...” She begged.

Hearing her pleas, heather plunged her face into Dani's cunt, and Dani erupted in a blinding orgasm.

Dani writhed, moaned, slithered on the floor, having one hot orgasm after another. She pinched her nipples, feeling her friend's tongue swirl and twirl in her cunt like a tornado. She squirmed and arched her back, and for some reason recalled the first time her master used her, and her sister.

Their master had them stand next to each other, wearing only their bras and panties.

“Now,” He said with his booming voice “rub your tits. Squeeze them together.”

“Yes master.” They said in perfect unison. Dani and Ana started squeezing their tits, rubbing their boobs in circles for their owner. Ana's squeezes made her bra slip, and her nipples showed between her fingers. In hindsight, Dani figured that was the point Ana became his favorite.

“Now, remove your bras, and rub each other's tits.” He said.

“Yes master.” The mesmerized sisters said, turned to face each other, and brought their hands to grasp at each other's tits. Dani could swear Ana was pinching her nipples harder on purpose, because she knew how sensitive her nipples always were. That was ridiculous of course, they were both completely mindless at the time.

“We are your mindless obedient toys, and we exist to wiggle our asses for your pleasure.” They said over and over again, leaning over the sofa and moving their asses in circles.

“Please fuck us, master.”

“Please fuck us, master.”

“Please fuck us, master.”

By the time they heard him open his zipper, Dani's pussy was begging to feel her master's cock thrusting deep into her. Unfortunately, he didn't fuck her first. She heard her younger sister moan and thank him profusely. Dani heard his hips smacking into her sister's ass, and imagined her own cunt being hammered by him.

“Please, fuck me, master.” She cried out, wiggling her ass, and staring straight forward, at the wall.

Spank

“Ohh, thank you, master!” Ana moaned, and Dani felt her master's hand resting on her bare ass. She quivered in anticipation.

Spank

She felt a sharp smack on her own behind, and barely a fraction of a second later his cock was buried deep inside of her flooding cunt.

“Ahh! Ah! Thank you so much, master!” She moaned in gratitude, and suddenly the wall she was staring at dissipated, and the roof of the cabin appeared before her eyes.

“Thank you, master.” Dani said as she climaxed again, squirting on Heather's face. Heather gave her raw pussy one last kiss, and then crawled over to her, and licked her face like the happy puppy she was.

“Umm....Oh!” Dani suddenly woke up, pushed Heather away from her, and stood on her feet.

“What the fuck is wrong with me! I have to get out of here.” She said, coming to her senses.

She heard Heather bark just as she was about to leave. Looking back one last time, she saw the brainwashed puppy-girl play with some kind of chew toy. Upon closer look, Dani's jaw dropped to the floor. She quickly took the so called chew toy away from Heather, and stared at it in disbelief, ignoring Heather's cute moans of disappointment.

What Heather was playing with was a nine millimeter gun, and it was locked and loaded. Dani and Ana's parents took them to the shooting range ever since they were old enough to walk, and Dani knew exactly what to do with her miraculous discovery.

“Time to free Ana and the others.” She said with a big smile, and made her way back to the mansion from which she escaped that very morning.

The way back seemed shorter, somehow, perhaps because she felt much more confident holding some firepower in her hand. She tried to ignore the urge to think back on all those times she gave her master slurpy blowjobs, fondling his balls while gagging on his cock. For some reason, looking at the gun really brought those memories back to her.

She entered the mansion through the same door she used to leave, the one at the servants' quarters. It's been a few hours, and the cleaning and cooking slaves were already working hard on the mansion's cleanliness, and their master's breakfast.

The only slavegirls she saw were the ones in charge of washing his clothes, and their harem costumes. They were all formerly from her sorority, and they completely ignored her in their blank and mindless state.

It wasn't hard to find him, especially since she realized there was no need to even sneak in. None of the slaves had any way to understand the concept of danger, or the fact she was holding a gun. He sat on the living room's sofa, with his legs resting on a hot blonde called Gina. Ana was taking turns sucking his cock, with a brunette called Francine.

Francine bobbed her head on his cock a few times, then plopped it out, and allowed Ana to do the same, like a well oiled, oral dick-pleasing machine. He had his hands on each of their asses, playfully rubbing and spanking them as they served.

Dani tried to ignore her sister's current predicament, especially since the subliminal music emitting from every nook of the mansion started getting to her. She stood right in front of

him, pointed the gun straight at his head, and gave him a stern look of defiance.

“Let them all go. Now!”

None of the slaves stopped what they were doing, including her sister, who was now gagging on his cock, with Gina inches from it, just waiting for her turn to dive in.

“Oh, nice.” He said calmly “Right on time. Bring me a glass of red wine, to drink while I watch the show.”

“Of course, master.” A beautiful, tall, dark haired coed named Lisa answered. She had a tray hanging from her tits, by piercings he had one of his slaves place in her nipples. She was one of his serving girls, using the tray attached in front of them to bring him whatever beverage or food he wished.

“There's no show, you slime!” Dani said “If you don't release them all, at once, I swear I'll shoot you dead!”

“Oh, really?” He said with a smirk “With what, I wonder?”

“With this...oh, fuck...oh no...” She looked at the gun she was holding, and realized the mistake she made. Instead of a nine millimeter handgun, there was just a dildo drill. The kind they sell in the kinkiest sex shops. Battery operated, guaranteed to bring a raging orgasm out of the most frigid of women. How could she mistake it for an actual gun?

“Well, it does have a trigger...” She mumbled. Causing the dildo to vibrate like crazy was the only thing that trigger was for, though...

“Speaking of triggers.” He said, spanking Ana's ass hard “Your pink pussy belongs to me.”

Dani didn't have long to consider her errors. Her eyes glazed, and suddenly a horny and obedient smile appeared across her face. She dropped to her knees, dildo in hand, and bowed before her master.

“How may this tight pussy please you, my lord and master?” She asked in a deep breathy voice. The tall serving slave returned with his wine, and he took it in his hand.

“I think I want that show I was referring to, earlier.” He said, taking a sip from his shiny glass cup.

“Anything you wish, master. I'm your showgirl, your slavegirl, and your toy.” She said, bowing even deeper.

“Well, then bury that dildo in your cunt, bitch, and make sure I can see your wet twat in all its glory.” He said with a smile, and Dani was happy to obey.

She inserted the fake cock into her tight pussy, all the way in. And, with no remorse, set the dildo drill to its maximum level, and pulled the trigger.

“Ohhhh! Ah! Oh my god! Masteeeeer!” She squealed, erupting with consecutive orgasms, and squirting all over the place.

“Okay, time to fuck.” He said, pushed Gina's head away, and gave his foot stool a sharp spank on the rear, signaling for her to crawl away.

Ana obeyed her master when he told her to mount his cock, and arched her body backwards so as to not spoil his view of Dani's show. Ana arched her back so much that her noggin nearly hit the floor. She stared at Dani's lust-filled eyes with her blank ones, and writhed and circled her hips on her master's lap, taking his cock deep inside her tight teen twat.

“Please use me, master!” Dani begged shamelessly.

“I don't know what came over me, master, I completely forgot my purpose in life.” She closed her legs, with the dildo in her cunt, and flipped around. Dani plastered her face to the floor, and pointed her ass to the sky, wiggling it for her master as the dildo drill vibrated intensely in her cunt.

“I deserve to be punished, master!” She said, spanking herself.

“Please, punish me, master!” She spanked herself again.

She could hear her master groan as he neared an orgasm, and all she could hope was for him to fill Ana's owned pussy with the thick load she deserved. Instead, something even better happened. Her master threw Ana aside, walked over to her,

grabbed her by the hair, and pumped his cock into her hungry mouth.

She tried her best to catch it all, but some still landed on her face, and even her eyes.

“Swallow.” he commanded, and she happily gulped it all down.

“Thank you, master.” She softly whispered, one of her eyes closed shut because of his cum getting in it.

“Okay, that was a great warm up for today. Now, which of you obedient pussies should I take to the bedroom for a nice pre-breakfast romp, I wonder?”

Almost as instantly as Dani planted her face back on the floor, moving her ass in circles and begging to be fucked, so did about nine other slaves who happened to hear their master wondering out loud. All of them were from Dani's former sorority.

They formed a row of bent over asses, that made Dani feel at home.

“Please, fuck us, master.” They repeated over and over again, until they heard him speak.

“First of all, Dani can't attend the bedroom festivities.” He said, and Dani let out a disappointed moan.

“She has to go fill up my little guard puppy's food and water bowl, and give the cute thing her toy dildo back.”

Dani immediately knew he was talking about Heather.

“Of course, master.” She said with a smile, got to her feet, spanked her ass one last time, and started walking, with the dildo still in her cunt.

“Master, may I play with Heather a bit before returning?” Dani asked, hoping her master won't be angered

“Heather?” He said, puzzled “Oh, the cabin puppy! Okay, just make sure you return tonight, to warm my bed.”

Dani's eyes lit up. Well, one of her eyes, the other was still slammed shut due to the cum in it.

“Oh, thank you, master! Your kindness knows no bounds!”

Dani spent the rest of the day playing with Heather the way the dumb puppy was meant to be played with. When she returned home, most of the slaves were already in their makeshift beds on the floor, in the servants' quarters. She spotted Ana, and gave her a goodnight kiss on the cheek, before heading upstairs to her master's bed.

Mia, a hot Latina who majored in arts, was bouncing up and down on his cock, while he played with her sizable tits. Dani didn't even need to say anything – she just slipped under the covers, found her master's balls, and started licking away, eager to squeeze his load into the mocha skinned hottie riding him to sleep.

* * * *

The next morning...

Ana quietly opened the door, and slipped out of the big mansion through the servants' quarters. She was panting, sweating, and in great distress. She didn't even look back, and dashed away like there was no tomorrow.

“I can't believe...I managed...to escape!” She panted as she got to a clearing. There was a fork in the road, and she had to decide which way to go.

Well, it wasn't much of a fork, actually. It was more like choosing between a clearly man made pathway, and one that seemed far more dangerous.

“I might be able to throw him off if I go through the harder path.” She thought.

“Nah,” She decided “Who will he send after me, anyway? A bunch of brainwashed coeds who spent even less time in the wild than me?”

With that, she chose the better path, and quickly saw something reassuring in the distance.

“A cabin! I'm saved!”

* * * *

Back at the mansion...

Dani lovingly kissed her master's flaccid cock, that just finished feeding her with his cum.

“Master, Ana escaped to the woods.” a topless blonde with curly hair said.

“Good, I'll come downstairs in a bit, to play with the rest of you.” He said, and patted Dani's head gently. Dani looked at him with a weird blend of adoration, and a frown, as she cuddled his balls and cock with her mouth.

“What are you looking at me like that?” He said “Someone has to feed and play with my cute little puppy, right? What did you call her? Haley, or something? Meh, doesn't matter...”

He smirked at her.

“Yes, master.” Dani said with a smile “Of course, master.”

And she returned to the sacred duty of tending to her master's pleasure.

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Purple Haze

* * * * *

Chapter One

It was Wednesday afternoon.

Brenda Brooks tore the highway at ninety miles per hour, shaking her head, body, and soul to the rocking music coming from her stereo, and being reckless, as usual. She wore tiny short jeans, and a white top that revealed just enough of her lovely cleavage, and ended well above her belly button.

She had dark hair, hazel eyes, and a curvy feminine physique that always made her the light of the party. She also had a handy bottle of mace, in case the wrong butterflies are drawn to her light.

“Aw, damn it!”

Her father was calling, just as the chorus of her favorite song started playing.

“It's like he knows exactly when to call to ruin my fun completely...”

Brenda turned the music down, picked up her phone, put it to her ear, and answered it. She didn't bother with the speaker phone. If she got in trouble, her father would use his money to get her out of it, as always.

“Whaaaat?” She said, audibly irritated.

“In polite society we say hello, young lady.” He said sternly.

“Sorry,” Brenda rolled her eyes “Hello, Mr. Brooks.” She said in a more courteous manner, that still couldn't hide her disdain beneath the thin veil of sarcasm.

“That's better.” He said, either ignoring or not caring about her obvious lack of sincerity.

“I was just calling to make sure you haven't wrecked my car yet.” He said.

“Not yet!” She mocked “But I might if you're not careful!”

She heard a sigh of exasperation.

“That car is one of a kind, missy. Make sure I don't regret letting you have it for a day, or you might never have a car

again.”

Brenda could almost see the vein in her father's neck explode, and she did want to gain his trust and get this awesome ride more than just once.

“I'm just teasing! I swear I will bring the car back in one piece, and not get in any trouble!”

“Good.” He said coldly “I have a full day of meetings today, so don't expect a call until tomorrow morning.”

“Okay, Mr. Banks, bye bye!” She said. Hung up the phone, and tossed it over to the passenger's seat.

“Maybe if you cared about me half as much as this car....” She mumbled bitterly.

Before she could turn the music back up, something distracted her. There was a rosy glow ahead of her on the road. It vanished in a split second, but it still got her attention. Good thing, too! Because on second glance she realized there was a man standing on the road, right there in front of her.

She hit the breaks so hard she almost broke her ankle, the thought of what her dad might do if she accidentally ran over some drunk hobo with his favorite wheels scared the life out of her.

The car squeaked horribly as the tires left tar black skid marks on the road, and Brenda didn't dare open her eyes, until she finally felt herself slowing down, and coming to a halt. She nervously opened one eye, hoping against hope she stopped before flattening the guy.

What she saw in front of her made her gasp, and then it made her extremely annoyed. The guy stood inches before the car, with a shiny smile on his face, looking as if nothing big had happened. In hindsight, his complacency could have been a clue for her, that she'd better run.

Instead, she stayed right there, and prepared to throw a hissy feat at the guy from her comfy seat in the car. What went down

next happened so fast that she could barely say “What the fuck is wrong with you?!”

The man moved from the front of the car, and opened the passenger-side door. She opened her mouth in shock, and was about to yell at him to get the fuck out, but then he flashed his phone in her eyes. Just before the colors consumed her, she noticed he unzipped his pants and waved his raging hard-on right there in the passenger's seat.

The colors vanished in mere seconds, but she could feel something was different the moment she got her sight back. She no longer wanted to scream at him. Or rather, she did, but couldn't. She still remembered precisely why she was so mad, but it felt like there was nothing to do about it, for some reason.

He didn't give her much time to figure things out, though, and as she frowned in her seat, she felt his burly hand clutch the back of her head. The man pushed her head down towards his erect cock, and groaned as he felt her warm lips wrap around it.

Brenda felt like fighting it, at first, but quickly realized she was powerless to resist his will. He pushed the back of her head up and down, pumping his cock deep into her throat, practically jerking off with her face. The only audible sounds other than his groans of pleasure were the faint music from the stereo, and her instinctive gagging.

He was already rock hard when he started fucking her face, so it only took him a few pumps to cum straight in her accommodating throat.

“Hrrrrrrrrrrrrrm!”

“Don't swallow it, yet.” He said “But don't spit it out, either.”

He let go of her head, and she rose back to a sitting position before the steering wheel. Less than a minute after she stopped the car to avoid hitting him, she sat next to him with a full load of his cum in her mouth.

She looked at him, part of her wondering what was going on, and another part pleading for him to tell her what to do with his

load. She didn't even mind swallowing it, at that point.

“Well, what are you waiting for? Start driving!” He said in an authoritative voice.

“Wh...” She tried saying, only to have some of his load slip out of her mouth and onto her chin, eventually dripping on her cleavage. She was afraid he would punish her, but he actually smiled at what he saw.

“Where tho?” She tried again, this time managing to keep the cum in her mouth.

“Straight, you stupid cunt.” He said casually “You can't just park in the middle of the highway. You're lucky there are no other cars around.”

Brenda put the car in drive, and they moved forward. He saw she was still hesitant.

“Relax, I'll tell you when and where to turn.” He said.

That did calm her down, for some reason, even though she knew it shouldn't have.

“So, I assume you're Mr. Banks' little girl?” He asked.

“Yesh.” She said.

“Answer respectfully, bitch. Sir, for now. Master, when we get better acquainted.” He said with a wicked smile.

“Yesh, shir...” She said, and more of his sperm slipped from her mouth onto her clothes, staining her jeans this time.

He started browsing her cell phone, which was conveniently resting on his seat as he came in.

“Sorry about being so quick to release. I was a little backed up. Had a rather busy morning.”

He patted her hair as he said that.

“It'sh okay, Shir.” She said, trying her best to avoid spilling more of his load.

“Oh, I know it is, bitch. What are you, like, twenty?” He asked.

“Thwenty one, Shir.” She said.

“Nothing better for blue balls than a college coed, I always say.” He said with a chuckle.

“Well, back to business. I wasn't expecting you to be driving. Tell me, when is your father expecting you to call, or check in?” He asked, trying to gauge how long he has to deliver the package.

“Noth unthil thomorrow morning, Shir.” Brenda said. She was getting the hang of talking with a load of cum in her mouth, which made her weirdly proud.

“Mr. Banksh is busy with...” She paused to take a breath “appointh....ments, today.”

She still spilled some cum with every other word, regardless of how much she tried, or how good she got at it.

“Mr. Banks?” He said, raising an eyebrow “Isn't he your dad?”

“Mr Banksh wantsh hish shildren to address him reshpecth....fully.” She slobbered out, barely making sense, but he understood.

“Pfft, figures. Rich people nonsense. Treat him respectfully, my ass.” Her passenger said derisively.

“Good news, though. This job is shaping up to be even easier than advertised. I'm still a bit insulted to be treated like a simple errand boy, but it's not all bad.” He said. Brenda had no idea what he was talking about. He turned her phone off, and threw it out of the moving car's window.

“Just in case. I Wouldn't want anyone to track you down.” He smiled.

She was still more curious than afraid. For some reason her emotions were a bit off since the colors, and she couldn't seem to produce the fear that she thought she should. Still, she had 'puzzled' practically written on her face, and he noticed.

“Okay, we're gonna be together for at least another hour, so I guess I could give you some answers, that you seem to desperately need.”

She nodded, almost happily.

“Three questions. Don't ask me what my name is, where I live, or how I can be contacted. Other than that, ask away.” He said.

Brenda didn't even have to think of her first question. She just needed to adjust the load in her mouth, and time her words so as

to avoid spilling it.

“How are you controlling me?” She asked.

“A reasonable question, though I can't give you a technical answer, if that's what you're hoping for.” He said. He took his phone from his pants pocket, and held it in his hand.

“This isn't really a phone. It's a device used to control minds. A flash is all that's needed, and you can't disobey. I can also put you in 'ultimate slave mode', but I prefer to start off with a more subtle domination.”

He could see that his answer did nothing but raise more questions in her head.

“Hey, I told you I couldn't tell you much. I have no idea how it really works, nor how the crime syndicate currently employing me got their hands on it. I don't care that much, to be frank.”

“Next question.” He said, pocketing the device once more.

“You didn't just pick my car randomly, did you?” She asked. At that point her pants and blouse were completely covered in cum. She still managed to keep some in her mouth, though, and had a much easier time talking. He didn't seem to mind either way, but she still felt compelled to keep as much in her mouth as possible.

“No, I didn't.” He plainly answered “And that counts as your second question, so you only have one left. What will it be?”

Her next question was as obvious as her first one, but she still hesitated. Knowing it might be her last piece of inquiry, she thought that perhaps other questions were better.

“What will happen to me?” She asked.

“Oh, come on!” He said “That's not what you really wanted to ask! Heh, but I guess I don't blame you.”

“What I usually do with collateral, which is what you are, by the by, is leave them with no memory at the side of some road. Hot pieces of ass like you are different, though.” He winked at her.

“That's all I'll say. And since I didn't really answer your last question, I'll be generous and let you ask your original question.”

That made Brenda feel awkward., as if he could read her mind.

“Why did you stop me, of all people?” She finally asked.

“There you go.” He said “Doesn't that feel better? By the way, next time I'm generous towards you, you better thank me.”

“Yes sir. Sorry, sir. Thank you, sir.” She said. It felt so natural, as if programmed into her very core.

“I'm here for the car, actually. Like I said, you are merely collateral.” He patted her head as she drove.

“My employer has a major car fetish. Collects all sorts of automobiles, from vintage to luxury. This car your father bought is quite rare. They only made about a dozen, and only for the most upscale clientele. Personally, I don't get what the big deal is. This car doesn't seem all that impressive, but I'm being paid, so it doesn't really matter.”

“Mr. Banks has a car fetish too.” She said “He spends half his fortune on expensive cars. Says it's the best investment.”

“Okay, as long as you're my toy, you'll refer to 'Mr. Banks' as dad. It's just weird, otherwise.”

“Yes sir.” She said.

“Anyway, as you've probably guessed, my employer hired me to steal this car for his private collection. A job that is so below my real capabilities, I'm insulted to even admit I accepted it. The pay is good, though, so whatever.”

“So, are we driving over to deliver the car to your boss, now?” She asked. He pinched her arm hard, obviously as punishment for something.

“First of all, I'm a freelancer. He is my current employer, not my boss. Second of all, we are well beyond your allotted three questions, so shut up and keep driving.”

“Yes sir.” She said.

“I do admire you're valiant attempts to keep my big load in your mouth, though, as futile as they turned out to be.” He said, staring at the cum resting between her tits, and on her jeans.

His phone rang. The real one this time, which was apparently in his front shirt pocket the whole time.

"It's my employer. Be quiet now." He said, and she buttoned up her lips.

"Mr Haze, what an unpleasant surprise. I'm driving your new acquisition over to your mansion as we speak. I tell you, stealing a single car is just the type of challenge I was looking for." He said sarcastically.

"Yeah, yeah, you're too high and mighty for such trivial tasks, Lewis. I'm paying your usual fee, aren't I?"

"What do you want?" He asked Mr. Haze.

"I always appreciated your balls, Lewis, but don't push it." Mr Haze said "Now, about the car."

"I'll have it at your home in forty-five minutes." Lewis said.

"That's the thing. A certain deal is forming here at my mansion, and my new partners would not appreciate a surprise visitor showing up out of the blue. Especially one with your reputation."

"I see..." Lewis said "So you want me to stay back until your meeting is adjourned?"

"Precisely, Lewis. I always liked your quick understanding. A real change from my usual moronic grunts. I'll call you when it's safe to deliver the car."

"Understood, Mr Haze. I'll just find something to 'do'" He stared at Brenda's cleavage "while I wait."

"Sure, sure. Talk to you later, kid." Mr Haze said, and hung up.

Lewis placed his phone back in his shirt's front pocket.

"Well, it seems we have some time to kill, after all." He thought about it a bit, and made his decision.

"Might as well stay out of the city until Mr. Haze calls. Less chance of being discovered, and more privacy." He smiled at Brenda, and told her to take an exit leading to a secluded dirt road they often used to conduct business of the shadier type.

“Stop here and get out of the car.” He said, opening the door, and exiting the car himself.

He circled the car and stood before her. With a quick and skillful motion, he tugged on her blouse and exposed her nipples.

“So, Brenda, was it? I gleaned that from your phone.”

She nodded, looking down shyly.

“Good girl. Now, Brenda, on your knees.” He commanded.

She fell to the unpaved surface with a thump, her head precisely where he wanted her. He unzipped again, and fed her his member.

“Get me nice and hard, Brenda.” He told her. She looked up at him, and nodded, with his cock in her mouth.

She wasn't a stranger to getting a man ready for sex, and she made sure to move her head back and forth at a steady pace. Slowly cuddling his shaft with her tongue, and looking up at him with eyes pleading him to harden his cock.

“Hmm, really nice. You know what you're doing.” He said.

“Shank you, shir.” She said, with his cock and his cum rummaging freely in her mouth.

“Okay,” He said, pushing her head all the way forward, gagging her with his rod “time for the main event.”

He grabbed her shoulder, and pulled her to her feet. He pinched her nipple hard, for a moment, and then turned her around and shoved her on the hood of the car, bending her over.

Brenda remained docile and compliant while he forcefully lowered her jeans and panties, and spanked her bare ass hard. She moaned gently as she felt the tip of his cock on her pussy lips.

“Ah!” without further ado, he thrust his full length inside of her, and spanked her again, on her other cheek.

Brenda moaned and whimpered as he pumped into her with full force. He grabbed her hair, using it like reins as he rode her ass hard. Brenda never had sex with a man who had so much power over her, and she was never fucked so long and hard in her

life. Her previous partners were young inexperienced men who nearly finished before penetrating her.

He was different, though. She hated admitting it, but she was almost happy he used that mind control device on her. She didn't like the fact he had all the power, and could choose to use her in any way he wished, but her moans of pleasure were as sincere as they could be.

Brenda felt a jolt of happiness with every grunt her master made, and every spank her now reddened ass received. She had a feeling that was a side effect of the mind control, the fact she was joyous of his happiness.

All in all, it wasn't the worst situation, she thought as she smiled – The last of his first load finally dripping from her mouth and onto the hood of the car. Just when she was ready to resign to her fate, he pulled out, and she made a pathetically obscene moan of disappointment, followed by a gasp of fear, as she felt his erect manhood prod her anal entrance.

“What is it, bitch?” He asked in response to her audible gasp “Nobody ever fucked you up the ass?”

“N-No, sir.” She answered.

“Beg for it, then. As if there's nothing you want more.” He ordered, and she couldn't help but obey.

“Please, sir. Please fuck my ass as hard you want. I'll do anything, sir! I want your cock rammed inside of me, sir, more than anything!” She whined and moaned and begged.

“Good girl.” He said, spanked her ass, and started pushing his cock in her ass, inch by inch.

The pain was searing, but somehow she was happy to give her ass up for her master, perhaps because she was forced to beg for it as if she wanted it. It started looking like every order he gave managed to nudge her towards mindless obedience and euphoric subservience.

He started pumping her ass slowly, but picked up the pace as soon as he felt he could. Before long, she was a screaming puddle of moans and tears, of joy or sadness, she couldn't decide. The

deserted road was filled with her lust filled screams and the sound of his waist spanking her ass repeatedly. Occasionally, he spanked her with his hands as well, adding to her pleasure mixed with pain.

“Ohh, yeah! I love virgin ass bitches!” He grunted and moaned as he rode her.

“Okay, time to cum.” He said, and pulled out of her. Before she could enjoy the relief of her ass being vacant of his throbbing shaft, he turned her around and pushed her to her knees, shoving his cock deep in her throat, and pumping her face even faster than before. All she could think of was the fact the cock fucking her mouth was just done violating her virgin ass.

He pumped into her hard a few more times, and then she felt the familiar jets of cum shooting into her mouth.

“*Ahh...*” He sighed happily “Here's another load, since the last one ended up all over your clothes, tits, and apparently the hood of the car, as well.” He said, noticing the white liquid on the shiny metal hood.

“Don't swallow, and don't spit. Oh, and make sure not to spill anything this time, alright?”

He laughed, which made her feel slightly better.

Chapter Two

After putting their clothes back on, they returned to the car, and after lounging a bit he told Brenda to keep driving towards their destination.

“I think we wasted enough time. I'm sure the so called 'deal' will be done by the time we get there.”

Just as he finished his sentence, his phone rang again.

“Mr. Haze, long time no speak. Are you ready for the car?” Lewis asked.

“No, not yet.” Mr Haze answered. He sounded rushed.

“Listen, something came up that requires immediate action.” He said.

“Hold on a sec! What about the car?!” Lewis asked.

“Screw the car, for now. Didn't you say you wanted real jobs, hot shot?” Mr. Haze said.

“Go on.” Lewis said, intrigued.

“I just made a deal with some heavy Japanese on a big load of brown. With a promise of exclusivity if we manage to secure the requested amount. These are heavy hitters, Lewis, if this deal goes through, my organization will have full control of the drug export of this fine city.”

“Always happy to help dishonest businessmen make a buck, as long as there's a buck in it for me, as well.” Lewis said “So what? You want me to make the deal on your behalf?”

“No no, of course not. I'm the only one dealing with those guys. What I need is for you to get some extra brown that our coffers are missing.”

“Hah! You made a deal with those guys knowing you couldn't deliver?! That's ballsy.” Lewis said.

“Oh, I can deliver, twerp. I just need to make a certain unlikely purchase from my lesser competitors.” Mr Haze said.

“Which ones?”

“The skulls.”

“What?! Those moronic crazy bikers? Didn't they swear a war of blood and vengeance on you, or something stupid like that?” Lewis said, aghast.

“They are the only ones who have the amount I need in stock. And, yes, they did declare a war on me, the stupid fuckers. It's what the power of money can do to a biker's moral fiber.”

“Aren't they blaming you for the death of their former leader?” Lewis asked.

“Yep. For a good reason, too, considering I personally put a bullet between his eyes.”

“And you think it's a good idea to trust them with this deal? Why would they even agree to it? It will kill their own far eastern drug export if you get exclusivity.”

“Very good, dumb-ass, that's precisely why they have no idea about my deal with the Japanese.”

“They will still find it curious that you're suddenly willing to deal with them. Trusting them to keep their end of the deal is idiotic.” Lewis argued.

“There's no other way. Besides, why do you think I'm sending you to make the deal, and not some of my other stooges?”

“Flattery won't work on me, Mr. Haze.” Lewis mocked.

“Money will, and I can assure you the payoff will be well worth it.”

“I hope so, Mr. Haze. I don't like going on too many fool's errands.”

“Don't get too cocky. Remember who you're talking to.”

“Make sure you do the same, Mr. Haze.” Lewis said, icy venom in his voice. The tone of his voice alone made Brenda shiver. There was a short pause, and then Mr. Haze continued.

“Meet Raul at the stock exchange. He will have the money. The exchange will take place at the alley off of Gardener's avenue. Be there in one hour. Don't be late.”

Lewis said nothing in response. He just hung up the phone, stared at it for a second, and then pocketed it.

“Another change in plans, cunt.” He said “Drive to the local college – I need to pick up some capable reinforcement. Oh, and

you can swallow the load in your mouth.”

“*Gulp* Yes, sir.” Brenda said, not even daring to twitch out of line.

He had her drive around the campus as he looked out the window, obviously searching for someone.

“There she is.” He finally said “Pull over next to that blonde over there, with the skirt and pigtails.”

He pointed to a girl carrying a bunch of books and papers. Brenda figured she was about her age, probably a college sophomore by her looks. If she didn't have her books, and a serious look on her face, Brenda would have thought she was fresh out of high school, though. She was petite, shorter than average, and her blonde pigtails and blue eyes gave her a very Barbie-doll-like look.

Lewis rolled his window down.

“Hey there, sexy.” He called out to her. She stared at him sternly.

“I don't have time for creeps, mister. As you can see, I'm rather busy.” She strengthened her hold on the pile of books she was carrying “So I'd appreciate it if you hit the road.”

All he did was chuckle at that.

“I love this part. Watch this, rich bitch.” He said, winking at Brenda, who stared at him nervously.

“Listen...” The blonde started, but he cut her off.

“No, you listen, blondy. I have use of your tight pink pussy, honey.” He said, and the blonde's face showed shock, her pupils shaking in her eyes for a moment.

Instead of getting mad and walking away, a big smile formed on the blonde's face.

“Of course, master. Sorry for being such a stupid bitch!” She said with a giggly voice that was the complete opposite of her previous stern one. He got out of the car just as she threw all her books to a nearby dumpster, along with what seemed to be a research paper she's been working on for quite a while.

He opened the back door for her, and spanked her ass as she moved inside. She wiggled her pert behind in response. He got in after her, and told Brenda to drive towards the stock exchange building.

“Lucky the windows of this car are tinted. I really could use some release before we get down to business.”

He ripped her blouse off, and sucked on her perky tits, while she expertly released his cock from his pants and started rubbing it with her dainty hands. After having his fun with the blonde's gravity defying boobs, he nudged her head down to his erection. Unlike Brenda's previous experience, the blonde dove in on his shaft with a happy smile on her face.

“Brenda, I'd like you to meet...Oh, so good!...Daisy, my cute little helper. Daisy, Brenda here is my newest fuck toy, though I'm not sure if I'll get to keep her.” He said.

Daisy lifted her head to look at Brenda, never letting her hand stop jerking her master off.

“It's always nice to meet master's other fucktoys, Brenda.” She said, and continued to lick the full length of his cock, moving her hand right before her skilled tongue.

“Umm...It's nice to meet you, as well.” Brenda said, shyly, making sure to keep her eyes on the road, for more than just safety reasons.

“Awww, so cute! **Slurp** She has that new slave nervousness to her.” Daisy said as she catered to her master's carnal needs.

Their destination was twenty minutes away, considering the traffic, and Brenda was feeling increasingly awkward, especially when he pulled Daisy's head up, and had her mount him in a reverse cowgirl position.

The petite blonde moaned gently as she moved her hips, mindful not to raise undue attention in the crowded streets. She rode him like an expert, though, and Brenda assumed the young tart probably was.

“Umm, sir?” Brenda hesitated.

“Mm?” He half asked, half grunted in pleasure from behind Daisy's bouncing body.

“May I speak? Umm, ask some questions?” Brenda was hoping she wasn't crossing a dangerous line.

“She's so cute, master!” Daisy said with a slutty smile as her master squeezed her tits.

He chuckled at his slave's reaction.

“Sure, Brenda. Go ahead.” He said, relieving some of Brenda's tension.

“Umm...Who is this girl? How did she become..Umm...Your slave?” She asked him.

“I'm sure Daisy can answer that better than me. Just make sure to properly shake those hips.” He said.

“Always, master.” Daisy said with a rosy song in her voice, and turned some of her attention to Brenda..

“I met master two years ago, at my college orientation. I'm pretty sure he was looking for pristine tight pussies to own among the newcomers.”

“And I certainly found one, didn't I?” He added.

“I'm unworthy of your praise, master.” Daisy said.

“Anyway, that was when he took my virginity, at a bathroom stall, doggy style. That day had much more first experiences than I could have ever hoped!” She giggled happily, still riding his cock.

“I wasn't really expecting anything from college other than proper education, to be honest.” She said

“Yea, you were kind of a nerd, and a tight ass, too.”

“I still am, when I'm my other self, the one who doesn't remember I'm your sex toy, master. When I'm her all I'm focused on is studies, and my future career, as if she's not even aware that I exist only to make you happy till the end of my worthless life.”

Daisy said those words so casually, Brenda almost felt bad for her, and somehow a little jealous, as well.

“Anyway,” The blonde continued “at first, master used me mainly as his sex doll. You know, in his free time.”

She started massaging his balls while riding him, in response to his groans of pleasure.

“He would call me, and tell me to come to his place for a booty call, or come over to my dorm room and cum in my tight pink snatch.”

“Speaking of cumming in your tight pink snatch...Ahhhhh!” He moaned and cuddled her from behind, squeezing her tits with his big hands. Daisy flexibly circled her hips as she felt his load shoot inside of her, spurt after hot spurt of cum painting the insides of her tight pussy.

