

Duo 7 -- His Taste

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

Craig laughed to himself as he looked on the nubile form of the cheerleader strapped to the lab table in front of him. He watched with glee as she twitched slightly, her head moving under the display goggles, electrodes, and headphones connected up to his computers, her arms and legs moving in their restraints, her magnificent bust line heaving up and down as she moaned.

Craig looked to the secondary display on the computer. Eight minutes to go; in eight minutes the years of research and hard work would pay off, reshaping her mind, turning her into the first of his many, many sex slaves.

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"Sorry, it won't work." Tom said, moving away from his computer.

"What won't work?" Laura asked, turning away from her own computer in their home office.

"That." Tom said, pointing at the screen.

Laura peered at the screen, reading. She turned and gave Tom a quizzical concerned look, then placed a hand at his forehead as if checking to see if he was feverish.

"Not feeling well?" she asked.

Tom laughed. "I'm feeling fine. I just don't write that kind of stuff; I don't have it in me."

Laura smiled. "That's okay, God knows there are plenty who do. But why try? I like what you write, others do, and I hope you do as well."

Tom sighed. "It's an email I got. Here -- let me bring it up for you; you read it." Tom moused around on the computer, bring up:

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From: xxxx@earthlink.net
Date: Thu, 27 May 1999 06:14:52 -0700 (PDT) X-Sender:
xxxx@mail.earthlink.net Mime-Version: 1.0
X-Priority: 1 (Highest)
To: artie@netgate.net
Subject: Yoru Mind Control STories

You asked for comments about yoru site...

I noticed all your mind control stories are extremely tame, and all are female dominant, there is almost no element of mind control at all.....

Laura laughed. "I'd take that as high praise! I'm surprised it wasn't from AOL! Why does it bother you?"

Tom leaned forward, steeping his hands, resting his elbows on his knees. "Well, part of it is getting over the troubles with Simon's MCStories site, as well as asstr, assem, all those. But when I think about the content on MCStories, what's on it..."

Laura said "There was RC's work, and Mesmer's, before they pulled it. Wiseguy is good -- I like his approach. There are good authors publishing there, besides you and Wiseguy. So what is it about MCStories that bothers you? Is it that Wiseguy has two new stories up and you only have one?"

Tom chuckled a little. "No, that's not it. And I'm happy to have given him feedback on those stories. But aside from his, and mine... Well, the average story seems to be the typical male fantasy of taking control of people, especially women, and turning them into sex slaves against their will. It bothers me, I guess."

"Why? They're just fantasies, fairly harmless in and of themselves."

"But the amount of repetition, the same pattern repeating over and over."

"But isn't that a typical male fantasy? Being able to have sex with whomever you want?"

Tom nodded his head.

Laura smiled. "And wouldn't you, if you had the opportunity, to make love with anyone, assured that nobody would ever know..."

"I would know." interrupted Tom. "And besides, I have you."

She laughed a little. "But wouldn't you like to; haven't you ever wished..."

"Maybe years ago, but not now." Tom said.

She put a hand on his knee. "Character is who you are in the dark?"

Tom laughed softly. "I never thought I'd hear you quote Buckaroo Banzai to me."

It was Laura's turn to laugh. "I'm sure someone else said it before Buckaroo Banzai..."

"I'm sure you're right. But still, it bothers me. I guess it comes back to consent."

Laura sat up a bit, moving her shoulders provocatively. "Ooh, I like when we talk about consent."

Tom sat up as well, remembering where these conversations usually ended. "Now just wait... It's still early. I thought you were interested in this."

Laura smiled seductively. "Oh but I am darling, I am. Aren't you so glad we got the futon in here? It's so nice when I ease you into a delicious trance, getting you so relaxed and so hard at the same..."

Tom started laughing, and laughing hard. Soon he had his head in his hands, he was laughing so much. When he finally looked up, Laura was sitting in her chair, arms folded, pouting.

He wiped tears from his eyes. "Darling, I'm sorry. I wasn't laughing at you, believe me. I thought of a way out of my dilemma." Tom looked at his wife; she didn't look convinced. He continued "Darling, I love what you do to me. I love it when you surprise me and the next thing I know I'm tied to the bed and you're on top of me, or I turn around and you're standing naked behind me, you say something, or touch me, and the next thing I know we're making passionate love. But that's about love, and consent. It's not about pain."

Laura was smiling a bit now. "Oh, the last time I had you tied down, and I teased you so long and kept you from coming.... You were begging for it."

Tom sighed. "That was so intense. But you weren't doing that to hurt me, or humiliate me, or against my will. But what I remember most was finally coming deep inside you, and then you holding me, comforting me, and rocking me to sleep in your arms. And, I think part of that experience was about how much you could take as well. No?"

Laura dipped her head forward a little and nodded. "Yes... It was hard for me to keep you on the edge that long. But we can do it again -- if you want. And, that's an edge I'd like to explore as well."

Tom smiled. "I'd like to do that again, and I'd like to do it to you sometime as well. It's an aspect of letting go and trusting each other we haven't explored very much."

Laura smiled and her nostrils flared, unfolding her arms and flexing her long sensuous fingers on her thighs.

Tom knew he was running out of time again. “Aren’t you interested in the solution to my dilemma?”

