

## Absolute Power

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Billy is given great power and as he is tested he confronts other men of power. (FFm, inc, bi, mc, bd, orgy)

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"Power tends to corrupt, and absolute power corrupts absolutely." Lord Acton

"Power is the ultimate aphrodisiac." Henry Kissinger

"Nearly all men can stand adversity, but if you want to test a man's character, give him power." Abraham Lincoln

## Chapter 1

My name is William 'Billy' Hadley. Gwen, my mom, says these are the best years of my life. NOT!

I ended my sophomore year at Lake County Consolidated High School (LCCHS), home of the Eagles, the same loner loser I was when it started.

I guess I'm a genius. I hope so. It'd be a shame to be this screwed up and have nothing to show for it. Gwen says I take after my dad. I wouldn't know. We've never met.

Dad was playing on the wrong side of the tracks when he got an extremely young Gwen Hadley 'knocked up' with

me. His family acted with haste to prevent scandal. There is no male name in the space marked 'father' on my birth certificate.

Our pre- and postnatal medical care was first rate. Gwen found herself in a new town, living in a huge, paid-for house, located in an upscale suburb. Money is deposited in her checking account, and her platinum card is paid off monthly without fuss. Annually a rather hefty sum quietly arrives in my college trust fund account. We are certainly financially secure.

Every year, a new, fully loaded, heavily customized Denali SUV shows up in the driveway for Gwen's use. Since I have my license I now get her one-year-old 'hand-me-down' Denali and my own platinum card. What a concept! That all should help my situation, but it doesn't.

Gwen is still the looker she was back then. A long-legged blonde, with high, firm breasts. Her blonde hair hangs down her back, over her tight butt. Gwen's prominent six-pack, and generally tight physique, are the result of working out four days a week at Gold's.

I love my mom, and I lust after her with that unfocused unrequited longing of a single only son. Of course I also lust after the ancient librarian at the branch library, the ankle that I caught a glimpse rounding the corner...you get the idea. I spend my time lusting and longing.

At home, I have my books and my computer. The scope of my lonesome longing lust is now the entire Internet. I spend the night skipping from one website to another - from one masturbatory fantasy to another.

High School was supposed to help this situation. Lake

County Consolidated High School was not a bad place. My schedule of advanced placement and college prep classes was not taxing for me.

My cousins, Brianna and Hannah, were far above me in LCCHS status, as the captain of the senior and JV cheerleaders respectively. They tried to help me fit in. Brianna assisted my becoming 'sports tutor.'

My greatest success in peer acceptance was as the lab and study partner to some of the LCCHS sports stars. Their continued sports accomplishment was in part due to my tutoring ability maintaining their minimum GPA and eligibility. My unselfish lessons undoubtedly spared me the beating reserved for the uncoordinated nerd boy.

Now it was summer. I spent the first weeks after school ended lounging by our pool, watching Gwen, Brianna, Hannah and their mom, Grace, swimming and tanning in their tiny suits. Brianna and Hannah often brought their cheerleader and dance line partners to swim, exercise, and tan in their even more miniscule suits.

They were all pleasant to me, even laughing at my jokes without any condescension. I knew they were just being polite for my cousins.

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I was on my way to my new summer job. I was to be a summer intern at Mega Chem Labs (MCL) research facility. I really wasn't eligible for one of these slots. They were supposed to be for juniors and seniors. My chemistry teacher sent a strong recommendation letter, causing MCL to reach down to select me.

I parked my dark blue Denali in the MCL employee lot, hanging the parking tag they sent me from the rear view mirror. Walking in the main entrance I met Carol Bonner, Vice President of Human Resources. She pointed me to the conference room where a dozen high school and college students were waiting to begin their internships.

I knew some of them slightly from LCCHS, so I felt a bit less uncomfortable. Carol was with us before long, handing out information packets and giving us a fairly detailed orientation. During the question and answer period, the security guard led us each out for our badge photo and thumbprint.

Right after that, Carol began matching us with our jobs. She brought in a group of MCL employees. As she called our names one by one the appropriate person would step out of the MCL group to escort the intern to their summer posting.

In short order, there were no more MCL group, and I was the last intern in an empty room with Ms. Bonner.

Carol flipped open a file folder as she sat down across from me, saying, "Billy. Can I call you Billy? Your teachers speak very well of you. They use words like maturity and ability to work well with others. How do you feel about your ability to work with others?"

Something odd was going on. I decided not to give a canned answer as I asked, "Can I call you Carol?"

She smiled and nodded as I continued, "Carol, I think I do OK. It depends of course."

Carol asked the obvious. "Depends?"

I replied, "Depends on what kind of attitude or behavior I'm expected to work with?"

Carol laughed as she said, "Fair enough. I need someone to work with MCL's resident genius, and I do not use that word lightly. I mean capital-G Genius. Otto Kressinger holds more patents for MCL than all our other chemists combined. "

She now looked at me carefully as she continued, "Otto can be 'difficult' and quite unforgiving of stupidity. He made application for an intern. For obvious reasons I'd like to fulfill his request. Looking over the qualifications, you are the only person with anything approaching the proper credentials to hope to make the Kressinger cut."

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I met Otto Kressinger. Otto spoke with a thick German accent. I was 'V-illy' of course. He was old, moving with a shuffling gait. His brain was not dimmed by his age.

In my first meeting with Otto, he led me through his lab, pointing at apparatus, asking me if I knew how to use it. I was honest. I told him which ones I was comfortable with, those I had used once or twice and those that I had never seen before.

It was the right tack. Soon I was far more involved in Otto's experiments than any intern could ever have thought of being. He carefully taught me to use every piece of experimental equipment and every device in his extensive lab.

Otto's lab was an entire detached wing of the MCL complex. It had an outside entrance, right next to the

parking area. One controlled-access entry connected it to the slightly larger MCL offices.

Carol was absolutely correct - Otto was a genius, with the pure clarity of intellect that allowed him to explain things to my understanding and then again for his secretary, Jennifer Carter.

Jennifer was his blonde goddess of a secretary. A perfect Nordic princess, with pale skin and platinum blonde hair, Jennifer had breasts just verging on being too big! She looked like the blonde on the label of St. Pauli Girl Beer. Otto called her 'Angel'.

Every day at noon, Otto and Jennifer left together for lunch, returning about three or three thirty. She inevitably came back flushed with her hair mussed. Otto always smelled of schnapps and called me 'Mein Fürher,' while Jennifer giggled in the background.

Didn't matter -- by four Otto hit his stride and we would usually work until midnight.

Some nights, if the experiments required, I would stay with Otto and Angel all night, taking readings or whatever was necessary.

When Otto and his Angel left at noon each day, I would head for the employee cafeteria, take a normal lunch, then disappear back into the lab to read or surf the net.

Otto explained that he had a dedicated T1 line for Internet access outside the company filters or human resources oversight. He told me to enjoy myself while he was enjoying himself.

Today for lunch I was sitting in the cafeteria with

Destiny Butler, a 'senior to be' at LCCHS. She was saying, "Billy, you just better watch your self around that cuckoo doctor. Diana Swane, the Vice President taking over this division, arrives today. She's rumored to be the MCL hatchet man. Everyone in the place figures Otto's lab will be her first stop. The old fool is on his way out. Just don't you end up going with him."

There was no point in trying to defend Otto. On the other hand, I never shared anything that happened inside his lab.

I said, "Destiny, we have a week before school starts. These jobs go away anyway. Who gives a rats ass if some dyke bitch decides I get a week next to my pool instead of punching in here?"

Destiny giggled as she gently laid her hand on my arm, saying, "You just be careful. If you're lying next to the pool I want to be there with you. No fair starting early."

Destiny stood. Suddenly, she leaned down to give me a peck on the cheek. Turning quickly, she was off, with her high heels doing their 'click clack'. I stood up more slowly, wondering where that had come from.

I sauntered back to the lab. No porno today. Otto had given me a modest experiment to supervise while he and Angel were at 'lunch.'

I was on my stool writing my observations on my clipboard when Hurricane Swane blew into Otto's lab. Her first words were, "Who are you? What is all this crap? Where's Otto? Goddamn it, I asked you a question. Who the fuck are you anyway?"

I finished my notes, then turned. Diana Swane was an incredibly good-looking woman. Her legs were long and her tits were large. She dressed in a skirted suit, with a short tight skirt and thin spaghetti strap top under her jacket to emphasize her ample charms. She had short black hair, with her aviator sunglasses on top. Her high heels were just a bit too high and thin to be completely business appropriate.

If rumors were true, I and every other man would get to look but not touch Ms. Diana 'I like girls' Swane.

I put down my clipboard as I said, "I'm in the middle of a series of observations so I'm a bit distracted right now. And you are?"

I thought she was going to have apoplexy. She finally got her jaw unclenched enough to introduce herself. I pulled off my right latex glove sticking out my hand as I introduced myself.

Diana shook hands as she repeated her inquiry, "Where is that old fool Kressinger?"

I replied, "As I said, I've been engrossed in my project so I can only assume that he left for lunch after he had me start my observations."

She said, "Nice try, Hadley. I'll give you full points for loyalty. It's wasted, however. He's gone and so are you. Have him call my office as soon as he gets back. "

With that, Diana Swane turned on her heel. With a staccato rapping on the lab floor, she was gone.

I was oddly calm about all this. What I had told Destiny over lunch was only true. At best I had another week at MCL. I just felt bad that the teachers who



recommended me would receive some ugly communication from Ms Swane.

Otto and Angel rolled in about four. Otto had a shopping trip planned for Angel and me. This wasn't unusual either. Otto often had us pick up various supplies for his experiments instead of waiting for the regular MCL requisition process to deliver them.