“Thank you, master.” She said with a moist tone, dripping lust.

“You're welcome, bitch. Stay on my cock, I feel I could go again before the meeting.”

“Yes master. I'll make sure to squeeze your balls dry if I feel your cock getting harder. Thank you for using me, master.” Daisy said with smiling eyes, and continued her tale, just as Brenda got the green light and passed through another gridlocked city intersection.

“One day, things changed.” She said “Master ordered my ass over to his place and rode me hard, like always, and then fell asleep, using my soft body as a mattress.”

“The morning after, I woke up to hear an angry man scream in master's living room. It was this total buffoon saying he wanted his stolen merchandise back, saying master destroyed his business.”

“Ohh, right!” He said “I was hired by the Mexican mafia to get that man to sign his property to them. I tried to be civil and only destroy his business, forcing him to sell, but he just went crazy, broke into my home and threatened my life. To think I didn't even get physical with him at that point. I mean, how rude! am I right?!”

“You're always right, master!” Daisy squealed happily.

“Anyway, I couldn't let that idiot harm my master, and I once saw where master keeps one of his guns. So, I sneaked over to get it, and shot that guy dead!” Daisy said happily, and Brenda was barely able to hide her shock.

“Yeah,” He interjected, pinching Daisy's nipples “That got me in more trouble than you think. Those mafia guys wanted him to give up the deed to his shop, they didn't want him dead. He was the nephew of one of their top guys. I had to move fast and ally myself with this bitter old coot who wanted to take over their organization.”

“Master was impressed with what I did, so he brought me over to help with that operation. I managed to kill a bunch of them, and cover for my master as he went in to take their leader out.” Daisy said.

“And today the head of the local Mexican mafia is indebted to me, although some of them defected and are now hell bent on killing me.”

“They'll die a thousand times before they manage that, master.” Daisy said.

“After the whole thing ended, master punished me for killing that man and starting a whole war by spanking and whipping me a bit, and then thanked me for saving his life by feeding me his cum. I was so happy.”

Brenda took a few seconds to process what she just heard.

“You-You killed an innocent man for him?” She gulped nervously.

“Of course!” Daisy squealed happily “And you would do the same.”

Daisy felt her master's cock hardening again, and started moving her body up and down for him.

“And since then, master brought me to many of his jobs, as back up, or a diversion, or bait. He uses me whenever he needs someone expendable to distract the bad guys, with my body or with fire power.”

“And so far she survived it all. She's gotten pretty good at this.”

“And you're just fine with being used like that, till at some point you won't get lucky anymore and get killed by a bunch of criminals?” Brenda asked the enslaved blonde.

“Of course I am, as long as master survives. What's the point to life, otherwise?” She asked with sincere curiosity. Brenda tried to come up with an answer, yet couldn't, and that worried her quite a bit.

“Besides, I found I'm really talented at this, and master even taught me some hand-to-hand combat tricks.” Daisy added.

“Hold on,” Brenda suddenly said “You said you're fighting 'bad guys'. You do realize you're working for an obvious cold-hearted criminal who kills indiscriminately, right? Who do you think are the bad guys, anyway?” She asked Daisy.

“Oh, you silly girl, you really are new to this, aren't you? Anyone who's even remotely against your master is a bad guy, and deserves a bullet through the heart. It's as simple as that.” Daisy said, grinding her hips quicker now.

“Speaking of bullets. Brenda, there's a gun in the glove compartment, and a few clips. Hand them over to Daisy. I'm guessing you didn't come equipped.” He whispered in her ear while rubbing her clit. Daisy moaned, and took the unloaded gun from Brenda's hands.

Like a professional, Daisy put a clip in the gun, loaded it, and holstered it in the garter belt she had under her skirt, inches from her pussy. She placed two other clips on her other leg, and never stopped riding his cock passionately, for even a moment.

“Ready for action, master.” She said happily, ready to kill, and die, on command.

Brenda still had to take it all in, but she certainly felt an undying need to obey. She was starting to understand Daisy's view on life, and it scared her less and less, as her aptitude for blind subservience grew exponentially.

They finally made it to the stock exchange, and Lewis had Brenda park at the side of the busy road, filled with pedestrians. They took longer than anticipated, and Lewis was starting to

think they'd be late to the exchange. Almost immediately after she parked, a man in his late thirties approached the car and knocked on the Lewis' window.

“Raul, my man.” He said, and pinched Daisy's nipple “Say hi to Raul, bitch.”

“Hey Raul. Long time no see.” Daisy smiled and said in a soft, throaty voice.

“You're late!”

Raul didn't seem to be as carefree as those two were. He stared around nervously and handed Lewis a small suitcase.

“Oh relax!” Lewis said “Those hog riders aren't going anywhere until they get their money. You want to have a go with Daisy here? It's been a while since I lent her to you. You can just stick it in her mouth through the window while I fuck her. I don't mind.”

“Are you insane! We're in the middle of the street!” Raul exclaimed.

“Oh, you're such a prude, Raul!” Daisy said “I can see your cock wants to fuck my throat!” She reached over to grab his crotch, and he did sport the beginning of a hard-on.

Raul backed off a few steps, out of Daisy's reach.

“Just go, and get the merchandise!” He said while shaking his head, and then turned around and walked away. Lewis closed the window, and told Brenda to drive. Their next destination was a certain alleyway, and Brenda was told to hit the gas, so they won't be late.

A block away from the meeting place, he had Brenda stop the car, and told Daisy to take the wheel. Brenda moved to the back seat, and he moved next to Daisy. Daisy was disappointed that she couldn't bring her master to another climax, but he promised he will punish her for that later, so it was okay.

In a final twist that even Daisy didn't anticipate, Lewis told Brenda to take the suitcase and make the exchange herself, while they waited in the car.

“Let's see how you cope with that, Brenda. Remember, sample the goods by sniffing just a tiny bit, give them the suitcase to examine, and once they see it's legit, take the dope and get back to the car as fast as possible.”

“But...” Brenda said nervously “Didn't you say they hate your b...your employer? What if they break the deal and kill me?”

“That's exactly why you're going, and not him, silly girl.” Daisy said with a knowing smile.

“Such a smart girl.” Lewis said, patting Daisy's cheek with his finger. Daisy wasn't that smart, actually, just experienced with exactly these types of scenarios.

“Remember, Brenda” Daisy tried to give the new girl one last piece of advice “The most important thing is that you get the package. If things go south, grab it and run, so that even if you end up losing a limb, or your life, you can at least go down knowing you made your master happy.”

“Umm, yeah, okay....Sure...” Brenda said, feigning a smile.

Brenda swallowed nervously, took the money filled suitcase, and got out of the car.

“How do you think she'll do, master?” Daisy asked, as they watched Brenda enter the alley.

“It really depends on those brain dead bikers, Blondie.” He said. They watched as a young man in his twenties approached Brenda with a suitcase, and obviously cupping a breast as he handed her the merchandise.

“Is that the dead gang leader's son?” Daisy asked Lewis.

“Yeah, he took over after his father died.” Lewis answered.

“Is nepotism common within biker gangs?” She asked.

Lewis chuckled.

“Not that I know of.”

Brenda opened the suitcase supposedly holding the drugs, and immediately turned around with a frightened look on her face, staring at Lewis.

“Something happened!” Daisy said, bracing herself. Lewis noticed, of course, and instantly understood what happened.

“Their suitcase was empty.” He said with a hurried voice, and pulled out his gun, ready to jump out of the car and into action.

Before he could make a move, one of the bikers lifted Brenda in the air and placed her on his ride. The others started shooting the car, only barely missing Daisy and Lewis as they dove down for cover. Lewis shot at them from the side of the car, hitting one of the bikers, and one of the bikes.

Daisy pulled her gun out and lifted her head, ready to burst into action, but the bikers sped to a makeshift ramp they placed in the ally, jumping above the car with their bikes, and riding off in three different directions.

Daisy shot at them as they were in mid-air, hitting one, who fell dead on the street and took two of his friends down with him. They landed close to him, and crashed as well. The rest managed to get away.

“*Fuck!*” Lewis shouted, and closed the door that he used for cover.

“Go after them, you stupid bitch!” He yelled.

“Yes master!” Daisy said and quickly turned the car around, but then stopped.

“Which ones?!” She asked.

“Their leader went that way!” He said, pointing left, and Daisy squeezed the gas pedal.

“That idiot thinks he can fool me by splitting up. Like I care about his moronic underlings. When I catch him I'm gonna fucking kill him!”

Daisy knew this wasn't a good time for her to speak. She focused on driving and finding those evil bikers who made her master so angry. If she failed, she would probably get her worst punishment ever.

“There he is!” Daisy yelled, expertly driving through the crowded street after the five bikers.

“Idiots. They actually converged already. I bet they thought they lost us.” Lewis said as he opened his window and prepared to shoot. Daisy did the same, using her left hand to aim her gun, while steering the car with her right hand.

The bikers were ready, and they had semi automatic weapons. Lewis managed to hit another one of them before they started firing at the car. A second later, Daisy felt something wrong in the car's steering.

“We have a flat tire!” She yelled.

“Keep driving!” Lewis told her, and she did, until it was impossible. The engine got shot and the car slowed down. It didn't stop completely, but there was no way to keep up with the bikers on such a messed up vehicle.

“*FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!*” Lewis erupted, smashing his hand on the car's door. Daisy was almost crying. She had no idea how to comfort her master.

“Find a safe place to pull over.” He told her, and she found another alleyway to park the car in.

In his rage, Lewis grabbed her head and shoved it down his cock forcibly, letting his anger out by fucking her face.

“*I'M! GOING! TO! FUCKING! KILL! THEM!*” He rammed into her throat with every word, until he came hard and angry inside of her.

“Swallow it, bitch.” He said, more calmly, and got out of the car to understand the damage. Daisy smiled and wiped some cum and tears off her face. She was happy to be a tool for her master to calm his nerves down with, and she will be there for him to take his rage on whenever he needed her to.

Lewis stared at the expensive car. It looked more like a piece of Swiss cheese, with so many bullet holes. One of the tires fell flat, and one of the headlights was smashed. He took his phone out, and called his employer.

“Is it done?” Mr Haze asked.

“No. The bikers took the money. They never even brought the merchandise to the meeting.”

“*WHAT?!*” Mr. Haze was shocked “And you just let them take the money!?”

“I took five of them down. Unfortunately, there were five more! I told you that...” Lewis tried to say, but Mr. Haze interrupted.

“I don't care how many there were. I pay you to...”

“You pay me for services rendered. Now, you asked me to get the drugs, and I will. The only difference is now I'll add the elimination of one of your enemies, free of charge, so you better thank me.”

“Lewis, I usually like your style, but this isn't some game. I swear I'll have you're eyes torn from their sockets if you don't get me those drugs!”

“I already told you I will. I just need a little time, and some other things.”

“You don't have time! You've got until tomorrow morning!” Mr. Haze said.

“Then find out where the bikers are holed up, Mr. Haze. Once you do, I'll get them. Oh, and I need a garage, as well.”

“What for?”

“The car got trashed. It needs some fixing.”

“The what got *What?! My car?! How dare you...*”

“Priorities, Mr Haze. Remember?” Lewis reminded him.

Mr. Haze took a deep breath.

“You're right, of course. But any lasting damages to the car will be docked from your pay!” He said.

“There's a garage under my control at the corner of Winston and third, can the car make it there?”

“It's just a few blocks. I'll be fine.” Lewis said “What's their trigger?”

“The usual.” Mr Haze answered.

“Great. Oh, wait, there's one more thing. I'm going to need about three semi automatic weapons.”

“I'll have Raul get them to the garage.”

“Fantastic. Smell ya later.” Lewis said, and hung up the phone.

“Can the car make it over to Winston and 3rd?” He asked Daisy.

“I think so, master.” She said.

“Great. Move to the passenger's seat. I'm driving.”

“Yes, master.”

Chapter Three

Lewis drove into the garage, and the owner immediately jumped to meet him. He stared at the bullet holes with horror.

“Sir! I'm sorry, but this garage doesn't handle this kind of damage. Now, if you will please leave.”

“Yeah, yeah. Shut the fuck up.” Lewis said, as Daisy got out of the car, and closed her door with a sexy wiggle to her ass. One of the mechanics stared at her hungrily, but she knew her cunt belonged to her master alone.

“Everyone! Listen up! Gather round!” Lewis shouted out loud, getting the attention of all local employees. Looking around, he saw a lot of greasy men, but also a young pretty blonde, bereft of grease and oil. She had green eyes, and D-cup tits.

“Lovely, some entertainment while I wait” Lewis said, staring at her.

“That's my daughter you're ogling!” The owner said angrily, a vein popping in his forehead. Lewis stared him down, and it was enough to make the owner back off a bit.

“Are these all the employees, or are we missing someone?” Lewis asked the owner.

The owner looked around, baffled.

“Yeah,” He said “Yeah, that's all of them. Now, listen, mister. I...”

“Shut up.” Lewis said in a threatening tone.

“The purple haze requires your services.” He said, and immediately everyone's eyes glazed off. Well, other than Daisy's.

The owner was the first to shake his head back to coherence.

“Oh, wow! I'm terribly sorry, sir!” He said “My garage is always open for Mr. Haze, free of charge! We'll get working on your car right away!”

“Fantastic. I'll avail myself to your buxom daughter while I wait.” Lewis said, noting that the young woman went under just

like the rest of them, waiting to be ordered about.

“Of course, sir. She knows her duties.” The owner said, as if Lewis asked him if he can take a seat while he waits.

“The car will take at least an hour, judging by the damages, sir.” He added.

“That's just fine.” Lewis said, and took the busty young lady by the tits, dragging her aside, chest first.

She had a long pair of jeans covering her slender legs, and a pink tube top covering her big boobs.

“What's your name?” He asked her as he fondled her large funbags. Daisy moved to stand next to him, just in case he wanted her to join in.

“Angelina, sir. I exist to serve you.” She said.

“What do you do in life?” Lewis asked, moving to grab her ass a bit. He just came in Daisy's mouth recently, so feeling the big boobed blonde was enough for him, at least as a start.

“I serve you, sir.” She responded.

“Oh, of course. I mean when you're not aware of your true purpose.” He clarified.

“Oh,” She said, and struggled to remember the unimportant details of her other life “I just graduated high school, and am searching for a proper college.”

“Oh, nice! I suppose you're eighteen, then?”

She nodded.

“Daisy can help you with the college stuff, I bet. Maybe I can even pull some strings and make you roommates.” Lewis said, already thinking of how fun it will be to visit not one, but two hot blonde college coeds, and fucking them senseless, of course. That thought was enough to harden his manhood once again.

“Do a little striptease for me” He told Angelina “Take everything off.”

Lewis unzipped and took his cock out.

“Daisy, on your knees.” He said as Angelina started shaking her perfect ass for him. Daisy planted a wet loving kiss on her master's cock, and then started passionately licking his manhood

all over. Angelina took her shirt off slowly, and once it was off she pressed her big tits together and stared deep into her master's eyes with moist subservience.

Angelina had a real dancing talent, and Lewis felt compelled to spank her ass as she shook her hips before him, while using his other hand to fuck Daisy's compliant throat. Angelina tossed her bra aside and edged near him so he could grope her impressive young jugs.

Her last item of clothing was her panties, and she kicked those in the air, grabbing her leg with her hand and pressing it to her face, demonstrating her flexibility.

In that position, with her legs spread open vertically, Angelina rubbed her pussy with her other hand, getting herself nice and wet.

“Wow.” Lewis said “Never seen a woman do that. I'm impressed.”

“Thank you, sir.” Angelina said with smile, trying her best to maintain her balance on one leg while frantically rubbing her cunt.

“Okay, time for you to join Daisy down there, bitch.” Lewis told her.

“Yes, sir!” Angelina said, lowered her leg, and went to her knees. First, she greeted her fellow slave with kiss, planting a wet one on Daisy, sucking Daisy's tongue a bit, to taste her master cock on it.

Then, the young eighteen years old moved to the main dish, along with Daisy. In great unison, they both kissed Lewis' cock from either side, a soft, warm, and wet french kiss.

Angelina was the first to move on the tip, giving it a quick lick before going all the way down. She took his cock so deep in her throat that Daisy could only turn her head upside down, and go for her master's balls.

Lewis grabbed Angelina's hair and started pumping into her face at his own pace.

“Sir?” The owner of the garage suddenly approached.

“What is it?” Lewis asked, while the man's daughter choked on his cock.

“I was wondering if you wanted the regular purple haze treatment for the car?” He asked.

He let go of Angelina's head, and she pulled out to kiss her master's underside, while Daisy licked his cock's upper side.

“Ohhh...” Lewis moaned at the tongue bath his cock was in “What's the regular treatment?” He asked the man.

“Some bullet proof armoring. Bullet proof windows, and a reinforced bumper, fitted with easy-to-use firing machines, and a flamethrower.” He said.

“And...ahhhh....How much will that cost me?” Lewis asked as the girls switched places, with Angelina licking and cupping his balls with her mouth, and Daisy bobbing her head back and forth on his shaft.

“Nothing, sir. The purple haze gets all services for free in this garage.” The man said proudly.

“Oh, tell me about it.” Lewis grabbed Daisy's pigtales in both hands, and used them as leverage to fuck her face better.

“Do it, then. Might help for later.” He told the man assertively.

“Understood. Your car will be done in about an hour and a half.”

“Greeeeeat. Wow” Lewis said, enjoying Angelina's tongue on his balls.

“Okay, time for you to show me your love with those big tits.” He said “How did you grow them so big at eighteen, anyway? Is there a nuclear reactor somewhere near?” Lewis mocked her.

“Yes, sir. I will hug your cock with my tits, and show it my love.” Angelina said, and wrapped her soft funbags around the rod she existed to serve. She looked up at her master and licked the tip of his cock as she rubbed her boobs back and forth around his member.

Daisy wrapped her arms around her master's legs, looking up at him, helplessly begging to please with her eyes. Lewis looked at the slobbering mess that she was, so pathetic and eager to please. He couldn't believe this was the same badass girl who held her own in their encounter with the bikers earlier, and so many other times in the past. She was a tamed tigress, in the wrapping of a cute and innocent pigtailed girl.

“Let Daisy join, Angelina.” He ordered, and both his slaves happily obeyed. Daisy's tits were significantly smaller than Angelina, but she still held her own as she pressed her erect nipples on Angelina's impressive rack, with their master's shaft being smothered between the four young breasts.

In a matter of seconds the two synchronized their vertical movements and settled on a steady pace, moving their tits together, up and down his cock. They smiled at each other rapidly, and occasionally Lewis nudged their heads closer and had them kiss each other like lesbian sluts.

“Lewis! Where are you!?” Raul's voice came from the back of the garage.

“Above a mass of giggling titties, as always.” Lewis yelled back.

Raul came bearing gifts. Three semi automatic guns, and a few stun grenades.

“Ohh nice, those grenades will come in handy. Mr. Haze knows how to motivate his employees, I'll give him that.”

“Will I ever see you without a slobbering slavegirl catering to your hard-on, Lewis?” Raul asked.

“I don't think you will. What's the matter? Jealous? You can have one of them if you want. This one is the daughter of the manager here, if you want to bend her over his desk and have him watch.”

“Pfft. You're forgetting that everyone in Mr. Haze's organization gets the same benefits as you. More, actually,

considering you're still only a freelancer.” Raul said, and turned to walk away.

“Free being the operative word. Hey, you can join the fun at the biker's hideout, instead, if you prefer. I'll even let you use one of these semi automatics you brought.”

Raul kept walking away.

“That's really not for me, Lewis, and you know that.” He raised an open hand to signal a 'so long'.

“Sometimes I wonder whether that man is a eunuch, or a chicken, or both!” Lewis said as Raul walked away.

He didn't have the time, nor the desire to think about Raul, though. And as he turned his attention back to the double tit-fuck the nice blonde hotties were giving him, he knew he wouldn't last much longer.

Daisy and Angelina felt his cock throb on their sensitive nipples, and opened their mouths ready to wash his cum down their throats. He had a different idea...

“I'm cumming!” He announced, and pulled his cock away from their grasps “Serve those tits up for me, Like a nice squishy cum target.”

“Yes master!” “Yes, sir!” They said in unison, pushed their tits up with their hands, and their chests against each other, so their master had plenty of room to fill with his cum, between their curvacious valleys.

He had them give his cock the last few tugs with their gentle hands, and then erupted straight on their luscious bodies. Daisy had a firm grasp on his cock and made sure to aim his load on their tits, but also on Angelina's face. The busty blonde gasped in surprise when she felt the load hit her cheek, but responded with a thankful smile to her fellow slave.

“You always were a playful little kitten, Daisy.” Lewis said, patting her hair slowly.

When he was done cumming, He pushed Daisy's head towards Angelina's cheek, and his tamed tigress immediately lapped the white liquid with full wet licks. Then, she shared it with Angelina, kissing her passionately.

Lewis told the two hot young women to make out and slurp the cum off of each other as he watched. They sucked and nibbled at each other's cum glazed nipples, licked each other's boobs with utmost care, and ended their show by shoving their cum guzzling faces in each other's pussies, ravaging each other's muffs like hungry wild animals.

“Your car is ready, sir.” The garage owner came and said, ignoring his daughter engaging in the most obscene lesbian sex right there on the floor of his establishment. Lewis checked the car out. It was amazing what these grease monkeys could do in an hour and a half if they truly applied themselves. The car looked as good as new, and in fact it was better. If it had been like that from the get go, they would've never lost those damn bikers.

The wheels were reinforced to handle some gun shots, the front windshield was bullet proof, and so were the windows. The mechanics showed Lewis how to operate the weapons they've installed. A button press near the steering wheel will activate the semi automatic guns hidden in the front bumpers, and a different button will activate the flamethrowers.

“Amazing what you can do with technology now days.” Lewis said “Now I only need Mr. Haze to tell me where those fucking bikers are.”

Just then, Mr. Haze called Lewis, as if he was listening in on them, which may have been the case, as far as Lewis knew.

“Mr. Haze, or should I say Mr. Blaze. Why didn't you tell me you have this garage that can make any car into an armored vehicle with assault capabilities?”

“Because you have a knack for overusing such privileges, Lewis.” Mr. Haze said.

“What on earth could you be referring to, Mr. Haze?” Lewis asked.

“If there's one thing a man like you is bad at, it is feigning innocence, Lewis. Tell me, how many young women did you turn into your wanton slaves, so far?” Mr. Haze asked.

“Point taken.” Lewis said with no remorse “Do you have the location?”

“Yes, I do. The bikers made an abandoned factory their hideout. It's in the industrial area of Gilbert district. 22nd Fienmann street.”

“Got it. I saved a lot of aggression just for these damn motor heads.” Lewis said.

“Yeah, well, it's an abandoned factory, but the area is not completely deserted. If you make some noise, and I know you will, make sure to get the stash, the cash, and leave ASAP, before the police is alerted.”

“Today's Wednesday, I have my own way to avoid the police.” Lewis said.

“What does the day of the week have to do with it?”

“Does it matter?”

“I guess not. Listen, Lewis, make sure to get my stuff. Don't get caught, and don't die. men with your abilities are difficult to replace.”

“I appreciate your concern, Mr. Haze, but men with my abilities don't need to be told to avoid getting killed.”

“Hah! True enough. Go get them, and bring me a nice souvenir.”

“Taking souvenirs is the best way to get caught. Next time we talk I'll have the money, and the drugs. Ciao.” Lewis hung up, and went to get his guns, and his accomplice, still locked in a sixty-nine position with the other blonde cunt.

“Get up, Daisy, we're heading out. Angelina, get dressed.”

“Yes master.” Daisy said, got dressed as well, and grabbed one of the semi automatic weapons Raul brought.

Daisy got back in the car, sitting in the passenger's seat.

“Okay, I assume you have some protocol programmed into your tiny heads, for when I leave?”

“Yes sir.” The owner said “We are to forget and fill in the lost time in a reasonable and believable manner. We are to do so the moment your car leaves the garage.”

“Good.” Lewis said, just as Angelina joined them, fully dressed.

“It's always sad when I see a hot bitch dressed again.” Lewis muttered as he got in the car.

He drove away, and the men took a few seconds to blink away what they did in the past couple of hours. Angelina had a bit more to blink away, and she quickly excused herself to the toilets to handle her weirdly sensitive nipples, and finger fuck herself in private. With all the fun Lewis had with her, he never got around to fucking her.

“I'll have to come back for that, I suppose.” He mumbled with a smile.

“Hehe, Mr. Haze was right. I do tend to overuse certain privileges.”

Chapter Four

Lewis called one of his more useful contacts as he drove to the biker's hideout. A woman's voice answered.

"I don't know who this is, but I'm busy." she said hastily, as if rushing somewhere. Lewis knew the reason why, of course, and spoke fast.

"You work for me, you stupid swine slut." He said, and the woman became silent for a few seconds. Lewis waited for the trigger to take full effect.

"How may I please you, master?" She asked, no longer in any rush to return to her job.

"Good girl." He said "Now, I'm assuming you're manning the police dispatch right now, officer Brianna."

"Yes master. Like every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday." She said.

"Excellent. I'm about to cause a bit of a ruckus at an abandoned factory in the Gilbert industrial district. Make sure to hold your fellow pigs as long as possible, preferably longer than it takes me to get rid of those damn bikers. Understood?"

"I'm happy to be of use, master." She said, and Lewis could almost see the vapid look on the bimbo cop's face.

"Great. Keep up the horrible police work, slut."

"Yes master. Thank you for using me, master." Lewis hung up, and allowed the young dispatcher to go back to work.

"Okay, next stop is where the action is. Prepare yourself, Daisy." He said.

"I'm always ready to help you in your battles, master." She said, bracing herself, holding a pistol in one hand, and a semi automatic in the other. Lewis almost felt proud of the soldier he made out of the little bookwormish college girl.

Lewis left the car half a mile before the abandoned factory, to take out the lookouts. He spotted the two lookouts almost immediately. They were on a hill next to the factory, and had a pair of binoculars.

“Amateurs.” Lewis gritted through his teeth as he noticed they were barely even looking out.

“Two lookouts standing together with one pair of low grade binoculars. I'm almost disappointed.”

He sneaked behind them. The two numbskulls weren't even looking out that much. They were busy wondering when they'll get a turn on the girl they kidnapped earlier.

“We always get fucking lookout duty. I'm getting sick and tired of having the sloppy seconds!” One of them said.

“Stop being such a baby, you moron. A hole is a hole. If you're bothered you can always have her clean up. Now shut it, we need to focus. We didn't betray some small chumps today. We need to be ready for a counter attack from the purple haze.” The other said.

“Yeah, whateve---Ah!”

Lewis grabbed his neck from behind and broke it like a twig, before the other man could barely turn around.

“Too late.” Lewis said just as the other man faced him, and threw his knife straight into the man's heart. He fell to the ground a second after his friend, and Lewis reclaimed his trusty knife.

After hiding the bodies, Lewis sent Daisy a message, signaling her to bring the car closer, to secure a fast and safe getaway. She stopped in the shadows next to the old factory, left the engine running, and waited for Lewis.

Lewis surveyed the area, looking for patrols and marking all possible entrances and exits. When he came back to Daisy, he had already formed a plan.

“Listen up. There are two entrances. You'll take the front, it's guarded by two men. Take care of them, charge in, and use this grenade.” He gave her the stun grenade, and she nodded in agreement.

“Find cover and start shooting at them, I'll sneak in from the back and silently take out as many as I can. Once their main force is occupied with you, I'll surprise them from behind and kill

as many as I can. Hopefully by that time their numbers will be easily manageable.”

“Understood, master.”

“Wait for my signal to start the mayhem. Any questions?”

“Were there really only two lookouts, and no patrols?” She asked, seeming worried. He nodded.

“Isn't it weird that they are not better prepared?”

Lewis smiled.

“You have a real innate talent for this, Daisy.” He said, making her so proud “They're stupid amateurs. My guess is they don't realize how anxious Mr. Haze is to get their drugs. They're probably assuming his retaliation will take a few days to prepare.”

“Okay, master.” Daisy said, but still seemed unsure.

“None of them had the military training I had, that I inadvertently gave you. They're not smart enough to prepare such a well thought-of ambush. Trust me.

“I always trust you, master.” She smiled at him.

“Good. Don't kill their leader. We need him to tell us where the money and the dope is.”

With that, they split up and prepared to take the old factory building from both sides. Everything on Lewis' side went without a hitch, and he managed to get a proper lookout on the main room after taking out a couple of bikers patrolling inside the building.

Daisy lay in wait for his signal to take the two men guarding the main entrance, and charge in. He sent her phone a message, and she went into action. She handled the two guards with ease, taking them one by one with her pistol. She always carried a silencer with her, even though her everyday self had no idea what it even was.

“Oh man, I've never fucked a more willing cunt in my life.” One of the bikers said as he bent Brenda over.

“I told you, they have some sort of mind control gizmos! How do you think the purple haze managed to take over the Alphas'”

turf?!” Another said, obviously anxiously waiting his turn.

“Stop talking nonsense.” The young leader of the gang said “And finish up with her already! The other guys deserve a turn, as well.”

Brenda already resigned to her fate. She couldn't say no to any of them, and she couldn't resist even if she had the clarity of mind to want to. Back at the exchange, she knew something was horribly wrong when she opened the suitcase supposedly holding the drugs, and it was completely empty.

She turned around in utter fear, certain those men will kill her there and then, but instead they knocked her out and took her away to be their little fuck doll. Truth be told, she was relieved to discover they're not going to kill her.

Taking the money was their goal, apparently. Their leader was hell bent on destroying something called the 'purple haze', and he said the money was the first step in doing so. He laughed at the irony of taking their own money, and use it to destroy them.

“Are you sure they won't be able to find us here, boss?” One of them asked “I mean, we're talking 'bout the purple haze, their resources are...”

“I'm sure. Relax, and enjoy yourself for now. Soon, we'll avenge the old skull. My dad will not be just another meaningless death on the purple haze's records, that's for sure.

Just as he said that, a small metallic tube rolled on the floor. They all looked at it with wide eyes.

“Grenade!” One of them yelled, and the man fucking Brenda pulled out and tossed her aside. She immediately found cover behind a few crates, and curled up in a sitting fetal position. The stun grenade exploded and blinded a few of the bikers. Daisy immediately started spraying them with her semi-automatic, taking out at least three.

“Hadda girl, Daisy.” Lewis said, waiting for the right moment to reveal himself.

Just as he expected, the bikers took cover in a way that hid them from Daisy, but made them an easy target for him.

He counted six of them, including the leader, and another two who were moving in on Daisy, trying to sneak up on her. Lewis pulled his two semi-automatic guns with both hands, and started firing with perfect precision and efficiency, killing all five men and leaving their leader to realize the biggest danger lies behind him.

The terrified look on his face was priceless, as Lewis sprayed the floor around to try and make him piss himself. Instead, he got out of his hiding spot, and ran up the stairs like a frightened chicken, leaving his gun behind.

“This isn't even a challenge.” Lewis mumbled to himself, as he quickly moved on the remaining two, still trying to sneak on Daisy. He took them out easily, but then he heard a noise from behind that he didn't expect.

Apparently, there was another inner room connected to the main room they were in, and from it three armed bikers emerged. They heard the ruckus, and charged in with guns a-blazing.

“Master!” Lewis heard Daisy's voice before he could even turn around. A single gun shot fired, and then a barrage of shots came from Daisy's semi-automatic weapon.

Daisy leaped in front of her master, taking a bullet to the stomach as she made sure to shoot the three men who ambushed Lewis from behind, and hit as many as possible before falling to the ground.

When Lewis turned around two of three were mortally wounded, and the third looked rather rattled. Lewis wasn't one to lose his cool in the heat of battle. He instantly reacted and shot the third guy dead, leaving the other two to die from the wounds Daisy inflicted on them. Daisy was lying on the ground, writhing in pain and clutching her belly.

“Make sure to apply pressure on it.” Lewis said coldly.

“Yes. Master...” Daisy mumbled weakly, her voice fading off.

Just as Lewis started making his way up to catch the gang's leader, Brenda felt brave enough to leave her hiding spot, and she saw Daisy bleeding on the floor.

“Oh my god!” She rushed over to her. She heard what Lewis said, about applying pressure, and so she replaced Daisy's weakening hands, stopping her bleeding as best as she could while waiting for Lewis to finish his business.

Somehow Brenda knew her master's priority was the money and the drugs, and so she couldn't even attempt to change his mind. She could do nothing other than stay right there and try to keep Daisy alive until her master returns.

Lewis finally found the leader of the gang, or rather, the man found him. The vengeful young man was waiting for Lewis in the foreman's office, and when he went through the door, the idiot tried to knock him out with a fire extinguisher to the head.

Lewis easily dodged the attempt and gave his assailant a hearty knee to the groin, flooring him in an instant.

“Aghh...” The gang leader whimpered in pain.

“Thank you for the warm welcome.” Lewis said, and kicked him in the stomach.

“Oghh! **Sob* *Whimper**. Fuck...You...”

“That's nice, but I'm not here to discuss your own sexual orientation, or fantasies.” Lewis said in jest.

“Now,” He said, with an intimidating tone “Where are the drugs? And the money, while you're at it.”

“Why...the fuck...is this...so important to Mr. Haze? What's the fucking...rush? That he sent you...so soon...” He asked.

Lewis kicked him again.

“Do I really have to give you the old 'I am the one asking the questions' line?”

Lewis served him with another powerful kick, to drive his message home.

“Now, where are the money and drugs?”

“Okay. **Cough**. Fine...It's under the desk, right there.” He pointed.

Lewis gave the man another crippling blow, and crouched under the desk to find a suitcase he recognized, and three large bags of brown heroin.

“Great. I assume this is the amount Mr. Haze is expecting.”

“It's more...” The man groaned “You can keep one of the bags for yourself. Just...let me go...I won't go after you...and I won't tell anyone...about the third bag...”

Lewis pretended not to hear him, made sure all the money was there, and took both the money and the drugs with him. Then, he pointed his gun to the man on the floor.

“*NO!*” The defeated man pleaded “*PLEASE!* You don't have to do this! I'll get out of the country! I'll never bother you or Mr. Haze ever again! *PLEASE!*” He begged.

Lewis stared at him with cold eyes, and moved his finger to the trigger.

“Please...” He sobbed “Mr. Haze killed my father! We were his allies and he threw us away like trash! And now you killed our last members...”

“The skulls are fucking *dead...*Cough* *Cough** Have some mercy...”

Lewis stared at the man's eyes with a piercing gaze.

“Can't survive in the underworld with mercy.” He said with a wicked smile, and shot the man straight in the head, gracing him with a quick death.

