

Whatever you say 11

Dave watched on his monitor as the door to his dorm opened, and Amy lead the row of cheerleaders into their small living room. Once they were all in, Dave turned towards Lulu again, making sure she could see the screen as well.

“Well, Lulu?” He said, “Tell me what you think of this.”

Lulu grimaced before opening her mouth, compelled to answer him in spite of herself. “They’re all doomed. You’re going to make them your test subjects too, aren’t you.”

Dave stood up, and walked towards the door, stopping to grope Lulu’s breast on his way out. “That’s right.”

“I have a better idea.” Lulu whispered into his ear sensually.

“You haven’t had any good ideas so far.” Dave replied, “Do you think this will work out any better?”

“I do.” She said, kissing his ear as she whispered hotly to him “I think you’ll like it.”

He shivered as she spoke... He knew she had to be up to something, but she was already told she couldn’t harm him physically or emotionally... What could she be trying to do...

“Listen,” She continued gently pressing her body up against his as her hand traced it’s way down his chest and towards his crotch “I know what you want. This whole... Research thing? It’s all an excuse to get it.”

“I know why too” She continued, a sultry tone in her voice “You have to keep that girlfriend of yours happy... But I would let you indulge in all your desires...”

“You want to split up my relationship?” Dave said, skeptically “You know that would emotionally hurt Amy.”

“It wouldn’t hurt her at all.” Lulu replied “You can make her happy to step aside. Then I can show you how to gain some real influence with that phone app of yours...”

Lulu’s hand slid into Dave’s jeans, her hand lightly gripping his cock as she continued her efforts “I’ll be the perfect trophy wife, and you could have anything you wanted. All the girls you desire, wealth beyond measure, political power. You know she wouldn’t have the slightest idea where to begin... You know you need me.”

Slowly, she raised a hand to his chin and pulled his face towards his as she kissed him gently. As she pulled away and looked into his eyes longingly, he finally spoke up.

“So that’s your idea.” He said softly, shivering again. He wondered if he could have resisted her charms under normal circumstances, but the fact he could simply force her to give him everything she was offering to him changed everything.

“You’ll stay in here” He said softly to her. “And wait for my girlfriend to make her own decision on that.”

Her face immediately fell from adoring to annoyed as she pulled her hand from his pants and stepped away from him. “Fine. We’ll see what your future ex has to say.” She said sternly, sounding almost as though she wanted him to believe he had somehow wronged her.

He turned away from her and opened the door to the living room, stepping through and finally seeing the full cheer squad standing at attention and waiting for his inspection. He left the door open behind him, and approached Amy, who was standing in front of the line of cheerleaders.

“Lulu wanted to try breaking us up.” He said to her softly “I thought you might want to give her a piece of your mind about that.”

“Of course she did...” Amy huffed. “Thanks, I’ll... Take care of her.”

As Amy walked towards the bedroom, Dave looked over the line of cheerleaders. Seven attractive women all still in their uniforms simply standing and awaiting his orders... Lulu was wrong. He didn’t need her to get what he wanted, it had only been a couple days and already the entire cheer team was his.

“Lift your tops.” He ordered, watching as the team moved in unison to free their breasts for his viewing pleasure. Why would he need her social skills, when the flash could bypass all logic, reason, or resistance in an instant?

Amy stepped through the door to Dave’s bedroom, seeing her Mistress standing there naked and already looking smugly in her direction. She knew already what her Mistress was planning to do to Dave, and it was a relief that he rejected her... But something about the way she looked now...

It was as though she thought she had won. Did Dave actually give in to her? Was this a set up? She took a deep breath and closed the door behind her. She needed to-

“You can’t move or speak.” Her Mistress said firmly, but quietly as soon as the door closed.

Amy closed her eyes tightly as the realization hit her; Dave didn’t remove Mistress’s control over her yet... Did she really convince Dave to choose her? Did Dave remove Mistress’s restrictions too?

“Now now...” Her Mistress said softly, “Don’t look so worried. You feel happy that I’ve got the upper hand over you again.”

In spite of herself, Amy felt a smile slowly creep over her face as she felt her opinion of Mistress changing... This wasn’t real. She was being forced to be happy. But... She was happy. And that was all that mattered...

Mistress ordering her to be happy could only have meant one thing. Dave hadn’t removed her restrictions. She was circumventing them. Was she really smart enough to learn from her mistakes so quickly? Were they underestimating her Mistress?