I explained about VP Diana Swane to Otto. I emphasized her 'soon as he gets back' for him. He airily dismissed us to our shopping trip.

I helped Jennifer button her blouse as I loaded her into Otto's Mercedes Benz SL600. This was his MCL company ride! We had a long involved shopping list today. It was after six before we were back at the lab.

Jennifer unlocked the lab door for me. She held the door open as I carried the bags of supplies in, setting them next to the door. It took several trips before I locked the 600, carrying the last bag inside.

Jennifer disappeared into the lab as I locked the outside door. I turned, to find a suit jacket, spaghetti strap top, and aviator sunglasses lined up on the end of a lab table. I had last seen all of them being worn by Diana Swane.

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I walked further into the lab. Mixers and other apparatus were running, providing a background noise, which masked any sound.

I turned the corner next to Otto's office, to confront a scene beyond even my Internet porno fueled imagination.

Otto was standing leaning back against his lab bench. He was naked except for his unbuttoned white lab coat. Diana Swane, naked to the waist was kneeling between his legs, sucking his cock, while stoking it with her left hand, and massaging his balls with her right. Otto had one hand on Diana's head, and the other tangled in nude Jennifer's hair, as she knelt next to Diana. Jennifer had a hand on the back of Diana's head, and the other on Otto's butt, urging Diana to deeper swallows of Otto's rampant cock.

Otto saw me, giving me a big smile as he pulled his cock out of Diana's mouth. He stroked it until he shot cum all over her face. Otto had a serious money shot! He rubbed his cream on her face with the head of his dick while continuing to hold her unresisting head.

Diana settled back on her heels while his Jennifer Angel inhaled Otto's cock, cleaning it of his spending. He stopped Jennifer, having her settle back on her butt. Diana was still sitting with her hands demurely and incongruously in her lap.

I was standing rooted with my mouth wide open. I'm sure my chin was on my chest!

Otto calmly walked over to me with his cock half engorged. He was silent. Otto waved his right hand in front of my face. I smelled almond. I was utterly insensible before I left my feet.

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My eyes opened. I was groggy. My mouth felt dry and fuzzy. My vision cleared as my brain began operating again.

I was sitting in Otto's office, in front of his desk. I realized my wrists were shackled to the arms of my chair. It dawned on me that I was naked to the waist. I looked up to see Otto, but it wasn't!

Otto laughed as he began speaking in quite good quality accent free English. "Hello, William. I'm sure you have many questions. Let me tell my story, then I will freely answer any question you have. We have plenty of time. You are nearly ready to receive my bequest."

I shook my head, trying to clear it, as I said, "You've changed."

Otto gave me a big smile as he replied, "This is my actual appearance. I don't need to play comic opera doddering German genius with you any longer Billy. You had ample provocation to gossip, yet you never did. Even when you knew that it meant your job you loyally tried to cover for me. This is why you are the recipient of my going-away present today. "

I looked at Otto as my eyes cleared. He looked about fifty, fit and athletic, with a full head of black hair. To say that I was confused would be a significant understatement. Otto continued, "I really am quite old and incalculably evil Billy. I graduated from college in Germany before World War Two. I was a medical doctor. My major was biochemistry. I met Dr. Joseph Mengele who took me with him when he went to Auschwitz Concentration Camp. Mengele was called the 'Angel of Death' for his experiments on camp inmates."

I was totally silent as I looked at Otto. My eyes must have been as big as headlights. Otto went on, "I, too, experimented on those unwilling inmates, Billy, without any compunction or conscience. There was no oversight. We could do as we wished, without consequence. We had

absolute power in those camps. I learned by horrific trial and error how the human body absorbed medicines. Injection, muscle and venous, inhalation, pills. How best to deliver for quickest absorption and best utilization by a body. I killed inmates by the railcar-full, as I learned my lessons."

Otto paused. He retrieved a water bottle, squirting it in my mouth, soothing my throat. The act was so at odds with his narrative I could not process it. Otto went on, "My goal was simple, and complex. The drug delivery was not the end but the means. I was designing and then refining my 'obedience drug.'"

Otto paused to give me more water before proceeding. "My experiments with those literally thousands of camp inmates meant that, by 1944, I had a working, injectable drug that crushed free will, conscience and social mores resulting in unquestioning robot-like compliance. Only by those many deaths did I succeed in synthesizing a working drug. I seriously doubt if a researcher without access to so many thousand expendable human subjects could replicate my success."

Now Otto retrieved an IV stand from his office closet. He hung a thousand milliliter bag of sterile saline water solution with tubing terminating in a butterfly intravenous needle. Otto taped my left hand and fingers to a small padded board immobilizing it.

He efficiently used the butterfly to start an IV drip in the back of my left hand. When Otto opened the clamp on the bag, the cold water from the refrigerated bag chilled my hand.

Otto moved a small table next to my chair. He stacked several handfuls of ten-milliliter syringes and their needles. Next he lined up unmarked ampoules. Then packs

of alcohol swabs. I was unworried, merely curious. That should have been a warning right there!

Otto looked into my eyes as he continued his story. "Our leader, Hitler, was an idiot. We had jet planes before Pearl Harbor; in his infatuation with the war in Russia we did not use them until it was too late. We had a modern assault rifle design, yet went to war with the same bolt-action rifle he used in World War One."

Otto adjusted the flow from the IV bag as he began injecting the contents of one ampoule after another into the tubing flowing into the vein in the back of my left hand.

Otto looked at me carefully, gauging my reaction, as he continued. "I concluded my experiments. I cleaned up after myself -- killing anyone who might connect me to the camps. I used a mild version of my drug to attach myself to Von Braun's rocket team at Peenemunde. The end of that war was the beginning of the cold war with Russia. The cold war made allies of enemies."

Otto was back to his measuring and injecting. He gave me more water as he went on, "The United States had an immediate post war program called "Operation Paperclip." Any German with 'needed' skills was moved out of Germany into the US of A. Put to work defending against the Red Menace. Right at the end I was a rocket fuel chemist with Von Braun. I ended up working for Thiokol, formulating fuels for the Minuteman rocket and Mercury missions. As people lost interest in the war years I 'remembered' my biochemistry degree, moving to MCL. Using various versions of my obedience formula, I made my niche here."

Otto paused to check the flow from the IV bag. He looked over the IV site, pronouncing my veins

'excellent' just before he proceeded with his story. "After more than sixty years of refinement, I have many versions of my drug with various potencies. Some last a day, others a month. The injectable drugs last the longest, one a year and the other forever. There is a powder to mix with food, drops to mix with drinks, pills, aerosol spray, and the shots."

He smiled happily as he continued his lecture. "The drug's effect has been refined with less robot-like response and more an imprinting, leaving the subject's personality and intellect. The end result is less about mere obedience and more respect, devotion and love, all leading to even stronger compliance. The subjects with the longer-term treatments are attuned to you, anticipating your wishes, focused on your happiness, comfort, and, of course, sexual pleasure."

Otto held up a four-inch-thick, three-ring binder crammed with pages. He began explaining in some detail the manufacture of each version of his 'obedience' drug. Then he dropped his bombshell on me. "You're probably wondering about the drugs flowing into your vein."

I giggled as I said, "It has crossed my mind, yes."

Otto laughed in genuine amusement. "The drugs have several effects, including making you immune to mind altering or mind controlling drugs, improving your health, lengthening your lifespan, changing your brain function, sharpening your intellect, improving your sexual response, making you more appealing to women."

I queried, "Pheromones?"

He answered, "Yes, but more importantly, the combination of drugs your body absorbs actually changes

and improves brain function. For discussion purposes, consider it 'waking' areas of the brain that are dormant in everyone else. These higher brain functions actually project desirability, attraction and mating. Think of it as your brain broadcasting 'sex appeal.'"

This was ALL too weird, but I still nodded, smiling happily, as he continued, 'This brain function naturally enhances the obedience drug. The other thing enhancing the drug effect is propinquity.'

I asked, "Pro- what?"

Otto laughed again. "Closeness. You will dominate your harem by your mere presence. Your harem of submissive women will affect each other, reinforcing your dominance and the drug effect, and will additionally influence other women who are not drugged -- just by being in your home or near your group, perhaps at the mall or in school."

I asked, "My harem?"

Otto now looked serious as he replied, "I asked your fondest wish, who you crave. The yearning and hunger in your belly. You wrote names on that paper."

He pointed at a yellow legal pad on his desk.

## Chapter 2

Otto busied himself with more ampoules, injecting further drugs into my open vein. He continued his narrative. "It was long past time for me to move on to another identity. I had an exit strategy planned. Such a wonderful American phrase! I changed it slightly after you became my intern."

He regarded me calmly as he took up his story. "I knew Diana was coming today. She will fire me and I will disappear. Very short sighted of MCL, but it's the corporate world. So very much like the Reich at such times."

He smiled, continuing, "You are not aware of the fact that I added your name to the patents I applied for and the articles I wrote while you were with me."

He gestured to a stack of file folders. "I am leaving you a dozen patentable chemical compounds. Use these until your brain function improves enough that you can develop your own. These dozen compounds, with Diana's help, will allow you to maintain your occupancy of these labs. Your synthesis of the obedience drug will be much easier with these facilities at your disposal."

He administered more injections as he continued, "I took time today to visit Diana's new home. I met her rather submissive significant other, Bailey Weller. She and Diana are irrevocably bonded to you today, Billy."

That was finally enough of a bombshell to break through my drug induced fog. I started violently. Otto laughed at my response as he said, "I am afraid my precious angel would not long survive without my presence in her life. I have imprinted my Jennifer to you as well Billy. It is a grave responsibility I leave with you. None of these ladies will live on without your presence."

I shook my head as I protested, "You never asked..."