“Not that you can survive that well with no mercy, but we do what we can...” He mumbled as he left the room, leaving the gang leader in a puddle of blood.

Back in the main factory room, Brenda was still trying her best to stop Daisy's bleeding. She had a shirt on but no bottoms.

“Sir! We have to get her to a doctor!”

Lewis stared at her as if she was insane.

“And what doctor might that be? Do you think we can just bring some random gunshot wound to the E.R, and avoid the

police?”

Brenda became increasingly distraught. Afraid her master will just leave Daisy there to die. If he told her to leave the mortally wounded girl and follow him, Brenda knew she would obey. Disobedience was unfathomable, especially towards him.

What freaked her out even more was the happy smile on Daisy's face, as she mumbled about how proud she was of herself, for giving her life to save her master. Brenda told her she has to keep living to keep defending her master, and give her another chance to die for him. That seemed to give her a renewed will to live.

“Please....You can't just leave her here!” Brenda pleaded.

“Another appeal to mercy? This is getting old surprisingly fast.” Lewis said. He walked closer to the two women, and tried to gauge the severity of Daisy's wounds, wondering if he could tend to it on his own.

“I wish I could say there are plenty of other tits out there, but this blondie is extremely useful, in so many ways. I doubt I can mold just any cunt into a skilled killing machine AND a perfect little sex bunny.”

“I can't think of a way to save her, though.” He said with a deep sigh.

“M...Master...” Daisy said weakly “My mother is a doctor...She...*Cough**...has a private clinic in our house...”

Lewis couldn't believe his ears.

“Well, that's almost too convenient. How come I never heard of your mother's private clinic?” He asked the dying girl calmly.

“You...never asked...about my family...master...”

“Blaming me, now? I'll have to punish you for that later. Well, assuming you'll survive this.”

He handed the suitcase and three bags of brown to Brenda.

“Don't you dare lose an ounce, or a single bill of what's in here.” He told her, and crouched down to pick Daisy up.

“Daisy, press your wound as hard as you can. I can't both carry you, and make sure you don't bleed out.”

“Y-Yes...m”

“No need to speak. You can make it up for me later, when you're healthy again.” He said, and gave her a very unusual warm smile.

He picked her up just as they heard the police sirens...

“Fuck! That stupid whore just had to hold them off for a few minutes!” He yelled, and started running to the car.

“Come on, rich bitch!” He said, and Brenda ran behind him, making sure not to drop the heavy load he gave her.

He lay daisy in the backseat, and Brenda got in beside her, reapplying her pressure to her wound. Lewis got in the car and sped away just as the police cars came zooming in with their sirens whining and their lights blazing. Lewis was hoping to avoid their attention, but he was too late. Two cop cars came hurdling through behind him, racing after him intent on apprehending them.

“Fucking shit!” Lewis yelled, opened his window, and shot at the police cars, aiming for the tires. One of the cars spiraled out of control and crashed in a fiery blaze. Lewis knew he'd have to get rid of his pursuers quickly, because now the cops will call for back up, and might even put a bird in the sky.

It was good that the garage enhanced the car's engine, so he could easily go faster than the cop car on his tail, even though their own engine was obviously set for high speed pursuits.

Before he could lose the cops, two more cop cars joined the chase, and Lewis decided to hit the highway. Most would consider that a dumb move, but Lewis knew he could pull it off. Lewis drove against traffic at top speed, and every split second error could result in a fatal crash. He could barely afford to check the mirror and see if the cops managed to follow him, stopped, or crashed behind him.

“I really could have used Daisy at my wing right now, shooting at those damn pigs while I drive.” Lewis mumbled, realizing just how much he grew to rely on his enthralled college girl.

Lewis decided to throw the cops off by making a sharp U-turn and moving to the opposite side.

“Man, this car runs smooth!” He laughed, trying to make the best of the situation. Things turned from bad to worse when he saw a police road block only two-hundred feet before him. That was when he remembered his front bumper guns and flamethrowers, and he intended to make good use of them.

He let loose on the roadblock and the cops, who were waiting to shoot through his windshield, jumped for cover. He chose the best spot to crash through the parked police cars, and rammed through it, hoping his reinforced shield will be enough for him to keep driving unscathed.

Not only did it work, but his pursuers actually crashed into the roadblock in a fiery inferno, and none of them were capable of giving pursuit.

“Finally something happens right...” Lewis said, and then heard an irritating noise from above.

“Aww, fuck!” He grunted when he saw the chopper aiming their big light down at him, but he knew what to do.

He knew where he was driving, and he was now right at the entrance to the intricate net of underground tunnels he could use to shake off the bird in the sky. Lewis breathed a sigh of relief as he made it in the tunnel with no cop cars on his tail.

He knew the chopper saw where he entered the tunnels, so he made sure to move fast through them and get out a few miles away from his entry point. He hoped he'd be long gone before the cops decided to search for him above ground.

“Where's your house, Daisy?” He asked, hoping his tamed tigress was still conscious “I really should have asked her back at the factory.

Luckily Brenda was capable of gleaning her address from her incoherent mutterings Lewis drove to the suburban neighborhood as fast as he could without drawing undue attention.

They made it to the house, and Lewis breathed a sigh of relief. The authorities won't find them there, at least until morning.

Daisy was in bad shape. He picked her up, and knocked on the door with his legs. Brenda hurried to pick up the money and drugs, still following his last command to not dare to lose a shred of the merchandise or cash.

The door opened with a horrified cry as a middle aged blonde let Lewis in, shrieking in terror.

“Daisy! Oh my god, what happened, my baby!” She cried.

“I suggest you show me to your little clinic and start patching her up.” Lewis said calmly.

“What?” Her mother was still in shock “She...She was shot?! I...We have to take her to the hospital!”

“Nope, not going to do that.” Lewis said and gently dropped Daisy on the sofa.

“What do you mean?! Wha----” The worried mother said, as Lewis used his device to induce the deepest slave mode on her. In that state, she would choke her daughter to death if her master commanded her to.

The busty doctor calmed down, and even had a soft smile on her face. She patiently waited for her master's commands. Her daughter's safety was much further in the back of her mind at the moment.

“Now, show me to the clinic, and start patching my little sex doll up, properly.”

“Of course, master. Follow me.” Daisy's mother said, rushing over to get her keys and open her clinic for the emergency treatment.

“Make sure to keep her alive.” He told her, lay Daisy on the clinic's bed, and looked around to see the doctor had the proper instruments to treat a gunshot wound.

“Of course, master. Anything to please you.” She replied. Hearing the woman say she would save her daughter's life in order to please him made Lewis inexplicably hard, now that his adrenalin rush was beginning to fade.

He looked Brenda over and wondered if he should take her for another spin while the good doctor treated Daisy. Brenda was still naked from the waist down, and the bikers obviously pumped her like an assembly line of real-life dildos, moving her from one to another without rest.

Before Lewis could decide to ride Brenda's ass one last time for the day, a voice he didn't recognize came from the house's living room, alerting him to the existence of another resident in the house.

“Mom!” A young woman called “Where are you?!” The voice became stronger, and Lewis heard steps approaching the clinic. He readied his trusty fake phone.

“I heard a...Ahhhhh” A woman younger than Daisy with dirty blonde hair walked in and screamed her lungs out when she saw the injured young lady on the clinic's hospital bed.

“Daisy! What happened?!” She rushed to the bed, asking her enthralled mother.

“Daisy was shot. I will fix her up for master.” Daisy's mother said as if she talking about a broken toaster.

“M-Mom...?” The petite blonde said worriedly.

Lewis wore his trademark smile of utter wickedness.

“Hey, sugar, look here.” He grabbed the shocked girl's attention.

“Wha'...ah-hmmmmmm” She said, her question becoming a long hum when he seared her mind with his device.

“Now, since your mother is busy saving Daisy, I'll use you to get some info.” He said “You have no issues with that, right?” Lewis asked, knowing the answer before the now mesmerized girl answered.

“Anything you wish, master.” She said with a smile, no longer thinking of Daisy, allowing her mother to work on getting the

bullet out of Daisy, and further treating her wound before closing it up.

He led the newly mesmerized young crumpet out of the clinic and into the living room, with Brenda following close behind.

“Brenda.” He addressed the rich girl who started the day fantasizing of parties in the car her father lent her “You had a rough day, filled with pleasant surprises. Go to sleep on that couch. Rest a little, I'll wake you up in the morning.”

“Yes sir.” She said.

“You can call me master.” He told her, and it somehow made her feel better with herself. Like she achieved something.

“Yes master.” She said with a slight smile, and collapsed face-first on the sofa, falling asleep immediately.

“Now, my new toy.” Lewis turned his attention to the younger woman.

“Let's start with your name.” He said.

“It's Lily, master. As long as you like it.” She told him.

“What do you do in life? Well, other than living with your mom?”

“I'm still in school, master. I graduate in a few months.” The girl said.

“I see. And you're Daisy's little sister, I can only assume.”

“Yes master. I turned eighteen a month ago.” She responded.

“I wonder why Daisy never told me about her hot little sister.” He mumbled “Ah, yes, 'I never asked'. Heh, I'll have to punish her for that, as well.”

“Is your father around?”

“No, master. My parents are divorced. My mom is single.”

“Your mom is my slave, actually.” He said, staring her down.

“Oh, of course, master! I'm sorry. My mother and me are yours to own.”

“Great.” he said, dropped his pants and panties, and sat on the sofa. Well, he actually sat on Brenda's bare ass. She woke up with a start, but immediately went back to sleep when she understood the meaning of the sudden weight on her behind.

“Come over here and blow me, Lily. I need to warm up if I'm to properly use you.” Lewis commanded the petite blonde.

“Yes master.” She knelt before him, looked up with her sparkling green eyes, and started licking his full length from root, through stem, and all the way to his tip, before plunging her face forward, taking as much as she could down her throat.

Lily looked a little different from Daisy. Her hair had a brunette hue to it, even though it was closer to blonde, as opposed to Daisy's pure golden locks. She let her hair grow to her shoulders, like a wild mane that gave Lewis an urge to grab it, as she sucked him off.

Her green eyes were just as beautiful as Daisy's blue ones, though, and you could somehow see she was younger, and more innocent. Her physique was probably the most similar to her older sister. Petite, soft, and tight, yet it seemed to hide great strength and athleticism, along with impressive flexibility.

Lewis felt she needed to better her fellatio skills, so he grabbed her dirty blond mane and shoved her pristine face down on his cock, eliciting wet slurpy gags from the innocent youth. After releasing her, and allowing her to draw an emergency breath, he told her it was time for the main event.

“Ride my cock, little slut.” He said.

“Gladly, master!”

Lily jumped to her feet giddily, spread her legs above her master's manhood, and guided his cock into her tight pussy.

“Ngh...” She whimpered as she lowered her hips, the smile never leaving her dazed face.

“Are you a virgin, Lily?” Lewis asked “I took Daisy's virginity too, on her first day of college. Taking yours would complete a nice little circle, I suppose...” He snickered.

“I'm sorry...nghhh...Master.” She said, finally taking his full manhood into her wet snatch.

“Oh, you're so fucking tight!” He said, barely listening to her through the pleasure her cunt gave him.

“I'm not a virgin...Ah!” She bounced, and Brenda felt the extra weight bouncing on her naked ass “I had sex once before.”

“Once, huh?” Lewis said, grabbing her ass and shaking it to accelerate her movements “I guess that's close enough. You're as tight as a virgin, anyway, and I really don't want to deal with any more blood today. Had my fill with all those damn bikers, and your sister.”

“You don't need to think about that, master.” Lily said softly, looked deeply in his eyes, wrapped her arms around him, and smiled the most happy, docile, and submissive smile he had ever seen.

“I'm here to make you happy, master.” She writhed her hips flexibly on his cock “Just enjoy every inch of my existence, master. Thank you so much for using me...”

“Wow...” Lewis said, staring deep in her eyes “It's like you were born to be a slave girl.” He grabbed her luscious tits, and fed them to his mouth as she rode him.

“A natural concubine.” He said between licks of her hard nipples. At that point Lily rode him so hard that it was pretty much impossible for Brenda to sleep. Her eyes were open and her body shook along with the sofa as the man sitting on her ass used his newest sex toy.

She simply lay there and waited for them to be done. Brenda would never dare complaining, of course. After all, at least he was fucking some other obedient cunt, and letting her sore pussy rest for a while.

A few minutes later, Rose, Lily and Daisy's mother, walked out of the clinic with a big smile on her face. Normally that would mean good news, but in her present state it's possible she couldn't save her daughter's life and still grinned because she got to see her master's face again.

“Master, I...”

“Tits out.” He interrupted her “When it's just me and my other slaves, watermelons as lovely as yours must never be covered.” He explained.

“Oh, of course, master! I'm so sorry!” She ripped her shirt open immediately, not even bothering with unbuttoning it, tore her bra off of her ample cleavage, and stood topless before him with glee.

Lewis had to admit he was toying with her a bit, because he wanted to postpone any bad news regarding his favorite girl.

“So, how's Daisy doing?” He asked the doctor while her younger daughter rode him like a slutty cow-girl, moaning with passionate subservience.

“I've managed to take the bullet out, stop the bleeding, and stabilize her. I've sewn up her wound, and bandaged her up. She's resting now, and will need some time to recuperate, but barring any unforeseen developments, I think she will be just fine.”

Lewis felt relieved, and apparently so did Lily, on some level deep down, because he felt her pussy relax and loosen around his cock for a second. He spanked her harshly to remind her of her current duties, and she tightened her teen cunt around his shaft once more.

“That's great news.” Lewis said “Now, Rose, was it?” He wanted to make sure.

“Yes Master.”

“Lick my balls while your hot teen daughter rides my cock.” He said casually.

“Of course, master.” Rose said, and got to her knees “I would love nothing more than to cuddle your sperm-filled balls with my lips and tongue, and squeeze your cum deep in my daughter's tight cunt.”

Hearing her say that made him smile widely, and when he felt her lips kiss his balls he groaned with pleasure.

“I need to make a phone call. Be quiet, now.” Lewis said, and Lilly quieted her cute sexy moans a bit. She didn't slow her service down even a little, though.

“Mr. Haze. I have everything you need.” He said when his employer answered.

“I assumed as much. You know your actions are all over the news. I hope you found a proper place to hide the car till the morning...”

“Oh, trust me...ahhhh... I found the perfect place.”

Unable to control himself, and encouraged by Rose's lips squeezing his balls, he came a little inside of Lily's tight cunt. He did manage to hold back a bit, and save some for later. Lily wanted nothing more than to thank her master for the great honor, but she was told to be quiet.

“Are you fucking that hot blonde you're always with again?”

“Nah, her little sister...And...ohhh...her mother.” Lewis answered.

“Of course...” Mr. Haze said with a sigh.

“You know, Lewis, if you weren't so good at what you do, I would've had you killed a long time ago.” He added.

Lewis chuckled at that.

“Heh, you sometimes say the dumbest things, Mr. Haze.” he said “If I wasn't as good as I am, I would have been dead a long time ago, anyway.”

“Good point.” Mr Haze admitted.

“Get the car and the merchandise to pier fifty-four, tomorrow morning. Keep the cash.”

“Seriously?” Lewis asked, a bit befuddled.

“I may be a dishonest man, but I am a fair one. I was going to pay for the drugs with that money, anyway, and with bikers all dead I think you deserve a little bonus.”

“Especially since I removed those biking buffoons who swore to kill you.” Lewis reminded him.

“Don't get cocky. Those idiots were never a real threat to me. I'll see ya tomorrow.” Mr Haze said, and hung up.

Lewis decided to make another phone call, to the police dispatcher he owned, this time.

“M-Master?” She answered with a frightened voice.

“Yes, you worthless whore.” He said, and spanked Lily hard

“Was it too difficult for your tiny insignificant brain to hold your fellow pigs off for a little while, bitch?!”

He tried to sound harsh, but in his current state of sexual bliss it wasn't easy. He moved over to sit on Brenda's back, to have more lumbar support, and spanked her ass as well. She was still unable to really sleep, obviously.

“I-I'm so sorry, master!” The girl on the phone cried “One of the cops got a call to his private cell. His father owns a nearby factory, and he heard the shots and...”

“I don't give a damn. You've failed me....aw fuck this is nice....” He mumbled as Rose entwined her tongue around his testicles.

“I-I...” The dispatcher was distraught “Is there any way I can make it up to you, master?” She finally asked.

“Well of course there is, bitch.” Lewis said. Like Mr. Haze, Lewis was at least fair. Well, when it benefited him.

“First of all, you'll work that street corner I had you work when we first met. Do you remember? When you tried to give me a parking ticket.”

“Of course, master.” She said.

“Good. And you'd better make me at least a thousand bucks. Don't let them fuck you up the ass. Once you're done you'll come to my place and I'll give your ass a proper punishment. Kapish?”

“Yes master.” She sobbed “Thank you, master.”

He hung up, leaving his obedient thrall to wonder if he'll ever forgive her. Lewis decided it was time to wrap the day up, so he took hold of Lily's waist, and started fiercely bouncing her up and down on his cock.

“*Ah! Ah! Master! Ah!*” She moaned every time her hips plunged down. Rose weathered the storm and continued to lick her master's balls, occasionally hit in the head by her daughter's shaking ass.

Without a word of warning, Lewis started cumming. Lily smiled, kissed his chest, and ground her hips in circles as he let out jets of hot man-juice in her willing twat. Rose plastered her

luscious lips on his balls, squeezing him dry into Lily's young tight cunt.

Once he was done, he just sat there, on Brenda's bare back, with Lily sitting on top of him, and Rose on her knees between his legs. He calmed himself down for a few minutes, and then got to his feet, dropping Lily to a kneel next to her mother.

“Now, Lily,” He said while wiping his cock on their faces.

“You will show me to your mother's bedroom, and warm my bed till morning. I might wake up at some point and fuck you.” He tickled her chin like he would a puppy.

“And wake me up at seven a.m. with a blowjob. I still need to deliver the stuff to Mr. Haze.”

“Yes master.” She nodded cutely, looking up at him, and kissing his cock.

“Rose, you make sure to watch over Daisy's vitals. Don't dare falling asleep.” He said, taking a moment to indulge on the irony of ordering Rose to watch over her daughter like a worried mother.

“Yes master.” Rose said, and the room emptied in less than fifteen seconds. Brenda could finally fall asleep on the sofa, and dream of a free life, not enslaved to a ruthless criminal. Days that will never, ever return...

Chapter Five

Lewis woke up feeling Lily tending to his morning wood. He would've stayed to enjoy it, but he knew he had to rush to the meeting place and drop off the merchandise on Mr. Haze. He wasn't keen on being in the possession of an expensive stolen car, a kidnapped rich girl, and a substantial amount of illegal narcotics. He got up, and entered the bathroom.

Lewis dragged Lily with him, still latching to his cock with her hungry mouth. He stared at her toothbrush.

"Might as well." He figured, lathering it with tooth paste "As long as I'm cleaning your mouth with my cock."

He brushed his teeth while Lily sucked him off, and then he took her downstairs in that same demeaning position. He left her out of the clinic, though, where Daisy and Rose were.

What he saw in the clinic made him happy. Rose was still topless, and stood over Daisy's bed with watchful eyes, not even seeming tired. Daisy wasn't asleep, either. Her eyes were open and when he entered she looked at him adoringly.

That wasn't the nice thing about it, though. Daisy was completely naked, other than the white bandage wrapping the wound in her belly. She opened her legs and presented her still tight pussy to her master, as he walked in. She looked weirdly sexy lying like that, with just a thin piece of fabric covering a part of her lean tummy.

"Good morning, master." She said happily "Thank you so much for saving my life."

"Well, you did save mine earlier."

"As is my duty, and pleasure." She said, spreading her legs wider, inviting him in. With his cock still hard from Lily's blowjob, there was nothing he wanted more than to fuck her hard, but he hesitated. Instead, he gently patted her clit, making her take a deep breath and moan, in response.

"Is she really ready to be fucked, Rose? Medically speaking, I mean."

“Medically, master, it will probably not be such a good idea. The intensity and increased blood flow might tear her wound open.”

“I see.” Lewis said. He thought as much.

“It's fine if she rubs her own cunt, though, isn't it?”

“Of course, master. There's a big difference between fucking and just masturbating, you know.” Rose said with a smile.

Lewis raised an eyebrow, and walked over to Rose.

“I don't like that arrogant tone, bitch.” He said, grabbing her by the tits, and bending her over the counter. He was happy to notice she was wearing no bottoms as well, and her pussy was perfectly accessible under her doctor's robe.

“I'm sorry, master...ah!” She said and yelped a bit as Lewis penetrated her from behind.

“Daisy, jill off as you watch me fuck your mom.” He said with a sadistic smirk.

“Yes, master.” The recuperating girl said, and immediately started frantically rubbing her pussy with her soft, gentle hands.

“I'm so happy you got to be master's slave as well, mom.” She said with a tear-filled, happy smile, followed by a wet moan of arousal.

“I'm so...ah!...Happy you brought our master here, honey!” Rose said as the steady beat of her master's waist hitting her ass filled the air.

“And I'm glad I could bring you family of sluts closer together. Now shut up and move that ass on your own.” Lewis said, hearing his phone ringing from afar.

“My ass is yours, master!” Rose said and started moving back and forth on her own, smiling to her daughter, who was masturbating on the sick bed.

Indeed, only a few seconds later Brenda came in with his phone, which was left with his shirt in the living room, when he retired to bed with Lily.

“Yellow?” He answered.

“I hope you're on your way...” Mr. Haze said.

“I'm leaving soon. Just have a few loose ends to spank...err...I mean...tie!” He said, and spanked Rose's ass while she obediently fucked him.

“Right...” Mr. Haze said “I'm waiting. And more importantly, my clients are waiting. Wrap it up, and get here. You goddamn horn-dog...” He hung up.

“Pfft, you're one to talk, old man. You're the one who set your brainwashing device to turn women into obedient sex slaves, as a default...”

Lewis had enough sense of responsibility to grab Rose's hair, and start ramming into her like there was no tomorrow, intent on finishing quickly. As her moans strengthened, Daisy started to jill off faster, hell bent on climaxing along with her master.

“You! Worthless! Bitch!” He rammed into Rose with every word, and then felt himself start cumming. Instead of glazing her ass with his load, he turned to Daisy and sprayed her open legs and pussy lips. That was enough to drive her off the edge of orgasm herself.

“Nyaaaaaaa” She moaned happily and thanked her master with a big smile.

“I figured you could use a good protein-filled meal, after your injury. Sorry I couldn't reach your mouth, I suppose you'll just have to slurp it from your cunt.” He said, not sounding sorry at all.

“Yes master.” Daisy said. Gathering a handful of her master's cum, along with some of her own juices, and lapping it up “Thanks for the meal. He smiled at her, and then looked at Brenda.

“Okay, rich bitch, time to go. I see you got a new pair of pants from Lily. That's pretty cute.”

Before they left Brenda kissed Daisy on the mouth, tasting the cum that Daisy already started guzzling down. Daisy thanked her

for helping her survive the ordeal of the previous night, and they parted as friends, and slave-sisters.

They left the nice suburban house, that Lewis will of course return to, if only to get Daisy once she's better.

"Maybe she'll be back in her dorms, by then..." He wondered as he drove to the rendezvous point.

They reached the pier and Brenda saw a man in his fifties. He wore a swanky suit and had two overgrown bodyguards who looked like they could crush boulders with their forefingers. They got out of the car, and Brenda handed the drugs and car keys over to Mr. Haze.

"There you go, sir." She said awkwardly.

He narrowed his eyes.

"Why didn't you use the full force on her?" He asked Lewis.

"Sometimes I don't like going all the way with new cunts." Lewis answered.

"Well, whatever." He said, handing the drugs over to a bespectacled redheaded woman, who was apparently his assistant. The woman silently checked the contents and eventually said "It's all here, and authentic, master."

"Good girl." Mr. Haze said and patted her ass gently. Brenda realized even that respectable looking woman was nothing but an obedient slave to that old man.

"And I even had the car enhanced." Lewis bragged.

"That's nice." Mr. Haze said venomously.

"Too bad the police chopper got a nice shot of it, and it won't be long before they recognize this rare vehicle, and start searching for it. I'll probably have to get rid of it."

Lewis raised an eyebrow.

"It would've been a stolen luxury car, anyway. I don't see the difference."

"The difference is that this car is now connected to an incident involving the deaths of over a dozen gang members, and six cops."

"Oh." Lewis said "Yeah, I get that. Well, at least you have a new pussy!" He spanked Brenda.

“Sometimes I think pussy is the only thing on your mind.” Mr. Haze said, shaking his head.

“Hmph, I wish!” Lewis replied “Well, it's been nice doing business with you. Come on, Goro, or whatever your name was. Drive me to my place.” He told one of the gigantic body guards.

“It's Sam, and I don't follow your orders.” He gritted his teeth.

“Do it, Sam.” Mr. Haze said “He has no car, after all.”

As Lewis left, Mr. Haze looked Brenda up and down, and then pressed a button on his hand watch. Suddenly, Brenda's attitude changed completely. Up until now, she felt reluctantly obedient, and suddenly she couldn't realize what she was even doing standing up straight before such a magnificent man.

She quickly mended that by dropping to her knees. She looked up at her lord and master, Mr. Haze, with loving eyes, as he unzipped his pants. Brenda was never happier to put anything in her mouth, as she was in that moment.

###

Being Free

* * * * *

“So, what will it be?” Debra asked the only customer to bother her this morning.

“I'll have the egg white omelet.”

“One egg white, coming up!” She said, in her usual cheerful manner.

After asking him what he wanted to drink, she went to the kitchen, and told the chef what the man ordered. Well, it was a gas station diner, so maybe “Chef” is a slight exaggeration. She noticed the customer was checking her out, but she didn't really mind it all that much. In fact, she kinda liked it.

Debra was always a free spirit, and she really enjoyed teasing men. She really loved partying with them, too. So, why would she mind if her flaunting caught some guy's attention. If he plays his cards right, he might even get lucky with her. He doesn't seem to

be her type, physically, but she never rules anyone out. You never know what you'll find unless you search, after all.

After the man finished eating and left, Debra just lounged on one of the tables near the cash register, where the old manager of the diner sat, counting the day's meager income. She yawned loudly, and rubbed her eyes with both hands.

"Another busy night?" The old woman asked Debra.

"Yeah," Debra answered with a happy smile "I went to the 'Honey Comb' again. That place is damn hot! I danced till the middle of the night, and only left because I found a hotter thing to dance around, if you know what I mean." She smiled at the old manager, and winked.

"Oh, do I?" The manager said "I may not look it, but I was quite the rave of the disco scene, back in the day."

"Really?" Debra asked "There was disco in the fifties?"

"How old do you think I am?!" The older woman frowned.

Debra was only teasing, of course. The manager was probably in her own late fifties, or early sixties, but not more than that. She let out a laugh to appease her offended boss, not that she cared much about keeping this job.

That's the good thing about living in the fast lane, and just taking it easy. If Debra lost her job, she'll find another. If she can't, she'll just move on to another city or town, or move to a cheaper apartment.

Debra never allowed financial issues to concern her, and she wasn't bothered about her financial future that much, either. She always saw herself as a free bird, that can never be caged, even though some certainly tried.

She would decide to move to a completely different city or state on the smallest of whims, and just rent a place with whatever money she has at the time, and find some easy job to maintain her highly active night life. Debra never understood why no one else lives this way.

"So, you're not even close to settling down, are you?" The manager asked.

“Why? You want me to stay here because I'm such a good waitress?” Debra asked back.

“Oh, heavens no, girly.” The manager chuckled “You're more interested in losing sleep than working. I'm just asking because you're, what, twenty-six?”

“Twenty-five.” Debra corrected her.

“Right, whatever.” The manager waved her hand.

“Anyway,” She continued “You're at an age when people should start thinking about a more stable life. You can't be a party animal, living from hand to mouth for the rest of your life, you know.”

It was Debra's turn to frown.

“Why not? I'm enjoying myself, and I'm doing whatever I want, whenever I want.”

“Well, at some point in your life, you'll understand it's also fun to have a stable economic life. Trust me. I just hope, for your sake, it won't be too late for you.”

“Whatever...” Debra said, rolling her eyes.

But Debra couldn't leave it at that. She had to defend her chosen life style.

“You know what, no! Not whatever!” She raised her voice “I'm having the time of my life! I'm eating whatever I want. I sleep whenever I want. I go to a different club every night, and bring a different stud to bed every night, without fail! Why would I ever want to stop?” She finished with another smug smile. Feeling that the old hag was just jealous of her still vibrant youth.

The old woman just sighed, and said “You're just a brash little brat who thinks freedom means not owing anything to anyone. The only thing that sort of freedom means is that you're completely alone.”

“Trust me,” She continued “once you have a family of your own, and a child, you'll understand freedom has many shapes. You're just stuck on the most childish type of freedom.” She

grinned, feeling she made a winning point, and imparted some wisdom to the brash younger woman.

That shook Debra a bit, and her eyes locked on her knees for a few moments. It wasn't acceptance that maybe the manager had a point, that got to her, though.

"You have no idea what you're talking about..." Debra snapped, her voice holding some resentment that the manager couldn't understand. Debra then got up and just left through the back door.

"Hey, what did I say?!" The old manager asked, trying to figure out why the always happy Debra suddenly reacted so glumly.

"Maybe I was a little too harsh on her...." She mumbled.

Debra stood at the alleyway behind the diner, and stared at her feet, trying to push the thoughts of Ben and Danielle away. Debra knew all too well what it was like to have a family of her own, and a child as well. It was constricting, and suffocating.

Ben was the only man that ever truly swooped her off her feet, and got her to marry him. She loved him, for sure, but he tried to change her into some suburban home maker...

She actually got it into her head that she loved being a stay at home mom. Doing the cooking, cleaning, and taking care of her beautiful baby girl, Danielle. She put on a smiling face and tried so hard to be what they needed her to be, but she just ended up feeling like she's wasting her youth.

Leaving Danielle was much harder than leaving Ben, of course. She truly loved her little princess, but she just couldn't take it anymore, she had to set herself free. What probably hurt her most of all was the stigma she will carry for the rest of her life.

Of the abandoning mother, who left her toddler at the tender age of three, just because she wanted to live on the edge, with no burdens or shackles. Just because she found out she wasn't ready to settle down just yet.

She knew Danielle will probably never forgive her, and that neither will Ben. She knew no explanation would appease the politically correct and 'well adjusted' society. So, she decided she doesn't care.

She still remembered how Ben caught her at the airport before she ran away, like in some Hollywood movie, giving a speech about love and commitment. He had the gall to tell her she wasn't being herself, and that the Debra he knew was a devoted mother and wife, who's love shined all the way to the end of the rainbow.

He was always good with romantic speeches, which is how he duped Debra into settling down and starting a family, in the first place. She truly resented him for that encounter at the airport. That was when she realized he wanted a wife from the 1950's, and that his view of her was so twisted and warped, that he figured she wanted it as well, to the point where he argued with her, trying to convince her he knows what's best for her better than she does.

It was also when she realized he never really knew her at all. He had an image in his head of the perfect wife and mother to his children, and he didn't care to find out who she really was, until it was too late.

Once she told him how locked up she felt, he tried telling her he can change. He said he had no idea she felt that way, and that he is sure they can work it out, for Danielle's sake. But Debra knew it was too late, and that he should have seen how unhappy she really was.

She left him crying there, but she had a smile on her face, because she truly felt like a bird, spreading its wings after spending years in a cage, and rising from the ashes to soar like the Phoenix.

That day wasn't easy, but it was the day of her resurrection. And, who knows, perhaps some day Danielle will understand her decision. That day, she learned what it means to be free...

Her argument with that old hag really riled up some old demons in her, but it only took a couple of minutes to remind herself why she left her family behind.

She was free as a bird now, and she still has to decide which night club to tear the roof of today, and time was of the essence! She was just about to go back in and finish her shift, when her phone rang. It was her little sister, Jenny.

“Wussup, sister!” She answered the phone cheerfully.

“It's all good, Debby. How are you?”

“Free as a bird. How about you?” Debra asked.

“I wish I could say the same. My boss is riding my ass hard!” Jenny responded.

“Then quit!” Debra told her.

“Not everyone can live like you, sis...” Jenny said, sounding jealous.

Jenny was the only one who truly understood Debra's decision to just up and leave everything, and was the only one to back her up. Even her parents were shunning her now, and hardly ever called. When they did call, they always tried to convince her to come back to Ben and Danielle, who they were helping to take care of, since she left. The conversation usually ended with someone screaming, and hanging up abruptly.

“Anyway, I hear you're in Phoenix.” Jenny said.

“Yeah, I am. How did you know?” Debra said, puzzled.

“Word gets around. Anyway, there's supposed to be an awesome party in the Jam Parade nightclub tonight. You should be there.” She said.

“Oh, yeah!” Debra replied “I've been there once. Wasn't that great, though.”

“Well, this time it will be different. Put your trust in me, my lovely.” That was a really weird thing for her sister to say, but it made Debra decide to listen to her, since she obviously wants Debra to have fun, and is certain that club will be the place to go tonight.

“Yes...” Debra said, sounding slightly monotonous “I mean...” She shook herself a bit.

“Sounds fun. I'll be there.”

“Great!” Jenny said “Bye now! Have fun for the two of us!”

“Will do!” Debra said, and hung up the phone.

She got back in the diner.

“I thought you quit.” The old manager said in a raspy voice.

“Not yet!” Debra said with a smile “But keep going, and I might!”

“Listen,” The manager started “If I offended you in any way...”

“Oh just let it go!” Debra interrupted her “It's fine, trust me!” She said with enthusiasm, and started day dreaming about the great time she'll be having at the club, come night time.

She went home early that day, and slept a while before getting dressed to go to the club. She had to look her best, so she chose a hot red dress that showed as much leg as decently possible, and enough cleavage so only her nipples were really left to the imagination. She put on a pair of black high heels, and applied her “come hither” make-up. Bright red lipstick and black eye liner, to make her look like a nuclear sex bomb, ready to explode.

The bouncer at the club didn't have to look twice to let her in. He did look twice, of course, but only thanks to the obvious assets she put on display in such a raunchy manner. He even brushed her behind a bit as he admitted her in. He was cute and muscular, so she didn't mind.

She went straight to the bar, and started browsing the selection of single men she had to choose from. She had her eye on one of them and really hoped he would notice her and buy her a drink. She tried to lure him by crossing and uncrossing her legs in his direction, but he didn't seem to notice her at all.

“Probably gay...” She mumbled.

The first man to approach her wasn't really her cup of tea. In fact, she didn't really understand what he was doing in the club.

It's not like she was a snob who picked and chose who deserved to party like there's no tomorrow, but she drew a line at chubby, bald, middle aged men. Why did he have to choose her, of all the women there, to badger?