She almost felt like letting out a soft giggle, if she was allowed to make a sound. She was so happy to have been proven wrong about Mistress. She had the upper hand now and that was... Wonderful... No. That was what she was told to feel... But... It didn't change that it was how she felt now...

"Now, order me to be able to move freely." Her Mistress said firmly.

"You are allowed to move freely!" Amy replied cheerfully before she could think.

"That's better." Her Mistress said before stepping closer to Amy, lifting her chin with one finger. "Now, you want me to be in charge. Understand?"

Amy nodded slowly. She genuinely did want that... But how? She was staff and Mistress was property... Only Dave could change that, and neither of them had power over him.

"Good. Consider yourself lucky." Her Mistress said, "I am required not to hurt either of you emotionally... So, you'll both find my reign... Pleasant. We do need to do something about that boyfriend of yours..."

Amy tilted her head in confusion. Had Dave not given in then? Maybe this was just a mistake... A wonderful mistake... No... A... Yes... A wonderful... Mistake...

"Now... We have a lot of work to do..." Her Mistress said, a sly grin spreading across her face.

"One two three four! We must kneel on the floor! Five six seven eight! Then we have to masturbate!" The cheer team chanted, each of them now naked and rubbing their pussies eagerly.

Dave was sitting on the couch, watching the cheerleaders who were now lined up in front of the couch while he worked on the device on the table between them. It was a bit crowded, but having too many sex slaves was a problem no one could ever complain about.

He sighed as he looked down at the device on the table. He needed to order a gyroscope before he could finish it. After what had just happened to Amy... It was clearly needed if he was going to make the flash truly portable. He needed a safety feature to prevent it from going off when pointing at the user.

The best way to do that would be to make it unable to trigger after a very quick change in angle. As the user, he or Amy could point it in advance then use it when they were ready. If something happened and the device was pointed back at them, it would be unable to be used for several seconds. Plenty of time to react.

He probably needed to order some new lenses for Amy so that her glasses could also filter out the flash. Anything that could improve their safety would be important for their plans. Until he got the parts, there wasn't a lot he could do though.

He looked back up at the row of cheerleaders who were furiously masturbating and chanting the little cheer he had instructed them to. He did need to finish taking care of them. He just wasn't sure what exactly to do.

He didn't have time to get to know each one individually, and his data would be skewed if he didn't know what each subject's baseline was. Then again... Treating them as a group rather than individuals might lead to some interesting insights into how controlling a group differed from controlling an individual.

He couldn't keep them here forever though. He might get away with keeping one or two girls overnight, but the entire cheer team going missing at once would raise too much suspicion. For now, he needed to send them on their way.

"Stand up, girls." He said, watching as they each stood up in unison. Another point in favor of treating them as a group... It was something else to see them all obeying in total synchronization. "Get dressed."

He looked around and found Amy's notebook sitting on the table. Opening it, he found a blank page and tore it out, and began to write his phone number on it several times. He then tore the page into strips and set them all out on the table.

Once the team had finished getting their uniforms back on, he spoke again. "Each of you, take one sheet of paper with you." He instructed, "You will go back to the lockers and finish getting changed into your normal clothes. When you are naked, you will each add the phone number on these papers to your contacts and send a nude selfie to me"

The girls crowded around the table, reaching down and each snatching up a copy of the paper.

"Whenever a message comes from this number, you must obey it. Whenever a call comes from this number, you must answer it. Understand, girls?"

"Yes, Master!" They all said in unison. One more point in favor of treating them as a group...

"Good. Once you are fully dressed, you will forget everything that happened involving me today, until you get a call or message from that number, or I otherwise give you any instructions to obey. Understand, girls?"

"Yes, Master!" They said again. That would keep anyone from accidentally slipping up and revealing what had really happened to them.

He got up and walked to the door to his dorm. Quickly, he peaked outside to make sure nobody was in the hall, then ushered out the cheer squad... Making sure to slap each of them once on the butt as they passed by. Just... One last minute bit of fun before they were gone for the night.

After they were gone, he closed the door and walked back to his bedroom. He wondered what kind of punishment Amy had decided to give Lulu...

He opened the door to an interesting sight. Amy was standing in front of the door with a hand on her hip and a smirk, while Lulu stood next to her, covering her face with both hands in embarrassment. He supposed Amy must have made Lulu become shy at the very least. Until Amy spoke...

“So like, don’t be mad or anything.” Amy said, a valley girl accent thick in her voice. “But like... Lulu kinda made some changes and it’s like, sooo funny what happened!”