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The next week was, perhaps, the most tedious part of the plan. It was almost certain that the college had someone watching him by now. If he suddenly had professors dropping by his dorm room, it would give everything away. He also couldn't use the cheer team for similar reasons.

This left him with only Rebecca, Cathy, and Amy as girls who would not be suspicious to have visiting his dorm. Each of whom also had their own schedules to maintain. Somehow, he had gone from having a dozen willing slaves at his beck and call to often being alone again.

"This is Dave. Remain still and silent. You know my voice. You have always wanted to be mine, and decided to help me in any way you can on your own. You can move and speak again when I hang up and you will forget that I called." Dave said for the tenth time today, hanging up Margaret's phone.

How had this managed to become... Dull? Here he was, subjugating the minds of one professor after the next, and it was utterly routine. No flair, no spice, no fun. But... Then again, there wasn't much room for fun when one misstep could lead straight to expulsion or worse.

He handed the phone over to Cathy, who was posed next to him naked. "Get dressed and return this. You'll go on with your day after that with no memory of today's visit."

Each time he had a gap in the schedules where they aligned, he needed to assign someone to pick up a phone from one of the teachers they knew, bring the phone to him so he could make these calls, then return them before a missed call or two would seem suspicious.

This would be much easier if he could spend the evening going through the entire faculty one by one... But if he called during the evening, there was a chance someone other than the professor would be on the other line and that would... Complicate things.

Even this way wasn't entirely risk free. He might call while a professor was in the middle of a conversation with someone, and if they overheard, and hadn't seen the commercial, it could start rumors...

At this point though, there was no truly risk-free way to proceed. He had to take an acceptable amount of risk in order to have a chance at taking full control over the campus and being free to do as he pleased.

He paused at that thought... This certainly wasn't how things had started out. He just wanted to test this phenomenon he had stumbled upon. A little revenge sprinkled on wasn't so bad either. Cathy, and Rebecca had attacked him multiple times for no real reason, and the cheer team bullied his girlfriend relentlessly.

But the majority of the college staff he had enslaved over the last week had done nothing to him. They were more or less pawns in a game between him and the dean of the college. And the Dean's main concern wasn't entirely unfounded by now either.

Yet... He couldn't stop now until he had won. If the dean succeeded in undoing his control over everyone, his life would likely be ruined completely. He was in far too deep now to stop at anything less than total control over the campus.

Once he had control, he could try to think about toning things down to be more reasonable. Just a dozen or two loyal harem girls out of an entire college campus of students was a fairly modest desire, wasn't it?

Dave's phone buzzed... He pulled it out of his pocket and looked down at the screen. It was a text from one of the instructors he had claimed a couple days ago. "We're all meeting in 45 minutes, if you're interested."

He then got another message "Just heard we're meeting in about forty five minutes. Would you like to come with?" Then another simply "Meeting 45m."

It had taken all morning to set this up with the board. The majority of them were... Understandably hesitant to gather together, but it was a necessary risk this one time. She finally had a solution to their problems... And it came from the very source it's self.

She got her hands on a recording of the game, and found the commercial. It took a few tries... Each time she accidentally saw the flash at the start of the commercial she blanked out for nearly fifteen minutes. Eventually though, she managed to isolate the flash from the rest of the video and tested it on a trouble student that had been sent to her office. It worked flawlessly.

With this, she could undo Dave's control over the entire faculty and board... And even put them all under her own control! All she needed to do was show the flash to everyone in the meeting room, ensure their loyalty, then have one of them undo his control over her once she had ensured they could not betray her trust.

She sent out a chain email to the faculty, giving them just 45 minutes to get to the meeting. That should limit the opportunity for any compromised staff to contact Dave and put together a coherent plot. If she could make the time before the meeting any shorter, she could. But with some staff teaching night classes, she needed to give them enough notice to cancel the class or she might end up having some staff failing to show up for the meeting.

If Dave kept control over any members of staff, it could turn into a lengthy power struggle. She had to put a decisive end to all of this today. For now though, she had to get ready. She had the flash on a DVD, so all she needed to do was get to the meeting room and get set up well in advance. The last thing she needed was for some accident to leave her mindless as people began to enter the room.

As she expected, she was the first to arrive at the meeting room. She slid the dvd into the player and...

She blinked a few times. It must have auto-played on her... This was exactly why she made sure to show up as early as possible. She looked around the room to see it still empty. That was good. Now, she had the flash set up to activate with the press of a button. She could make sure to use it only when she wasn't facing the screen herself.