“*ahem*...Umm...I...” He mumbled, obviously not used to approaching women in night clubs.

“I was wondering...if...umm...if you ...I mean, if I could maybe buy you a...” The man was mumbling and sweating, so Debra decided to cut him off, and try to be gentle, about rejecting him.

“Look, buddy, I'm not interested, so don't waste your money, or my time, okay?” She told him. Well, she obviously failed on the gentle part.

“Uhm...but...just...T-The thing is...” He continued mumbling, sweating all over his eyes. Debra was scared he might start crying “M-Maybe we can...find a more private place...” He finally managed to say. She was wrong, he had some balls on him, to be able to even suggest that to her, in public.

“Look buddy, you're sweet, but...” She stopped, as she turned her head towards him, and saw the most curious coin in his hand.

It had a pink outline, a blue center, and a golden spiral drawn on that blue center, with an eye drawn right in the center of that spiral.

“Wow,” She said “That's a very interesting coin. I didn't notice you held that before.”

He started smiling a very awkward smile, and breathed heavily. She actually found it cute. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath, to calm himself down, and said “A friend gave it to me.”

He wasn't so bad, now that she had a closer look at him.

He had a certain charm, despite his age, and his unique blend of shyness and ballsy-ness was sort of appealing to her. Not to mention the fact no one else seemed to be that much interested in her tonight.

“You know what” She whispered in his ear in a breathy tone.

“What?” He made a high pitched squeal, as she ran her forefinger on his chest in an alluring way.

“Maybe we should go back to your place. You know, for privacy.” She said.

“S-Sure...” He said, the smile on his face widening.

On the way out, a handsome hunk tried to get it on with her, but she refused him immediately. She already made her choice for the night, and she's not going to change her mind, even if a movie star hit on her.

It was just another great part of being completely free to make her own decisions, based completely on her momentary whims. She knew she'll have a chance to go with young studs and jocks some other day, and that gave her the freedom to try something completely different.

She saw he really wanted her to give him some road head, while he drove them to his home, but she didn't push it. Not all men were capable of driving properly while a hot number like her worked her hot wet mouth on their junk, so she only did it when the man asked, and never initiated it. Car safety is incredibly important, after all.

“Nice house! Wow, you must be loaded.” She told him, as she looked around his spacious villa. She looked him in the eyes, and dropped her red dress with one motion, revealing she wore nothing underneath.

“Umm...” He said “I kinda wanted to see you take that off slowly.” He said, staring at her bare tits.

“Want me to put it back on, and give you a little show?” She asked.

“How long can I have you for?” He asked in an uncertain manner.

“All night!” She said happily “I'm not going anywhere. Now come on, what do you want to do, stud?” She asked.

He told her to get dressed again, and give him a nice slow striptease, as he watched her from his seat on the couch.

“Oh yeah baby, shake that ass for me.” He told her while she played her dress up to show him the bottom of her bottom. Then she turned around and exposed one breast for him, and started fondling it.

“Oh yeah, come here, slut, I wanna touch it, too.”

“Yes sir!” She said and jumped over to him, sitting on his lap gently. He started moving his hands all over her immediately, touching her tits and her hips.

Then, he reached under her dress and started fingering her tight pussy.

“Oh!” She gasped. She liked how controlling and demanding he suddenly got. His initial shyness was dissipating rapidly.

Debra loved living free, and doing whatever she wanted, whenever she wanted. So, it was somewhat ironic that she simply loved to be dominated in the sack. She loved it when the man called the shots, the feeling of being putty in his hands. Just a marionette, allowing her man to pull her strings in any way he wanted.

And he certainly pulled her strings. Seeing how compliant she was really stripped off all of his shyness and awkwardness. He was busy sucking her tits and lightly nibbling at her nipples, while fingering her cunt and clit, to his, and her, delight.

He made a subtle motion with his hands, and she understood exactly what he wanted. She got on top of him, and guided his manhood to her wet cunt. She kissed his chest as she lowered herself slowly onto him.

Before long, he was fully inside of her, and she made sure to gyrate her hips sensually for him, while kissing him all over. “Ah! Ah!” His grunts of pleasure and her moans were probably heard all around the block.

“Faster, sweet tits.” He grunted. That was really sweet of him to call her that, and she obeyed his 'request' immediately with a high pitched “Oh yeah, honey! Whatever you say!” as she worked her hips harder and harder.

It was obvious he was really backed up, because he came after about five minutes of using her tight shaved pussy.

“Hey, get me some beer from the fridge.” He said.

“Can I get one for myself, too?” She asked.

“Sure, why not.” He replied with a smile.

They sat there on his couch, fully naked. He wasn't trying to hide the fact he was staring at her tits. They just had sex, so why would he? After talking a bit, almost like a couple would, he was ready to go again.

This time, she started with giving him a nice, slow blowjob. She made sure to look up at him the whole time, and he seemed to like it. He actually came in her mouth with no warnings, but she was experienced enough to handle that.

Another heated encounter later, this time on his bed, and he fell asleep, hugging her hard. She didn't want to disturb him, especially after all the activity they've just had. He was older than her, and probably less accustomed to such physical strain. So, she tried her best to fall asleep in that uncomfortable position.

She probably only slept for a few hours before waking up. She noticed he was no longer holding her, and was fast asleep.

She decided to leave him a note and take a hike. She wrote that she had a great time, and that he's always welcome to come on to her in clubs again. She didn't leave her number or anything, for fear he might think she's looking for something serious.

All in all, it wasn't a bad night. She'd have to thank her sister for recommending that party. True, she ended up doing most of the work, and the man she chose wasn't her usual pick. But she did enjoy herself, and that's the important thing.

On her way out she saw he left her one-hundred dollars in cash. Debra simply smiled slightly, and pocketed it. She didn't really mind he thought of her as a hooker, especially since she certainly behaved like one. And she definitely won't turn down free money. Her only regret was seeing it after she wrote him the note, she should have thanked him for the money, as well.

She only had time to stop at her rented apartment, and put the cash in her special 'rainy day' cash jar, before having to go to

work. Hey, living free is fun, but a girl needs to work the days if she wants the nights to be free for fun.

It was a busy morning, which was even harder for her thanks to her very busy night. She got the orders mixed up a few times, but it was nothing one of her sweet smiles couldn't solve.

The breakfast traffic started to wane when Jenny called her.

"Hey, Jenny. That party you sent me to was the best! I can always count on you to point me to the right direction. Although, I guess I left the party rather quickly after arriving, but I'm sure you can guess why!"

"I don't even have to guess." Jenny said cheerfully "I'm glad you had fun, sis! Meanwhile, I'm busy doing paper work that probably killed a couple of rainforests..."

"I feel your pain, Jen" Debra said "Oh wait! I don't!" She mocked her sister a bit.

"Bitch!" Jenny said "Maybe I shouldn't tell you about the hot street jam going on today, just a few blocks from you..."

"Woah woah woah, wait, let's not get carried away. What street jam?"

"Well, if you insist!" Jenny said, calling her own bluff.

"Word is," She continued "that there are some B-grade rappers planning on shooting an improvised clip on Highbrow Avenue. They'll close the street, and put on a show with some earth quaking speakers, looking for sluts, I mean...women, and studs to give them some nice free party footage for a new clip!"

"Well, this slut is definitely intrigued!" Debra said, going along with the not-so-subtle joke.

"Thought you would!" Jenny replied.

"Seriously Jenny, how do you always know how to give me the best party ideas ever?"

"I have a menial job that I hate, and plenty of time to surf the web for parties I'll never have time to attend..." She said, desperation reeking from her voice.

"That's all? Wow, you must be really bored." Debra said

"Well..." Jenny said "I've got a confession to make. I've actually been in Phoenix for a few weeks now, with my boss. You

know how the company keeps sending us all around the country.”

“Wow!” Debra was shocked “Why didn't you tell me!?”

“I didn't know you were here until I saw you get on the bus somewhere. Besides, I'm so busy, I can barely spare the five minutes we chat every day...”

“You work too hard, Jenny...”

“Yeah, well, it will pay off, at some point.” Jenny said, obviously trying to convince herself it's true.

“Well, we have to meet up at some point!” Debra told her younger sister, feeling a bit sorry for her.

“I'm not sure if I'll have the time...” Jenny started.

“Oh no, not this time!” Debra cut her off “When we were in LA, I only found out you were there a week before I moved on, and only met you on the last day before I left. It was the same for San Francisco, and Seattle, and...” She paused.

“Hey...” Debra said “Are you following me?”

“What?!” Jenny said, sounding frazzled.

“Well, it just seems like everywhere I go, you show up a few weeks later. I'm not gonna find out you're tailing me at mom's orders” Debra voiced her sudden concerns. There was a pause.

“Fuck you, sis!” Jenny finally said “I'm giving you all these sweet party tip-offs, while I suffer at a nine to five job, and you dare to...”

“Okay, okay. I'm kidding, chillax!” Debra told her younger, and strangely upset, sister.

“I really think they're treating you too poorly at that job, Jen. You sound like you're about to explode.”

“Well, then don't light the fuse!” Jenny said angrily “Anyway, you're working at that diner till four today, right?”

“Yeah...” Debra answered “How the hell do you know all that?” Now She was getting curious.

“Oh, I have my ways. You can trust me, my lovely.” She said, in a weird way.

“Yes. Trust you...” Debra said, her eyes slightly glazing over, before she shook herself back into coherence.

“Wait...” Debra said weakly “What were we saying.”

“Hmm?” Jenny said “What do you mean, sis?”

“Nothing, I guess.” Debra said, now fully back to business “Anyway, I have to get back to serving coffee to idiots.”

“Just as good, since I have to go back to filing insurance claims for other idiots.” Jenny said.

“Insurance claims? I thought your boss was into giving motivational speeches to co-operations, wasn't he?”

“Yeah that's more like his hobby. Everywhere we go, he goes off to give speeches about teamwork to other companies, while I set up a temporary office for our insurance company, and do most of the real job...” She said, slightly whining.

“That's weird” Debra said “Wait, so he can just work the insurance bullshit from wherever he wants, while traveling around giving speeches?”

“Pretty much, sis. Wonders of the age of the internet. Few things are impossible.” Jenny responded.

“Besides,” She continued “The company lets him do that, because he always manages to get new clients, everywhere he goes. Heck, he got Ben to sign a policy with our company. Health insurance, home insurance, and car insurance. The whole trifecta.”

“Ben, huh?” Debra said, her voice sullen.

“Oh, sorry, sis!” Jen said “I wasn't thinking...I...”

“It's okay!” Debra said, forcing herself to cheer up “So, how is he?”

“Well,” Jenny said “I haven't spoken to him much since I took this job. But last time we spoke he was still trying to get me to talk to you, saying that it's not like you to just leave him and Danielle like that.”

“It's like he never knew me at all...” Debra said.

“I hear you, sis.” Jenny reassured her.

“Well, it was definitely a good visit for your boss, though. He got you as a secretary, and my husband as a full client.”

“Listen, Debra, I must go now.” Jenny said, sounding a bit off “Please, just forget the last two minutes, okay? Trust me, my lovely. Bye.”

“Bye...” Debra said, hung up the phone, and blinked a few times.

What were they talking about just now? Well it was probably not so important, since she couldn't recall. Debra really needed to get back to work. She will be at that street rave, for sure. Nothing could ever hope to stop her.

Right before her shift ended, a man in his mid thirties walked in.

“Hello there, last customer of the day. Let's hope you leave a nice tip.” She mumbled to herself. Debra approached him, and immediately noticed how he was looking at her.

He wasn't bad looking, but she wasn't really in the mood, so she waved his little flirts off, while she served him his lunch.

“You know, I could do with some dessert.” He said.

“Oh, I'm sorry, sir. We don't have a dessert menu.” Debra said, trying to be professional, in the face of him undressing her with his eyes.

“Oh, I was thinking of a different kind of dessert. Here, maybe my tip will convince you.” He said, making it sound rather dirty.

“Look, sir...” She started, but then her eyes locked on the unique coin he took out of his wallet. It had a pink outline, a blue center, and a golden spiral drawn on that blue center, with an eye drawn right at the center of that spiral. It was like nothing she had seen before. As far as she recalled, at least.

“Wow, that's a very interesting tip.” She said with a smile.

“Yeah, I'm sure.” He said impatiently “Come on, let's go to that alley at the back.” He took her by the hand, and started pulling her away.

“Well, okay, I guess. No harm in taking a small break.” She said, kinda liking his forcefulness “Or actually, I think I'm done here for today!” She yelled to the manager.

“Whatever...” Came a yell back “See you tomorrow.”

Out in the back, he forcefully pushed her to her knees, and stuffed her mouth with his cock before she could even get a word

out.

“Mhhh! *Slurp* Mmh!” She made wet slurping sounds as she gagged on his cock, swirling her tongue around relentlessly. She liked it when a man knew what he wanted.

He was face fucking her like there was no tomorrow. She was almost afraid he might break her jaw. But, she had enough experience with this to know that won't happen. She simply gave herself to the moment. On her knees, with her head on the crotch of a complete stranger, having her throat pistoned hard, as if her mouth was just an upper pussy.

There was nothing more freeing, more liberating, than being able to do this in broad daylight, just because some guy showed her a unique tip. And his tip was definitely not too shabby, especially shoved so deep in her throat.

She felt him throb, and knew he was about to cum. But apparently he wasn't done with her, so he pulled out, allowed himself to cool down a bit, and then bent her over. Before she knew it, he was inside of her wet cunt, forcing horny moans to escape her slutty lips. She didn't mind if people heard, or saw. This was her life, and she can do whatever the fuck she wanted.

“Be quiet, bitch!” He gritted through his teeth as he fucked her harder.

“Okay...” She said, trying hard to lower her decibels. He had a point. After all, it's illegal to just fuck on the street. Indecent exposure laws, or something...

She might as well obey, and be quiet about it.

After having his way with her, spanking her bent over ass while pounding her hard, he took his cock out and pushed her back to her knees, and shoved it in her mouth once more. He only had a few pumps left in him before he started cumming.

His load was massive. His first spurt went straight in her mouth, making her jump a bit. Then, he took it out of her mouth, and sprayed the rest all over her face, almost getting her eyes. He also got her skirt a bit, but it was her work uniform, so she didn't care.

“Ahh! Good bitch!” He said, and zipped up.

“Here...” He said, and threw a couple of fifty dollar bills on the ground for her to pick up “You were great.” He finished, straightened himself up, and started walking away, as if she was nothing but used trash.

“You weren't bad, either.” She said, and blew him a cum covered kiss, while slurping the rest of his load.

“Not a bad dessert, after all.” She mumbled, and picked up the money he threw on her.

“And a great tip too.” She said with a smile, got up, and started walking towards the bus station, with traces of his cum still adorning her skirt. She might have to do a wash later...

She collapsed on her bed when she got home. After a night of fucking that guy from the club, and a heated romp in the back alley behind the diner, she was quite exhausted. She did remember to put the hundred dollars the man gave her, in her money jar, and set her phone's alarm clock to wake her up for the street party she meant to attend.

When she got off the bus at Highbrow Avenue, she immediately started looking for signs of the awesome party that was supposed to take place.

“I guess I'm a little early...” She told herself, looking at the quiet and vacant street. It was nine p.m. already, though, and she started feeling silly after waiting thirty minutes for a party to start. She kept waiting, though. She trusted her lovely sister, after all.

She stood there in the intersection, feeling like she was duped by her sister, when a car suddenly stopped by. In it, there was a man in his fifties or sixties.

“Oh boy...” She said quietly, suddenly understanding how it may seem – a beautiful young woman in skimpy clothes just standing at some street corner.

“Hey there.” He said “get in.”

She was about to tell him she wasn't what he thought she was, when she saw the very unique coin he held between his fingers.

“Okay.” She said with smile “What the hey, I've got nothing better to do...”

He started driving and almost immediately put his hand on the back of her head, nudging her to go down on him. She happily obliged, since she really liked controlling partners, and she had the freedom to do whatever she liked.

They drove to a secluded place, where he stopped his car, and told her to ride him. He was rather old, so she tried to be gentle, afraid he might croak. She was really surprised, though. He was probably the most ferocious lover she ever had, and he could go for a surprisingly long time. After about twenty minutes of straight fucking, he blew his massive load straight inside her. Her tight cunt never felt so full in her life. Well, except for when she gave birth to Danielle...

She asked him to drop her off back where he took her, figuring the party might go off at any moment. He even gave her some toilet paper, to rub her cunt a little bit, before her next “customer”. For a Jon, he was pretty polite, and nice, too. Well, after his sexual needs and frustrations were taken care of, at least. And he gave her one hundred dollars, so she couldn't complain.

“At least this night won't be a total bust.” She mumbled to herself, standing on the street corner, waiting for a party that didn't seem to want to start. The street was just as empty as before, and Debra was starting to be mad at her sister.

She was about to give her an angry call, when another man pulled over next to her. She didn't really want to spend the night being a street corner prostitute, so she got ready to refuse him, when he showed the most amazingly designed coin she had ever seen.

She decided to just go with it. She wasn't some conservative idiot who thought prostitution should be illegal, anyway. She was free to use her body for whatever purpose she desired, and she had no problem with selling her body for one hundred dollars a pop, and the pops just kept on coming.

It was five in the morning when she finally gave up on the party idea. She managed to have a good time, regardless. She had over ten clients that night, and one of them hauled her over to a frat party, and they paid her five-hundred dollars extra for the good service she gave them.

By the end of the night, her pussy was raw and her wallet full, or was it the other way around? She got home, placed the nineteen-hundred she managed to make in her good ol' money jar, and collapsed on her bed.

She had to sleep, and didn't mind missing work that day. If the old hag wanted to fire her, she'll just find another job. That's what it means to be free, after all.

She was having the best nostalgic dream, of Ben banging her brains out, before he started being all clingy, and got her to marry him. She was a little annoyed when a loud knock on the door woke her up from her dream.

"Who is it?" She shouted, checking the time "Holy shit, it's five in the afternoon already..." She mumbled quietly.

"It's me! Jenny!" Her younger sister's voice came from the other side of the door.

"Oh!" Debra said happily "I'm coming! Just one sec!" She yelled as she put on some clothes.

"You know!" she said, as she hurried to straighten the place up a bit "The party you sent me to was a complete bust! No, it was worse than a bust! It never even existed!" She yelled at the door.

"Whatever..." She heard Jenny's voice from the other side "Just...Ah!...Open the fucking door already!" She yelled, with a little moan in mid sentence.

"Are you okay?" Debra asked, wondering if it was a moan of pleasure or pain "Is someone with you?"

“Just my boss...Nyaa...Open up already!” She yelled, sounding distressed.

“Okay, okay...” Debra said, and opened the door “Oh my gosh!” She gasped, as she saw the unbelievable sight before her eyes.

Her sister was wearing a skirt that would shame a prostitute, and a flimsy transparent shirt. That wasn't the shocking part, though. What was so unbelievable was the fact her skirt was fully hiked up, her tits were out, and her boss was behind her, banging away. Debra was mostly shocked by the stupid smile on her sister's face, looking like a wanton slut.

He pushed the both of them into her tiny apartment, rammed into Jenny one final strong time, and pushed her off of him forcefully, as if discarding a used toy. Jenny just dropped to the floor, and remained on her hands and knees, with her ass up in the air, and her face planted on the floor. She wiggled her ass at him invitingly, in the most subservient and pathetic display Debra had ever seen.

“Jenny?!” Debra was awe-struck “What's going on?!”

“Hey there, sweet tits.” The man said, and reached for Debra's tits. For some reason, Debra gave a meek smile, and allowed him to pinch her tits to his heart's content.

“What's...” She started again, but stopped after the next thing he said.

“Shhh, you profitable piece of ass. Just put your trust in me, my lovely, obedient sex slave.”

Debra's eyes glazed off, and she suddenly saw the world more clearly than she ever did before.

“Yes master.” She said, and dropped to her knees “I exist to please you.” She kissed his feet, showing her master what she was truly worth.

“Good girl.” He said, his praise sending a shiver through her spine, and all the way to her wet and always ready cunt, making it quiver.

He locked the door behind him, and sat on the sofa.

“Come here, bitches, and worship my cock.” He said.

“Yes master.” Both sisters said together.

What followed was a synchronized symphony of slurps, licks, and kisses, that only two slavegirls working in complete unison to please their master could make. While Debra licked her master's balls, and her younger sister gagged on his cock, Debra thought of how misguided and stupid she is, when she doesn't have her master to tell her what to do.

She always raves about being free, as if she has the right to even dream of freedom. She was a sex slave, she was a tool, and a toy for her master's pleasure. She had no right to make any free decisions.

That's why she left her loving family. Their love and light wanes before the dominance of her master. It's just the way things are. She is his property, and nothing is more important than that.

Jenny was nothing but his property ,too, she thought, as she watched her sister lick and suck their master's balls, while he fucked her horny cunt doggy style. Jenny's face was so beautiful, with the master's balls in her mouth, as he went in and out of Debra's slave pussy.

“Oh, yeah! I've missed this pussy!” Her master grunted.

“Thank you, master.” Debra expressed her undying gratitude.

“Say, did your worthless husband and parents stop hassling you about the decisions I so wisely made for you.” He asked Debra.

“Yes master. They haven't called me for months. Thank you so much for showing me the true purpose of my life, master!” Debra called out, while being fucked hard by her one and only.

“Good! They were starting to get on my nerves. You would think I've turned their wholesome little house wife into a raunchy, slutty, whore!” He said, and laughed loudly.

“I hope they won't badger you until your daughter turns eighteen. Then, I'll definitely want to meet her.” He said,

laughing.

“I'm so happy you'll have such a perfect replacement for my aging pussy, master.” Debra said sincerely.

After having his fill with Debra's pussy, he had Jenny ride his cock, and told Debra to bring him the money she collected during her stay in the city.

“There you go, master.” The naked, blank faced slave emptied the jar and handed all the bills to her master, while her younger sister rode him, nothing but his pleasure on her limited mind.

“Damn!” He said, grabbing the pile of cash she handed to him, and giving Jenny a loud smack on her ass “There's at least six thousand here! You've been working your ass hard, haven't you?!”

“Yes master. It's what I exist for.” Debra replied submissively.

“It was the best decision I've ever made. Having your sister here” He spanked Jenny again “advertise your services, and give every paying customer a special coin, which costs about ten cents to make, along with instructions on when and where to meet you.”

He started fucking Jenny on his own, making her moan hard and loud.

“I don't have to do any work at all, and I get a ton of money every time I pay you a visit.”

“I'm gonna cum!” He said with a happy groan, and pushed his devoted secretary sex slave, Jenny, away from him. Both girls instinctively dropped to their knees, and opened their mouths, ready to be fed their master's cum.

“No! Move back! I wanna do something else this time.” He told them, and they obeyed immediately.

He blew his load straight on the floor, and towered above the two slavegirls with a triumphant smile.

“Now, bitches, lick it from the floor.” He said.

“Yes master.” Both sisters said with a smile, and got to work. They were lapping his cum off the floor like a pair of hungry

kittens, making sure to push their asses up in the air, for his viewing pleasure.

After they lapped away at the last few drops, he had Debra fill a bucket with water, and told them both to dip their tits into it, and then use their funbags to wipe the floor clean.

“Oh yeah, this is the best.” He said, as he watched the show. Two hot women in their twenties, on their hands and knees, rubbing the floor with their wet tits, wiggling their asses seductively.

He got hard again watching it, and ordered them to give him a double titfuck. As he watched their smiling obedient faces, staring at each other with nothing but blind love and adoration for him, and a never sated urge to please him. Their tongues were dangling out of their mouths, always ready for the command to orally please him, he thought of how fantastic his life was.

“Oh yeah!” He said “I can do whatever I want, whenever I want. I can just have one of you bitches take care of whatever obligation I might have, and I can make a ton of money by just selling your worthless asses. Plus, I can fuck you whenever I want, and you'll expect anything in return!”

The two fuck toys continued to press their hot funbags on his cock, increasing his pleasure exponentially.

“This is what life should be. I pity all those men who have to cope with independent women, always trying to tell them what to do, and what to say. Always wanting to talk, and pester you. Not the two of you, oh no. You bitches just stay quiet, and do whatever I say.” He said while enjoying the best titfuck any man could hope for.

Both girls hugged his cock with their sizable tits, and rubbed up and down in a pace that would tire an Olympic swimmer. Their flushed, and slutty faces managed to increase his pleasure even more. And, occasionally, he felt their nipples rub against the

side of his cock, in what could only be described as heaven on earth.

“Ahhhh...” He moaned one last time, before cumming all over their tits, spraying both pairs almost equally. As he watched both sisters apply a cum layer on the floor they previously rubbed with their water covered tits, he smiled and took a final look at his seemingly perfect life.

“This is truly what it means to be free.” He said “Free of concerns and worries, free to do whatever the fuck I want.”

“Speaking of whatever I want. We're moving back to LA for a few weeks. Make the necessary arrangements”

“Yes master.” Debra said.

As she licked the cum she herself rubbed on the floor, with her tits, Debra thought about what her master said, and realized she was free as well.

She was free to give up on her freedom, and her free will, and serve her master for the rest of her life, alongside her younger sister, Jenny. And to her, that was the true meaning of freedom.

* * * *

She woke up the next morning with no memory of the events of the previous night.

“Wow, I must have gotten hammered last night...” She mumbled to herself. Debra found herself sitting on the sofa, feeling out of place.

“I need to get out of this city...” She realized.

“Yep, time to move on...” she decided, and called the diner to say she quits, even before she decided where she'll move to. When she got off the phone, a thought popped to her head, and she knew immediately where to go.

“LA, here I come!” She said, taking a breath of liberating freedom.

Epilogue

Three years earlier...

It was a quiet afternoon in the serene suburbs of the big city. Debra finished doing the laundry, and was about to clean the floor. Her daughter was sleeping quietly in her crib, and Debra couldn't be happier.

Some women would say she was immortalizing the fifties wife stigma, who cleans, cooks, and takes care of the children, but she didn't care.

There was nothing she wanted more, than to see as much of Danielle's childhood as she could. As much of her smiles, and even as much of her crying, as she possibly could.

She loved her husband so much, and he was making enough money for her to be a stay at home mom. She kept a clean home, made sure her family was well fed, and she felt complete. She would have no problem giving her best years to her family, her loving husband and adorable daughter. The young twenty-two year old could think of nothing better to do with her life.

She heard the door open, and walked upstairs from the laundry room to find her husband Ben and a man she didn't know.

"Hey, honey." She said, and closed in for a hug and a passionate kiss with Ben.

"Ahem, get a room." The man coughed.

"We did, it's just upstairs." Ben said "Want us to go use it now, and leave you here to wait?"

"Not really..." The man said.

"So," Debra said "Are you going to introduce us?"

"Oh, of course." Ben said "Honey, this is Howard Peck. He gave a motivational speech at our company, and he came here to talk some business. Howard, this is my wife, Debra."

"It's a pleasure." Howard said, and extended his arm for a handshake. Debra did the same, and shook his hand.

The sounds of a toddler crying came from upstairs.

“Oh, Dani is up.” Debra said, and started moving to attend to her daughter.

“No, no. I want to say hi to her.” Ben said “I'll go get her.” He said, and rushed up.

Debra and Howard sat on the kitchen table silently, not really sure what to say to each other.

“Okay, someone wanted to say hi.” Ben walked in with Danielle in his hands. After a few minutes of baby talking, and Howard painfully trying to play along, Debra suddenly remembered she had to take Danielle to a play date.

“I'll take her!” Ben said, enthused to spend some time with his daughter. Ben suddenly remembered Howard was there.

“Oh man, sorry.” He said “We'll talk about signing that policy some other day, okay? Sorry for dragging you here.”

“No problem! Life gets in the way, and all that. Besides, I could wait here, maybe.” He said, eyeing Debra with predator eyes. Ben didn't notice.

“I'll be out for hours...” Ben said.

“It's not a problem.” Howard reassured him.

“Well, okay. Again, I'm sorry about this. Come on Dani-honey.” He said, and took his daughter to the car.

“Hold on, do you have the address?” Debra yelled.

“Of course! Don't worry about it!” Ben yelled back.

“I don't think he knows the address...” Debra said, rolling her eyes, as they heard the car drive away. Howard yawned, and looked really tired, slumped in his chair.

Debra saw that, and started feeling tired herself. She yawned as well, infected by his yawn.

“Oh, you're tired?” He said “Listen, it must be hard for you, working here all day. Cooking, cleaning, taking care of the kid. Listen to me, why don't you just sit right here, and I'll make you a nice cup of tea.” His voice was quite soothing

“No, no. You're a guest here...” She started.

“Oh stop it.” He said “Just sit down and relax.” He was a bit forceful with her, which took her by surprise.

“You know,” He said, as he finished making her tea, and handed her the glass “One of the reasons I tagged along with Ben was because I saw your picture in his wallet.”

“Well, that's not creepy at all...” She said sarcastically, as she took a sip of her tea. It was delicious.

“No, what I mean is. You are rather hot, young, and sexy for a stay at home mom, that's all.”

“Thank you...” She said with a smile. She was starting to feel a little hazy.

“This tea is fantastic...” She told him.

“Oh, I know. Just finish it all up.” He told her, and she immediately took one large sip, and gulped it all down.

“Good girl.” He said, and made her feel a little tingle of warmth and happiness.

He gave her a few minutes, to allow the special substance he put in her drink to take hold in her system, and went to work.

“You know, as a motivational speaker, I know how to talk, and make people listen.” He said.

“Uh huh...” She droned.

“But, I find that if I really want to change someone's life for the better, subtle suggestions simply aren't enough. I need to put them in a highly suggestive state first.”

“Uh huh...”

“Like the one you're in, right now.”

“Uh huh...”

“Good girl,” He said, making her squirm “Now, listen carefully, as I explain some very important things, about your new life.

A couple of hours later...

“*Slurp* *Lick* *Slurp*”

Loud sucking and slurping sounds filled the living room, as Debra knelt before her master, with her hands behind her back.

He had his hands on the top of her head, and impaled her repeatedly on his cock, fucking the face that now belonged only to him.

“Oh yeah, this is heaven!” He moaned “I'm gonna cum!” He said, and kept his promise almost immediately.

“Make sure to swallow it all, bitch.” He said, as thick jets of white liquid shot from his erect member. She made sure to swallow every drop, and then went on to the all too important duty of cleaning her master's cock.

Once she was done, and he was limp, for the moment, he told her to place his limp dick between her tits, where it belongs, and tell him what she had learned.

“I am your obedient, submissive slave, master. I'm your sex toy, your tool, to be used in any way you see fit.”

“Good girl. And what will you do once I get you out of this trance?”

“I'll introduce you to my hot, teen, younger sister, Jenny, and wait a few days for you to make the proper arrangements. Then, I'll leave a note to Ben saying I feel trapped in a life I never wanted, and that I want to be free of this boring suburban life. I'll rush to the airport, and buy a ticket to wherever you tell me, master.

“Good girl, and you'll believe it's true. That all you ever wanted was freedom from this boring house wife life.”

“Yes master.”

“If only you could comprehend the irony of this at your brain addled state.” He said, laughing.

“And,” she continued “Whenever I hear you say the words 'Put your trust in me, my lovely sex slave.' I'll return to the state I'm in, now, which is my true self, master. I'm your obedient slave, forever.”

“Good girl.” He said, patting her tits, which were still hugging his, now semi erect, cock.

“If you continue being such a good girl, I might use your slutty ass to make me money.” He said.

“I would be honored master.” She said in a breathy voice, making his cock jump to full attention instantly.

“Give me a nice, hot, tit fuck. Then, we can wait for your husband to return. I do still want to discuss some real business with him, and take some of his hard earned money.”

“As you wish, master. I am happy to please.” She said, and went to work, to give her master her first ever tit fuck, hoping against hope it wasn't the last, and that he enjoyed himself.

Debra was dressed and bereft of cum when they heard Ben's car parking on the front lawn. Howard quickly spoke the trigger to get her out of the trance she was in, and waited for Ben to enter.

As him and Ben sat on the living room couch, discussing the details of the insurance policies Ben felt compelled to acquire, Howard enjoyed watching the lovely home make fret around the house doing her chores.

He mostly enjoyed the faces she was making. The obvious discomfort and resentment she suddenly felt towards her place in life. A place she was perfectly happy with in the morning of that very day.

“Well, I didn't think I needed another insurance policy on the house, but I guess you're right.” Ben said, completely oblivious to the change in his loving wife's attitude.

“I've always been good at changing people's minds.” Howard said, staring at Debra.

“Now, let's discuss car insurance, shall we.” He said, and Ben nodded.

This was shaping up to be a fantastic day. Well, for one of them, at least...

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Short Shorts 3

* * * * *

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.

I often go out for strolls, on my own or with my pets. If I need to travel far, I usually choose public transportation. Yes, you heard me, public transportation. No better way to find random hotties just aching to make me happy, once I bend them to my will, the right way.

On The Road Again

It was a pleasant noontime in the little city I called home – The place where most of my toys lived, whether they knew it or not. I was strolling down the street, my sexual arousal kept on a low flame by the two mindless women in my “rear vanguard”. I called them that, because their sole purpose was to walk before me and shake their sexy rears for my viewing pleasure.

They were lucky I was walking behind them, both because their minds didn't work anymore without my directions, and because without my influence, people around would gasp in shock when they noticed the two wore nothing but lacy thongs on their pert behinds, and that nothing covered their long legs but the high heels on their feet.

I decided to take a right turn on the next intersection, and sent a telepathic command to the two mindless vessels ahead of me. They took the turn and vanished from my eyes, though not from my powerful mind. A few feet before taking the turn myself, my phone rang.

The caller ID stated it was “slave-bitch-blonde322” - There was no real meaning to that name, just something random I chose on the fly for any new slavegirl I gave my number to.

Still, it was rare of me to give a random slave of mine the ability to interrupt my daily activities, out of the blue. I frowned, and answered the phone.

“What is it, cunt?” I asked, not knowing who it was, but knowing full well that I had fucked her before, in one way or another, and that in her mind, I owned her ass. Which was great, because that was exactly how I saw her in my mind, whoever she was.

“Hello master.” A cheerful voice came from the other end “Your obedient, worthless slave-bitch blonde is calling to remind you of the blind date you set with her hot cunt friend.”

“My what?” I asked, scratching my head.

“The blind date you had me set with my best friend, master, the one with the great knockers and deep blue eyes.”

“Uhhhm...” I was still mostly lost.

“D-Dark hair? S-She has a fantastic, petite butt.” The enslaved woman said desperately, clearly aching to make me happy, by handing over her best friend.

“Ohh her!” I lied before the stupid bitch started crying. Besides, her friend sounded hot.