“I’ve got a solution I think you’ll like.” Laura purred.

Tom laughed nervously. “No, about the story.”

“Just make it quick.” she growled.

Tom sat back and frowned a little. Seeing this, Laura moved back a bit and said softly “Darling? I’m sorry...”

Tom moved forward in his chair and put his hands on her thighs. “It’s okay. That’s the other part; thank you for showing me what I couldn’t find the words to say. It’s also about respect. We respect each other. We both know you can put me into a deep trance whenever you want. You know how much I enjoy it, need it. But like a couple weeks ago -- I had a lot of work to do for most of the week, up late. You let me do it, when with a touch, a word, I would have been helpless and passionate in your arms, or between your legs.”

Laura nodded, nostrils flaring again. “Yes, that’s part of it. So tell me, what about your dilemma? And you’re getting pretty good at hypnosis as well. I love letting go to you, especially when you’re massaging my head, or my feet. That’s very nice.”

Tom smiled. “I love you. But back to my dilemma -- it actually ties in with one of the things we’ve been studying -- the literal interpretation of suggestions in hypnosis and how literal that part of the mind can be. I think that’s my way out. Let me write a few paragraphs finishing up my evil, evil male-dominant mind control story, then I’m all yours.”

Laura smiled. “I’ll go turn down the bed and get ready. You should go to the bathroom downstairs; I’ll be waiting for you.”

With that she got up from her chair, kissed him on the head, and left the room.

Tom smiled, sighed, and resumed typing.

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Craig looked at the display -- two minutes to go. He reflected on the program he’d instilled. Cindy the cheerleader was now going to be Cindy his personal slut! She wouldn’t be able to get enough of him, especially his taste. She’d beg for it, and do whatever he asked. He’d show her, he’d show them all! He’d have them all begging for it!

The chime sounded on the computer. Done. With shaking hands he removed the goggles on her head, then the headphones, then the electrodes on her scalp, her arms, her beautiful legs. She looked so beautiful, so serene. He knew she would be weak for the first half hour or so. He could rip off her clothes and have her right now. No, he wanted her to beg for it. He released the restraints on her feet, then the ones on her arms, removing the final I.V. line. Finally he loosened the strap around her incredibly sexy waist.

He left the loop around her neck; that he'd release last, by remote control, if things checked out. No sense rushing things at this stage. Next to the green release button was a red button that would plunge a sedative-loaded needle into her neck. He felt confident he wouldn't have to use that one. He laughed; if he did, he'd take her clothes off and have her anyway.

She moved a little; she must have heard his laughter.

"Stay where you are!" he barked.

She stopped moving but opened her eyes, then turned her head slightly to look at him. A funny smile formed on her face.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked harshly.

She smiled more and said breathlessly "You are my Master."

He smiled. "And do you know who you are?" he asked, a little softer.

She nodded a little and said "I am your slave. How may I please you Master?"

He stepped over to the table and put his hands on her breasts, touching them gently at first, then squeezing them. She moaned and shook under his touch, demonstrating the depth of her conditioning.

"Do you like that, slave?" he asked with an evil smile.

She was breathing hard as she opened her eyes again. Her face was flushed and he could see her nipples tight under her top. "Oh yes Master! Please don't stop!"

He stepped back and pushed the green button. The loop around her pretty neck released and retracted. "Sit up!" he commanded.

She moved slowly to sitting, still a little wobbly. She looked around, looking confused. Good, he thought, she doesn't remember coming in here kicking and screaming as the sedative took effect.

"Master, where are we?"

"It's not important. Stand up and take off those clothes."

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She said “Yes Master!” and got off the table. She steadied herself a little after standing, and quickly undressed.

She stood before him naked, expectantly, then quickly got down on her knees, bowing her head before her Master.

He breathed heavily as he looked at her luscious body; her blonde hair and blue eyes, that upturned nose, those soft, full, pouting lips. She had magnificent breasts, with erect nipples that needed to be sucked and squeezed. Her bush was trimmed, her legs and ass luscious. What should he do first, he thought. He could fuck her right here, bent over or on her back, or stick his cock between those tits -- how nice it would be to come on those tits. No, make her beg for it. Make them all beg for it!

“How would you like to please me, slave?” he asked.

She trembled! How exciting that was to him! She trembled and licked her lips.

“Master...” she said, almost in a whisper, almost in tears, “let me take you in my mouth. I need to taste you. I’m so hungry. I need you in my mouth.”

He laughed as he recognized his words coming back through her conditioning. She needed his taste, so hungry for him. He started undoing his belt.

“Oh Master! Please let me!” she cried, scooting over to him on her knees.

He rested his hands on her soft blonde hair as she quickly undid his belt, then lowered his pants and briefs. She cooed as she took his cock and stroked it gently to its fully erect five inch length. He was laughing softly, enjoying the sensations; success after so long, and the first success of many. He almost came as he felt her lips touch the tip of his cock.

She was so hungry for her Master, so hungry. She didn’t know why, but she was. She just had to have him, so hungry. She took him into her mouth, licking and sucking, so hungry, so hungry for all of him. And with him in her mouth, she sighed with a satisfied smile, and bit down hard.

FIN

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