Right now, Ariel held all the cards. Her aunt-in-law Becka was quite literally begging at her feet now. She never really had an interest in Becka before today, but seeing her on her knees now, helplessly aroused and promising to do anything would easily be enough to change anyone's mind on that.

“I suppose I do have a FEW experiments that I was looking to test on someone...” She said coyly, watching her aunt for her reaction.

“Anything! Whatever you want!”

“You say that but… Hm… I'm not so sure...”

“What??? Please! I'll prove it!”

She nodded to herself. The lipstick was certainly a success. She would have to do some more testing with it later. Perhaps she could kiss a random person in public and see how long it takes them to track her down. That would have to wait though. She had other experiments to try.

“If you are sure, follow me.” she said, turning and leading Becka down into the lab.

“Wh-what kind of… Experiment are we going to do?” Becka asked nerviously as they reached the bottom of the stairs.

“Oh… Just a little experiment involving free will.”

“What??”

“If you don't like it, you can go.”

“No I… I mean… Wh-What kind of experiment?”

She didn't answer. She didn't need to. Instead, she continued to walk through her lab with Becka trailing behind her. She had a lot of different devices she could test, but right now, she felt like testing something a bit more… Long term… than she usually was able to test on willing participants.

Eventually, her wandering brought her to a collar. One that emitted a short range radio wave at exactly the right frequency to disrupt a person's decision making processes. It would not render them completely mindless but rather, it would overwhelmingly flood their mind with the message that they must obey her no matter what. In theory, this should make any individual an ideal slave who can be trained effortlessly without any need to remove the collar for adjustments.

In addition to testing the collar though, she was curious just how far she could push the lipstick's effect. Becka seemed to be all but completely enthralled at this point. She wondered if Becka could even manage to say no to her.

“So, this is the experiment” she said holding up the collar.

“What… What does it do?”

“Oh… It completely strips away the free will of anyone who wears it. Rendering them a devoted slave for as long as I decide to let them keep wearing it.” she said bluntly, exaggerating just a bit as she watched Becka for her reaction.

Becka bit her lip, struggling with her pent up desires against her fear of the experiment. Finally she spoke up “It… It's just for a minute right? You… You put it on do a quick test and take it off?”

“No.”

“H-How long...”

“As long as it lasts.”

“What?”

“I need to see if there is any length of time at which the device fails to suppress the will of the test subject. So, You will wear it indefinitely.”

“N-No I… I don't…”

Before she could finish her protest, Ariel leaned forward, placing another peck on her lips. She could see Becka's eyes dialating as the chemicals went to work once again.

“Remember what your reward is.”

“Y… Yes…”

“Go ahead and put this on now and we'll have some fun after.”

An apprehensive expression spread across Becka's face as she looked back and forth between Ariel and the collar. Slowly, uncertainly she reached out for it, taking it and wrapping it around her own neck.

“So just… I connect it and… That's it?”

“That's right. You'll be a mindless slave for the rest of your life”

Becka froze again, her face flushing as she apparently struggled to decide if she wanted to finish clasping the collar around her neck now. As she watched her aunt struggle, a grin spread across Ariel's face as she gave her one more little prod.

“You'll be MY slave for the rest of your life.”

With that little push, Becka seemed to finally make up her mind. The soft sound of the collar snapping into place was like music to her ears as she watched her aunt slide down to her knees.

“I… I am yours...” she whispered, staring down at Ariel's feet as the collar worked over her will, ensuring total submission.

“Excellent.” Ariel said, already shrugging off her lab coat as she spoke “Now, we're going to lay down some ground rules. From now on, you are my slave any time you are alone with me.”

“Yes, of course”

“When you are with your husband, you will be a perfect housewife. No more gold digging.” She said, lifting her shirt over her head and tossing it lightly to the ground before reaching around to unhook her bra to give it the same treatment.

“I… Yes Mistress… I will be good...”

“When you are with the rest of my family you will act as your normal self, minus the begging for money.” She continued, now unbuttoning her pants and sliding them down, letting them fall to the floor as soon as gravity was able to take over.