Otto smiled broadly as he replied, "Yes, I did. I asked you when you were in the throes of my drug -- when you **MUST** tell the truth. You were pleased and happy with my



offer of mastery over these and the others. You, of course, have other women that you wish to dominate for your sexual pleasure. It will be my pleasure to aid you in this endeavor as part of my 'exit strategy'."

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I was sitting in the chair, with my arms still shackled. It slowly dawned on me that I was alone in Otto's office. I had no idea how much time had passed or where Otto was for that matter. I was becoming more lucid, coming out of my drugged confusion.

The IV was no longer in my hand; the empty saline bag was still hanging from the IV stand. It must have run for a while. I flexed my hand, examining the red, puffy area of the IV site.

Diana Swane entered the office. Incongruously, she was naked, wearing only her unbuttoned suit jacket. She looked at me calmly, and in the most normal of tones she said, "I let Doctor Kressinger go today. Luckily, you and Jennifer will be able to stay on at MCL to help me with his files and last experiments."

She continued with a big smile, "I can release you in a few minutes. The doctor gave me specific instructions, Billy. Please don't be angry with me. I promise this will be the last time I ever disappoint you. The doctor said that you would need time to recover from your treatment. You and Jennifer must accompany me home. You can rest there. I'll cover for you both here at MCL."

I was nonchalant in accepting her explanation. In my returning clarity, I correctly attributed my calm to Otto's drugs. I asked, "Where's Jennifer?"

Diana replied, "The doctor gave us a list of files and

other items you would likely need immediately. Jennifer is collecting them and putting them in the SL600. Then she is cleaning up the lab. By that time I should be able to release you."

She cringed at that reminder, staring at the floor. Suddenly she dropped to her hands and knees before she looked up saying, "Billy, I know that you must discipline me for my lack of obedience to you. I promise it will never happen again. Forgive me."

Diana pressed her face to my shoe top, repeating 'forgive me' -- over and over. As an example of the power of Otto's obedience drug, Diana's abject behavior was a pretty stunning turn-around.

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At about this same time a hemisphere away, in a massive cathedral built by the conquistadors in what is now that country's capitol city, the Archbishop is speaking. "A very successful test, Monsignor."

The Archbishop patted the lithe, naked women kneeling next to him, smiling down at her. Maria, he knew from her weekly confessions as a devout and chaste virgin, had just willingly given him that virginity. He had gleefully taken her every virginity! Her asshole was so tight it reminded...

Shaking his head, he asked, "Monsignor, how does this obedience machine work?"

The monsignor, having just received a blowjob from Maria's sister, was in a far better mood as he answered, "We discovered it among Michelangelo's secret coded journals in the deep recesses of Vatican library catacombs. The journals were long ago placed there to

protect them, then forgotten."

The Archbishop looked around. In the sacristy of Cathedral, the orgy was dying down. The twenty-four pious, virtuous women invited to this special Latin ceremony had become wanton harlots and sluts, totally obedient to any request.

The monsignor continued, "Michelangelo called them the 'lenses of persuasion' -- small boxes with crystals, jewels and specially ground lens placed in a pattern forming the 'circle of enlightenment.' In addition he discovered hypnotic tonals and rhythms. Using that as a basis, he designed the words, music, and even organ chords needed for the proper resonance. The specially colored and patterned vestments are Michelangelo's as well. Our regular ceremonials with candles and incense deepen the suggestible effect. "

The Archbishop nodded as he absently played with Maria's tiny, almost nonexistent tits. Pulling on her nipples, he asked, "Why weren't we influenced?"

The monsignor smiled happily. "No one outside the circle is affected, while those inside have their free wills crushed as they focus their total, absolute obedience on the men wearing the brightly colored robes."

The Archbishop asked quietly, "And what shall we do with this new vast power we have discovered?"

The monsignor was suddenly animated as he spoke loudly. "America. The home of greed and wrongdoing must be reformed. Widespread sinning, disobedience to our teaching, unchecked homosexuality must be ended. We will stop it now."

His eyes bulging the monsignor repeated, "Unbridled rampant homosexuality."

Since the Archbishop could see two priests, members of the monsignor's construction team, engaging in an act that was pretty universally understood to be 'homosexual,' he lost interest in the discussion. Well between that and Maria's tongue on his balls.

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I realized that my mind was sharper by the minute. Shaking my shoe in Diana's face, I said, "Diana, sit up, we need to talk."

Dianna sat back on her heels, looking up expectantly as she said brightly, "Yes, Master."

I looked in her eyes as I said, "Diana, I need your brain. Tell me why Otto did this for me."

She smiled happily. "Because he liked you, Master?"

I snapped at her, "God Damn it Diana, I told you to think. The man killed a million fucking people. He doesn't like anybody but himself."

She cringed, ducking her head. "I'm so sorry Master. I'll try to do better."

She continued in a subdued tone, "Master, You may be a guinea pig, or trial subject. Otto may have left you as a decoy for some reason. Master, you may be a place holder with Otto setting up his eventual return by means of a new identity."

Diana looked up tentatively as I smiled. "Much better. More like that when I ask you to think."

Her smile broadened with my praise. She sat back on her heels, with her hands on her lap, waiting patiently. I looked over at Otto's desk trying to see into his head. Maybe he did like me, but even in my drugged state it seemed, umm, doubtful. I had much to think about.

As I glanced down at beautiful, compliant Diana, I was forced to confront a rather ugly reality. I was going to fuck her and all the others based on Otto's research at a concentration camp. Those many deaths somehow equated into my future happiness. How did I feel about this origin for my power?

One thing was for sure. Otto was correct. Looking down at Diana's wobbling breasts I had every intention of USING my new power.

A few qualms were however starting to emerge from my placid stupor.

Just then I heard Jennifer behind me. "Master, the car is loaded, and it is time to release you."

She was quickly kneeling next to my chair, with her cheek pressed to my hand. "I am so very sorry we had to restrain you, Billy. Can you ever forgive us?"

I looked into Angel's pain-filled eyes and bit back my automatic smart-ass remark. I was going to need to be careful with my words, even my tone of voice. Otto's drug had so sensitized them to meeting my needs that any casual joking aside would be taken very seriously indeed. As if I needed more to think and worry about...

Petting Jennifer's soft skin, I smiled as I softly said, "It's OK, my Angel. We all had our instructions from Otto. Release me now, please."

Jennifer was busy with one wrist, while Diana worked, releasing the other. Then they both stood up, helping me to my feet. I trembled for a moment until my dizziness passed. I nodded toward the lab, and my lovelies escorted me into the main lab area. As I stood braced on a lab table, I finally looked at a clock.

I turned incredulously to Diana. "One o'clock."

Diana ducked her head as if I'd slapped her as she was wringing her hands in obvious distress. She finally replied in a tiny voice. "Yes, sir. Sorry, sir. Otto was very specific. I'm so sorry. Please forgive us, master."

I put my index finger to her lips as I shook my head, saying in my calmest voice, "Diana, we need to figure out leaving here, and our vehicle situation."

Diana nodded as she replied, "Your Mercedes SL-600 is loaded and ready to go, sir. I'll pull my BMW 760Li around and lead to my place. It was strongly suggested that you allow us to drive until at least tomorrow."

I had to smile at her careful phrasing, but I had to agree. My muzzy head did not lend itself to walking, much less driving. I had another question. "My ride, my Denali?"

Diana looked a touch concerned as she answered, "Otto said we could pick it up in long-term parking at the airport."

I tipped my head back laughing uproariously as Jennifer and Diana looked on in some disquiet.

If this was a chess game, Otto was many moves out in

front. I looked over at Diana, still dressed only in her jacket, as I said, smiling, "Don't you need to get dressed?"

She nodded, agreeing. "Yes, sir. And if you will allow me..."

Here a bit of the 'old' Diana asserted itself. With her back straightened and shoulders back, she continued, "I really should go next door, Sir. Raise hell, and kick their sorry asses, to make God Damn sure this lab is undisturbed for you Billy, I mean Master."

I shrugged, saying, "Billy is fine in public, ladies, let's not draw undue attention."

Looking at the two of them, I silently wondered how we'd avoid undue attention as I continued, "Yes, please Diana do take care of business, then return with your 'Bimmer.' Angel, please bring me a cup of coffee, extra sugar."

I stood contemplating Diana as she dressed. Until now, I had never really thought about the sensual possibilities of a woman dressing. I found the whole experience quite arousing.

When she was dressed, holding her aviator sunglasses, Diana stepped up to me. Her hand on my shoulder, she leaned in to kiss me. Our kiss deepened, with tongues playing in each other's mouths, as I lost track of time. I came up for air to confront Diana's reverential gaze. I gently turned her unresisting body toward the door and swatted her on the ass, saying, "Get to work, Diana."

She giggled as she looked hotly over her shoulder. Her heels tapping staccato rhythm, Diana made for the door.

Feeling a gentle touch on my arm, I turned, to find Jennifer Angel holding my coffee mug. As I took the cup, she seemed to melt into my left side, with her right arm wrapped around me. My arm went around her as her head rested on my shoulder. Angel's fingers played with the hair on my neck, in a pleasantly distracting manner. I turned, and her lips were right there! Our lips touched softly, then with increasing ardor, as our tongues danced together, chasing each other back and forth.

We continued kissing. I was still holding my coffee. It finally dawned on me that a warm willing female might be an improvement to holding that mug. Somehow mug made it down to the lab table without spilling, and both my arms were around Angel.

While we kissed, my hands traveled from her shoulders down her back, over her ass and thighs, then back up, over and over, exploring, tactually memorizing Angel's perfect body. My hands paused on her flawless ass, squeezing and kneading. As my fingers drifted away, Jennifer giggled into my mouth. As she pulled back to make eye contact, she said tenderly, "You don't have to stop, Billy. It all belongs to you. I'm your Angel, Master. My ass, my entire anatomy, is yours to use. Every morsel of my being; every speck of body, mind, and soul is your loyal slave, sir."