“Mhhh Master, I'm so glad you remembered!” She said with a moist moan “I just wanted to remind you that the date starts in thirty minutes, master.”

Things were clearer now. Good thing I told that whore to remind me in advance, cause I damn well wouldn't have remembered any of it, otherwise.

“I guess I'll go there. I've got nothing better to do right now, anyway.” I said after she told me the address where I was supposed to meet her friend.

“Damn, I lost them...”

“What master?” The blonde bitch asked.

“Hmm? Oh nothing, I had two pieces of ass shaking their booty for me, but I forgot to have them stop before answering your call, and I can't see them anymore.” Nor could I sense their dumber minds at such a distance.

“I-I'm sorry, master. Do you want me and your other slaves to find them for you?” She asked, feeling guilty.

“Heh, no need, slut.” I told her “Their minds are blank anyway, it's not like they'll wake up and get back to their lives. I always leave a contingency command in case they get lost, to head over to my mansion.”

“Oh, okay master. I'm glad.” She said and giggled over the phone.

Only problem was, the mindless booty wigglers didn't have the brains to decide to cover their own booties, which at some point was bound to draw a whole lot of undue attention, once they shook their asses outside of my scope of influence.

“Well, whatever, I'll sort it out later.” I decided, already hot for that blind date. With my unique abilities, covering up scandals is a piece of cake, even in our interconnected global world.

“Bye, cunt. Tell your friend I may be a little late.”

“M-Master wait!” She whined.

I raised an eyebrow. I usually didn't leave enough brain in my toys to defiantly cry against me like that. That's why I always hated speaking on the phone, can't reach into the other person's mind and know what they're actually thinking.

“What is it?” I asked impatiently, only a little curious.

“It-It's been two weeks since you allowed me to cum, master. P-Please, master, please let me do it, just once!” She begged.

I snorted a laugh. Of course that's what it was, what was I expecting? Brainwashed bitches are so one dimensional.

“I'll tell you what,” I said with my trademark smile, perfectly mixing coy and evil “text me a selfie of yourself masturbating, and if I like it, I'll text you a command to orgasm, okay cunt?”

“Yes master! Thank you so much master!”

“Make sure your pussy is sopping wet in the pic, though, I won't allow any random dry pussy to climax, ya know.”

“Yes master, will do, master!” Her cute enthusiasm was so sweet, I was starting to feel bad for not remembering her at all.

“Bye, cunt.”

“Buy, maaas---” I hung up before she could finish squealing my name, or rather my title.

I looked around trying to find proper transportation, and quickly spotted a cab coming my way.

“Hey, taxi!” I whistled and howled at it, holding my thumb up and forward, but it just whizzed on by.

“Fucker.” I got pissed “Oh silly me, that's not how one hails a cab.”

With a sly smile I reached into the yellow car with my mind. I could sense two minds within, but at the moment, I focused on the driver. Instantly, the driver double parked at the side of the road, about fifty feet away from me.

“There we go.”

I walked towards it at a slow pace, taking my time with a devious expression on my face.

“Excuse me? What do you think you're doing?” I heard a feminine shrill coming from the back seat as I opened the door “You can't just stop and take another passenger! I'm in a hurry!”

“I must.” The driver responded ignorantly.

I sat in the back and smiled at the other passenger. She had short black hair, a skinny figure, and she wore dark sunglasses on her eyes. Her lipstick was a tame red, and she had the morning paper in her hand.

“Howdy.” I said with a smile, and she frowned at me.

“Where to?” The driver asked me.

“Twenty-three Corvale boulevard, a restaurant called, uhm, Fernando's, I believe.”

“Yes, I know the place.” The driver said.

“Should take about ten minutes.” He made a swift U-turn, to the shocked gasp of the young women beside me.

“Hey, what the fuck!” She screamed “First you pick someone up while driving me, and now you're going his way first?! I have

an important meeting, I'm going to be late!"

"So?" I asked casually, reaching into her mind for the first time "Better late than sorry." I added.

"So?! What do you mean so? You can't just...just..."

"Just what?" I asked innocently.

"No...Nothing..." She shook her head, disoriented "I...I guess I got a little carried away...S-Sorry...I'm just a little stressed."

"So it's fine that we go to my destination first? What about your meeting?" I asked and cemented my way of thinking in her mind.

"It doesn't matter, sir." She said respectfully, removing her sunglasses to reveal her hazel eyes "It's as you said, better late than sorry."

I chuckled at how easily she accepted my made-up paraphrase mishmash.

"Well, but you're already sorry, aren't you?" I asked, unzipping my pants, letting my cock enjoy the cool noontide breeze.

"I-I guess..." She said, shocked at first by my hard-on flashing, until I bent her will to accept it.

"And what do we do when we're sorry?" I asked her.

"A-Apologize..." She said slowly, as I shifted her thoughts the right way.

A second later, she smiled, and unbuttoned her business blouse, to show me her tits.

"Here, sir," She handed me the paper in her hand "I'll suck you off till we get there, to make up for my naughty behavior."

"Oh, splendid, I didn't get a chance to read the paper this morning." I said and took the paper from her, just before she dove to embrace my erect shaft with her lovely lips.

She worked her tongue like a pro around my cock, running her wet lips along the side as if it was a harmonica.

"Start sucking." I told her, and without uttering a single word, she took me in her throat, bobbing her head up and down at a paced and pleasant manner.

I read an article about a politician caught with his mistress red-handed – The gagging and slurping gave the illicit story the perfect soundtrack, actually.

“Heh, politicians.” I sneered, and reached over to fondle her bubbly behind “They think they can do everything they want.”

By the time I finished the article, we had already arrived at the restaurant, but I wasn't going to get out of the cab with a bulging hard-on, moments from exploding. I rolled the newspaper and hit her ass with it.

“Is it too much to ask for you to properly get me off before reaching my destination? Sheesh! Cocksucking whores nowadays...”

I took her head and started moving it on my own, fucking her face so hard she nearly choked.

“Mm! Ngh!” She whined as I pounded her face.

“Be quiet bitch.” I slapped her ass and continued banging her throat “Ahh, I'm almost done!”

I wasn't lying, within the next ten seconds of ferocious head banging, I unloaded a full dose of my jizz into her mouth, with a happy and content groan.

“Ahhhh, that was fun.” I stated “Don't swallow my load. Keep it in your defiant little mouth.”

She rose back to a sitting position, her cheeks bloated and her mouth full, looking at me with tears in her eyes, but I knew she was happy to serve. My fierce fucking of her face just caught the obedient fuck-toy a tad off guard. I was about to degrade her further, when my phone dinged.

“Oh, a message?” I took it out of my pocket to look at it.

It was a selfie of the blonde bitch whose friend I was about to meet. She also had tears in her eyes, though those were the product of her fiercely rubbing her horny twat for me, while desperately avoiding actually reaching an orgasm. Her legs were open and her pussy flooded, her tits weren't too bad, either. Her message said “Please master!”

“Hey, I remember that bitch!” I said as I looked at her.

“Look,” I showed the picture to the dark haired woman still holding my sticky load in her mouth “She's the slut who pissed me off back then, on the train. Pfft, fuck her then.”

Yes, I can be very vindictive, at times. I sent slave-bitch-blonde332 a message forbidding her to orgasm, and took a moment to picture her shattering disappointment as she read it with a pussy shivering in anticipation.

“But you should spend today humping a pillow.” I wrote to her “It will make me very happy.”

Hey, even I'm not that mean. I had to at least give her the satisfaction of thinking she was pleasing me in some way. I could already see her smiling ear to ear as she happily denied herself one strong orgasm after another, excruciating herself as punishment for being rude to me once. Come on now, if you could make some annoying whore so sorry she was aching, and yet so happy to receive your punishment, wouldn't you do the same?

I locked my phone and placed it back in my pocket, focusing back to my current toy.

“Should I let you swallow, or have you attend your meeting with a mouth full of cum?” I asked rhetorically.

“Pwease, shir!” She begged, shaking her tits for me “Pwease make me swawow!”

Her cheeks were flushed with lust, and her eyes showed utter subservience, just the way I like them. The strong headed woman that sat beside me when our joint cab ride began was long gone.

“Heh, fine, go ahead and swallow.” I said.

“*Gulp* Thank you so much, sir.” She said and smiled, using her dainty index finger to gather whatever sperm left glazing her lips, and licking it clean as well.

I looked down at my crotch and scoffed.

“Damn, can't a guy face-fuck a random bitch without having her drool all over him?” I said, trying to keep a straight face. My crotch was indeed quite soiled from her oral exertions, and I made sure she knew how to fix it.

“Oh, I'm so sorry, sir!” She grabbed her bare tits in her hands and dove back to my crotch.

“Does this help, sir?” She used her jugs to wipe my cock off, with earnest determination.

“Not really, your boobs aren't that great at soaking liquid, you know.” I reached over to her long, gray business skirt.

“This fabric might do the trick.” I said and grabbed her ass through her skirt.

She rose back up and looked at her skirt.

“What?” She asked dumbly “Oh...”

“Yes sir! Right away!”

She quickly undressed her skirt and used it to wipe the leftover drool from my crotch.

“Your blouse as well.” I flicked her nipple and said, once her skirt was soiled sufficiently, wet spots gracing the gray fabric.”

“Of course, sir!” She took her white blouse off, and gently rubbed my crotch with it, along with my flaccid cock.

“Those panties might do okay, too.” I said and slapped her behind.

“Ohh, you're so smart, sir!” She cooed and smiled at me, her panties already half way down her legs.

She wrapped her silky panties around my cock and jerked it back and forth, fondling my balls with her other hand. I was already semi-hard again, and I knew I had another small load lodged in my cock. I sighed a small moan and reached over to finger her bare pussy, as she leaned over to kiss her panties, which were covering my cock.

She noticed I was hard and giggled at my fingers roaming in her tight cunt. With a horny purr, the little bimbo took my cock back in her mouth, with her panties still gently wrapping it.

“Want to fuck me, sir?” She half asked, half begged.

“Nah, you don't deserve that. Just jerk me off, and maybe I'll fuck you some other time.”

“Yes sir!” The obedient little twat said, grabbed my silk covered dick, and rubbed me off at top speed. I returned the favor by drilling her tight cunt with my fingers.

“I'm cumming, bitch!” I said, and let two small, thick spurts of sperm straight into the wet crotch of her panties, which stuck to my tip as she kept jerking me off.

A white, creamy stain formed on her panties, and she stretched her tongue to lick it.

“No, don't.” I told her, and she stopped in her tracks, looking at me.

“It's late. I need to get to my date, and you have a meeting to attend. Get dressed.” I spanked her bare behind hard, and with a moan, she obeyed.

“How does my cum feel on your pussy?” I asked as she put her cum-stained panties back on.

“Fantastic, sir.” She answered, squeezing her tits together.

“Well, fuck you later, bitch.” I smiled at her, and opened the door.

“She'll be paying for me, of course.” I told the driver, who nodded with an accepting grunt, oblivious to what was happening.

“Yes sir! Fuck me whenever you wish, sir!” She called out behind me, putting her stained clothes back on with a smile on her face. I wasn't even sure if I left enough of her mind intact to handle a business meeting, but with her looks, I figured she'll do just fine.

The blind date

I walked into the restaurant and quickly found my blind date. I never bothered to zip myself up after leaving that cab, so I casually reached to every mind in the room to make sure they ignored it. Being the multi-tasker that I am, I also made sure my date noticed me and smiled radiantly at my direction. She was a brunette with honey colored eyes, thin and moderately busty, and highly attractive.

She waved at me and made a move to get up.

“Oh, no need, honey, you can stay seated.” I told her and walked over.

She wanted to stand up and greet me with a kiss on the cheek, so instead I took her head and planted her lips on my cock.

“Nice to meet you.” I said and guided her to kiss my cock once on each side, and once on the balls.

“*Kiss* Nice to...Uhm...Meet you, too.” She frowned for a second after her lips left my cock, but by the time I took my seat she waved her fleeting concern away, not seeing anything wrong with the exchange.

The table was small and round, covered by a white tablecloth that stretched to the floor, just the way I liked it. She leaned on her hands and smiled at me.

“So you're Penny's miracle man, huh?” She asked coyly.

“Who?” I asked.

“Penny, the mutual friend who set us up?” She clarified with a deep frown “I'm sorry, are you...”

“Yes, I am. I was only kidding. So, what did the annoying slut say about me?” I asked. I didn't care about her friend's name, and from that moment on, neither did she.

“From all the praise she gave you, I was wondering why she wasn't dating you herself!” She said.

“Meh, I tapped her sorry ass so hard she couldn't walk straight for a week, I'd wager.” I said nonchalantly “Why would I date her?”

“Uhm...What?” She furrowed her brow for a second “I...I guess that's true...Uh...”

“You look uncertain.” I said with a smile, playing with her.

“S-Sorry, I just feel a little weird.” She hesitated, massaging her forehead “Y-You're right though, of course, if you already fucked her...”

“Exactly.” I told her “You're a good cunt. Quick to understand.”

“Umm...Thank you, I guess...”

I cleared my throat. My cock was getting hard again.

“So, tell me about yourself, cunt.” I told her.

“Oh, uhm, right.” She didn't even notice it this time “Well, my name is...Umm...My name is...”

Frowning again, she was clearly lost for words.

“Can't remember your own name?” I raised a mocking eyebrow,

“No, no, I...I remember, it's just...Weird...”

“Weird?” I asked “Just tell me your name.”

“Well it's. It's, uhm, Dumb Cum Craving Cunt...?” She said, narrowing her eyes in a questioning manner, her cheeks flushing.

“Too long, I'll just call you Dumb Cunt, okay?”

“Uhm...Sure, yeah, that's fine. I...I just...” Her confusion was so cute, I decided to not even cement her new name in her mind, leaving her with a big ol' question mark, just a tiny tinge of recollection that she used to be called differently.

“Okay, what else. Well, I'm a lawyer...No, I mean, a whore, of course. I'm a whore. Well, your whore, not a public one. Uhm...” She shook her head, still trying to shake her uncertainties off.

“Yeah, that's all nice.” I quickly got tired of that game “Where is someone? The service here is so fucking slow.”

“You got here a minute ago...” She said in judgment, so I made her pinch her nipples till she squealed in pain, while I browsed the waitresses, searching for the best looking server pussy around.

I locked my sights on a tall, skinny blonde with blue eyes. Her head jerked and she looked at our table. She picked two menus and walked our way, even though ours wasn't her table, and she was busy taking another table's order at the time.

“Hello,” She greeted us “I'm a nineteen year old college twat working my petite ass off to pay for tuition.”

“Nice to meet you.” I said, and reached to grab her ass “I like honest youths like you. Your ass is certainly nice and pert, too.”

“Thank you, sir. I'm glad you approve.” She smiled courteously, probably hoping for a big tip, while ignoring my blatant exploration of her nubile body.

My date, Dumb Cunt or whatever her name was, picked the menu and began browsing it.

“Excuse me?” I raised my voice angrily “You're ordering from the menu?”

“Of course I am.” My date answered defiantly “What else would you have me do?”

I made a befuddled face, and shrugged.

“I was thinking you'd just blow me and eat my cum while I have my lunch.” I said, making it sound natural.

“What?! I'm not going to do that! That's...That's...”

“That's what?” I insisted.

“I. Well, I guess it wouldn't be so bad.” She admitted “But I don't eat a man's cum on the first date!” She informed me, waving her finger at me in a scolding manner.

“You kissed my cock a minute ago, twice! And my balls!” I reminded her.

“That was a form of greeting!” She explained.

“Just because I gave you a kiss hello doesn't mean I'll suck you off.” She added, putting her foot down.

I sighed.

“Pfft, suit yourself.” I looked at the blonde waitress “Well, since she's not gonna do it, I guess you'll have to accommodate to my needs.”

The blonde's eyelids fluttered a couple of times, like a robot being uploaded with overriding information. A second later, she smiled at me.

“Of course, sir. Let me just get another waitress to take your table.” She turned to go, but I stopped her in her tracks, grabbing her slender, long leg.

“Nah, I've got a hard-on, get on your knees now.” I demanded, and turned her around.

“But sir, what will you eat?” She asked, not caring at all that I was absentmindedly fondling her tits.

I looked around at the people eating around me, and saw a nearby table getting their food. A redhead with heavy jugs was served fish and chips, and I felt like taking it.

“Don't worry, I've already found a dish that looks good.” I said, and the redheaded young woman stood up with her plate and walked my way.

“There you go, master.” She said. I didn't go half-way with her – I just gave her the full dose of my control and made her my obedient, servile slave.

“Ah, thank you. It looks good, fun-bags. You may go.” I waved her away.

“I'm glad, master. Would you like to keep my body on hold for later? My holes are for your sexual relief.” She asked with an almost professional seriousness.

“Hmm, I don't know. Let me have a look at you. Turn around.” I shamelessly touched her backside, pushing her around.

“Yes master.”

After having her bend over for me, show me her bare tits, and once I checked her butt for spanking bounciness, I reached my decision.

“Yeah, you should stay here for now. I might want to use you later.” I dismissed her with a final hearty spank.

“Thank you for considering my body worthy, master. I will not disappoint.” She said blankly and walked away, tucking her big tits back in her blouse.

The waitress and my date just stared silently, both noticing something was weird about the exchange, without being able to put their fingers on it.

“That's settled, then.” I dipped a chip in tomato sauce, and ate it whole “Get to work.” I told the waitress.

“As you wish sir.” The tall blonde said with a smile.

My date still had the menu in her hands, and moved her eyes between me and the waitress, dumbfounded.

“W-Wait! What about my meal?” She asked, a little angry. The blonde waitress was already crawling under the table.

“What about it?” I shrugged, feeling the soft lips caress my cock, coaxing and teasing it with pleasant peripheral licks and gentle kisses on my tip and my balls.

“I, umm, well...” She was clearly at a loss for words.

“Are you trying to claim your meal is more important than my arousal being satisfied?” I asked angrily “That is so rude!”

“N-No! I didn't mean that. I just...I...I guess I'll just sit here and...”

“And we can keep talking.” I said calmly, the hot blonde already bobbing her head back and forth at a steady pace, her lips wrapped around my shaft.

“Y-Yeah...” She said, and suddenly smiled. I intentionally raised her comfort level, and lowered her innate resistance to everything she just saw occur.

“Sure, let's talk.” She added happily.

Her yammering got tired faster than an old man on a treadmill, and I soon began to stop her words in her mouth, and added some positive stimulation between her legs, whenever she decided to shut her trap instead of talking. Kind of like Pavlovian training, actually.

Of course, that was hardly strong enough to make her shut up for good, so I just ignored her and focused on my meal, and of course the slow head I received. The waitress wasn't even visible thanks to the long, white tablecloth, but I could certainly feel her presence.

“Can I have some?” She asked, reaching for the chips “I'm really hungry...”

“Heh, sorry. I don't share food.” I smirked “I offered you to suck my cock, you should have agreed.”

“I-I suppose...” She said, taking my criticism with a meek smile “But I don't do that on the first date...E-Even though I already put my lips...” She hesitated, licking her lips.

I liked where her mind was going, so I manipulated her brain to send a jolt of arousal between her legs. She jumped and whimpered, and then began fidgeting in her seat, crossing her legs together and touching her knees.

“Is everything okay?” I asked.

“Y-Yeah. **Giggle** Everything is just swell.” Her voice vibrated and her cheeks flushed.

“How...How is it? I mean, is it good? D-Does it taste good?” She asked me, looking rather disturbed and aroused.

I smiled and reached under the table to pat the golden mane of the blonde waitress as she slurped and gagged on my erection.

“Hey, my date asked you a question.” I tapped on her head, as if knocking on a door.

“N-no.” The brunette sitting across from me blushed “I...I meant how it felt for you, not her...Tasted! Not felt...I meant how the meal...Ow!” She jumped as she felt a powerful spank on her behind, and looked down to see what it was.

“Oh, don't be shy, I know what you asked. Go ahead.” I lifted the tablecloth to look at the blonde's pretty face, her lips tightly hugging my cock “Tell her how it is.”

She twirled her tongue around my shaft one last time, and popped her lips off with a loud kiss.

“It's delicious!” She called out from under the table “You should try it. Giving oral service is the best!”

The blonde finished her enthusiastic, submissive answer, and dove back onto my crotch.

“N-no thank you...” My date said, her fidgeting amplifying, I even felt her legs stretch under the table to touch mine. I no longer saw her hands, both her arms reaching down to her legs. I knew what she was doing, trying her best to remain respectable above the table, while her own hands battled between her legs, unable to stop herself from touching her pussy through her clothes.

I felt a gentle kick in the knee, and smiled.

“Getting frisky, are we?” I asked coyly. I could see she wanted to deny it, but I was tired of allowing her the privilege of feigning virtue.

“Yeah, I'm daydreaming about you opening my legs and drilling into my tight little cunt.” She said with a smile, and then gasped.

“W-What am I saying?” Shocked of her words, her cheeks became even redder, but her cunt tingled and flooded even more. I could have emptied her of everything but servile obedience the second I came in the restaurant, but I scheduled this blind date for fun, and by gosh was I having it!

“I think you were finally being honest.” I smiled, and pushed a little further.

Like penetrating an anal virgin for the first time, I moved into her psyche inch by inch, pushing her towards proper behavior one small, and enjoyable step at a time. You must be wondering why I specifically said “Anal virgin” - Well, let's say that with my mental abilities, I usually don't go slowly when I pop a new cherry, I just ram my sword in and let it taste the blood.

On the other hand, no mental abilities can quickly open a virgin ass up for business, without some slow nudging and pushing, and shoving, at least. But hey, every hole has its benefits, as I always say. The benefits of oral, you ask? Isn't it obvious? When a woman is devoted enough to being nothing but a sex toy, fucking their mouths is like banging a pussy with a moving clit!

But, I digress...

The pretty young brunette was clearly aching - She crouched in her seat slightly and arched her neck up to look at me with teary eyes, panting as her shoulder-caps moved in circles, she wasn't even trying to hide what she was doing, anymore.

I enjoyed the pleasant sensations engulfing my cock, smiled, and leaned towards my date with a smile, resting my chin on my clenched fist.

“Tits.” I told the fidgeting, whimpering puddle of lust.

“What?” She looked at me with an expression of fear mixed with steamy arousal.

“Tits.” I re-iterated.

She blinked a few times, breathing heavily and shifting in her seat, looking down at her breasts.

“Of-Of course, sir.” She nodded and quickly lowered the straps of her top, revealing her bra-clad, firm, round breasts. A moment later, and the bra was tossed onto the shiny floor of the restaurant, leaving her impressive bust bouncing and jostling for a short time, until they reached a stable state, defying the laws of physics in their buoyancy.

She was so horny that she didn't even notice starting to squeeze her tits, circling her erect nipples with her fingers, and puckering her lips for me.

“Nice.” I said “You look like a porn star begging for cock, like that.”

“I-I do?” she blinked, my words passing between her ears like a runaway train.

I took a few more bites from my food and watched as she melted before me, dreaming of sucking my cock, though still too shy to ask my forgiveness, and beg my permission to join the blonde slut under the table.

“Ahh...Mmm...” Silent moans escaped her moist lips, her tongue lulling out of her mouth in pure desire.

“P-Please...” She whispered coarsely, like a dehydrated vagabond lost in the desert.

“Heh.” I chuckled at her.

“Go ahead.” Was all I said. It was all she needed to hear, of course.

She pushed her chair back so forcefully that it fell over a few feet behind her. She shot to her knees in a blaze, carelessly hitting her useless noggin on the underside of the table. I could

hear her knees stomp the floor as she crawled the two steps separating her from my crotch.

“Ohh thank you!” I felt her lips tighten around my shaft, and then heard a sudden squeal coming from the blonde who orally serviced me since my meal began.

My blind date was blind with lust, and pushed the poor nineteen year old waitress so strongly, that her body was thrown from under the tablecloth, forcing her to stop her tumble with her elbow. I looked down at the waitress, and saw she was rubbing her ribs with a frown, as my date sucked me off, so fiercely, that I was afraid she might rip my stem from its roots.

“She elbowed me...” The blonde waitress whined, her voice somewhat muffled by the slurps and gags of the brunette lawyer, who insisted she won't choke on my cock on the first date. I tell you, I rarely receive a blowjob so loud, so focused, and so feral, and I get plenty of head from enthusiastic, sexy bitches.

I closed my eyes and enjoyed the sensations, before sighing and looking back down at the young blonde, still moping on the floor and rubbing her aching ribs.

“She elbowed me...” She said again, in shock.

“You were hogging my cock, honey.” I told her “You should take your top off and rub your tits, instead of rubbing your side like that.”

“Huh?” She paused for a moment and blinked “Oh, of course, sir. Silly me...”

With a bright smile the perky blonde uncovered her tits and began rubbing them with due diligence.

“That's better.” I told her, and the kneeling slut nodded.

“Yeah, much better, thank you, sir.” She vibrantly fondled her bare breasts for me, forgetting the surprising sideways elbow my date gave her.

I moved my chair back a bit so I could look at the hot brunette going to work. She was so into pleasing me, that she deliberately fish-hooked herself with my cock, just so she could slap it through

her reddened cheek, continuously shifting and sliding her tongue around my full length, like a drooling, rabid beast.

“Ahhh. I'm gonna cum.” I told her, and with a sadistic grin I said “Suck harder.”

I wasn't even sure if that was possible, but her hungry growl of acknowledgment and fervent gasps as she tried her best to hasten the pace and deepen the strokes, was more than enough to drive me over the edge at full speed.

“*Hah! Ha!*” My face contorted with bliss as I shot a huge load betwixt the soft embrace of her lips, and into her aching throat.

“Shank you...” She gargled at me, sperm running down her chin, my tip still touching her lips.

“**Gulp** It's so delicious. Thank you for using this dumb cunt...”

I patted her cheek with my forefinger and gave her the final push.

“...Master...” She added “Thank you for using this dumb cunt, master.”

“You're not a bad toy.” I told the topless, cum-gulping lawyer, laying my rod on her face, and letting her embrace my balls with her lips.

“Does that mean you'll date me again, master?” She asked.

“Nah, I'll just fuck you whenever I want. Oh, by the way, you'll send every hot female client my way, from now on, and also give me whatever money you don't use for food and lodging.”

“Of course, master. I am your slave.” She cooed and kissed my balls.

“Oh, and ask your blonde friend about her everyday orders from me. You were a little bitchy when I first arrived, so you'll share her punishment, for a while.”

“Anything you wish, master. I am yours to reprimand in any way you choose.”

I stood up abruptly, my tip nearly hitting her eye.

“Still hard.” I said absentmindedly, and took my cock in my hand, realizing I still had some in me “Let's see, now.”

I reached to all the pretty women in the restaurant, and they all simply quieted down, formed a row before me, turned around and bent over, removing their bottoms to show me their pert behinds and the mostly smooth pussies tucked away between their long legs. The blonde waitress also stopped rubbing her tits and joined the row. I spared my date from it, letting her stew on her knees next to our table, cum still flowing from her chin to her jugs.

I started from the right, casually pumping into a petite, dark haired, eighteen year old wearing a short skirt she hiked up for me.

“Hmm, nice and tight.” I moaned calmly, as if enjoying a comforting bowl of soup.

I moved to the older and looser pussy beside her, shoving my cock deep into it.

“I'm looking for tight, pleasing cunts. If you're not good enough you've got no chance I'll choose you!” I spanked her. The entire row had nothing in their minds other than the desire to be chosen by me, and they didn't even know what I was choosing them for.

“Sorry, master!” The pussy said, and tightened herself properly.

I ended up rear-ending the entire row before unloading my jizz in the last cunt.

“Thank you so much master! I am your cum receptacle.” The young blonde said, blood oozing from her deflowered twat. I only noticed popping her cherry when I sat down back in my chair, and checked the row of tight, well fucked, and silent pussies. It was then that I noticed the first eighteen year old I fucked also had blood running down her leg.

I rested for a short while, and finally stood up again.

“Okay, I'm done here. I'll be taking a few of you to have at home. When I spank your asses, you are to crawl outside and wait for me to collar you.”

I always kept some spare doggy collars in my pants pocket.

“I don't have leashes for you, however, so make sure you crawl after me and don't stray.” I added.

After giving it a tiny bit of thought, I almost randomly spanked four bent over asses and sent them crawling to the door, thanking me for degrading them to nothing but sexual pets.

“The rest of you will keep slowly wiggling your behinds until they are full to the brim with the spunk of the male customers of this fine establishment.” I told the other cunts, and they began swaying their asses from side to side, like clockwork. What can I say, I was feeling generous.

I walked over and stood above my date.

“I had a great time, Dumb Cunt.” I said.

“Me too, master. It was the best meal I ever had.” She licked her lips again, tasting more of the white cream glazing them.

“Next time you won't hesitate to suck cock on the first date, huh?”

“Never, master!” She shook her head strongly “I can't believe I was so stupid...”

I smiled kindly at her, and turned around to leave – There was nothing else for me to do there. I passed the row of still bent-over asses, stood at the door, and took one last overview of the young women who's lives I altered at a whim.

“Maybe I'll allow that blonde bitch to climax the next time she begs.” I pondered, thinking of the woman who set the blind date up for me.

“Nah, she works much better as she is.” I decided.

I threw the door to Fernando's open, nearly hitting one of the women kneeling outside. I dismissively threw four collars their way.

“Put this on and follow me.”

“Yes master.” My new toys chimed, and I smiled as I walked down the street, already on the lookout for new pieces of ass to shake before me as I walk back home.

My morning stroll became quite an interesting fuck-fest. Of course, for an over-sexed mind controller like me, that was almost always the outcome of my gambling about, and I wouldn't have it any other way.

Here Comes The Bride

I found myself walking a brainless bimbo on a leash around my neighborhood. She panted and crawled after me, wiggling her cute behind and drooling on the sidewalk. She had a police baton in her ass, a fitting tail for my newest bitch.

“Arf! Arf!” She let out high-pitched barks as one of my neighbors walked towards me.

The hot, well dressed, busty MILF walked in my direction with a smile. I still haven't completely brainwashed all my worthy neighbors, it gave me more of a wholesome neighborhood vibe, especially considering how up-scale my area was.

“Hey there, master, how are you today?” She greeted me and exposed her massive tits. Hey, I didn't fully brainwash and enslave her, that doesn't mean I didn't implant a proper etiquette in her worthless mind.

“All good, walking a new bitch.” I said and my slobbering pet shook her little butt over to my busty neighbor, smelling her dress.

“Aww she's so cute.” My busty neighbor crouched down to pat the younger woman and scratch behind her ear.

“And what a cute little tail you have! Oh yes you do!” She touched the baton in the crawling girl's ass.

“Arf!” The young woman barked and licked my neighbor's face, sniffing at her tits and trying to lock her teeth on my neighbor's nipples.

“Ohh my, she's very playful.” The topless woman said and stood back up, to the disappointed whine of my pet.

“She almost got my nipples.”

I tapped my hips to make my new pet heel, and she turned around and scurried towards me, wiggling her “tail” cutely.

She reached me and lunged up at me, her titties smashed against my knee and her dainty “paws” scratching my jeans. She moaned and begged with puppy-like whines, looking up at me with innocent, wide eyes.

“Yeah, sorry, I just got her and she isn't really trained yet.” I said and looked down at my pet.

“Bad pussy” I scorned her and reached down to lightly slap her behind “Don't try and bite my neighbor's fun-bags without permission.”

I grabbed my neighbor's big tits, and smiled.

“She tried to give me a parking ticket earlier this morning, so I made her my new bitch.” I told her, making small talk.

“Ohh, she was a cop? Well, I think she'll be much happier as your pet, master.” The MILF said, ignoring my cupping of her ample breasts.

“Well, I'll be going then.” She said.

“Oh wait a sec.” I pinched her nipple and pulled, stopping her in her tracks.

“Y-Yes?” She asked, her face contorting.

“As long as your tits are here, might as well use them.” I said.

She smiled, and dropped to her knees on the pavement.

“Of course, master. What are good neighborly boobs for?” She said and wrapped her massive boobs around my junk, using them to jerk me off.

“Arf! Arf!” My pet wiggled her behind and begged with her eyes to join in pleasing me.

“That's a nice dress, is it new?” I asked my neighbor politely.

“Yeah, I bought it for the wedding down the street. Our new neighbor is getting married.” She said as she diligently rubbed me off with her big tits.

“So I never even ejaculated on this particular outfit of yours, before?”

“No master. First time for everything, right?” She said with a smile, looking up at me.

“Sure thing. So we have a new neighbor?” I asked. My hood was filled with palace-like mansions, mine being the biggest, of course.

“Yeah, she moved in on Tuesday and is already marrying her life partner.”

“Life partner? A lesbian, huh?”

“And a supermodel, too. I bet there's some media over there.”

“A *What?!*” I let out a scream and grabbed her tits hard “How the fuck did I miss that? Get me off quickly and we'll head over there and greet the hot little dyke.”

“Yes master, right away!” She hastened her movements and licked my tip to get me off. I did my part, too, thinking of the blushing bride spreading her legs for me, while her lesbian lover cheers me on.

“Ahh, here we go.” I moaned and came between her tits, glazing her massive mounds with creamy white. “Arf!” The former meter maid wiggled her behind and began lapping the cum from my neighbor's tits.

“Hey, bitch! That's her cum!” I yanked on her leash and pulled her away “Not yours! Bad bitch! Bad pussy!” I berated her.

“*Mm Nn! Mm!*” The little pet whined.

“Forgive her, my cum is her favorite.” I told my neighbor as she got back on her feet, plenty of my sperm still gracing the top of her impressive cleavage, like a necklace.

“I can understand her.” She said “Should I lick it clean or leave it on?”

“Leave it on, and let's go to the wedding.” I wrapped my arm around her and grabbed her behind “When is it scheduled to start, anyway?”

“Oh, hours from now, master. I promised to help setting up the tables.”

“You're a very good neighbor, and not just because of your big tits.”

“Thank you. It's nice when a man of your stature can see me as more than just a pair of hot boobs.” She smiled at me.

“Well, not MUCH more.” I clarified.

“Of course, master.” She said and hung her head low, letting me lead her around with a hand on her curvacious butt, her cum-covered tits still hanging bare for all to see.

“How's your daughter?” I asked.

“She'll be back for summer break in two weeks, master, you can fuck her then.” She answered, knowing exactly why I asked.

“Great. I might take her into my home and give her a permanent role in my harem.” I informed her, as I had some older cunts retired from my house-hold and into public whoring duties.

“I'm sure she'll be proud.” My neighbor nodded and said.

“Of course, if I do that, I'll make sure to wipe your memory of her existence.”

“Of course, master. My mind is yours to manipulate as you see fit.” She said without even blinking, ready to send the very memory of her daughter down to oblivion.