The first instructor to arrive was Ms. Smith, one of the unaffected teachers. She let out a sigh of relief as soon as she saw her entering the room. If the first instructor to arrive had been one of the many who Dave had influence over, she might have needed to use the flash in self defense before anything else.

That could easily have caused things to spiral out of her control... Fortunately, she could at least trust Ms. Smith.

"You're here a little early." She said calmly.

"Yeah..." Ms. Smith replied, sounding out of breath. "I got here as quickly as I could, Ms. Miller... We need to talk about safety measures...!"

"What kind of safety measures?" Ms. Miller asked skeptically.

"Phones." Ms. Smith panted, "We need to make sure no phones go in... If one of the staff puts Dave on speaker, he could get most of you in one sentence and... Then you'd turn on the rest of us..."

Although the meeting wouldn't go long before she cured everyone of their obedience to Dave, this was a fairly reasonable precaution. It would help reduce the chances further that Dave had some sort of plan to take them over before she had the chance to fix everything.

"Very well." She replied, "Stand outside the door, make sure everyone hands over their phone before passing through. Come on in when everyone has arrived."

"I need yours too." Ms. Smith said firmly.

"Why mine?"

"You are affected by his words too. This could be a meeting to put us all in one place so you can put him on speaker."

"Fine!" She said, irritated that her logic was sound, even if she was incorrect about the reason for their meeting. She handed her phone over to Ms. Smith before taking a seat at the far end of the meeting room table.

It was a few minutes before the next instructor arrived, followed by a custodian, then another instructor... The slow trickle of attendees quickly grew into a steady stream as the meeting time approached. Each taking a seat quickly and in relative quiet.

To be honest, she wasn't sure if she was more relieved that this meeting was less chaotic than the last one... Or uncomfortable about how organized everyone suddenly seemed to be. Had so many fallen under Dave's influence and were quietly scheming against her, or was she just being paranoid?

Either way, it would soon be moot. Their minds would be hers to reshape and mold as soon as the meeting got started. They could plot and scheme all they liked, without their phones and with Ms. Smith watching the entrance, Dave wouldn't be able to get a word in edgewise before she shut them all down.

"I think that's everyone" Ms. Smith's voice came from outside. "Shall I come in and close the door?"

"Yes, you may come in." Ms. Miller replied.

“What should I do with all these phones? Should we get someone to watch them?” Ms. Smith asked.

“No, they’ll be fine for now. This won’t take long.” She replied.

“Okay, I’ll leave them outside.” Ms. Smith “I’m coming in now.”

Ms. Miller’s heart nearly jumped up into her throat as she saw Ms. Smith round the corner of the door with Dave next to her. Almost instinctively, she pressed the button on the remote to trigger the flash. Ms. Smith’s eyes went blank and she stopped mid stride, but Dave didn’t seem phased.

“You found my flash, I see.” Dave said calmly, “Well, now that we know that nobody will look towards that screen of yours.”

She pressed the button on the remote again, watching the glare of the light flicker on him, though again he seemed unaffected by it. Was he really immune to this? How could one single person be immune to the effects of something that worked so universally?

“You’re in disbelief. That’s understandable.” Dave said, staying near the door, essentially blocking any escape from the room with his body. “But if you want to flash me so badly, use your tits instead.”

Irritation bubbling within her, she pressed the remote one more time... but... Found that instead of the cold plastic remote, she felt warm fabric under her fingers. She looked down in horror to see herself flashing her tits just as he said!

“Everybody needs to stay in their seats now.” Dave continued, turning around to close and lock the door behind him. “I have some ground rules I need to set.”

A couple of the custodians immediately tried to stand, but found themselves quickly pushed back down by instructors to either sides of them.

“Hey!” one of the instructors hissed. “You can’t leave your seat right now!”

“Let me go!” The custodian protested “I need to get out of here before he brainwashes us all!”

“I know.” The instructor replied, “But you can’t leave your seat.”

This was bad. If those custodians were the only people here still left unaffected by all this... they were too outnumbered to stop him...”

She looked at Ms. Smith, standing blankly next to the door, still stuck in the same pose she was in when she first pressed the button. They couldn’t even call for help, because she had taken all of their phones... Had she betrayed them, or fallen victim to Dave just before coming in? She couldn’t guess... But that now mindless doll had just doomed them all...