By the time she was finished, my cock was hard and throbbing. Angel felt my arousal, responding by grinding her belly against it. Her soft lips were once more touching mine. Angel kissed my chin, then my neck. As her body slowly settled, her lips surrounded each of my nipples, sucking, then descending to lick my navel, until she was squatting at my feet. Her fingers were busy until my zipper descended, as she spread my pants



widely. She reached into my pants, pulling out my engorged cock.

She rubbed her cheek against my cockhead as I moaned deep in my throat. Cradling my cock in her warm palm, she engulfed the head in her hot mouth. Reaching up, she pinched my nipple. I grabbed her head with both hands, screaming, "ANGEL!"

As my cock pulsed, coming in her mouth, my fingers tangled in her blonde hair. Angel's suction and licking continued, as she swallowed my spending. Then Angel cleaned my cock with tiny catlike licks, until I stopped her. Angel continued squatting and still holding me, with her head resting against my belly.

My sudden sharp orgasm had cleared away more cobwebs. Quietly I breathed, "Angel, look at me please."

As she looked up into my face I asked, "Angel, did Otto give you instructions or messages for me?"

She looked puzzled for just a moment then her eyes cleared as if remembering as she said cheerfully, "Oh, yes sir. I was only supposed to tell you if you asked, but now you did."

I nodded as I helped her to her feet, standing quietly as I zipped up. I leaned forward as I gave her a kiss, tasting my cum on her lips. I continued our kiss while my hands wandered.

Abruptly I stood up straight thinking about Otto, I was probably frowning. Poor Angel looked timid as she regarded me. I smiled as I said, "Not to worry, my Angel. It's just our boy Otto, playing with my head. Again."

Angel was standing patiently, as I realized there must be a further trigger phrase. "Angel is there some message, something from Otto that you need to tell, give or show me?"

Angel broke into a radiant smile as she said, "Yes, Billy. Please follow me."

At my gesture, Angel turned toward the lab's office. I stopped at the entrance, taking my shirt from the hangers and putting it on. I walked in, buttoning my shirt and sipping that coffee, to confront a lovely vision of Angel's cute little butt as she knelt on the floor with her head in the bottom drawer of a file cabinet.

I sat in Otto's chair while I waited. I slid open the shallow center drawer of his desk. In the middle sat a large black pistol. I'd never seen it before in my life but I recognized it immediately. It was a Walther P38, the sidearm of World War Two Germany. No surprise that Otto had one.

I carefully picked it up, rolled the slide-mounted safety down to 'safe,' then touched the 'loaded chamber' pin just above the hammer. I flipped the butt-mounted catch, dropping the loaded clip on the desk. I pulled the slide back, holding up the catch until it locked. I set the P38 on the desk blotter as I reached in the drawer, retrieving half-a-dozen more loaded clips. The clip in the gun and the others were loaded with hollow point ammunition. As I lined them up on the blotter I had a disquieting thought.

I leaned back in the ergonomic chair I turned to Angel, saying, "Angel I need to ask you a question."

By now Angel had every bottom file drawer in the row

open and an interesting stack of 'something' next to her. I asked, "What are you doing, love?"

She looked over with a big grin, saying, "Otto's favorite hiding spot. He shortened all the bottom file drawers a couple inches and put his secrets in that space."

I sat, more or less patiently, until she was done. Angel knelt behind the secreted items, waiting expectantly for my order to proceed. I had a question first. "Angel, Otto taught me to use that gun. I've never seen one or held one, yet I knew just what it was and what to do. How'd he do that?"

Angel smiled contentedly. "Oh, thank you, sir. Now I can tell you every thing."

With that she was backside up, digging in the file space. This time, a laptop and a cloth bag appeared. She was again kneeling. She looked at me and answered my unspoken question. "This is the lot, Billy. I am released to share all my knowledge with you by your last question."

Angel reached into the cloth bag to pull out a set of earphones. As she donned them I realized they weren't 'exactly' earphones. The earpieces were joined with eyepieces and metal contacts that fitted the temples. She held the digital connection and pointed to the laptop.

I said, "OK, my Angel, talk to me."

Angel replied pedantically as if a recording, "A method for accelerated learning or for reinforcing control programming. Administer the L1 drug, and then select the appropriate DVD disk from the library. You have

received, and can now access, the needed skills to make your own disks. The educational disks Angel is showing you will allow you to complete your biochemistry Ph.D. in the month it will take you to comprehend the disk contents. The special control disks should be absorbed by any of your new 'permanent' slaves as soon as practicable. You have received a great deal of input from this system. This is part of the reason you need to rest for a few days, to allow your mind to assimilate this torrent of information, along with the changes from the drugs."

Angel carefully stacked the numerous DVD jewel cases and the 'headphones' on the laptop. She held up a tall stack of CDs, saying, "Otto's complete files, Germany to present. Every experiment, every formula, every dossier, all his observations, and explanations."

Now, a stack of green journals and notebooks. She said, "Otto's diary, notes, and annotations, from very earliest to now."

Last, but not least, some unidentifiable stainless steel items, which Angel identified as "Otto designed very specialized devices for covertly administering his drugs. The instructions are on this CD."

She lapsed into silence. I pointed at the gun on the desk. Angel said, "There's a shoulder holster in the bottom drawer. Otto suggests you either wear that one, or a modern gun of your choice, from now on."

I looked at Angel, unseeing, wondering what else Otto had programmed into me and why Otto felt I needed that gun?

### Chapter 3

Jennifer Angel patiently sat back on her heels. I was lost in my reverie. Eventually, coming back to the present, I found myself looking into Angel's adoring eyes, surrounded by her halo of platinum hair.

I smiled at her as I said gently, "I guess that stuff goes with us as well, Angel. See to it, please."

Angel sprang to her feet, pulling a capacious Zero Halliburton wheeled metal case from behind the office door. She was carefully stacking the laptop, disks, and journals in the case, as I warily pulled open drawers on Otto's desk. The contents were uniformly unremarkable -- pens, pencils, and post-it notes. Well, the bottom drawer did include the Bianchi X-15 shoulder holster and several boxes of Remington Golden Saber jacketed hollow point ammunition. By now, I was pretty much inured to Otto's little surprises.

I stood up, slipping into the holster, with the heavy leather strap over my left shoulder. I clipped the holster to my belt as I looped the elastic over my right shoulder. Picking up the P-38 and inserting a clip, I racked the slide, chambering a round, then rolling the safety down just before I inserted it in the holster.

Standing behind the desk, wearing the holstered gun, I was amazed at how heavy and bulky it was. Nobody in any of those action movies I saw seemed as encumbered as I was. Just another case of Hollywood lying!

Walking to the hangers outside Otto's office I picked up a Mega Chem Labs windbreaker. Putting it on and zipping it a bit did an admirable job of concealing the holster. If I was going to be armed on a regular basis, we would definitely have to find a better, um, that is,

lighter, more compact firearm. This big, heavy gun was hardly the ideal solution.

Otto's sudden need to flee was disquieting. I was becoming more and more convinced that my now extended family and I were in some peril, dictating my having a gun of some sort handy.

I walked back into the office, dropping the additional clips in my windbreaker pockets, then handing the extra boxes of ammunition to Jennifer. She swiftly stacked them in the wheeled case, then looked up at me, gesturing to the case. I nodded, and she closed it up, wheeling it out of the office. I stood, contemplating the poetry in motion that was Angel traversing the laboratory, on her way to load the metal case in the Mercedes.

After refilling my coffee cup, I wandered through the lab, my steps surer now, coming out of my Otto-induced befuddlement. Back in front of the lab's office, I was greeted by more world-class kisses from Angel; time was suspended, lost in her arms and lips.

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The staccato rapping of Diana's high heels announced her return. She quickly joined Angel in my arms, kissing me. Two beautiful women were sharing my lips, kissing me in turn. Lips brushing my cheeks, neck, and ears, while they politely waited their turn at my lips. Their tongues licking my lips and teeth, as they allowed mine full rein.

My pulse was throbbing, with my hard cock pressing at my khaki slacks, my arousal leaving an unmistakable wet spot. Diana started to lower my zipper. I reached down, staying her wrist. My action surprised all three of us.

The hard pulse of my stimulation was flushing more of the soporific out of my brain. With this newfound clarity feeding my disquiet, I decided we needed to move along.

Smiling, I slowly shook my head, saying in a soothing tone, "Not now ladies, we can play at Diana's."

They both nodded happily. With kisses for me, Jennifer and Diana were adjusting each other's clothing, while I tried to make my rampant cock a bit less obvious.

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As we were getting ready to leave, I turned to Jennifer with a question. "Angel, Otto knocked me out with something that smelled like almonds and I was down for the count. Did he leave any of that stuff and the dispenser?"

Jennifer nodded as she walked back into his office, pulling open a file drawer. She smiled happily as she retrieved something. She carefully set a heavy, gold-decorated Waterman ballpoint pen in my open palm, saying, "Otto has his own built into a heavy signet ring. This was one of his spares."

Jennifer pointed at the pen's decorative design as she explained, "That's the safety. You slide it and then you push there and the aerosol delivers from this end."

Only by looking very carefully could you see the tiny opening in the end of the pen. I uncapped it to discover that the ballpoint worked just fine. Jennifer held up a gold cigarette case decorated with same design as pen. She flipped it open to reveal cigarettes and a thin gold lighter. Then she manipulated a hidden catch and the cigarettes hinged aside to reveal a row

of one-milliliter hypodermic syringes, each filled with amber fluid, as she continued, "This is the antidote for the spray. One subcutaneous injection awakens you. The second ends the effect. Without the injection, the subject is under for a couple of hours. The effect lasts about twenty-four more."