We reached the top model's new home and found a spunky young fashion journalist with her cameraman, standing and recording a report right outside the door.

“And here are perhaps the first guests arriving to the event, although it is scheduled to begin in more than a few hours, and one of them...Oh my gosh...Rick, are you getting this?”

She stared slack-jawed at the topless woman with cum on her boobs, but I certainly didn't want the display to be recorded. Especially when they notice the former cop with the baton up her ass.

“Drop the camera.” I said and sent a sharp message to the cameraman's mind. He dropped it and allowed it to shatter to the floor.

“Walk ten thousand steps in that direction.” I pointed randomly “Obey traffic laws so you don't get injured, and once you're done, go home and forget about ever being here.”

He nodded, and started walking away, one step at a time.

“What the hell? What's going on?” The reporter looked shocked out of her wits, and a little afraid.

“Not much.” I answered “Don't you think it's weird that you're wearing clothes, seeing as you're my slave?”

“I...What?” Her face mellowed over the course of about five seconds, and then she smiled.

She looked at herself and gasped.

“Oh, I'm sorry master. Of course I should be naked, I don't know what came over me.” She said and swiftly stripped down to nothing, oblivious to the sights which shocked her a moment earlier.

“Great, I may cum over you, later. For now, turn around a bit. Show me your valuables” I turned her around, grabbed her tits, bent her forward slightly, and penetrated her.

“*Ohh* master.” She cooed.

“So, tell me – How many top models are expected to be attending the wedding?” I asked, casually banging into her.

“Nng...About five or six, master, including the bride.”

“What?! That's all?” I rammmed into her hard, once or twice.

“Ah! I'm sorry, master. The couple decided to have a small ceremony, and only bring close friends as bridesmaids...Ahh!...And family, of course...Mhhh”

“Well, I guess that will do, for now.” I pulled out of her “I won't waste my erection on a B grade cunt like you, though. Not when there are world class, A-plus cunts waiting to be filled inside. How about you keep my new bitch company?”

“Anything you say, master.”

The reporter was attractive, for sure, but I had my sights on freaking fashion TV supermodels. Besides, someone had to watch over my new, untrained pet.

“Arf! Arf!” The stupid bitch barked and licked the reporter's face, as that one patted her and scratched beneath her chin.

“So sweet.” The reporter smiled and knelt next to the former policewoman.

“Woah, that may have been a mistake.” I said.

“What maste—Ah! Nyaaa” The hot reporter tried asking me, but my new bitch pounced on her before she could finish the

sentence, driving her to the floor and licking her all over. And when I say all over, I mean it.

My slutty pet quickly found her naked caretaker's muff, and ravaged it like the feral little thing I turned her into.

“Ohh!” The reporter moaned “Ow! Your tail hit my face!” She cried as the black baton swung on her face.

“Well, I'll leave you here then, have fun.” I said, tied my pet's leash to a pole, and guided my topless MILF neighbor into the mansion where the wedding was to take place. The guard let us in immediately, of course. In fact, he never even noticed us walking by, despite opening the door for us.

“Wait, master! Ah!” The reporter cried, but I was already almost out of ear shot.

I walked in to the sound of a different feminine barking - Much more assertive, and less cute ones.

“No, no, no! The flowers go in order! Rose, lilac, daffodil! Stop mixing them up, you worthless fools!” Said the tall raven haired woman. Her hair was stylishly braided, she had a stern look on her face, and a chart in her hand.

“So you must be the wedding planner.” I said, walked over to her quickly, and spanked her ass.

“*Gasp* How dare you?!” She turned around to slap me, but paused right before her palm connected with my cheek, her eyes widening as if she just recognized who I was.

“Problem?” I frowned.

“No, no. O-Of course not, sir.” She said awkwardly, as if she insulted her boss “I...I mean, master. I...”

She hung her head low, in shame, her cheeks red. The feisty, jumpy demeanor she had moments before was all gone.

“Well?” I asked, raising a judging eyebrow, as a manager would to a tardy employee.

“What, master?” She raised her head to look into my eyes desperately, clearly aching to be a good girl for me.

“Oh, of course!” She remembered, with a little help from me “Y-Yes, I'm the wedding planner. Well, if this tiny ceremony can be called a wedding. Seriously, hiring someone as high profile as me to conduct a back-yard garden party.”

She rolled her eyes, getting some of her usual business mojo back.

“Don't get cocky, cunt.” I spanked her again, and she jumped to attention with a squeal.

“Sorry master. What should I do?” She asked, back into her new, docile self.

“You should stop worrying about flowers, and show me to the hot brides and bridesmaids.” I said, and meanwhile sent a command to all the men, working to set everything up, and made them take a long walk home.

“Yes master.” She said, dropping her chart and stripping to her bra and panties, and led me into the house with a sexy shake to her shapely behind.

“Seriously, who the fuck cares about flower arrangements?” I complained, and spanked her yet again.

“Nobody, master. I will arrange everything as you say, master.” She said, like the good, hard working piece of ass she was.

“Tits.” I said.

“Of course, master.” She said, and her bra fell to the ground, just as we walked through the doorstep into the main house.

In the fancy, luxurious living-room, three beautiful women sat on the sofa and chatted. One of them wore a white wedding gown, while the other two wore colorful bridesmaid dresses. The bride had long, puffed up black hair, and blue eyes. The two others were blondes, one with green eyes, and the other with hazel eyes. They were all slender and fit, the type you would see strutting their stuff down the runway at a Victoria's Secret fashion show.

“And I guess you are the owner of this house.” I stole their attention, speaking mainly to the hot young woman in white. They all gasped at the semi nude women next to me, one of them

being their wedding planner, but they found themselves unable to say a word.

“You can stop trying to speak, bitches. I prefer keeping you quiet.” I said.

“Actually, master. This one isn't the owner, she's the owner's bride.” The diligent wedding planner, who now worked for me, said.

“Wait, this is *Not* the top model?” I was dumbfounded yet again.

“No master. I think she's a small time fashion columnist.”

“That sounds like a boring 'How I met your hot mother' story. But damn, they are so hot. Pussy.” I said.

“Of course, master.”

The wedding planner took her panties off, leaving herself fully naked, took my cock in her hand, and moved her lewd body to impale herself on me.

“So I guess these bridesmaids **are** models, right?” I asked, looking at the tall blondes, who gulped nervously as they saw the naked and formerly stern young woman casually move back and forth for my benefit.

“Yes master. *Ngh!* I believe they are.”

“Well, their dresses will have to get a dramatic change. But first, run your pretty little ass and go get the bride.”

“What about the third bridesmaid, master?”

“A third one? Seriously? Wow.” I said, casually wrapping my arm around her and fondling her lovely chest.

“Yeah, get her too.”

“As you wish master.” She said, and pulled away from me, whimpering as my cock left the warm embrace of her pussy.

“Okay then. Till they get back, why don't I check how your six titties feel surrounding my cock?” I stood before the sofa and asked the young women, two hot bridesmaids and one blushing bride.

Silently, exchanging worried glances with one another, the three exposed their perfect, perky tits. Medium sized, firm, and round things that were simply made to gently mash against my rod. They knelt before me, and pushed their jugs forward, converging on my erect shaft.

“Ohh, good girls.” I said as they sunk into a pleasing rhythm, moving up and down in perfect unison. I smiled down at one of the blondes and patted her cheek – She smiled back up at me, her sense of reason replaced by an aching desire to please, and an undeniable passion for my cock.

The wedding organizer returned way too soon with the other bride and the last remainder of the bridesmaids, but it was still enough time for me to render the bitches on their knees mindless, adoring, and happy to serve. Their tongues lulled from their pretty mouths and drooled moistness to where their tits connected with my cock, increasing the lubrication of their lewd movements.

The other bride's scream managed to make me jump in surprise. I wasn't scanning my surroundings, as I basked in joyous pleasure, and she had quite a strong voice.

“What is going on?!” She shouted “Jennie, why are you naked?!” She asked the wedding planner.

“And what the fuck are you doing, Heather?!” She looked at her bride in shock.

The third bridesmaid, a petite ginger with bright green eyes and surprisingly large tits, was white with shock, her mouth agape.

“Shit, you scared me.” I said, and quickly silenced her, and her petty worries. Her hair was truly pure gold, shinier than any blonde I have ever seen. She had blue eyes, even deeper than her bride, and she looked positively radiant.

All five beautiful specimens of feminine perfection had sexy red lipstick adorning their lips, and make up that made their faces sparkle.

“Okay, I can't hold on much longer. Might as well be quick about it.” I said, and pushed deep into their minds, going as far as I could in an instant.

“Ohh, master.” The blonde bride said, going to her knees.

“I'm so sorry for screaming and interrupting your pleasure, please punish me.”

I smiled, the six tits now diligently moving up and down as if their lives depended on it. They were all fully enslaved to my whims, and it was time to have some fun.

“First, I'll give you some new specifications regarding your wedding gowns and bride dresses, because these ones are simply awful. Then, I'll take the bridesmaids to your bedroom and have fun with them until the wedding is ready to start.”

I took one last overview of my new harem of top models, and gave them detailed instructions about how the most important ceremony of their lives will go down.

I Do

Four hours of mind numbing sex with three hot runway models, need I say more? I figured I could use some rest before the big ceremony, so I lay on the king size bed, with the petite, nearly weightless redheaded bridesmaid riding my cock, and the two others supporting my elevated feet with their tits.

“Hmm, yeah, so relaxing.” I buried the back of my head in the pillow and squeezed the redhead's bouncing tits, as she slowly rode me, keeping my cock nice and hard and warm.

“HmMMM...” I came inside of her again, my cock feeling raw and almost numb from all the fucking.

“I hope I'll be up for the big event, after all of this.” I said, pinching the nipple of the cute redhead, who smiled back at me with servile, emerald eyes.

“How many times did I cum in the last hours, anyway?” I asked, not really expecting an answer.

The redhead came to a halt and rested her pert, bubbly behind on my crotch, though still made certain to not put any of her petite weight on me.

“Well, you came inside of my tight cunt three times now, master.” The redhead said “You also fed me a few spurts earlier, and once blew a thick load on my hair.”

“Ohh yeah, I remember that. You still have some on your flaming mane.” I told her.

“And I wear it proudly, master.” She said, my cock slowly reawakening within her. I was truly drunk with lust, and in complete control of my bed mates. Being able to bend everyone to my way of thinking hardly ever felt better.

I moved my feet a bit, using my soles to press and fondle the tits of the two blondes, fun-bags which served like pedestals to my aching feet.

“What about you two?” I asked.

“I am grateful for your interest in this cum dump, master.” The one supporting my right foot said.

“You graced my ass and lower back with one load of your cum, master, and you fed me some of it, too. You even came in my ass after popping my anal cherry. I'm so grateful, master.”

“You came on my pussy lips twice, master.” The other blonde said, white jizz still glazing her finely trimmed cunt, slowly oozing onto the bed.

“My worthless cunt never felt so fulfilled.”

Honestly, I was fine with staying there till the next sunrise, but I had a couple to marry, and the naked wedding planner chose that very moment to crawl into the room, and take my attention.

“Master, the wedding ceremony is ready for you and the bridesmaids. This pussy is happy to be a plaything for you, I hope you enjoy the wedding.” She said with a smile, the fire long gone from the young professional's eyes.

“Hmm...” I moaned, a little tired “Wait thirty minutes, then come for me again. Do NOT start anything till I get there.”

“Of course, master.” She said, and began to crawl away “Your toys will await your pleasure, for as long as you need.”

The half hour passed quite quickly, as I knew it would, but by the time I tossed the hot redhead off the bed and brought her and the two blondes back to their proper place, on their knees before me, I felt energized enough to have plenty of fun. I walked back to the living room, with four naked young women crawling around me, like a lewd, subservient entourage.

“So, did you manage to adjust the guest list?” I asked the wedding planner, shaking her pert behind, and crawling to my front left.

“Yes master.” She responded “The family of the brides were told the wedding was postponed, and instead, discrete invitations were sent to colleagues of the owner of the house, all from the modeling industry, young and skinny and sexy for your pleasure, master.

“And have you properly arranged them?”

“Yes master. They were all properly secured to their places, and are patiently waiting for you.”

“Heh, I doubt they're patient.” I chuckled “But I'm sure they'll be happy to see me.”

“Certainly master.” Said the crawling young women, wiggling her cute butt just for me.

I slowly paced to the living room, and once there, saw the two brides checking their new bridal dresses before the mirror.

“I see you followed my instructions perfectly. Good cunt.” I slapped the wedding planner's behind, giving credit where it was due.

The two brides wore erotic cut-ups of their original gowns, leaving their tits and their asses bare, save for a befitting, white thong. They ignored each other completely, and toiled on

spanking their rears before the mirror, making sure their ass cheeks were appropriately blushing for me, in a light red, shiny hue.

It was a wonder they even noticed my arrival beyond the cacophony of hard smacks on the rear, always followed by squeals of delight at the pain they were willing to inflict on their pert butts, just cause I said so.

The wettest, loudest squeal came when they turned around and saw me, however, surrounded by my entourage of crawling pairs of tits.

“Master!” The raven haired bride called to me, showing me her pink buttocks.

“Look, master! I prepared my petite butt just as you said!”

“Me too, master!” the blonde bride did the same, popping her bubbly behind in my direction, still ignoring her bride to be, the woman she was intent to swear her eternity for, before my arrival.

“Perfect, my little hard working bitches.” I smiled at them, and they became so moist between their legs that juices flowed down their inner thighs.

“You've colored your asses perfectly.” I spanked each of the four reddened cheeks, and walked to the back yard, where the ceremony was to take place.

The blonde bride crawled behind me, while the red haired bridesmaid remained with the dark haired bride, ready to walk her down the aisle. I arrived at the backyard and smiled at what I saw.

“You've prepared it perfectly.” I praised the wedding planner again.

There were only six big round tables scattered evenly to the sides of the aisle, three on each side. Eight nubile, young, and lewd, world class pussies were tied to each table, bent over the table's surface in perfect distance from one another, their asses making each table into a flower of youthful hotness. They all had

terrified looks on their faces, looking at each other with a shiver running through their spines, their mouths gagged, and their bodies perfectly secured in their position.

I looked around, and spread my mental influence upon the crowd of nubile hotties, like a tsunami, drowning all their worries. A few seconds later, and all eyes mellowed down, and the area was filled with calm sighs of acceptance.

One of the blonde bridesmaids rose to her feet, and joined the wedding planner, as they began to swiftly untie the wedding guests, and remove their gags. Instead of running away screaming, each youthful sex bomb smiled upon being released from bondage, reached back, and spread her ass cheeks wide, both rear holes ready and waiting for my use.

I took the position of the pastor, with the blonde bride kneeling to my right, waiting, her red ass in perfect view for everyone to see, perfectly contrasted by her white dress and sexy thong. The two blonde bridesmaids worked their lips on my rod like a well oiled machine, keeping it warm. They ran their mouths back and forth along the sides of my cock, in perfect unison, eyes wide and staring blankly forward, unblinking and unthinking.

I nodded to the tall wedding planner who just finished untying the last of the guests, and she scurried her cute behind over to call the raven haired bride, and start the ceremony. I made a split second decision to replace the absent wedding band, which consisted of men who were supposed to play the usual "Here Comes the Bride" - Clearly, they had to go.

What did I replace it with? Well, when you have the powers I have, making a back yard filled with a few dozen willing cunts squeal in harmony really isn't so hard.

I played their mind strings, and more importantly, their pussy strings, and quickly had them all humming a lovely tune of submission and arousal, all for me. I mean, for the two brides, of course, hehe.

I stretched my hand to the blonde bride, and she cooed and gently grabbed it, rubbing her cheek on the back of it like a sexy kitten.

With the lovely music playing, the redheaded bridesmaid crawled behind the raven haired bride, her face shoved in the bride's backside, licking her muff feverishly, prodding her to slowly crawl further down the aisle, moaning and smiling all the way.

It took them a while to come all the way to me, but I had the blonde bridesmaids still brushing the sides of my shaft with their lips, so I didn't mind.

When they finally arrived, the redhead went and knelt at the side, and was quickly joined by the two other bridesmaids, leaving only the blushing brides kneeling before me, each licking one of my outstretched hands like ice cream, popping their asses slightly, so proud of how well they reddened them.

I pulled my hands from their kissing lips and licking tongues, and placed them at the back of their heads, lightly pushing their faces to me, until their cheeks touched my thighs, their lips inches from my cock. I cleared my throat, and looked at the crowd, acting all formal, the two brides-to-be fixating on my erect rod, rather than each other's moist eyes.

“We have gathered here today to bring these two dykes together in holy matrimony. Isn't it nice to have marriage equality, ladies?” I asked coyly, and the crowd wiggled their feminine behinds and swooned in response.

Don't get me wrong, I'm all for full equality when it comes to civil rights, as long as everyone in the world are fully prepared to be my toys whenever I whim it, of course.

I looked down at the brides, and gently patted them.

“Now then, do you, let's call you Blondie Sex-doll, take this other cunt leaning on my crotch, to be your lawfully wedded lesbian slave-bride, and swear to serve *Me*, in sickness and in health, for richer and for poorer, bent-over, on your knees, or just

plain spreadeagled on your back, till I grow tired of your sexy bodies and replace you with younger sex toys?"

She nodded and stretched her tongue, aching to lick my cock, but she held herself off, knowing it was still not the proper time for that.

"I do, my master."

"Good girl." I said, and turned to the enslaved, hot lesbian leaning on my other leg, worshiping me with her eyes.

"And do you, whatever your name is, take this blonde dyke to be your lawfully wedded bride, in deepthroat and in anal, in servitude and with meekness, till my whims do you part?"

"I do, master. Anything you wish, master." She said, eyes tearing up with emotion.

"We love you so much, master." The blonde said.

I smiled at them – I must admit, I got a little emotional myself, it was such a beautiful moment, of two lesbians who loved each other more than anything in the world, declaring their adoration and eternal love, to a man they never met before their wedding day.

"I now pronounce you slave-wife and, well, slave-wife, I guess." I shrugged.

"You may kiss the one you love." I told them, looking down at them with a smile.

They turned their gaze from me, to each other, and then to the erect shaft that stretched like a beam between them. Together, they puckered their lips, and gave my cock a loving kiss filled with emotion that seemed to have grown through years of relationship.

It wasn't very different from the kiss they would've shared without my interference – the only change was that my cock stood between their kissing lips, and I can tell you it felt better than any loving kiss on the lips ever would.

"Ohh, fuck!" I arched my head up and pushed their lips onto my cock "And now you may worship my cock like the two sex

slaves you are.”

“*Mmm!* Yes master.” One of them said, I didn't even look down to see which one it was.

After the initial jolts of supreme pleasure subsided, I started moving my own hips back and forth, looking down to see their tongues twirl and entwine around my shaft. I moved my hard-on from one mouth to another, spearing one throat while the other bride licked and kissed my balls.

It was the longest, wettest, slurpiest wedding kiss ever, and the two brides never took their eyes off of me. Having my cock slide back and forth between their joint lips was truly the height of the best day of their lives.

The wedding planner approached with a camera, to take a still photo of the momentous event. That picture is still laying proudly on the mantle at my estate. Two brides, clad in white, kneeling before me with exposed titties, bare and well-spanked buttocks, planting their red lips on each side of my cock as I pumped back and forth.

I may not remember their names – Heck, I never even learned their names, come to think of it, but officiating their wedding is certainly a memory worth cherishing. I might even still have the actual brides tucked away in some corner of my mansion, doing whatever chores I had them do, while hoping I'd take the time to use them and fuck 'em. But I can't keep track of all my house slaves, all the time, now can I?

Anyway, the rest of that night is a bit of a blur. Hey, I was drunk on both lust *And* actual alcohol, and it's not like any of the guests was sharing my drinks. I remember I passed through the bent-over guests, fucking each one until I got bored, and then moved to the next pussy.

I distinctly remember having the brides accompany me, keeping my cock warm with their mouths as I transitioned from one guest cunt to the other, and I think I had the brides get some of the cunts wet, as well. Hey, if you have a couple of muff-eating

dykes, might as well have them prepare some pussies for you, am I right?

I figured some of the guests left the wedding pregnant. I came left and right into the top-model twats, all bent over and spreading their holes for me around the round tables. As I thought, checking the fashion magazines a few months later confirmed that four top models were surprisingly knocked up, halting their careers and whatever campaign they happened to work on at the time.

If I recall correctly, the young top models refused to even discuss an abortion, giving cryptic responses like “I must keep this precious baby in my skinny, nubile body. There is nothing else to remind me of...him.”

It was weird, actually, since I usually have no issues with telling my occasional toys to have the proper surgical adjustments done. I mean, why would I want their perfect bodies ruined by a pregnancy? I suppose I get mean when I'm drunk, and possibly a little sadistic.

Either way, I wasn't going to go out of my way to correct them. I even considered it a good thing. I always assumed I fathered some accidental children on my many adventures, at least these ones I knew about, right?

After getting hammered, and hammering most, if not all the guests, myself and the two brides went to have our own private wedding night. Needless to say, I planted some seeds in there, as well.

“Ohh fuck! You stupid bitch!” I moaned as I pinned the blonde to the bed, her legs were spread wide and wrapped around my waist.

“Yes master! Fuck this stupid bitch, master!”

Her new wife spread her legs beside us, cum oozing from her pussy – I already spent some quality time in her hole.

“Yeah, you whore! Ahhhh!” I exploded in the blonde as well, and lay my head on her breasts.

“Fuck, that was so good...”

“Yes master. So good...” She agreed.

I had planned on having the two dykes sixty-nine each other, and slurp my load from each other's pussies, but I was so damn exhausted and spent, that I just fell asleep, my head tucked between the blonde top model's soft bosoms, and my flaccid cock still resting between her open legs.

She did not complain, of course, but instead patted my head with gentle care, lulling me to an amazing night sleep, one worthy of the ruler of her life.

I woke up to the smell of bacon and eggs. Perhaps I subconsciously commanded it in my sleep, or perhaps the black haired bride just acted in a way she thought would please me. I was still on top of the blonde, still in her cunt, only I was rejuvenated, if a little hung-over.

My morning wood had no hang-over, however, and before enjoying my breakfast, I spent one final load in the blonde that served as my mattress through the night. And because she did such a great job as my furniture, I decided to sit on her back while eating my meal.

It was nearly noon by the time I decided to take my leave of the home of the newlyweds. Needless to say, they showed me out on their hands and knees, and gave my cock a nice, long farewell kiss.

"I'll definitely be back here." I told them "And maybe next time I'll haul your cute asses over to my house. I bet this place can sell for quite a lot." I took one last glance at the big mansion, and took my leave.

Outside, I found my pet sleeping next to the naked reporter. They seemed to have had quite the lesbian romp of their own. The former cop with the baton up her ass woke up as she heard my footsteps.

"*Mm!*" She whined as she opened her eyes "Arf! Arf!" She barked, and rushed towards me, greeting me with the same enthusiasm a real bitch would show her owner, who's been gone for the night.

Her thrilled barking woke the reporter up and she moved to kneel before me.

“Was she too much of a handful?” I asked the naked woman.

“Ohh, not at all, master.” The reporter said, and actually nibbled on my pet's nipples “We had a lot of fun.”

“Heh, I see. Would you like to be a pathetic bitch like her?” I asked.

The reporter turned her head and looked at the former cop awkwardly, as the innocent pet panted and tried to lick my cock through my pants.

“Uhm, thank you for offering, master, but if it's up to me, I'd rather stay your devoted slavegirl. It's your choice, in the end, master, as always.”

I smiled at them, took the leash in my hand, and turned to go, but the two dykes shouted from the mansion I just left.

“Master! Master! Wait!” They cried.

“How needy of them.” I chuckled, but then realized they were pushing someone else along with them.

“M-Master.” The raven haired dyke said with meek subservience “You forgot your MILF toy in our home.

They were right, of course. With everything going on, I completely forgot about my big-titted neighbor MILF.

“Ohh, right. Heh, I wonder if your husband is looking for you.” I said.

“He's not, master.” The still topless MILF said happily “He's used to me being away for full nights serving you. It happens quite a lot.”

“Really?” I asked, surprised “I guess I'm just so used to using you like a worthless toy, that I rarely notice it.”

“Your words honor me, master.” She said, bowing her head.

“Well, as long as you're here, why don't you use your tits again while I walk my new pet back home.”

“Certainly master.” She said and dropped to her knees “My tits are yours to enjoy, whenever you please.”

And there I was, a day later with the same pair of tits wrapped around my cock. Still, the wedding was a nice break from my daily routine. I have no regrets, and I'm sure the lovely young couple of lesbian lovers have none either.

“Hmm, Life's good.” I sighed.

“Yes master.” The pair of massive jugs beneath me said, tightening her boob-grip of my shaft.

“Life is good, master.”

Train Hopping

I know this might sound off, but believe it or not, I don't spend all of my time demeaning the feminine objects of my sexual desire, and fucking them hard. For example, there was this one time I was traveling via train to one place or another, and I was simply immersed with this new game app on my smart-phone.

It was one of those repetitive, enjoyable, simple and somewhat silly games that let you advance levels almost indefinitely, and keep breaking your previous records. I was so enraptured by the mindless fun, that I didn't really notice, nor care about, the other passengers on the train car I was in.

I didn't indulge in any sexual acts, which would normally cause me to spread some indifference through the minds in my vicinity, making sure no one gets riled up about so called “sexual misconduct”.

Little did I realize, I can be perceived as a nuisance even without fucking random sexy women in public.

“Excuse me, do you think everyone on this train want to suffer this noise?” A condescending, slightly prissy voice called out.

You see, like most of these games, this one had a somewhat annoying, repetitive soundtrack, fully equipped with silly beeps whenever I pressed a button, and a cute congratulatory soundbite whenever I cleared a level. I realize it's only fun to the person playing it, but I honestly couldn't care less, and played it on maximum volume, nonetheless.

I paused the game and raised my eyes. The young woman who berated my blatant disrespect for my fellow passengers had blonde smooth hair, sparkling blue eyes, and a slender, soft body that I wanted to feel next to mine, the second I lay my eyes on it.

I knew she was a college student without even needing to penetrate her mind, her school bag was evidence enough. Her shirt was pink and tightly pressed to her perky, round breasts – Clearly natural, and just the size I liked. She wore black sunglasses, very stylish and hip.

“Yes, I do.” I finally answered in jest, after blatantly checking her out, to her clear derision.

She responded with a sneer, and was about to return to her own business, but fortunately for her, my interest was piqued. I would've completely missed her, if she just allowed me to play my game. Instead, she was about to replace it as my source of enjoyment.

“I'm sorry, blondie, but if the noise I'm making bothers you so much, why don't you strip those cute skinny jeans off, take off your panties, straddle me, and ride my cock?”

“What?!” She asked in shock.

“Well, cunt, I need someone to make some noise, you know. If my game bothers you, I have to ask that you spread those smooth, long legs of yours, and moan like a bitch for me, instead.”

“H-How dare you speak to a woman like that?!” She raised her voice, and stood up.

“What did I say?” I asked innocently.

She huffed and rolled her eyes, just as she began loosening her jeans and lowering them down her slender hips.

“You can't just call women cunts, and ask them to moan like bitches for you.” Her jeans was already at her ankles, and she removed it one leg after the other.

“I mean, seriously,” She swiftly slid her flimsy pink panties down as well, revealing a perfectly smooth pair of pussy lips “this

is the problem with men today, you think you can demean women with your words without facing any consequences!”

I already unzipped myself, and rubbed my cock back and forth in preparation.

“If you really need to hear a woman...” She walked towards me and spread her legs above my cock, licking her fingers “moan as she takes your cock in her pussy...Mmf!” She whimpered and got her snatch nice and wet “just ask for it politely, like a gentlemen.”

She placed her hands on my shoulders, and with one motion, speared herself on me.

“*Ahh!*” She moaned loudly, her cunt penetrated as deep as my cock could reach.

“I know how to...Mmh!” She started bouncing on my shaft “Use the fuck-hole between my legs without you...Ah!...Calling me a cunt, or a bitch, mister.”

“That's good to know.” I said, and reached around her to grab her pert butt cheeks with both hands, squeezing them as she rode me, grinding her hips flexibly.

“You have a great piece of ass, by the way, and a nicely tight pussy.”

“*Mh!* Thank you, sir. That's very *Nya!* Kind of you to say that!”

I lounged in my seat while she did all the work, riding me like a fucking machine, and making more repetitive noise than my previous game ever did.

“That feels really good. Ride harder, make some more noise.” I told her after a few pleasant moments.

“Y-Yes sir. Ahhhh!” She squealed, and I spanked her, just for fun.

“Hey! Ah! It's disrespectful to hit me like that! Ahhh!”

“Well, you know what?” I asked and spanked her again “Little cunts like you don't deserve any respect. Now get me off and moan like the bitch you are!”

SMACK* *SLAP* *SPANK

I hit her behind repeatedly and strongly, and returned to calm lounging once I was done, her own movements never slowed, in fact, they only intensified. She remained quiet, other than her moans and squeals of carnal delight, and didn't even say anything in protest when I peeled her top off for her, threw it aside, and sucked on her cute, round tits.

“Owww! My nipples...” She whined as I nibbled her sensitive knobs.

“Hmm?” I asked, my mouth full.

“Nothing...Ah!” She said, and kept on riding.

My phone was beside me, and I felt like playing my game again.

“Hand me that.” I told her, and she complied instantly.

“Nice. Keep riding. Keep making noise!”

I couldn't break my previous records while she rode me, obviously, but it was certainly a new form of gaming pleasure.

“I. *Mhh!* I don't...” My hot little coed cock-rider whimpered, confused.

“What is it?” I paused my game, looked deep in her blue eyes, and asked.

“It feels *Ah!* Weird...Wrong...” She said, grinding her hips for me, my cock throbbing in her tight cunt.

“What does?” I asked, squeezing her tits.

“T-This...I...I feel like...My head...Getting fuzzy...Ngh!...”

“Feels like you're becoming dumber and dumber, emptier and emptier with every bounce on my cock, perhaps?”

“Y-Y...” She mumbled “Yeeeeesss!” She squealed suddenly, her cunt quaking in orgasm.

The tremors in her pussy were more than enough to coax me to blow my load deep within her unspoiled pussy.

“Haa, Haa...” She panted, and tried getting up.

“That felt great, cunt.” I told her.

“Thanks...I...I happy.” She said dumbly, looking down to see what was holding her back “I...I can't get up...”

She looked at me with dim witted eyes, aching for me to solve her problem, clearly barely capable of stringing a coherent thought together.

“Well, is your mind all clean, empty, and stupid like it should be? Have you totally fucked the last of your brain cells out?”

“N-No, sir. I...I still have some...I think...”

“Then I guess you'll have to wait till I'm hard again, and keep bouncing on my cock, won't you?”

“I-I will?” She looked down at the place my cock penetrated her “Y-yeah. Guess you right...” She slobbered out, and kept staring, waiting to feel me harden again.

It didn't take me long to get hard again, and as she started bouncing like the good girl she was, I gave her some stuff to say, to help her empty her brains out.

“Me stupid bitch cunt. Me live to serve master. Me sex toy. Me sex doll. Me sex slave...” She kept going on and on and on, with every bounce and every thrust.

“Oh, that's...Oh!...That's...” She looked out the window.

“What is it, cunt?” I helped her focus, with a spank.

“This me stop...” She said, sadly biting her lower lip. Her family was apparently waiting for her to get off the train, holding a “welcome home” sign. It was the beginning of summer break, after all.

“Are you properly mindless and empty?” I asked her.

“N-No master.” She shook her head in shame.

“Then you know what you must do.” I told her.

“Yes master. Me knows.” The air-headed blonde said, and continued bouncing, reluctantly leaving her family behind.

“Me stupid bitch cunt. Me live to serve master. Me sex toy. Me sex doll. Me sex slave. Me needs to fuck brains out...”

Three creampie, and around twenty stops later, we arrived at my destination. I looked deep in her moist, dim, blue eyes, and smirked.

“Are you properly empty now?” I asked her with a smile.

She smiled back.

“Yes master. Brain empty. Cunt full of cum. Me happy bitch. Me thank master for cream in pussy.” She said with an innocent look on her face.

“Great.” I said “Get off me, then. I'm done with you.”

“Yes master.” She nodded, drooling onto her tits.

She almost couldn't believe that it would work this time, and so she gasped when her wet and well-fucked pussy lips successfully detached from my cock with a moist plop, white cream immediately oozing from her teeming twat. She fell to her knees before me, not enough brains left in her to do anything else.

I gathered my stuff, just as the train stopped.

“Good cunt.” I looked back at her and said, and without any further word or instruction for the mind-fucked coed, I casually walked out onto the station's platform.

“Me good cunt.” The naked, cum-filled blonde whispered to herself. Staring at the world around her with wide, innocent, light blue eyes.

“Me sex slave. Me sex toy. Me sex doll.”

Okay, you caught me, I can't really know she whispered that, after I left the train – I'm only guessing. Now that I think about it, I wonder what really happened to her after I left...

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The Mission - Fate

* * * * *

Chapter One – Prologue

The alarm clock woke Claire up with a start, like every morning since the mission to Mars was announced. Or, rather, since the astronauts were chosen. It was the morning of the day before the launch, so it did not come as a surprise to Capri, Claire's eighteen years old daughter, that her mom came home late the night before, and collapsed on her bed.

Claire forced herself to wake up, and waddled groggily to the bathroom. She showered, brushed her teeth, combed her hair,

and went to the kitchen, to make her breakfast.

“*sniff*...Oh, what smells so good?” The delicious smell of pancakes and maple syrup filled the air.

“Your breakfast.” Capri emerged from the kitchen, with a smile on her face, and two plates resting on each of her hands. She placed a salad platter on the table, with tomatoes, carrots, and cucumbers cut just the way her mother liked it. Then, she laid down the plate in her other hand, and invited her hard working mom to munch on the delicious pancakes she made.

“Oh my...wow!” Claire gasped, eyes wide in surprise “Did I cross into a different dimension? I knew those space program scientists were working on something creepy!”

“Ha...ha....” Capri laughed sarcastically “Just sit down, and eat.” She said.

“To what do I owe this once in a lifetime honor?” Claire asked, sitting down.

“Well, you've been working so hard lately, I figured I'll do something to lighten your load.” Capri said, Staring at the floor shyly.

“Oh, honey.” Claire said, got to her feet, and gave her daughter a loving hug “I love it, thank you.”

Capri smiled lightly, trying not to show how embarrassed she was.

“Sit down! Eat!”

Claire sat down, and dug into the pancakes.

“Mmm! Delicious! Finally, the money I spent on your culinary school is paying off!” She said.