“Yes, Mistress. Of course...”

Hooking her thumbs into her panties and pulling them down, Ariel had finally finished undressing. In spite of all the playing around she was starting to get impatient for this part. Though… She still wasn't entirely sure why. Before today her sex drive had hardly been something noteworthy.

“You may eat me out, Slave” She said as she continued to ponder. Sure, most of her work did involve her few fetishes but she always had more fun tinkering with them and theorizing than actually doing anything with a real person…

Her eyes widened as her mind connected the dots for her. This must have been the doing of that experiment. Why had she forgotten twice already? She was supposed to get the chip out before it messed with her mind even more.

- Resistance detected.

- Behavior Modification Program Initiated.

Shit. The chip was smart. As smart as she was at least, whenever she thought of resisting it would know. How would she-

-Restraining Body.

This was bad. But she still had her slave. Maybe she could have her…

-Muting voice.

Damnit! Why did she have to program the chip like this? She had really outsmarted herself with this one. She could feel Becka's tongue lapping against her folds as she remained frozen in place.

By now, she knew what was coming. But this time, it was a bit different. This time she had Becka's tongue diving into her. Stimulating her in ways that she only wished she could express. The pleasure was almost unbearable when she couldn't do so much as moan.

-Adjusting Parameters.

She just wished she had enough motion to gyrate her hips. To squirm. To make any tiny motion to relieve the tension brought on by the intense pleasure. By Becka's tongue fishing for her every most sensitive spot.

- Adjusting Parameters

She could almost swear that Becka must have done this before. Her tongue worked it's way into and through her expertly, and she knew the collar didn't have any sort of programming in it to help her. She was almost glad that she was immobilized right now, or she might have fallen onto the floor.

- Adjusting Parameters

What kind of Mistress would she look like if she had a moment of weakness like that? She was thankful that the chip froze her in place just when it did. It kept her composure. Allowed her to stand strong in spite of the almost debilitating pleasure she was experiencing now.

Becka had by now wrapped her arms around Ariel's legs. Pressing her face into Ariel's crotch as she greedily lapped at, kissed, and probed her. Every moment felt more intense than the last, and each moment of silence seemed to coax Becka into trying even harder to please her Mistress.

Finally, she felt a muted spasm flow through her body. She still could not move, but the subtle vibration and the explosion of pleasure that came with it left little doubt in her mind what had just happened. She actually came while frozen.

- Releasing Body

Her knees felt weak. She wanted to just slide down and collapse on the floor. But she couldn't. She had to stay strong. Stay dominant. She had be in control now.

“That was acceptable, Slave.” She said, looking down at Becka who was busy lapping up the last of her juices.

“Thank you, Mistress.”

“Now go upstairs, and take care of the dishes for me. You need practice for being a housewife.” she ordered.

“Yes, Mistress” Becka responded, bowing her head briefly before standing and heading back towards the first floor of the house.

In truth, she barely cared about the dishes. She just didn't want to be seen by her new slave as she slid down to her knees. Was it that intense because Becka was that good… Or was it because she was frozen by the chip?

She took several moments to catch her breath before slowly, carefully, lifting herself back onto her feet. Her legs still felt unsteady. They wobbled slightly with every step she took as she walked back to her computer desk. She had to write down all of her observations today before she forgot any of the juicy details.

It was a relief when she finally made it to her chair and slumped down on it. In as much detail as she could, she recounted everything that had happened today. Finally noting at the end…

“Experiment 1: Crowdsourcing Chip is a complete success. No adjustments needed. I do not need to remove it. Never need to remove it.”

“Experiment 2: Lipstick has passed first test. Further testing ~~would be fun~~ may be necessary”

“Experiment 3: Control Collar is inconclusive. Submission may or may not be a result of the lipstick. Further testing recommended.”

“Experiment 4: Sex feels good. Further testing needed.”

With her notes finally done, she stood up, testing her legs once again. The strength seemed to have returned to her for now. The only question on her mind now was… what should she do next?