Diana and I both nodded. Diana asked calmly, "Would it be better if one of us administered that spray, Master. Then if it blows back in our face you're still awake, protected."

Jennifer giggled as she said, "Good point, Diana. We do need to protect our Master, but not in this case. He is quite immune to all these drugs as are we. For that matter anyone of his slaves with the permanent imprinting is immune to these lesser drugs' various effects."

Diana smiled as she said, "You're quite well informed, Jennifer. That will be very helpful to our master."

I glanced at her with some concern, but the tone wasn't sarcastic and her expression was serene. Jennifer, taking no offense at all, smiled as she replied, "Yes Diana, Otto told me simply everything about everything. The drugs help me remember it all but with an added compulsion against me ever revealing anything without Otto's permission. Billy cleverly figured out how to secure that permission."

I grinned as I pointed at the lighter. "Does this do anything besides light cigarettes?"

Jennifer looked serious as she replied, "Not that one Master, but somewhere around here is a Zippo that Otto designed to shoot tiny darts that immobilized the subject allowing Otto to administer a follow up drug or



simply flee. Would you like me to find it, Billy?"

I just stared at her, shocked speechless at Otto's machinations.

Diana interceded, saying, "I'll help you look, Jennifer. We need to make sure our Master Billy is well protected."

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I was still blown away by Otto's toys; like this Zippo lighter, a souvenir from the 1964 World's Fair, with that fair's Unisphere globe on its case.

The cigarette lighter part still worked, now fueled by a tiny butane reservoir. Deep in the Zippo's chimney was an almost invisible tube, that used carbon dioxide to propel a half-inch long needle with feathered bases, having an almost miniscule payload of one of Otto's wonder drugs. The lighter's magazine held eight darts, ready to be fired rapidly one-after-another as soon as the hinged cover was flipped open and the safety released.

The Zippo went in my windbreaker pocket, the pen clipped in my shirt pocket, and cigarette case in the back pocket of my khakis

We stood next to the two cars as Diana provided directions to Bear Paw, the gated golf community, to Jennifer. Diana stood by the open door to her BMW 760 Li Sedan, looking at me expectantly. It dawned on me that she was awaiting my permission.

I asked, "Do we need anything else, Diana?"

She shook her head as she replied, "No Master, I mean

Billy. I'll lead the way if it's all right with you.  
Will you be riding with Jennifer?"

I nodded with one last admonition, "Let's go then, please, but no speeding. I don't want any official notice."

Diana quickly replied, "Yes sir, no speeding."

She looked a little disappointed.

I climbed in the Mercedes Benz 600S with Jennifer. She eased out of the parking place to follow Diana who was already at the parking lots exit with her blinker flashing impatiently. Jennifer giggled. "Good thing you told her not to speed, Billy."

\*\*\*\*\*

Diana was far ahead of us and quickly out of sight. I saw Jennifer's apprehensive look and I commented, "Don't worry Angel, I can get us to Bear Paw. Mommy Gwen and Auntie Grace regularly play a round of golf there with friends from Gold's. I've had to play sober cab often enough to know the way."

Jennifer smiled gratefully as she continued her careful passage of the dark, deserted streets. Sinking back into the soft leather seats, I pulled my Marlboros out of my backpack, loading them into my new cigarette case. I shook one out, tucking it between my lips, and lit it with the cars lighter. I cracked the passenger window, although the Benz's luxury ventilation system was doing a commendable job of dissipating the smoke.

My smoking was perhaps the one rebellion of my entire life. Gwen made it a short-lived one. I started out swiping her cigarettes. She swiftly put an end to that,

not by admonishing me, but simply by buying a carton of my newly preferred brand when she bought hers.

As our ride glided through the murk I quietly finished my cigarette, trying not to think too much.

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We rolled up to the security gate at Bear Paw to see Diana standing next to her 'Bimmer' with her index finger jabbing firmly into the chest of the guard. We could hear her raised voice over the engine noise of both vehicles as Diana cleared up any confusion he might have over our need for unfettered access.

It was only moments and he was handing Jennifer a laminated vehicle pass to hang from the mirror, a gate opening transponder, and an envelope containing key cards and number codes for the gates keypad station. He stood next to the open gate, at quivering attention as Diana climbed back in her car and led us into Bear Paw.

We drove along the wide boulevards, among the outsized estates of this exclusive community, passing the Club House that gave access to their very own Jack Nicklaus-designed golf course.

We turned a corner following Diana into a cul-de-sac. With a blip of her throttle she pulled into the driveway of an immense Tudor mansion. Diana was out of her car, gesturing us along the side of the house and behind, into a garage stall. Then Diana pulled up behind us. I climbed out to find a concerned Diana wringing her hands saying:

"Master Billy, I'm so sorry. I like to drive too fast, and quite forgot that I was not supposed to speed. I'm very sorry, Sir."

Diana was contrite as she stood there with her head down, so different then her stance at the guard shack. Jennifer tactfully interrupted to ask, "Billy, shall we unload the car now?"

I shook my head saying, "Not right away, Angel. Maybe bring along my backpack, but otherwise lets go in and get settled. Alright Diana?"

Diana smiled more happily as she led us to the back door of her new home. We entered a spacious kitchen through the mudroom. The kitchen was filled with the best of modern culinary equipment, mostly in pairs. Broad marble counters held every imaginable kind of appliance, with the crystal stemware and fine china displayed in glass-fronted cabinets.

We walked around the breakfast bar, and past the round table with its twelve place-settings. The table fit in one corner of the roomy kitchen, overlooked by the outsized bow windows. I gestured to Angel to drop my pack on one of those chairs.

Diana led us through the French Doors into the formal dining room, with its elongated table graced by several silver trays holding sterling serving pieces.

Looking past the vast table into the living room, all filled with furniture, decorations and art. I turned to Diana with a question. "This is all quite 'moved in.' I thought you just got here?"

Diana smiled cheerfully as she replied, "MCL's relocation office found this house and a decorator for me. Almost everything you see here was provided by that decorator who I supervised by looking at pictures or watching videos then trading e-mails and phone calls as

each room came together."

I grinned at the state that decorator must have been in after any one of those 'supervisory' phone calls from Diana as she continued, "We were in a much smaller townhouse in my last posting. We left most of the furniture right there for the next owners. The few furniture pieces we kept, plus our personal items, even our cars, came here by moving van, arriving Monday. Bailey organized the move in while I tended to final items before flying in today to take over this division."

Jennifer continued to explore the vast rooms, with Diana following. I sat down on one of the leather couches in the conversation, grouping facing the fireplace in the great room. As I sat, my big pistol shifted. I reached under my arm, moving it to a more comfortable position. Jennifer and Diana both looked over with some concern.

I asked Diana, "You own a gun, Diana?"

She answered enthusiastically, "Yes, sir, Master. A Glock model 35 in .40 caliber loaded with Winchester Silvertip hollow points. It's upstairs next to the bed. Do you want me to get it for you?"

I shook my head as another question occurred to me. "Diana, your companion. Bailey, is it? Where is she?"

Diana now replied in an off-hand manner, "She's upstairs in the bedroom. She's holding her greeting position until I release her..."

Then Diana's face wore a look of confusion for just a moment; it cleared as she continued, "Though from now on, Master Billy, it will be up to you to decide how

you wish to be greeted, and by who."

I was incredulous as I asked, "She's been upstairs waiting all day?"

Diana saw my expression and was quick to answer, "Oh, no, Sir. Once Bailey completes her few tasks for the day she has the run of the house, Master. When she hears my car, she is to go to the bedroom and assume her greeting posture."

I nodded in understanding as I said, "So that added throttle you gave your car as you were pulling in, letting the exhaust bark was a warning for her?"

Diana smiled. "Yes, Sir."

Then she smirked as she continued ruminatively, "Although, if Bailey feels it been too long since she's been disciplined, she will ignore that. Part of the game is, if I feel a need for a punishment session, I will sometimes park some distance away, catching her completely by surprise."

I was shaking my head as I contemplated their relationship. My porno surfing showed me many odd, unusual, even kinky sexual liaisons. I just never expected to see one like this in real life, and never ever thought I'd be a part of one!

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I finally roused myself off the couch, saying, "I'm beat, ladies. Let's find a bed so I can get some sleep. Although with everything that has happened, I'll probably have insomnia."

Jennifer giggled as she patted my arm saying, "We'll

just have to relax you then, my Master."

Yeah, that was relaxing; not! Diana led the way up the broad, curving staircase. She threw open the double doors leading into the master bedroom suite. I walked into a huge room, dominated by the massive bed, surrounded by its steel four-poster framework. My eyes were captured by the figure kneeling next to that vast bed.

A petite brunette, her hair streaked with pale highlights reaching far down her back, in a red transparent mesh baby doll, knelt on a thick satin cushion. Her butt settled back on her heels, with hands resting lightly on her wide spread thighs Diana pointed, saying simply, "Bailey Weller."

Bailey nodded silently in greeting. I'll have to admit there was something about having a beautiful woman kneeling, awaiting my instructions, that was instantly arousing! Before I could say or do anything, Jennifer stripped, kneeling next to Bailey, with a naked Diana joining them only an instant later. Gazing at the three of them, kneeling, and only an arm length away, was already beyond any possible fantasy I had ever imagined.

Diana suddenly spoke up, "Master Billy, I'd like to request my punishment now rather than later."

I looked at her in some puzzlement, asking, "Um, punishment, Diana?"

She nodded vigorously as she spoke forcefully. "Oh, yes, Master. For my failure to release you promptly and my speeding. I need to be punished."