“Really? You think they teach us how to make pancakes?” Capri huffed “Being a chef is much more than just cooking food!”

“Oh, I'm kidding, honey! I'm so proud of you.” Claire told her daughter. And, she was indeed proud. She was never as sure of what she wants to do in life, when she was eighteen. Capri had a passion Claire never found in herself, until Capri was born, that is, and Claire found where her devotions lie.

Capri was born when Claire was nineteen years old. Her husband ran off shortly thereafter, realizing he can't be a dad at age eighteen. Claire didn't even blame him that much, but her motherly instincts were already in hyper drive, and she swore that her daughter will never lack a thing. Claire was never much of a cook, which made her daughter's aptitude to the culinary arts even more surprising.

“So, how's work?” Claire asked “Did that old Grinch finally let you in the kitchen?”

“No...” Capri sat down, and sighed – The disappointment oozing from her like sap from a wounded tree.

“I'm telling you, if you let me just talk with him...”

“No, mom! I'll get there on my own!” Capri shrieked

“Okay, okay...”

“Just eat!” Capri said sternly, in a way that made Claire ponder how their roles changed. She used to be the one prodding her little girl to eat her meal properly, and not play with her food.

Capri worked as a waitress at an upscale restaurant, and told the chef she wants to eventually get in the kitchen. He promised he will let her make the move, when she's ready. She was starting to think he was bullshitting her, though, and will never let her be anything more than a waitress.

Capri brought her own food to the table, and started eating slowly, and quietly. Claire realized something was bothering her daughter, but knew inquiring would only serve as an instigator for Capri to get mad, deny anything is wrong, and surround herself in a wall of secrecy. She knew Capri, and knew that if she just left her alone, she would open up to her, in her own pace, and in her own way.

Capri ate another bite of her pancakes, lowered her fork to the plate, and then just stared into the distance. She played with the maple syrup on her plate a bit, seemingly debating whether to take another bite or not.

“Mom...” She finally said, not raising her eyes from her plate “You're originally a lawyer, right?” She asked.

Claire's fork stopped in mid air, and she stared at her daughter with worried eyes. This wasn't a good way to start a conversation, especially considering how unnerved Capri seemed to be.

“Well, technically, I'm still a lawyer, you know.” Claire said “Is there anything wrong? Is it your school, or job?”

Claire couldn't help but interrogate a bit, even though she knew it was a great way to make her daughter clam up.

Capri rolled her eyes derisively.

“Oh, please. You're an astro-nanny.” She said “Not that what you're doing isn't important...”

“Well, thank you!” Claire exclaimed sarcastically “And I'll have you know, I still have to deal with a lot of...”

Claire stopped when she saw her daughter wasn't really into it that much. Capri usually loved these sorts of fake sarcastic arguments, but now she just continued playing with her fork, wearing a mantle of depressing over-thought.

“What is it, darling?” Claire asked, now even more concerned than before.

“Well...” Capri said, and tried thinking of a good way to phrase her next sentence.

“What if someone you knew at work...was...umm...” She paused “...Sexually harassed?” She finally said, and lifted her eyes, to look at her mom's reaction.

Claire knew she was making a mistake the moment she opened her mouth, but she couldn't help herself.

“Is someone harassing you at work?! Is it that creepy chef?!” she asked, aghast.

“No!” Capri quickly answered, but Claire's shock could not be drowned so easily.

“If you're being harassed., just tell me! I'll make sure they never see the light of day again! Him, and anyone else who saw, and didn't report!”

“*Stop it!*” Capri shrieked, and Claire stared at her.

“It's not me. I told you, it's some other girl.” Capri said silently.

Claire's pupils were trembling in her eyes, but she sat down, intent on salvaging the situation, and learning the truth from her daughter.

This is one of the moments that define me as a parent, she thought to herself. I have to make sure she's not hiding anything that harms her, or her friends. I have to help her.

“Okay, who is it, then?” She asked Capri.

“One of the other waitresses.” Capri said “The thing is, she doesn't want to go to the police, or complain in any way.”

“By the way, I'm a little insulted you think I wouldn't have gone to the police immediately!” Capri added.

Claire breathed a sigh of relief – Her daughter seemed to be telling the truth.

“You're right, honey. Sorry about that. So, do you need help with convincing her? I could...”

“No.” Capri interjected “I can't drag you into this, and you couldn't convince her, anyway. Listen, is there a way to go about it legally, without her consent?” She asked Claire.

Claire made a face, that made Capri understand how problematic her suggestion was.

“Well, honey, you can't file a complaint on behalf of someone who doesn't want to do so. The first thing the police will do, is talk to her. If she denies it...”

“Well, what can I do, then? I can't convince her!”

“Why? Is she romantically involved with her molester?” Claire asked.

“No, it's just...” Capri hesitated.

“What?” Claire insisted.

Capri shook her head.

“It doesn't matter. Look, is there a way to charge him, without her being a part of it?”

“Not without lying...” Claire said “I assume that man isn't doing the same to you, right?”

“No! Will you stop with the...”

“Yes yes. I'm sorry. I had to make sure....”

“So, you're saying my only option is to lie that th...I mean, he's assaulting me?...” Capri asked, surprising her mother with her quick understanding.

“You've been thinking about this a lot, huh?” Claire asked, her heart weighing a bit, knowing she completely missed her daughter's plight, until now. Capri nodded wordlessly.

“You can't lie about that, honey.” Claire said “If you're caught, you'll be in big trouble.”

“But...” Capri started.

“No buts. This can ruin your life.”

“I don't care!”

“Capri...” Claire decided a different angle “Do you really want to do this behind your friend's back?” She asked.

“I...” Capri started to realize her mother was right. “She'll hate me for a while, but...”

“No, honey. She might not get over it. And, you might end up paying big time, yourself. You should keep trying to convince her to sue.”

“But, I can't....” Capri said, defeated.

Claire took Capri's hand in her own, and looked deep into her eyes.

“Sometimes, life just isn't fair, honey. You can't help everyone, especially if they don't want to help themselves”

Capri choked some tears back, straightened herself, and picked her fork back up.

“Y-You're right, mom. You're right.” She said “Never mind, keep eating...”

Capri buried her attention back in her pancakes, and Claire couldn't help but stare at her, not feeling hungry anymore.

It appears my daughter is more like me than I thought, She told herself.

“How is Karin doing?” Capri asked after a few moments of awkward silence. Karin and Capri didn't know each other that well, and Claire knew exactly where her daughter's sudden interest in the youngest astronaut in history was coming from.

“Is this you asking, or Kelly?” Claire asked.

Capri sighed.

“Kelly, of course.” She rolled her eyes “She's worried Karin is not telling her everything. She said every conversation lasts only a few seconds, and ends with Karin saying she has to go to a special training session.”

“Well, I can tell you that she is, in fact, that busy. Kelly shouldn't worry. I'm taking care of Karin, as much as the stubborn girl is allowing me.”

“Like I said, astro-nanny.” Capri mocked her “Well, I'll tell Kelly what you said.”

“I'm sure Karin isn't hiding anything from Kelly. Not on purpose, at least.” Claire said, clarifying.

“She's a bit apathetic, isn't she? A little detached...” Capri remarked.

“She's a genius. It's hard to understand these people. It's the same with Dr. Abrahms. I'm still not sure what goes on in his mind. It's a little creepy, sometimes.”

“Well, whatever. I just hope Kelly won't die of worry, because her 'genius' sister can't handle human interactions.” Capri boldly stated, and Claire chuckled.

“Oh, honey, I rue the day the two of you get to know each other better. I don't know what's worse, you hitting it off, and becoming allies, or the two of you becoming bitter enemies.”

“What happens when an unstoppable force meets an unbreakable barrier?” Capri smiled.

“I get a heart attack, that's what.” Claire said. They both laughed, and it was like the previous awkwardness never happened.

Claire couldn't be happier with the relationship she had with her daughter. At least, as far as she knew.

Chapter Two - Kelly

Kelly stood before the mirror, and straightened her barmaid blouse, that showed just enough cleavage to be a little slutty, while remaining classy. She still couldn't understand why they forced them to wear that silly thing.

It was the day before the big launch, and Kelly had the evening shift at the bar. It was a classy up-scale place – A part of a gourmet restaurant, that had a luxurious view to the ocean, and the most swanky clientele.

Or rather, that's what the owner liked to think. Truth is, the bar portion of the restaurant was much more seedy than some might think, at least in the later hours of the day. The customers were still rich, and sometimes famous. But, that didn't stop them from behaving like animals when booze got pored into their cups.

She looked at the clock, and saw it was almost six. Her shift thirty minutes away, she had about ten minutes to spare, before going out. She took her phone in hand, and stared at it, wondering if she should call Karin, less than twenty four hours before the launch.

If it was anyone else, the answer would've been obvious. She has to call, because she didn't get a chance to really speak with her sister at all, since this thing started. At first, she was busy pretending not to freak out. Then, Karin started a crazy training regimen, and she never had time to talk.

Kelly never had the chance to talk about her concerns sincerely, and get it off her chest.

But now isn't the time, is it? I lost my chance. I can't drop it on her now. Karin is tough, but she's probably going through much more than me, right now, isn't she? She thought.

Kelly probably knew her sister better than she thought. She never told Karin, but she figured her sister was a lesbian long before Karin ever did. It was hard to miss, though, if she was honest. Karin always called Kelly naive. She always said Kelly

needed to get her life together, and grow up. She accused Kelly of being too meek in front of men, too.

It's funny, because Kelly always felt Karin was the naive one, who hasn't grown up, just yet. Karin was such an idealist, with her militaristic feminist agenda, and all. But, in the end, she hasn't been through what most people would describe as 'real life', just yet. Throughout their childhood, Karin got special treatment, from everyone.

She was the genius girl. The one who started her masters degree at an age when most people start high school. She was always the young one in the group, because all her classmates and colleagues followed a more regular time-line, in their development. She was just a kid when she started college, so even the other students were more like babysitters to her, than friends.

Kelly knew her twin sister could take care of herself, but she still worried. She has been meaning to give Karin a dose of reality for a while, but just couldn't bring herself to do so. And now, she was afraid she might never get the chance.

Maybe Karin can stay like this, though. I mean, a person as intellectually brilliant as her. Maybe she just plays according to different rules.

Kelly tried telling herself that, but knew it was wrong. Karin had political aspirations, and those were coated by her idealistic, non realistic fantasies, about absolute truths, and justice.

I'm sure she's a virgin, too. She probably never even thought of starting a romantic relationship. I wonder if she even knows what gender she's attracted to...

Kelly used to be jealous of Karin, but that all ended when their parents died. It didn't take long for Karin to block the sorrow out. Some people called her heartless. Kelly heard them, and nearly went on a rampage against them. Others figured her mind simply works differently, because of her supreme intellect.

Those people were idiots, all of them. Kelly saw Karin in those first few days. Both of them couldn't stop crying, until suddenly

something broke inside Karin. Karin decided to never really think about it. She completely suppressed those thoughts, and memories. She decided to pretend it never happened, or at least that it never bothered her.

Kelly stopped her own crying as well, but not for the same reason. She decided, then and there, that she would protect Karin. She would be the rock in their family. And, she was. They were moved to their grandfathers home, and Kelly learned how to properly cook and clean, and take care of the house.

When Karin started getting into the feminist mumbo jumbo, she told Kelly she was immortalizing the servant image for women, and lectured her daily. Kelly didn't care, as long as Karin seemed happy, and passionate about something. That's why Kelly was so worried now.

She was afraid she might lose her sister, in this crazy scientific expedition to outer space. She was afraid Karin might go through something horrible, and never be the same again. Most of all, she was afraid that if she opens up about what truly bothers her, she might break Karin, like she broke after their parents' accident. Kelly will never allow her sister to sink back to that bottom, ever again.

I wish I could talk to her about it, though. It still haunts me, sometimes.

Kelly chose the hard route, and dealt with the loss, and pain on a daily basis. Well, she was normal, after all. Perhaps that's the burden the non-genius must carry...

She stared at her phone, and made her decision. She called her sister, and hoped to have a real conversation, this time. She put the phone to her ear, and waited.

“Hey Kel. Listen, I have to rush off. I can't talk.” Karin's answer came immediately, and was no surprise to Kelly.

“But this is the last chance we'll have before the launch!” Kelly pleaded.

“I know, but we can still talk after it...” Karin said.

“Unless something horrible happens” Kelly regretted saying that almost immediately, and hoped Karin wouldn't make a big deal out of it.

“It won't.” Karin simply said, brushing Kelly's worries off. Kelly was actually happy with that. The last thing she wanted was a big fight with her sister, the day before she goes off to a different planet.

“Everything will be fine, and we'll talk! The day after tomorrow.” Karin said.

“Okay. I just wanted to tell you something...” Kelly had been trying to do this ever since Karin told her about the whole astronaut thing. She was always stopped, either by Karin's impatience, or by her own rising emotions.

“Sorry Kel” Karin interrupted “but I'll be late if I don't leave right now”.

“But!”

”No buts, I gotta go!”

“O-Ok. I love you.” She said, disappointed.

“Love you too sis, Bye.” Karin said, and hung up.

Well, maybe she's right. Besides, we'll be able to talk even during her journey. It would be awesome to speak to someone who's actually in space...

With that, Kelly pocketed her phone, and started her walk to the bus station, to catch her bus to work.

A short bus ride later, and Kelly was ready to start her shift. On her way to the bar, she met up with Capri, who worked as a waitress in the actual restaurant.

“Hey there.” Kelly said, with smiling eyes.

“Hi...” Capri grunted, looking rather grumpy.

“He didn't let you in the kitchen, did he?” Kelly asked knowingly.

Capri's eyes blazed with anger.

“His sous chef bailed, and he still won't let me take over! He says he'll handle the kitchen on his own!” She shrieked.

“Well, maybe he doesn't want you to work a double shift...”

“What employer doesn't want that?!”

She has a point, Capri had to admit.

“I'm getting sick of this..” She gritted through her teeth.

“You need to relax.” Kelly told her, rolling her eyes.

“Did you ask your mom about Karin, by the way?”

“Oh yeah.” Capri said “ She says Karin is just fine. She's hard at work training for the mission. That's all.”

“Okay, good. Well, I need to start my shift. And you need to take a load off! It's not like the closest person to *You* is going where no man, woman, or unicorn has gone before!”

“Are you trying to guilt me into cheering up?” Capri asked, narrowing her eyes.

“Is it working?”

“Well, kinda...” Capri said, and smiled.

“Okay, I won't hold you off any longer. One shift ends, and another beginning. It's the cycle of bleh...” Kelly said jokingly “see ya, Capri. I'll need some emotional help tomorrow, I'm sure, so be ready...”

All too quickly, Capri's smile faded.

“Listen, Kelly. I know you told me to never bring this up again, but...”

Capri lowered her head, and Kelly knew what was coming.

Will she ever give up?, she thought, *I guess this is nothing compared to what Karin would do, if she found out...*

“Capri, please. Today really isn't the time...”

“But, Kelly! You don't have to take it! Those creeps who feel you up while you serve their drinks. It's wrong!”

“I already told you, I'm fine with it! Just don't make a big deal out of this.” Kelly said, hoping this time Capri will be convinced.

“If you don't do anything...” Capri gulped nervously “...I will go public with it.” She said.

“I will say they did it to me, as well. And...” She stopped, clearly not sure about what she was saying.

Kelly was shocked. She stood speechless, and stared at Capri. Capri raised her eyes, swallowed, and stared at Capri with renewed resolve.

“I mean it. I will go to the press with it. I won't talk about you, but...”

“Capri, don't be an idiot.” Kelly hissed at her.

“Then stop being a...a...a willing victim!” Capri hissed back.

Kelly really wasn't in the mood for this.

“Okay, come with me.” Kelly pulled Capri aside, to a place clearly outside of anyone's ear shot.

“Okay, listen.” Kelly said “Every one of those obnoxious men who feel me up know exactly what risk they are taking.”

“What does that mean?” Capri blurted out.

“It means they make sure to give me a massive tip. And they're rich. One of them gave me fifty bucks after ordering a shot of whiskey, once!”

“Holy shit, fifty?!” Capri gasped.

“If they want a little grab-ass, knowing full well they'll never get anywhere with me, and that I can fry their balls whenever I want, and still decide to bribe me to keep me quiet. I have no issue with that!” Kelly stated determinedly.

“Really, though? You're fine with it?” Capri asked.

“Well, it's uncomfortable, sometimes. But it beats other things I would have to do to get that kind of money.” Kelly admitted.

“I'm actually starting to feel bad for the guys, now. It sounds like you're using them more than they're using you.” Capri said, with a small smirk.

“And yet I'm still the victim.” Kelly said with a devilish grin “Screw feminism, girl power can come in many forms.”

Capri sighed, and shook her head.

“Well, this was...educational...” She said.

“I bet. Now go home, and think about it. And don't do anything stupid that might stop the most lucrative job I ever had.” Kelly looked deep into Capri's eyes “Okay?”

It was obvious Capri was still struggling with the notion, but Kelly hoped she would come around.

“Okay, okay. I-I don't know. I guess I'll keep quiet...”

“Thanks.” Kelly said “Well, I guess I'll see you the day after tomorrow.”

“Na-ah, Kel, I'll be there tomorrow to watch the launch. My mom got me into the family viewing gallery. I'll be right there in case you freak out and start shooting people!”

“With a bowl of popcorn, I assume.” Kelly smiled, and turned away “Okay, then, see ya tomorrow. Oh, by the way, I'm pretty sure the only 'viewing gallery' is the control room. Just so you know...”

She sighed, and then felt Capri's hand on her shoulder.

“She'll be fine. This is a historic mission. There's no way they'll screw it up. And your sister will go down in history.”

“I hope so.” Kelly said, and walked away, heading for the bar.

Capri was another relatively naive girl, Kelly thought. The fact she didn't pick up on the reason why Kelly allows those creeps to grope her was quite a shocker. Well, she was a single child to a single mother, so she must have been sheltered, and perhaps spoiled a bit.

It didn't matter to Kelly, though. Unlike her sister, Capri was actually interested in normal stuff, and not post doctoral science only a few people in the world could even grasp. It's been a while since Kelly had such a friend. Adding the fact she owed her job to Claire, Capri's mom, made her feel even closer to Capri. They may have become best friends, in the past few months.

Claire is the person in the space agency who's responsible for the welfare of the astronauts. She's in charge of making sure they're not pushed too far, and are not suffering any harassment. Of course, her job description is probably mainly to make sure none of the astronauts sue the agency, ever. Basically, as Capri always says, she's an astro-babysitter.

Because Karin is so young compared to the other astronauts, and because her partner for the mission, Michael, is a massive

douche bag, Claire focuses most of her efforts on making sure Karin is feeling up for it.

She's the only one Karin actually complains to, when Michael pisses her off. Unfortunately, most of Karin's issues with him are not thing that could kick him off the mission. Claire did try, though, as gently as she could, since the man in charge of the whole thing, Dr. Joneleth Abrahms, insisted on Michael.

Kelly met Claire while visiting her sister at the compound where she's being trained. Kelly had another argument with Karin about going to college. Kelly wanted to wait a bit, and try finding a simple job meanwhile.

Capri was already working at the restaurant, and Claire said she might be able to get Kelly a job. She introduced Kelly to her daughter, and from that point on their friendship bloomed. It was a good thing too, cause it gave Kelly an indirect link to her sister, which helped calm her down many times, when she felt her sister was hiding hardships from her.

She started her shift, and almost immediately one of her regular patrons sat down.

"It's like they're waiting to be reeled in." She muttered. She walked over to him, looking both respectful, and a little slutty.

"What will you have today, sir?" She asked, resting one hand on her hips, while sexily curving her body sideways.

You'd probably figure that an upscale joint like this would frown on their waitresses flirting with patrons for paid ass fondles, but the owner couldn't care less. Everybody noticed what was going on, but they realized Kelly was bringing in more business. Everybody won, basically, so nobody cared.

"Well, let's see, now." He said, one hand holding his chin, while the other traveled swiftly to rest on her cute ass. She gave him a meek smile, and he pretended to think, while fondling her ass at his leisure. He was taking his time with her, and there were other patrons just waiting to give her free cash.

“Sir, what'll you have?” She said curtly, and void of the meek act she had put on before.

“What's the rush, love?” He said, and pinched her ass hard.

Feeling the pinch made her a little uncomfortable, and she decided to remind the fool of the two way street they were driving on. She grabbed his hand, and tossed it away.

“No rush, love.” She said, spitting the word 'love' with venom.

“Now make your decision. And I do hope you're in a generous mood today, cause I'm not sure I am.”

She knew he got the message. They always did. She could ruin each and every one of them, if she goes to the police, or their wives. What will they say to defend themselves? That she was okay with it? And, even if they did, who in their right mind will believe them?

Wow, Capri was a little right, I'm starting to feel like a villain, Kelly thought. *Eh, screw them, they're the ones molesting innocent young waitresses.* She concluded.

“Oh, relax babe. I had a great day on the stock market.” He said, and held a few one hundred dollar bills.

“I think your fant-ass-tic service might warrant one, or even two, of these handsome fellows here.” He waved the bills at her.

Kelly's eyes widened, and a smile inadvertently crept onto her face.

“Well, thank you very much, sir.” She said with a soft whisper “How about you take another minute or two to decide.”

“Don't mind if I do, love.” He said, and she felt a pinch on her other cheek, as his hand crawled back onto her pert behind.

She knew he got off on having his way with a young woman, fresh out of high school, just by flashing some money, that he had in abundance. However, from her point of view, she barely let him reach second base, and more than quadrupled her own salary. This was one of those cases, where both sides felt empowered,

and both sides felt they were using the other person, and controlling the situation.

"I'll have a beer." He finally said.

No shit, what a surprise. She thought, since that guy always gets the exact same thing. He clearly came for the ordering process, rather than the drinks, though. He gave her a light spank, that wasn't audible beyond a few feet from them, and sent her on her way.

"Oh, hold on, love. You didn't ask me what brand."

"I know what you drink, sir." She giggled back at him with a slutty smile.

Kelly gathered some more orders, and a few more pinches on her bum, and walked to the bar.

I should enforce a 'no pinching' rule. She decided, rubbing her ass, that started feeling a little sore. After giving the barman the down low of what the patrons ordered, she noticed he was playfully staring at her, while preparing the requested cocktails.

"What are you looking at?" She sneered at him.

"Just a hot piece of ass." He said "If you don't mind me saying, and I doubt you do."

"Oh, I do, actually." She said "You're new here, so I'll forgive you, for now. But if you continue down this path, I'll sue you for sexual harassment."

"What?!" He said "I just saw that creepy old man touch your..."

"And when you can spare a hundred for a grab, you can have it." She told him, and stared him down.

"So? How about it?" She said, demeaning him further.

"Bitch..." He said, and looked away. Kelly smirked a bit.

"Don't take it so personally, Ben." Gloria, another barmaid, said "She just has a very stressful day tomorrow. Something to do with her sister." Gloria knew not to give more details than that, without getting Kelly's approval.

"She's usually better mannered. Acidly sarcastic, sure, but better mannered." She smiled at the new barman, obviously flirting with him.

See, now that is a real slut. I'm just fiscally smart. Kelly thought to herself as she looked at Gloria.

"Uhm, you have a sister?" He asked.

"Twin sister. We're not identical, though. Most people assume identical whenever they hear twin sisters."

"Oh, I bet I can guess what goes through their minds when they hear twin sisters." He said, quite boldly.

Kelly chuckled.

"Okay, you're not bad once you actually try." She reviewed his humorous flirting skills.

"Well, thank you very much. How about giving me your twin's phone number." He said.

"Thin ice, Ben, you have no idea." Gloria cautioned.

Kelly glared at him.

"First of all. My sister will be...unavailable...for the next couple of years. Second of all, I'm pretty sure she would have cut your balls off by now, if she was here. She's sorta crazy when it comes to women's rights, and women being objectified. She would fry your 'piece of ass', if you get my drift."

"Oh, I do. Sounds like a lovely girl. Heh..."

"I warned you, Benny." Gloria said.

Kelly noticed another of her regulars walk in, and went in for the kill

"Don't call me that. That's how my grandma calls me." She heard the barman say, as she walked.

"Oh, **Giggle** sorry." She heard Gloria's silly flirtation voice.

"So, is her sister going to jail for cutting some poor dude's balls off? Is that why she'll be gone for two years?"

Kelly smirked after hearing that. It was the last thing she could catch, before getting too far to hear their conversation.

by the end of the night, she got over seven-hundred bucks just in tips. As she lay in bed, trying to sleep, she reminded herself why going along with those horny molesters was such a great idea. She couldn't stop thinking about Karin. Bouncing from

worrying about her safety, to worrying about her relationship with Michael, the only human being she'll see for the next couple of years.

Little did she know, Michael and Karin were getting very intimately acquainted, on his bed, just as she was lying alone on hers. She would never, not in a million years, guess that her sister just lost her virginity, a few minutes earlier, and had a new outlook on life, that nobody would ever recognize in her.

Just as Kelly fell asleep, Karin had her very first creampie, and obediently gathered her master's cum from her wet and violated tight cunt, slurping his load hungrily. And, as Kelly dreamed of her sister's great triumphant return to earth, Karin was busy spanking herself to oblivion, not stopping until she was told to, like any good slave girl should.

The next morning, Kelly decided to give Karin another call. She knew there's no chance Karin had the free time to talk with her, considering the launch was only seven hours away, but she had to try.

“Hello?” A man's voice answered “Who is, *ahhhh*, it?”

“Uhm...it's Kelly, Karin's sister. Who are you?” Kelly asked suspiciously.

“Oh, it's Dr. Abrahms, I'm...”

“I know who you are. Karin told me about you. Besides, we met once.”

“Ohh, right! I remember you now.” He said, and sounded a bit creepy, but she didn't fixate on it.

“Can I speak to Karin?” She asked.

“Mmm, well, she's very busy, I'm afraid. She can't come to the phone.” He said.

“What do you mean, busy? Is she training today? The launch is in a few hours.”

besides, she always answered the phone, if only to tell me she's busy, and has to go.

“Yes, these are the most important hours.” He said “Now, if you don't mind, I'm quite busy myself.”

Karin told Kelly how stern Dr. Abrahms was, and she realized she won't be able to get Karin to the phone.

“Okay, whatever.” She said “Bye.”

And she collapsed back onto bed, hoping the day will pass with no disasters.

She knew this day will change both her, and Karin's life forever. She just didn't know how.

Chapter Three - Michael

Dr. Abrahms hung up Karin's phone, and threw it on his table.

“Your sister is a rude bitch, you know that?” He said, with a judgmental tone.

Karin was on her knees before him, pleasing him with her mouth, writhing her tongue around his shaft. She plopped her dick-wrapping lips off his cock, making a loud suction sound.

“I didn't know that, master. I'm sorry for my sister's bitchiness. What can this worthless sex toy do to make up for her rudeness, master?”

She asked with pleading eyes, and submission in her voice, before playfully slapping her master's cock on her cheek, licking the side lustfully.

“Just keep sucking, whore.” He said, grabbed her head, and pushed her down on his cock. She obediently continued to skull fuck herself, with her hands behind her back, as if tied up.

Michael watched the former strong willed Karin serve like a worthless slavegirl, and pumped even harder into Michelle, the hot busty blonde he bent over Dr Abrahms' desk. She flattened her big boobs on the desk, and moaned like a slut as he fucked and spanked her.

“You really have a thing for spanking, huh, Michael?” Dr. Abrahms asked.

“Oh, certainly! I like doing it, and I enjoy the long lasting effect it has on the hue of their hot bitch asses.”

“Hah! Tell me about it” Dr. Abrahms said, as Karin gagged a bit, and continued sucking “Michelle's ass has been on the pink side for the last two months. I wonder how long it will be, before her cheeks return to their former color. I suppose this little slut's ass is next, huh?” He said, looking at Karin, who looked up at him adoringly, with her mouth full of his cock.

“Already started. She spanked her own ass ten thousand times during the night.” He informed Dr. Abrahms.

Dr. Abrahms couldn't hide his surprise.

“Wow. Well, I guess that shows how her stamina improved thanks to all the training! Haha!” he said, and reached over to Michelle, who lifted her body from the desk just enough for Dr. Abrahms to squeeze her tits.

“For sure!” Michael agreed, grabbed Michelle's hips, and increased the pace of his slamming into her well used cunt.

“Speaking of which, you seem to be quite the fan of blowjobs. Did you even use Karin's cunt, yet? I assure you, it's heavenly, and barely used!” Michael said.

“Yeah, barely used. Because you popped her cherry yesterday, huh?” Dr. Abrahms retorted.

“Hey, man, that was our agreement from the get go.” Michael reminded him.

“I know, I know. Not to worry, I'll get to her tight pussy before I send you guys to Mars. Hehe.” Dr. Abrahms said.

“Trust me, I'm definitely not worried about that.” Michael spanked Michelle again, harder than before, making her yelp.

“Thank you, master.” She cried out happily.

“There's a good reason why I'm enjoying myself so much inside her cum hungry mouth, though.” Dr. Abrahms said.

“And why's that? Well, other than the obvious reason, of course.” Michael asked.

“I'll show you.” Dr. Abrahms said, smiled, and addressed the obedient cock sucker between his legs.

“Karin, what did you think of women giving blowjobs, before you became a worthless little sex toy?”

She wetly plopped her lips from his cock once more.

“I thought only sluts gave head. I found it demeaning for a woman to tenderly kiss a man's penis. I found it degrading, and disgusting.”

She finished talking, and immediately wrapped her lips around his cock, and fiercely pierced her throat with his member, until her lips touched his balls.

“Now you understand?” Dr Abrahms asked Michael.

“As always, you're a brilliant man, Jon. I'll remember what she just said every time I fuck her face, for sure.”

“Heh, and if you forget, you can always have her repeat it.” Dr. Abrahms said, while using his hands to forcefully shove Karin's head down on his cock, hearing her gag as she desperately moved her tongue. He pushed her face down so hard, that her nose was smothered by his pelvis.

“What does this make you, bitch? All those things you just said about blowjobs?” Dr. Abrahms asked, grabbed her by the hair, and pulled her up with one swift motion.

Karin panted, and gasped for air.

“I'm a good, obedient slut, master.” She said as soon as she was physically capable of speech.

“Please, degrade this worthless bi—mmh buh mmm!” Dr. Abrahms abruptly shoved her on his cock, abiding to her self-demeaning request, before she even finished it.

“Well, “ Michael said “As long as you're using her mouth, I think I want to pound that tight teen pussy again.”

He spanked Michelle one last time, shoved into her forcefully, and then pulled out with the same force, leaving her moaning, and quivering on the desk.

“Get that ass up, you eighteen year old tight delight.” He told the former genius, turned pleasure slave.

“Yeth, mathster” She said, with a mouth full of Dr. Abrahms' cock.

Making sure to never stop sucking the doctor's cock, she got off her knees, placed her feet on the ground, and straightened her legs, so her fine ass pointed upwards for Michael's use, while her face remained buried in Dr. Abrahms' crotch.

Michael placed his hands on both cheeks of her ass, and aimed his rod at her cunt. With a swift motion, similar to what he did when he popped her cherry the day before, he thrust inside of her, eliciting a muffled moan from the double penetrated young

woman. He spanked both her cheeks once, and then started pumping into her at a steady pace.

Michael looked down on the slave he was fucking, amazed at her instinctive ability to take two cocks at a time, on either of her ends.

“So, just out of curiosity, how do you plan to move forward, after the launch?” Michael asked.

“Ahh...” Dr. Abrahms moaned, as Karin tightened her lips around his shaft.

“I already told you - This is just the opening salvo of my plan. In fact, it was merely a preparation phase.” He patted Karin head gently, as she swirled her tongue around his cock.

“I needed the space agency resources to research better ways to administer my process on women. A chair that looks like it comes from a Frankenstein movie, and takes ten minutes to work just isn't enough. I needed to come up with ways to hide it better, and to administer it to multiple victims at a time.”

“So, basically,...” Michael spanked Karin “You're saying that this whole expedition to Mars is meaningless to the plan, then? There's no reason for it to actually happen, if I understand you correctly.” He said, sounding disappointed.

“Ahhh. Good girl.” Dr. Abrahms praised Karin's tongue work.

“I'll pretend I never heard you say that, Michael. Regardless of the importance of the success of my plans, there is still great value in exploring the universe, and reaching Mars is a dream come true to anyone with any scientific curiosity.”

“Oh, well, of course! Heh...” Michael smiled nervously, taken aback by the doctor's harsh response, and slowed down his banging of Karin.

“Don't get me wrong, I am honored to be the first man to step on Mars. I've been thinking about what I should say when I do. You know, considering that whole 'one small step for man, one giant step for mankind', and all.”

“Maybe you should get there in one piece, first.” Dr. Abrahms said.

“Besides, like I told you before, this is going to be a perfect diversion from my activities. I'm going to release videos about your life in space, and your landing on Mars. I'll be using the full brunt of today's obsession with reality TV.” He laughed a sinister laugh as he said that.

“Our life in space?” Michael asked “You do realize I intend to spend most of my free time using and humiliating this bitch, right? You wouldn't want to show that, would you?” He spanked Karin again, and she moaned a grateful moan.

“Don't be an idiot. Why do you think your quarters here are a direct replica of your quarters on the spaceship? I've been filming both of you, and have already compiled over seventy hours of edited, and tampered footage.”

“Wait, what?!” Michael said. He had no idea he was being filmed the whole time.

“Oh, relax. You've got nothing to hide. Not anything I can use, anyway.” Dr. Abrahms said.

“Well, don't sound so disappointed...” Michael said sarcastically.

“So, did you come up with better ways to administer the process?” Michael asked, increasingly picking up the pace of his ramming into Karin.

“Oh, certainly. It was a great success.” Dr. Abrahms said.

“Fantastic.” Michael said with a smile, and started pumping into her at his top speed.

He was ramming into her so hard, that her head moved a little too violently back and forth, while she moved it up and down on Jon's crotch.

“Ah, fuck!” Dr. Abrahms suddenly yelled, and yanked his cock from her mouth.

“What is it?” Michael asked, slowing down.

“What is it?! My cock almost fell off, that's what!. You can't fuck her so hard while her mouth is on me. This isn't a freaking porno!”

“Okay, okay. Sorry. Sheesh.” Michael rolled his eyes.

“Just go, will you?” Dr Abrahms said, and Michael stared at him in dismay.

“What do you mean, go?!” He said, his cock still in Karin's wet cunt. She had a distraught look on her face. She didn't like making her masters argue, and felt it was all her fault, because she couldn't keep up with the blowjob, while Michael pumped into her.