I glanced over, to see Bailey and Jennifer smiling and

nodding slightly. This was quite outside any of my experience; I needed some help that was for sure. I pointed at Bailey. She sat up straighter thrusting her breasts forward as she said, "Yes, Master?"

I grinned at her little display as I said, "Bailey, please show me the sorts of things that Diana used to punish you."

Bailey fairly leapt to her feet as she grabbed my hand leading me into the next room. I walked in and saw something that looked like punishment stocks, an odd X-shaped cross on the wall, and a huge medieval rack in the center of the room, all surrounded by weird wooden furniture with unusual padding, cuffs and chains. Hanging from the walls was a collection of numerous whips, paddles and canes.

I was nonplussed, shaking my head at this display. I turned to an obviously disappointed Bailey, saying, "It's too much, too soon for me. I may never be into this like you and Diana. What kinds of things did she do that weren't quite so um severe?"

Bailey giggled as she said, "Come with me, Master."

Across the hall was another bedroom. This one had a queen-sized bed exactly in the center of the room, with four heavy leather cuffs connected by thick soft ropes to each corner. Bailey pointed next to the bed, to a weird-looking heavy wooden chair as she explained, "This is my restraint chair. It has sheepskin lined leather cuffs to hold wrists and ankles as well as forearms and thighs to the chair. The chair back is completely cut away as is the seat. This allows access to torment the person being punished while they are completely unable to move."



Bailey sat in the chair demonstrating the wide spread and helpless posture. My arousal was building as I asked her, "What kinds of tormenting things?"

Bailey smiled as she remembered, "One of her favorites was to have me restrained in this chair next to our bed. Diana would go out and pick up another woman. I'd have to watch their lovemaking all night being totally frustrated. Then in the morning..."

I snickered at that story. This sort of punishing I could do. Seemed altogether appropriate to punish Diana just like she punished Bailey. I picked up the chair as Bailey led me back into the master bedroom. Bailey quickly knelt back in line as I set the chair just inside the open double doors.

Diana's eye's got big when she saw the chair come in the room. I silently pointed at Diana then at the chair. She slowly moved to it and sat down. I said:

"Bailey, Jennifer... please buckle her in."

They moved with alacrity to make up the myriad of cuffs. Well they were tying her up, I slipped out of my windbreaker, hanging it over a nearby chair, then slid the shoulder holster off. I opened a deep drawer in the bedside desk, where I placed the pistol, still in its holster. Diana was quite trussed up by the time they were done. I rapidly lost interest in Diana, as my Jennifer Angel and Bailey pulled me toward the big bed.

Bailey was kneeling while Angel stood, both of them undressing me, kissing and licking any of my newly exposed skin. Bailey kissed the head of my cock, then took it in her mouth, teasing with gentle suction and soft licks. I was harder then I can ever remember being. My fingers tangled in her long brunette hair

when, suddenly, without any warning, my balls turned inside out as I came, my throbbing cock spraying in her mouth.

I trembled all over from the intensity of my orgasm as I gasped, "Sorry Bailey, I didn't..."

Bailey cut me off as she licked her lips with obvious relish. "No problem, Master Billy, quite alright. I love how you taste."

Angel was kneeling on the bed, pulling me into her kiss, as I realized that I was still hard. Climbing up on the big bed, I pulled Jennifer Angel into my arms, kissing her as my fingertips caressed her naked body. Bailey helped me settle Angel on her back, with me kneeling between her widespread thighs.

I couldn't wait even one more second!

Leaning forward, I kissed Angel deeply as Bailey positioned my cock at her center. Bailey pushed on my hips, as Angel raised hers to meet me. I slid in slowly, totally engulfed by Angel. My cock swallowed by her body until our pubic bones touched. I lay on top of Angel, unmoving, kissing her lips, chin, cheeks, and neck as I caressed her face and hair.

Angel's body caressed my cock in an astonishing fashion, until I began to move in tiny strokes, then longer and deeper, my hands at her thighs now, holding her as my hips slapped hers with my cock's every deeper penetration.

Bailey continued to kiss and caress us, as Angel's ankles locked behind me with her hands urging me on. Angel screamed as her cunt spasmed around my cock, my orgasm following hers an instant later, my spending

deep inside her causing yet another, even more intense orgasm for my Angel.

I collapsed bonelessly, my full weight on Angel, as she hugged me close with arms and legs wrapped tightly around me. Angel was cooing tenderly in my ear, as her lips softly caressed my face.

Bailey rolled us on our sides as she gently separated us. I lay on my back, holding Angel's hand as Bailey licked me, cleaning my cock and balls with her lips and tongue. Eyes closed, I relaxed with my fingers unhurriedly stroking Bailey's lustrous hair as she settled her cheek on my thigh. As my breathing and pulse slowed, my frantic thoughts stilled.

#### Chapter 4

My eyes opened. I was in an altogether delightful position, spooned up against Angel's back, with Bailey tucked tightly behind me, her hand lightly resting on my hip. My hard cock nestled against Angel's athletic butt, while my hand cupped her breast, with my face buried in her blonde mane.

Raising my head slightly, I glanced over to see a wide awake Diana still in the penalty chair. I sat up in bed, waking my two companions. Okay, I admit I'm not very good at this whole punishment thing. Pointing at Diana, I said quietly, "Please release her, I'd like her moved to the bed with the leather cuffs."

Watching Angel and Bailey work to release her, I realized that Diana's thighs were wet with her arousal. They each took one of Diana's arms, leading her across the hall stretching her supine on the bed. Bailey was cuffing her wrists while Angel cuffed her ankles. As

they began to tension the ropes, Diana requested drastically tighter, of course, while I countermanded, telling them to slacken.

When they were done, I stood at the foot of the bed, staring at Diana, naked, stretched into an 'X', spread-eagled by the ropes' pull. I had seen pictures like this on the Net, but in person it was awesome. I realized that I was stroking my hard, drooling cock while ogling her exposed, helpless, and to my eyes altogether vulnerable body.

Overwhelmed by my thoughts, I crawled up the bed between her legs, stopping with my knees against her butt. I kissed Diana with my tongue deep in her mouth, then lowered my head, licking and sucking her engorged nipples. I was feeling powerful as my hands encircled her slim waist, while my cock rubbed up and down her wet slit. Diana's hair lashed back and forth as she wailed in frustration. She pulled against the ropes, but was unable to impale herself on my cock. Bailey held my cock at Diana's center as I entered her in one deep stroke, still holding her waist in my tight grasp.

Diana screamed as her first orgasm overtook her; in my runaway excitement, I fucked into her helpless body, my hips slapping into hers as our pubic bones smacked together. Diana continued screaming and wailing with each orgasm. My cock grew as I drove deeply into her, holding my cock buried, and sprayed my cum into her, triggering her own massive orgasm. Diana screamed loudly, going rigid, pulling hard on the ropes, flexing her body in a bow off the bed as her cunt spasmed around my cock, drawing more cum from my balls.

Diana collapsed in a heap as I lay on top of her, exhausted, kissing her tenderly. My softened cock fell out of Diana, accompanied by her tiny whine of

disappointment. I rolled to the side, as Bailey cleaned Diana's cunt of our juices, while Jennifer Angel licked my cock and balls clean.

I stood next to Diana's bed, kissing her goodnight as I covered her with a light blanket and tucked a pillow under her head. She looked up at me saying in all seriousness, "This is hardly punishment, Billy."

I smiled down at her, saying, "You're restrained by those cuffs, Diana."

She smirked as she nodded. I continued gently, "Get some sleep. You have to work in the morning."

Diana nodded as she quietly said, "Yes, Sir. Master Billy. Thank you, good night, sir."

Taking Bailey and Jennifer by the hand I led them back to the big four-poster bed. I was soon spooned behind my Angel while Bailey held my cock in her warm hand. I smelled the vanilla scent of Angel's hair as I held her breast; I was asleep when my head hit the pillow.

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Not seeing the familiar confines of my bedroom. I woke up disoriented, holding an unfamiliar breast, feeling breasts against my back. I lay quietly in my confusion, finally recognizing that my memory hadn't been a dream.

Gentle kisses on my neck and shoulders, accompanied by Bailey's mild voice, welcomed me to wakefulness. I rolled on my back, with Bailey and Angel tucked under my arms, cuddling. My contemporaries never discuss cuddling, but it has much to recommend it, especially with two such beauties

Bailey was kissing my cheek as she whispered, "We released Diana before we woke you, Master."

I nodded, "Good. She should go to work today if possible."

Bailey continued as she lifted her head to speak in her deferential tone. "Do you wish to speak to her before she leaves for the office?"

I grinned. "Yes, please, but after my shower if she doesn't have an early morning appointment."

Bailey nodded. "Of course, Master. As you wish."

I smiled broadly as I realized that in this house it was literally true.

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I was standing under a cascade of water in Diana's sumptuous bathroom. Huge, ostentatious, and filled with every conceivable luxury this bathroom had it all!

Best of that all was my Jennifer Angel washing my hair with a deep scalp massage, while Bailey thoroughly washed my body, starting with the soles of my feet. Just as enjoyable, I returned the favor, washing both of them. I found washing their long hair to be another unexpected erotic adventure.

The gym class braggarts never mention showering or cuddling in their graphic sexual conquests. In a flash of insight I realized; they were as virginal and inexperienced as I had been before today. Either complete liars, or exaggerating some hurried, unsatisfying coupling for their audience of gullible boys.

While I was musing, Bailey and Jennifer stepped out of the shower, then turned on the horizontal side sprays. The pounding water utterly relaxed me. Finally, Angel gently pulled me out of the shower, then thoroughly dried me, with substantial cotton towels heated with the towel warmer.

Bailey returned with a long, hooded robe of thick organic cotton. They had postponed their own morning rituals to see to my comfort. I knew from observing my mother, aunt and cousins that Angel and Bailey had much to do this morning to feel comfortable about going out. Smiling, I said in a relaxed manner, "Thank you for a marvelous wake-up. I'll find my own way to the kitchen. Both of you please take the time you need to get ready for our day together."

After the thoroughly addicting kisses from them, I padded down the stairs and into the kitchen, to find Diana, dressed for success, standing at the counter with her laptop on the countertop. She was chewing a corner of toast while reviewing e-mails. When she realized I was in the kitchen, her posture changed abruptly as, dropping to her knees, Diana began again tearfully asking for my forgiveness for her transgressions.

I shook my head. Mommy Gwen never dragged out my punishments; why should I be any different?

I gently pulled her to her feet, kissing her into silence as I said evenly, "That's over and done with, Diana."

Diana smiled, wiping her eyes as she thanked me. She began bustling around the kitchen, offering me coffee and juice, apologizing for making me wait and generally

reminding me that I was master here.

I sat on one of the high swivel stools at the curved breakfast bar, sipping my orange juice, while Diana served my toast and coffee, then hovered until I told her to go back to her laptop. She kissed me, licking the toast crumbs off my lips before returning to her task.

I had just poured myself another cup of coffee when Diana erupted, "God damn it to hell. Fucking weasels. What the fuck did they do?"

I spun the stool around to face her. She was cursing loudly and pounding on the marble counter top as I asked her coolly, "What's the problem, Diana?"

She turned to face me, holding the counter top, her anger subsiding as she breathed deeply, visibly trying to calm herself as she asked evenly, "Master, do you know what 'The Fair' is?"

I nodded as I answered slowly and calmly, "Yes, Diana. It's the State Fair. You don't have a state fair where you're from?"

Diana shook her head as I continued, "I LOVE the fair! Our state fair is a nine-day exposition on two-mile square grounds next to Ag College on the edge of Lake City. Started as the statewide agricultural show over a hundred years ago, the culmination of eighty county fairs. Retains that rural farm flavor, adding urban cultural aspects. For those nine days, state fair grounds become state's fifth largest city."

She was surprised by my ready answer as she asked quickly, "Master do you also know what a 'Machinery Hall' is?"



I shook my head, saying softly, "Sure its not hill Diana? H-I-L-L! Machinery HILL?"

She swiveled back to her screen, exclaiming, "You're right, Billy. I thought it was a typo."

Now she swung back, looking deeply confused as I replied, "Part of that rural farmland agriculture heritage, Diana. Open air lots, with displays of tractors, trucks, lawn mowers, and construction equipment - in short anything requiring room out-of-doors to demonstrate."

Diana nodded curtly as her jaws tightened. She began pushing the words out with grave difficulty. "The weasels in the office set me up. Mega Chem's Agricultural Division has a display to be installed on this Machinery goddamn Hill. Whatever or wherever the fuck it is. A 'very elaborate, expensive coming straight from headquarters report to the CEO' exhibit. My division, being closest, is responsible for implementing this important showing. I'm answerable for what is rapidly becoming a train wreck because my weasel cock sucking managers dumped all the details on my desk with every solitary fucking one now claiming ignorance."

She took a deep shuddering breath as she grabbed my shoulders and concluded loudly, "I don't know about any of this bullshit and I just received an e-mail with the CEO's cell phone number asking for a complete fucking report."

Diana suddenly realized that she was shouting and gripping my shoulders. Startled she released me looking positively aghast then stepping back hurriedly until her butt hit the cabinets behind her, babbling her

apologies.

Shit, this being in charge can be hard work. Fucking Otto! I had to calm her. I covered Diana's mouth gently with my fingertips, while looking deep into her green eyes, saying slowly and clearly, "Calm down, Diana."

It was an astonishing transformation -- her expression and body language changed instantly. With her suddenly relaxed posture, Diana now had a tentative smile as she lapsed into silence. I looked at her in wonder at the sheer suddenness of the change.

We needed to get our shit together. Still making eye contact I asked her quietly, "How bad is this really, Diana?"

Diana stood for a moment with a calculating look, then responded coolly, "They picked a good one, Master. This is very bad. If this exhibit goes in the shitter I could very well be gone."

I stood listening as she continued, "I absolutely must be in the office today. While I'm busy with my transition 'take over' duties plus sorting out which asshole is responsible for this fair fiasco and getting them moving, the trucks and workman converge at this 'fairground hill machine' place today at noon -- long before I'll ever be ready for them. When it all falls off the table this afternoon, my boss and his boss are going to hear every fucking gory detail. Then I'm going to hear from them."

She looked aggrieved, saying in an almost inaudible voice, "And I haven't even been here long enough to FIND this fairgrounds place."

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Jennifer Angel was driving the 600 dressed in her workout togs, tiny short shorts and a belly shirt. We were on our way to her house for a change of clothes, then to mine. Not that I objected to Angel's outfit; quite the contrary, the view was awesome.

Today was casual day for us, with Bailey wearing a tight pair of stone-washed black jeans with a light green boy beater shirt and cross trainers. We would be going the fairgrounds today, to hopefully sort out Diana's exhibit crisis.

Still wearing my clothes from yesterday, I was sitting in the plush leather passenger seat next to Angel, with Bailey behind me playing with the hair just above my collar. My backpack was between my feet, with that big German pistol zipped into a side pocket. The files and other items from Otto's lab had been unloaded at Diana's.

We were quickly at The Pines, pulling into the driveway of the outsized, two-stall garage for Jennifer's luxury townhouse as she began explaining while we climbed out of the Benz. "This is a side by side, double house with a two stall garage on the one side butted up to the two stall from the next double house with one common wall on the other. The garage buffer on one side means we have privacy and quiet with only one close neighbor. The garages are tall, with attic storage. The solid line of buildings circles the property, forming a hollow square; this interior courtyard is quite impossible to see from the street."

We nodded as Angel went on, "The quadrangle with its pool, spa, exercise room, picnic shelter, running track, etc is only accessible through one of these owner townhouses. This very secluded privacy has

resulted in the whole interior court becoming 'clothing optional.' What that means is the folks using the pool and spa or tanning are nude with a scattering of partly clothed people in the picnic shelter or barbeque and a bit more clothing on the groups in the exercise area and on the running track."

Bailey began to giggle, as I probably looked as shocked as I felt. Angel grinned as she unlocked her door, inviting us into her home. Bailey, still giggling, asked, "How can this whole complex be made into a nudist camp, Angel?"

Still grinning broadly, Angel stood in her entryway as she explained, "The association bylaws have been amended to make it 'official'. Plus the association bylaws require a unanimous acceptance vote by current members before any purchase agreement can proceed."

I smirked. I can imagine that it didn't take long for a yes vote, after they got a good look at Angel and her rather impressive 'attributes.' Angel continued, "The residents of The Pines are typically young with all but a tiny minority unmarried. They're adrenaline junkies, many of them working at Lake County Regional Medical Center in the emergency room, trauma center, intensive care, or operating rooms."

Angel continued as we nodded, "The residents are into a good time, for instance, end of the week at The Pines is always a bash. Friday and Saturday nights in the summer are pool party and we all blow off steam. Otto loved this place, and I'm sure you will, too, Billy."

I nodded as we walked in. Angel took us on a quick tour of her luxury four bedroom townhouse. She cleared up a question for me as she showed us Otto's room, saying, "Otto stayed with me often even though he owns a very

nice home on acreage north of here. When you're ready, Billy, I can drive you to what Otto called 'The Farm.'"

She pointed to the desk, concluding, "The keys are in his desk drawer."

I pulled open the center drawer for a quick look. There were several key rings but I left them. I swung open the closet door to find more than a dozen long guns in soft leather cases leaning against the closet wall. More Otto surprises we would have to save for later. And what about this farm? Later, definitely later.

Sending Jennifer Angel to dress, I sauntered down to her kitchen. Bailey served me coffee that I sipped, while staring out the sliding glass door. We didn't have to wait long before Jennifer joined us, with a bulky duffle bag over her shoulder, as well as pulling a wheeled suitcase. She was dressed in her 'painted on' denim low rise hipsters, paired with a short, pink satin, spaghetti strap camisole top. Angel was exposing a lovely expanse of her flat belly above and below the navel. Did I mention not wanting a distraction? Thought so.

Bailey was cleaning up our negligible mess in the kitchen. I grabbed the duffle bag and pointed at the suitcase, saying, "Bailey, please bring her suitcase out to the Benz while she locks up."

Angel slipped into her running shoes as I led the way out the door. I was becoming anxious about what I would find at my house. What had Otto wrought?

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We drove along my tranquil suburban street as I became increasingly agitated. It dawned on me that I hadn't

been worried about Gwen until this morning. Otto's programming had likely prevented any such thoughts until they broke through today.

Angel pulled in our driveway, rolling up to our attached garage. The house, garage and yard all looked so normal. I shook my head. *Get a grip, Billy!* Otto used mind control not a phaser cannon.

Loitering in the car, I was trying to avoid entering the house as long as possible, totally at odds with my unfocused anxiety. Finally, I opened the car door, stepping out on the driveway. Bailey leaned over the seat to grab my backpack, while Angel shooed me toward the front door.

Only seconds after the car doors slammed, the front door opened wide, with Mommy Gwen appearing on the front stoop. I ran into her arms, hugging her. She was kissing me in a most unmotherly way, as I discovered that Gwen was dressed (sort of) in one of my dress shirts, one of my completely unbuttoned dress shirts being all she had on.

My fingers confirmed her undressed state as they floated up and down caressing her perfect body under the shirt while our lips never lost contact, our only oxygen shared back and forth. Jennifer poked me lightly, saying in a quiet voice, "Master you may want to take this inside."