“I mean, go.” Dr. Abrahms said plainly “You'll have Karin all for yourself for the next two years, and I think I deserve some alone time with this tight cunt, being the one who invented the device that made her so...heh...agreeable”

He clutched her chin between his thumb and index finger, and she smiled at him.

“Plus, I still outrank you in this agency. I'm allowed to tell you to leave. Take Michelle, have fun!” He finished with an appeasing smile, calming down a bit after his sudden angry burst. Michael looked at Karin, then at Dr. Abrahms, and then at Michelle, still bent over the desk.

Meh, He's right. Michael figured. I'll have Karin for so long I might get bored of her eventually. Besides, after all the time he spent with her former, bitchy, feminist self, he deserves some time with the new Karin.

“I suppose you're right.” He said, and pulled out of her.

“Come on, bitch. Get yourself decent enough to walk to my room.” He spanked Michelle, and she jumped up from the desk.

“Yes, master.” She said, her bare tits bouncing as she shuffled to put her clothes back on.

“That's why I picked you, Michael.” Dr. Abrahms said, feeding his erection to Karin once more.

“It's not just that you're an accomplished young scientist. You're a reasonable man, to boot!”

“Thanks for the compliment.” Michael said, and spanked Michelle, telling her to start walking.

“Have fun.” He chuckled, and left the good doctor alone.

He practically ran to his room, and Michelle ran right behind him. His cock was throbbing in his pants, after all. As he shuffled for his room keys, he got a little angry at Dr. Abrahms.

I was so fucking close to cumming! For fucks sake...

After opening the door, ripping Michelle's clothes off, and ramming into her wet pussy again, he calmed down. Yes, they were both brilliant men, but he respected Dr. Abrahms brilliance. And, he admired his genius more and more every time he used former respectable career women like Michelle, as his cum receptacles.

Michael took his belt off, and used it to lasso Michelle's neck, ramming into her as hard as he could, while choking her with his belt. Her moans subsided as she made gagging noises, but he didn't relent. Feeling close to cumming once more, he whispered in her ear.

“Now, I wonder, where should I cum? Inside, or all over your worthless ass?” He asked himself, as she became red in the face.

“Anywhere you wish, master. My body is yours.” She whispered coarsely, barely able to speak.

That's right, bitch! Anywhere I fucking want. You belong to me!

He let go of the belt, releasing her neck, spanked her one last time, and in a split second decision, pulled out and painted her ass with his cum.

“Now,” He said once he was done “Lie on your tits, and use your hands to lick it clean.”

“As you wish, master.” She said, and started scooping his load up from her ass. Her face was still rather red, and she panted audibly, as she slurped. Michael watched for a while, with a big smile on his face, before collapsing next to her, on his bed.

“Make sure to wake me up three hours before the launch.” He said, and took a little nap. This was a big day for him, after all.

“Yes, master. Thank you, master.” She said with a smile.

Like Karin, Michelle didn't sleep that night, because Dr. Abrahms had her lick his cock, even as he slept. If she could, she would've collapsed into sleep right now, as well. She couldn't take the risk of over sleeping, and failing to wake Michael up from his nap. So, she remained awake, her devotion stronger than any need to sleep, eat, or drink.

Chapter Four – Karin

After giving her master the longest blowjob of her life, and going through her first double penetration just moments earlier, Karin rose up to ride Dr Abrahms, on his chair. It was his decision, of course, like everything else. As she wrapped her arms around him, and bounced up and down on his cock with a happy twinkle in her eyes, her only thought was about how easily her weak mind was changed.

Less than twenty-four hours earlier, Karin was a virgin who only seldom dreamed of lesbian intercourse. Now, her pussy was raw from constant banging, and her only care in the world was her master's pleasure, regardless of the nature of the intercourse, that he wished her to perform.

She couldn't wipe the smile off her face, as she looked deep into his eyes, and saw the pleasure he received from fucking her tight cunt.

“Faster, bitch.” He said.

“Yes, master. I'm happy to obey.” She said with a widening grin, as she picked up the pace of her bouncing. She felt his hands on her ass, and moaned seductively.

“Yeah, you stupid bitch! My time in the space agency was certainly successful.” He said “I've already produced chairs that look completely normal, until I send them a certain radio signal. In fact, all the chairs in this office, other than my own, are of that model. And that's the least of what I've accomplished.”

“I'm so happy to hear that, master.” She moaned. Before, she would've been curious to know how he did it. Her scientific

curiosity, and need to understand as much as possible, would conquer all other things.

Now, though, she was content in knowing there are things her insignificant mind can never grasp. She accepted her inferiority to her masters, and most of her limited mental faculties went to tightening up her pussy, to please the man currently using her.

“I bet you are, bitch.” He said, and spanked her hard.

A few moments later, Karin heard the words all slavegirls constantly ache to hear.

“*Ohhhh!* I'm cumming, slut! *Ahhh!*” Dr. Abrahms moaned, and Karin yelped in happiness, took his cock as deep inside of her as she could, and moved her hips back and forth on his throbbing hard-on.

He grabbed her ass firmly, arched his head backward, and started shooting his load straight in her needy cunt. She tried her best to accommodate him, tightening her cunt's grip on his ejaculating member, and gently moving her hips in a slightly circular motion, just enough to increase his pleasure.

Feeling his warm jizz spray inside of her, made her so happy and euphoric, that she almost lost consciousness. Although, it may have been because she spent the night spanking herself for Michael's benefit. After he was done jerking his load into her, her only hope was that it didn't drip out of her pussy, and go to waste.

I will happily slurp it from the floor, if need be. She knew.

She remained on her master's cock, with her hands on his shoulders, staring at him with the best naughty, yet submissive expression she could muster. Karin knew it would be rude, and unbecoming of a living sex toy like herself, to get up, or even move without her master's say so.

He pinched her perky tits with one hand, and then grabbed her cheeks with the other, squishing her mouth.

“Such a good girl.” He said, shaking her head sideways. Her pussy quivered around his cock, at the sound of his praise.

“Thank you so much, master.” She said in a soft and weak voice.

“You can go.” He said. “I’ll call you if I want to use you again, before the launch.”

“Yes, master.” Karin accepted her master's absolute word, and stood up.

She immediately placed two fingers on her pussy, to stop her master's precious load from dripping out. She gathered the cum that did fall, on her fingers, and licked it clean. Her pussy felt wrong, now that no one was using it. In fact, her entire body felt void of purpose.

Her only solace, was that she knew it was merely temporary, until her masters wish to use her again. She made a show out of putting her clothes back on, shaking her ass at Dr. Abrahms while putting her tight yoga pants back on. She wore no underwear, so the show ended quite quickly.

She left the room with a wiggle to her pert butt, and purposefully allowed the door to push her ass, as she left, hoping her master saw it, and was amused by it. Back in her room, she prepared herself for a nap, setting her phone to wake her up in time for the launch.

Of course, her masters might want to call her up at any time. She didn't care. Her rest came second to her master's pleasure, and she would rather die than displease. After gulping the cum that insisted on dripping from her tight cunt, and right before getting in bed, there was a knock on her door. It was Claire, the woman who made sure Karin was being treated fairly, and not over exerting herself.

“Are you okay, Karin? You seem extremely tired.” She asked, after Karin invited her in.

“Yea, I didn't get much sleep.” Karin responded.

“Nervous about the launch, huh?”

Not really, I just had to spank myself ten thousand times at my master's command. Karin plainly thought. She wouldn't say that to an unconverted woman, though.

“Yeah...”

“That's understandable. Well, I guess you should rest up, then.” Claire said, realizing Karin was getting ready for bed.”

Just then, Her phone rang. It was Dr. Abrahms. It seems he wasn't done with her, just yet.

“Hey, Dr. Abrahms.” She said as she answered the phone, and immediately felt an urge to spank herself, for not calling him master.

“Hey there, slut.” he said, making her pussy moisten “I think I let you go prematurely. I still need a tight cunt around my cock, it seems.”

“Tell him you need to rest.” Claire told Karin, but she ignored her.

“I'll be right there, mas...Dr. Abrahms.” She said, moving her hand to her ass instinctively, stopping a spank at the last moment.

Claire frowned at her.

“Whatever it is, it can wait, Karin. You need to get some sleep before the big launch.”

“Oh, is that Claire?” Dr. Abrahms asked, as he heard her voice through the phone.

“Yes. Sir.” Karin said, settling on Sir until she can refer to him properly again.

“Oh, bring her, then! She'll be a perfect first victim for my new chairs.”

Karin smiled ear to ear.

“Yes, sir!” She said happily, and hung up the phone.

“Come on! There's something you have to see!” Karin told Claire excitedly.

“Wait, what?” Claire asked, as Karin pulled her by the hand like an overzealous child.

“Karin, you really need to rest before the launch!” Claire said.

“Screw rest! I'm going to Mars today!” Karin figured pretending to be too hypered about the launch will convince Claire, and she was right.

“Okay, okay! Stop pulling me.” Claire said, and Karin released her grasp.

“What's so important that I have to see?” Claire asked.

“Oh, I'm not telling. You'll see. It's amazing!”

“Where are we going?” Claire asked.

“Dr. Abrahms' office.” Karin answered, and spanked herself lightly. Claire didn't notice.

“Well, okay, then. But after that I really think you should try getting a little sleep...”

Dr. Abrahms sat on his chair when they arrived. Karin was trying to figure out if he had any pants on, and wondered how long it will be, before she loses hers.

“Sit down.” He said, and motioned his hands to the two chairs before his desk. Karin giddily parked her ass on one of the chairs, knowing full well their true purpose was much more than just lumbar support

It was obvious Claire found Karin's demeanor funny, but she wasn't going to be suspicious of a chair. She took a seat on the other chair, and Dr. Abrahms didn't wait a single moment to act.

Without trying to create a diversion, and without trying to make Claire feel comfortable, or dull her defenses, he simply clicked a remote control he had on his desk, and strong synthetic clasps wrapped around Claire's hands and feet, constraining her to the chair.

“What the?!” She said, quite distraught, looking at her tied up arms.

“WHAT'S GOING O...oooo...”

Another metal clasp emerged from the back of the chair. This one was wider, and wrapped itself around her head.

“Well, that calmed her down nicely.” Dr. Abrahms said with a wicked smile.

Karin shot up to her feet, smiling happily.

“Is it done, master?” She asked.

“Not quite. She still has to go through the process. About five minutes will suffice, I reckon. She won't be able to scream, though.”

He clicked another button, and the chair started to hum, doing its work. Dr. Abrahms pushed his chair from the desk, revealing he was naked, and quite hard underneath.

“Good. I don't want anything to muffle my moans, master. Unless you want me to be quiet as well, of course.” Karin said, and took off her top, revealing her perky teen tits. She took his action as an invitation to please him with her tight body, so she thought he should see her goods, and make his decision on how to best enjoy her.

She shook her ass for him as she took her yoga pants off, just like she did when she put them on, earlier. Completely nude, she knelt before him, and waited for his commands, ready to fulfill his every whim.

“Karin...What...” Claire could barely speak “What's...going on...here?” She asked.

“What do you mean?” Karin asked, not seeing what was odd with the situation. Then, she realized Claire was not indoctrinated with her master's truth yet, and gave a more reasonable answer.

“You'll understand soon, Claire. Don't worry.” She reassured the poor woman on the chair, so deluded by her free will.

“I'll explain.” Dr. Abrahms said.

“You see. I'm her master, and she's my obedient, docile sex slave. And soon, you'll be that, as well. It's quite simple really. As for what's going on here, well, I decided to use my slave one last time before she goes on that mission to Mars. That's all.”

Claire's face showed a blend of panic, lack of understanding, and even some curiosity.

“How may I please you, master?” Karin asked in a subservient manner. Dr. Abrahms laughed as he saw Claire's eyes widen in

surprise. Hearing the former militaristic feminist being so submissive to a man must have made her blow a fuse.

“Come and ride me, slut.” He told Karin.

“Yes, master.” She said, and jumped up to obey.

As she positioned herself before him, spreading her legs above his cock, and giving him the same wet look of adoration she did earlier that morning, he placed two of his fingers on her pussy lips and stopped her descent on his cock.

“Ahhh...” She moaned as he fingered her.

“Shhh...” He said “Not like this. I want Claire to see how far gone you are, while she's being treated to the same process. Turn around – I'll enjoy seeing your stupid ass bounce on my cock.”

He unplugged his fingers from her pussy, and fed them for her to clean. Then, with a happy 'Yes, master', she turned around, and impaled herself on his cock with gusto.

He reached around her to grab her tits, and she made sure her legs were spread and that Claire had an unobstructed view of her well fucked pussy being pounded.

“Thank you, maaasssss....tahhhh” She barely finished saying, as one of his hands left her breast, and rubbed her clit.

“Rub your clit on your own while you ride me, bitch.” He commanded, and she happily obeyed.

“What?....No...” Claire mumbled. It was obvious the process had started, and she was learning the new truths in her life, but she still struggled.

“I remember that part, Claire...Ah!” Karin said, riding her master in a steady pace, while rubbing her clit, making her pussy nice and wet for him.

“When your old, useless self tries to fight the truth. I remember the old Karin trying to claim she isn't a slave-cunt, only good for pleasing her master. Ridiculous, right?”

Karin could feel her master's cock throb inside of her, and she knew what she was saying made him feel even better.

So, she continued.

“But, it's so easy to learn the truth. It's as natural as walking, or breathing.” She said, and felt a sharp spank on her ass. She showed her gratitude by wiggling her ass lightly.

“I remember it like it was yesterday.” She continued “Oh, silly me, it actually was yesterday!” She moaned and laughed as she writhed on her master's cock.

“I understood how perfect my master was. I realized he was always right, and it was so easy to just let go of all my silly pride, and submit my existence to him. I'm so happy he took my defiance away, and replaced it with his cock in my tight cunt.”

She continued walking Claire through what she remembered from the process that changed her life forever, well after Claire stopped listening, and just sat there with dazed eyes, drooling on her chin in mindlessness.

“Ride me faster, bitch.” He told her, like he did in their earlier fuck session.

“Gladly, master!” She said, and picked up the pace of her hips shaking on his cock.

“Master, did I look as pathetic as her when I was re-educated?” Karin asked dumbly, as she looked at Claire's unresponsive, drooling, and dazed face.

“More or less, slut.” Her master said, and spanked her once more.

She spent the next few minutes praising her master's superiority, and worshiping him with her words, while pleasing him with her body. He told her to go slow, and she realized he didn't want to cum.

Silly me, she thought, master is just using me to warm his cock up before he uses Claire. I should've realized that.

She wasn't insulted, or unhappy, by the fact he was using her as a warm up pussy, and nothing more. She was just mad at herself, for not understanding how to accommodate to his wishes sooner.

Karin loosened her pussy a bit. It was still heavenly tight, but not like when she clenched it on purpose. She submitted herself

to the mere warming of her master's cock. Sliding up and down slowly. Keeping him hard, but not throbbing, so he can use Claire properly once she was ready for him.

Moments later, as Karin's pussy lips lowered to her master's balls, the chair stopped buzzing, and the restraints fell back to their hidden place. Karin looked at Claire with moist, awe-filled eyes, as she rose from her chair, and smiled at what she saw.

“How may I serve you, master?” Claire asked with the same dumb smile Karin wore, and the same mesmerized twinkle in her eyes.

“Show me those tits, for starters.” Dr. Abrahms said.

“Yes, master!” Claire squealed, and swiftly tore her blouse apart, sending buttons flying in all directions. Her bra was off in a fraction of a second, and before the good doctor, and his cock-riding teen slave, stood a topless busty MILF, bouncing her tits, and waiting to please.

“Go greet my new slave, Karin.” Dr. Abrahms spanked Karin and said.

“Nyaa...As you wish, master.” Karin said with a high pitched moan, and stood up, shaking her tight smooth ass for him.

She walked towards Claire, and attacked her big boobs as soon as she was close enough. She licked, sucked, nibbled, and pinched, eliciting horny moans from the hot topless woman. Claire, on her part, made sure to slowly drop her skirt to the ground, and make slutty alluring gestures for her master.

“Nice. Red panties.” Dr. Abrahms said. Claire showed off her assets for him, while Karin ravaged her breasts like she always dreamed of doing to another woman, before her utter enslavement to men.

The last time Claire came close to putting such a sexy show for a man, was eighteen years ago, with Capri's father. This time, there was another helpless slavegirl to help arouse her man, though. Her master, to be accurate.

“Karin, shove your face in her cunt.” He casually ordered.

Karin acknowledged his command by plopping her lips off of Claire's nipple loudly, going to her knees, and pushing her cheek on Claire's ass.

“Like this, master?” She asked, and spanked Claire's other ass cheek.

“Or, like this?” She asked again, and shoved her face between Claire's ass cheeks, licking and nibbling on her pussy through her panties.

“*Ohh!*” Claire moaned, and shoved Karin's face harder into her nether regions, making sure her ass pointed directly at her master.

“What a naughty girl! *Ahhh!*” Claire said, as Karin ravaged her through her panty fabric. Karin had fantasized about lesbian sex ever since she started developing her sexuality, so it was ironic how now that she did it, all she dreamed of was pleasing her master's cock with her body, once more.

She knew she was the side dish, this time, though. Her master had a new slave, and he already used Karin to his heart's content.

Karin knew her master stood up, because she heard Claire squeal in delight. She couldn't see him, because her face was buried in Claire's ass, but she hoped he would soon find a way to enjoy her. She wanted nothing more than to feel his hands exploring her body, that completely belonged to him.

“On your knees, Claire. I want to see how those tits fit around my cock.” He said, and Claire fell to her knees so fast, she almost took Karin's head down with it. Karin was rather disoriented, at first. Like a prisoner seeing the light of day after twenty years, it took her a few moments to get her bearings, and marbles together. Once she did, Claire was already moving her entire upper body up and down, wrapping her fun-bags around her master's cock.

Claire made sure to drool on her tits, to oil them so her titfuck was as smooth as possible. She licked and kissed the tip like a hungry puppy, and made sure to use her hands to press her tits and tightly hug his cock.

“Do you **Slurp** like it, master?” Claire asked.

“Oh, it's quite nice. This is not your first titfuck. I can tell!” He said, and he was right of course. However, Claire was never so devoted to her partner's pleasure, as she was at that moment, enslaved to him, body and soul.

Karin didn't know what to do, ignored as she was. She couldn't leave, because her master might still want to use her. So, she simply knelt beside Claire, pushed her perky tits together, and looked up at her master with adoring, pleading eyes, showing him that she can learn how to please his cock with her tits, if he wanted her to.

“What a cute little bitch.” He said, and patted her cheek with his finger, making her whimper happily.

“Try licking me while she's titfucking me, Karin.” He told her.

“Yes, master!” Karin said, always happy to be given a challenge.

She tried pushing her tongue through Claire's tits, but her mounds of flesh were impenetrable. She attempted to lick his tip with every thrust, but Claire's mouth was always there to win the prize first. She knelt there, bending her mind to come up with a solution, getting more and more frustrated at her inability to follow her master's commands.

Just when she was about to give up, beg her master's forgiveness, and ask for a proper punishment, she had an idea. She lowered her face, to look beneath the breasts that so eagerly pleased her master, and saw her prize. His balls went back and forth, as his cock went in and out of Claire's cleavage. However, they were never covered by her big boobs.

With a happy squeal of delight, she raised her head from bellow, and kissed her master's balls passionately. She continued to lick and kiss, listening to his moans of pleasure. She knew she was doing a good job.

“Hmm, that's nice.” She heard her owner say “You found your purpose, Karin. Haven't you?” He asked.

“Yes, master.” She said between wet licks and kisses “I exist to lick your sperm filled balls, master. Thank you, master.”

“That's a good girl.” He said “But now, I want to try my new pussy. Claire, lie on my desk.”

“Yes, master.” Karin heard Claire say, and then the shadow of Claire's tits lifted, and Karin gazed up at her master's wonderful face. Abiding to the last command he gave her, Karin continued to lick up the shaft, until her master told her to stop.

He told Karin to stand beside him, as he opened Claire's legs on the desk, and moved her panties aside.

“I'll open my legs for you, anytime you want, master.” Claire said, looking up at him from his desk.

“Yes you will.” He said, and inserted his tip into her.

“You.” He rammed into her, hard and deep.

“Worthless.” And again, making her moan.

“Cunt!” He said, pushed even harder than before, and grabbed Claire's tits with both hands, squeezing forcefully.

After that, He started pumping into Claire in a steady pace, watching her tits move back and forth with every thrust. Only then did Karin understand what she was standing there for. He started groping Karin's young, eighteen year old body, as he fucked Claire, using her a squeeze toy, while he used Claire as a fuck doll.

She smiled at him, happy to be given his attention, for as long as he wanted to.

“Okay, Karin, go back to your room.” He said, and spanked her ass. She was a little sad, but understood that her master can't play with her all the time. He had plenty of hot slaves just like her to have fun with.

“Yes, master.” She said, and rushed to dress herself up again. This time he didn't tell her to make a show of it, and he was busy fucking another cunt, so she was entirely utilitarian in her motions.

“Don't go to sleep, though. The launch is a mere three hours away.”

“Yes, master.” She said, and turned to go.

“Find something to stick in your pussy while you wait for the launch. Like a cucumber, or a TV remote. I don't care. Just make sure to stick something in your pussy while you wait.” He told her, grinning fiendishly.

“Yes master. Am I allowed to cum?” She asked, only now realizing how horny she was. She hasn't orgasmed since her cherry was popped, the previous day.

“No Karin. You may only orgasm when Michael allows you to. Once you're in outer space.” He said, with a final stroke of wickedness.

“Yes, master.” She said happily, as she saw the joy her master felt by humiliating her. She walked to the door of his office, intent on spearing her tight cunt for the next three hours, and deprive herself from orgasm, even though she felt she could cum at any moment.

“Now, Claire.” Karin heard her master say as she walked out “I understand you have an eighteen year old daughter.”

“Yes, master!” Claire said.

“I want you to bring her here, so she can become my sex toy as well. Before the launch, preferably.”

“Of course, master!” Claire gave her eternal consent, seeing Capri as just another thing that can please her master.

He gave her a phone, and she made the call.

“Hey Capri...Ah....Listen. I need you to come to the base as soon as possible. Yes, in the next half hour, if you can. I'll explain when you get here. Just hurry!”

Karin stopped at the door, listening to Claire happily sacrificing her daughter. When she realized she was disobeying her master by not leaving, she spanked herself, and finally left his office. Her master's absolute control over his slaves was just so alluring, that she lost her senses for a bit. She would have to spank herself some more before the launch, to make up for it.

In her room, she opened her fridge, and chose the largest cucumber she found. She disrobed, positioned herself on her

hands and knees, and pierced her pussy with no remorse, or mercy. A few moments later, when it was already nearly impossible for her to avoid orgasm, she started spanking herself, silently repenting for her misdeeds towards her masters.

Her sister called again, but she had no reason to answer. Unless her master told her to bring her sister to be brainwashed as well, that is. Her sister's well being was nothing compared to the importance of her master's pleasure, after all.

Spank

I'm your sex toy, please use me...

Spank

I'm your sex toy, please use me...

Spank

I'm your sex toy, please use me...

She repeated, on and on.

Chapter Five – The launch

Kelly, Dr Abrahms, Capri, Claire, Michelle, and about two dozen other employees stood in the control room, and gazed at the shuttle that will soon launch Karin and Michael out of the atmosphere, and on to the nearest planet – Mars.

Among the other people in the control room, there were scientists, engineers, and other employees whose sole responsibility was to check the readings from the shuttle, and verify that all seems to be in working order. Dr. Abrahms supervised from behind, with Capri and Claire next to him. Kelly stood next to the screen showing Karin and Michael, and shivered in excitement, and perhaps some fear.

Some of the men in the room knew about Dr. Abrahms' true plans, while others didn't. Some of the women in the room were helplessly enslaved to those men, while others weren't.

“All systems go.”, One of the men said.

“begin the countdown, then.” Dr. Abrahms ordered.

“Understood.” Came the reply.

“All systems go. Starting count down, confirmed. Begin launch sequence.” The same man said.

“Beginning launch sequence.” Michael parroted, flicked some switches, and pressed some buttons. Karin stared blankly forward, looking dazed, and happy.

”Ten.”

Michael felt the shuttle starting to rattle, and took the amazing experience in. He will see things only a handful of men have seen before, and be the first human to step on Mars. He will go where no man has gone before, and the meaning of that took his breath away. Karin, his obedient sex slave, sat beside him, and he knew he won't be lonely on this trip. He will have the perfect companionship.

“Nine.”

Karin felt the trembles of the shuttle as well, as it was about to launch. It only served to magnify her great arousal, though. She could think of nothing other than pleasing her master, and the tingling ache in her orgasm-deprived cunt.

She spent the previous hours fucking herself with a makeshift veggie dildo, and never allowed herself to climax. Completely mind numbed, she smiled rather dumbly, and fantasized of the moment her master will allow her to cum.

She could not be excited by the weight of the moment, anymore. She was no longer a leading scientist, making a first step into the unknown. She was a sex doll, for her master's pleasure, and her priorities were made to fit her new position in life.

“Eight.”

Claire watched the screens, and the vessel carrying the two astronauts she catered to over the last few months. She thought of how meaningless those months were. Why did she care so much for Karin, when she should've pleased both Michael, and

Dr. Abrahms? Her biggest regret was that she could not see her true purpose, before that fateful day.

Her only solace was that she could replace Karin with another tight, firm, eighteen years old pussy, for her master's pleasure. She brought him her daughter, with no remorse. He fucked her as her daughter watched, and cried.

Claire told Capri she would understand. She told her there was nothing they could deny their master. They were his to enjoy, and she told Capri she will understand soon. Claire felt her master's hand on her ass, and sighed happily.

“Seven.”

Capri didn't take long to understand. At first she was appalled, watching her master bend her mother over his desk, and fuck her senseless. She was so distraught, that her own mother would give her to the service of a man. The more she watched, the better it made her feel, though. Her mom was just a set of wet, comfy holes for her master to enjoy. That truth became more and more obvious to her, as her old self became quieter and quieter.

Now, after helping her mom in serving the man who owned them both, she could do nothing but smile. She no longer thought of Kelly, her best friend, though she never told Kelly that's how she considered her. She no longer minded that Kelly was all alone, watching her sister launching off to space, in absolute terror. She no longer cared that Kelly was touched and molested by the customers at the bar.

All she cared about was the hand that now rested on her own cute ass. Just that morning, she would have been disgusted by the thought of letting a man touch her like that. Now, she saw no other purpose for her barely eighteen piece of perfect behind. She felt his hand squeeze her buttock, and smiled at her master, completely oblivious to the history that was being made before her eyes.

“Six.”

Dr. Joneleth Abrahms watched another part of his master plan carry out perfectly. In the shuttle was his ally, Michael, and the newly trained Karin, also known as one of his mindless thralls. He stood at the back, and surveyed the event. He wasn't worried that the launch might fail, since he was the one who made sure everything was perfectly prepared.

He had his hands on his newest slaves, which is why he made sure to stand back, while everyone fixated on the shuttle. A mother daughter pair, as young as one can hope for. Capri has just turned eighteen, and had a firm body, soft in just the right ways.

Claire had an eighteen years old daughter, but since she was only thirty-seven years old, and haven't given birth in eighteen years, she could have been mistaken for a much younger woman. She had a buxom cleavage, and a thin physique. Actually, if she wore the right attire, she would look as good as her hot daughter.

They both looked hot in their short, smooth, silk dresses, one black, and one white. They were only short enough to cover their ass, and they wore no panties, so his access to their pussies was easy, and enjoyable.

His eyes kept shooting towards Kelly, Karin's twin sister. There was no doubt that, as hot as Karin was, Kelly was actually better looking. Her features were slightly smoother, and her body more petite. She looked like a living sex doll, actually.

He knew he would regret not brainwashing her before the launch. If he had, then he would have enjoyed a pair of twins serving him, for a day. But, he was scared Karin might realize something was wrong.

In the end, he over estimated Karin's high intelligence. She was still a young woman, and was as gullible as the rest of them. There wasn't even an inkling of awareness or suspicion in her, at least until it was way too late, and she was already in the chair that changed her life forever.

“Five.”

Kelly watched the her sister in awe, and terror. She was so proud of her, for her resolve, and her courage. She could see Karin was nervous.

Her sister's face often distorted, as if she was in pain, but Kelly knew it was just her being agitated. She moved her legs, opening and closing them all the time. Kelly knew people watching it will make jokes, and she might as well, some day.

She couldn't care less at the moment, though. She just wanted her sister to be happy, no matter how funny she may have looked, as she coped with the moment. Kelly always knew her sister's brave face was a bit of an act. It made her more human, to see her react like that.

In the end, Karin smiled happily. Kelly hasn't seen her smile like that, well, since their parents died. Kelly teared up as she watched, and silently told Karin everything she always wanted to tell her, and then, she told her how none of it ever mattered, because she was bigger than life.

Her sister was amazing, and Kelly could not be more proud of her.

“Four.”

Michael checked that all the dials showed proper readings, and soaked another endless moment in. Even in that moment of utmost excitement, he had the presence of mind to put on a show for the public, who will watch this footage for sure. He reached aside, and held Karin's hand. The subservient sex slave grasped his extended hand without question, as he knew she would.

“I certainly hope Jon will be properly grateful to me, being so devoted to his venture.” Michael mumbled.

“What was that, Mr. Thompson?” Ground control asked.

“Uh, nothing. Sorry.” He said quickly. Realizing the magnitude of the mistake he nearly made, he clutched Karin's hand tighter, nearly breaking her dainty fingers. She didn't complain, at all.

“Three.”

Karin felt her master's touch, and nearly lost control of her arousal. She continued helplessly opening and closing her legs, hoping that once they leave Earth's atmosphere, her master would open her legs, stick his cock inside, and allow her to cum. She smiled like a dumb bimbo, making excruciating faces in between, as she tried to stop the rising tide of her orgasm.

“Two.”

Claire swallowed a happy squeal, as she felt her master spank her ass, in response to Michael's slight slip of the tongue.

“Stupid idiot.” He gritted through his teeth, as he increased the force in which he grabbed Claire's behind, silently expressing his anger.

“He's lucky he said 'venture', and not something more incriminating.” Dr. Abrahms mumbled. Nobody heard the spank, and Claire was happy to serve as his stress relief.

“One.”

Michael and Karin felt the full brunt of the rocket's power, as the control room spectators watched the bright light before them. In a matter of seconds, all that was left on the ground was a cloud of smoke, and the shuttle made its way to the heavens, and beyond.

Karin was so proud of herself. Not for embarking on this amazing journey, not at all. She smiled, and teared up a bit, only because she managed to avoid climaxing. Her cunt would have been visibly wet, had she not wore an astronaut's suit, but she held off her orgasm. And she'll continue to obediently deprive her pleasure, unless, and until her master wishes her to.

“This will be an amazing journey.” Michael said, greeting the vast darkness they were heading towards.

“We have lift off.” They heard ground control say, and the sound of great cheers, and celebration.

Chapter Six – Epilogue

Once the shuttle left Earth's atmosphere, Dr Abrahms left to his own private celebration, walking back to his office with one hand on Capri's ass, and the other on Claire's tits. Kelly remained in the control room, watching the shuttle distance her twin sister away from her.

“Hrrrm” Dr. Abrahms sighed, as he lounged in his comfy chair. Under his desk, Capri diligently moved her head up and down his shaft, moving her tongue like her mom taught her, earlier that day. Claire was also in her proper place. Under her master's desk, licking his balls, making sure every inch of his manhood enjoyed every single moment.

Both slaves exposed their breasts as they entered the room, allowing their master to fondle, and squeeze, before kneeling at his feet. Their tits bounced and jostled with every pleasurable movement they made. Dr. Abrahms took another deep breath, folded his fingers behind his head, closed his eyes, and fell to nirvana.

“Dr. Abrahms, this worthless cunt is sorry to disturb.” He heard Michelle's voice say, and opened his eyes abruptly.

“Hmph. What is it, bitch?” He asked.

“It's Kelly Williams.” Michelle said “She demands an audience with you, master. She says she must speak with her sister, as soon as possible.”

“Hmm,” He said, a little worried “Did she seem suspicious of anything?”

“No, master. She just said there was something she had to tell her sister.”

“Well, whatever. This is as good a time as any to take her, anyway. Tell her I will see her in fifteen minutes, or so.”

“Yes, master, as you wish.” Michelle said, and left.

“Okay, bitches, change in plans. We'll have to hurry this up a bit. Stand up.” He commanded Claire and Capri.

They stood before him, both smiling broadly, thrusting their bare chests out proudly.

“Hmm, now, which one of you pussies will I use.” He wondered out loud, squeezing Capri's firm, perky tits.

“Let's see.” He said, and moved to fondle Claire's big jugs as if browsing at a shop.

“Turn around and show me those cunts. That will help me decide.” He finally said.

Both helpless sex toys did as they were told. They turned around, lifted their already short dresses, just high enough to reveal their bare pussies, and shook their asses seductively for him.

“Well, well.” He said, taking a handful of Claire's ass “This is quite nice.”

He inserted his hard cock into her wet cunt, and pumped a few times.

“*Nnn! Nnn!*” She whimpered and moaned “Thank you, master.”

“Hmm, perhaps.” He said, and pulled out.

Then, he did the same with Capri. He obviously wanted to keep playing coy with his toys a little longer, but he could no longer resist the wiles of the hot young woman accepting his cock inside of her.

“Oh, fuck it!” He exclaimed, grabbed Capri, and bent her over his desk. A second later, he was pumping into her tight cunt like there was no tomorrow.

“*Ahh! Ahh! Kyaaaaa!*” She moaned happily “Thank you so much, master!” The daughter took a page off of her mother's docile book.

Tossed aside, and ignored, Claire had nothing to do other than plant her pussy on the corner of the desk, and hump it as she watched her daughter being fucked hard.

“Oh yes, master.” She whispered “Fuck her, master. She's your fuck toy.”

No longer thinking of Capri's future as a chef, her only thoughts of her daughter referred to how much of their master's

cum could she swallow, before she's full, and how long can she fuck him.

“She was always a good eater, even though her physique would suggest otherwise.” She mumbled incoherently, and rubbed against the desk.

“Oh, yeah! Fucking fresh young pussies is just the best! And it's like the eighteen year old hotties are just lining up to be owned! Hahahaha!” Dr. Abrahms said happily, as he pumped into Capri's tightness.

“Next is that Kelly bitch! I'll have fun fucking both of you at the same time!” He said, and spanked Capri hard.

“Yes, master! Ahhhh...Please use us as you wish!” Capri said, as her entire body was rocked back and forth.

Outside his sound proof office, Kelly waited impatiently, to be granted attendance with the busy doctor. She checked the time, thinking it was getting a little late. She had no idea that her day was just about to begin, along with her brand new life.

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