I looked around, not relinquishing my embrace of Gwen, to see my Angel and Bailey trying to block any view of our impassioned greeting. I grinned, while Gwen giggled as she said, "She has a point, Billy. The front step is a little 'public' for this."

Bailey giggled as she chimed in with her agreement.

"Yes, Sir, especially when Jennifer and I join in."

I laughed now, saying, "Yeah, that would tend to draw a crowd..."

Looking around I continued more seriously, "...And a crowd of nosy neighbors avid for scandal would be a bad thing."

Gwen took my hand, leading me inside, continuing to hold my hand as she dragged me to the first floor master bedroom. Okay, perhaps 'dragged' inaccurately conveys reluctance on my part to accompany her.

The bedroom was dim, windows covered with room-darkening drapes. The gas fireplace offered the only illumination, its flames giving an erotic glow to Gwen's body. I reached for Gwen and again I was lost in her lips, my hands traveling over the idyllic body I'd lusted over, seemingly forever.

Suddenly, I feel hands on me as Bailey and my Jennifer Angel intervened, undressing me then positioning us on Gwen's big bed. Gwen is lying on her back. I kneel between her legs staring at her mesmerized. She reaches between her legs, runs her finger through her wet slit, and then sucks the juice into her mouth with obvious relish. I hear a loud groan, and then realize it's me. Gwen grabs her thighs, pulling them back to her chest and spreading them widely. She smiles at me through her long legs, her face half obscured by her blonde mane.

I grabbed her smoothly muscled thighs and put my cock at her center, leaning forward. Making eye contact with my mother as my lips touched hers, I drove my hips forward. Our joining was immediate, with eyes, mouths, and genitals touching all at once.

Gwen held my hair, kissing me repeatedly as she used her every muscle, meeting my thrusts. Soon Gwen's long legs were held up along my chest as I plunged into her.

Gwen screams loudly as her orgasm engulfs her, with her convulsing body triggering mine. As I howl my spasming completion, I collapse bonelessly, my full weight on her.

Gwen's arms and legs went around me holding me as she kissed me, crooning into my ear, "So good, baby. So good for mommy," over and over as I relaxed in my mother's arms, my fingers tangled in her hair.

Gwen grinned at me, as she nodded to the side. I looked over, to see a naked Jennifer sprawled on her back, with Bailey kneeling between her thighs. Bailey's fingers and tongue were busy, with Jennifer floating from one peak to another. Finally, with a loud scream, she reached her limit, pushing Bailey away as she lay twitching with aftershocks. Bailey looked over at us, smiling happily, her face glazed with Jennifer's juices.

Gwen and I both laughed, which is a quite marvelous feeling, with her sheathe still surrounding my half hard cock. I rolled us to the side, holding her, gazing into her loving eyes. After my sexual heat cooled I felt guilty and apologetic saying softly, "Mother, I..."

Gwen covered my mouth interrupting me as she said firmly, "No more, Billy, from now on I am Gwen and you are Master. I wanted this just as much, maybe even more than you, my baby. Now, Master, it is long past time that I talk to you about your father. I saw him on television today."



## Chapter 5

The glassed-in shower enclosure for the bathroom attached to the master bedroom, or, as Gwen promptly informed Bailey and Jennifer, "Billy's Room," was huge; the four of us fit in it comfortably, with no crowding. The only 'crowding,' quite voluntary, found us rubbing together in slippery enjoyment.

I finally exerted my infinitesimal self-control, calling a halt to our fun. With only the cutest good natured grumbling, we rinsed off, dried each other, and dressed, finally meeting in the kitchen, clustering around the breakfast bar. Gwen served breakfast with Bailey and Jennifer's help, spooning double portions of scrambled eggs, bacon and hash browns on a plate for me while they ate a bit less. Quite a bit less! All the while giggling at my rapacious appetite.

When my hunger was sated and we were all sipping our after meal drinks, I dug out a cigarette. While Bailey lit it for me, Gwen walked over to the stack of newspapers in the corner saved for recycling. She dug through several days' editions until she found what she was looking for. Folding the paper carefully, she set it in front of me, pointing to the several column wide picture. I looked and my jaw dropped. My cigarette dropped from nerveless fingers as I gaped at Gwen, saying incredulously, "That's Rusty fucking Carlyle. What the fuck are you talking about?"

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I sat in utter consternation, reviewing my knowledge of Rutherford Forrestal 'call me Rusty' Carlyle. I took a swig of coffee and looked into their rapt expressions as I continued, "Senator Rutherford Forrestal 'call me

Rusty' Carlyle, has become a contender in the presidential horse races. A Multi Hundred Millionaire, highly decorated Vietnam Veteran and Born Again fanatic, Rusty is a formidable candidate and a prodigious fundraiser. Senator Carlyle always scared me, by calling for religious fundamentalist involvement in setting ALL government policy. A scientist, he championed Intelligent Design. An Internet pioneer, he called for censorship of the Net with draconian penalties. Endorsed by NRA, VFW and various religious and family value groups. Rutherford Carlyle might be our next president."

Jennifer Angel suddenly moved to hug me, saying softly, "Billy, are you all right with this Rusty person being your daddy?"

I shook my head, suddenly angry, saying sharply, "He ain't my daddy. Fucking sperm donor. He was and is nothing. Gwen is my mother and father. Auntie Grace and my cousins with Gwen, they mean every goddamn thing to me. This asshole means NOTHING."

I looked into their concerned faces after my tirade. I took a deep breath, calming myself, then said contritely, "I'm truly sorry. What I should have said was that Jennifer, Bailey, and Diana are also now part of my family and also mean a great deal to me. I can only say this is so new to me, I don't always say the right things. Can you forgive me?"

With that said I had three bodies pressed against me, six arms holding me and it seemed a hundred lips kissing me as they were trying to hug, kiss and comfort me.

After things settled and Bailey had refreshed beverages, Gwen began relating her story with a very

pained expression on her face. Jennifer and Bailey were quickly holding Gwen's hands as she whispered in a halting voice, slowly gaining volume, "The Bar C connected is a vast spread west of the Missouri River overlapping the North and South Dakota border. There was no such border when Clan Carlyle came to the Dakota frontier, and bought the original one hundred-section land grant from the tribes. Dakota weren't a territory. It wasn't even part of the United States. Our Rocking H, right next door was tiny by comparison, eight hundred acres of mighty poor grazing but it was our home."

She paused looking out the window, deep in recollection. With a wistful smile, she went on, "Grace and I were going to school in Bullhead, SD. Grace dropped out, pregnant. She married the Masterson fuckwit, who promptly got her pregnant again. Their relationship ended abruptly when he got drunk and beat her up. Once. We retaliated with me holding him at gunpoint, while Grace branded his ass with a red hot Rocking H iron. We moved her and the girls back to the Hadley Ranch."

She took a deep breath pushing the rest out slowly, "Poppa died that spring, in a riding accident. It was left to Grace and I to run the place. Momma was pining, just wasting away. We soon found out it was Pancreatic Cancer. That's when Rusty came into my life. We needed cash to tide us over -- desperately. He saw the problem. Hired me to clean and help out in the kitchen and around the Bar C homestead. I thought it was charity. It was. But with that needed charity was lust."

Now Gwen was getting the rhythm as she continued, her voice stronger. "I was young, real young with my long legs, just growing into my boobs, and oh so cute. Mrs.

Carlyle hated the ranch, so she always stayed in Washington or New York. Rusty seduced me. To tell the truth, I didn't struggle too damn hard preserving my virginity. I became an apt pupil in the sexual arts for Rusty. We played out his kinks and twists. He'd snort coke off my belly then I'd fuck him with a strap on ..."

She looked at our shocked faces and giggled, saying with a big grin, "...Then it just got really fucking depraved."

We were shaking our heads as Gwen picked up the thread. "Rusty admitted that it was my age, combined with a young looking face, that was the attraction. He'd come to like the young stuff during his time in South East Asia. The very young stuff if you get my drift. He'd travel to Bangkok for his fun. Millionaire Rusty always found a veritable sexual smorgasbord."

Now she smirked at us. "If you watch coverage of his arrivals at the airport, you'll nearly always see a young, diminutive Asian girl attached to his entourage."

Gwen's expression shifted. Angry now. She almost snarled, "We'd been together and did everything. Of course he told me he loved me. So I had no problem telling him that somehow our protection had failed and I was pregnant. He stared at me for a moment, picked up his phone calling his business manager, turned and walked out of the room. I never met or spoke to him again. Rusty didn't kiss me, hug me, or even say goodbye."

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Gwen broke down crying. I held her awkwardly, while

Bailey and Angel stroked and patted, soothing both of us. We ended up with Gwen sitting on my lap, her head on my shoulder. She lifted it as she spat out bitterly, "They were very efficient. I can never go back, even to visit the graves."

As I continued to hold her Gwen calmly finished her story, saying, "By this time the cancer had taken momma. The Carlyle family relocated Grace and her girls here, then I followed. The cattle ranch is still in our name; we get a rent check each year.

We finished my schooling here, going on with our lives under this shadow. They are buying our silence. All this, our life, houses, cars, and money are the result of our signing non-disclosure agreements and severing all ties back home."

Gwen smiled thinly as she added, "Rusty did forget to tell his family 'one little thing'. He was an exhibitionist and voyeur. We videotaped and photographed our trysts then watched them while we fucked, and recorded that. We kept all those at the Rocking H for fear of his wife's infrequent visits. I have them all."

I was flabbergasted, processing her last revelation. Finally I asked contemplatively, "But Mom, I mean Gwen. Why is he still paying -- he can't really still be worried about this? Not after all these years."

Bailey and Jennifer just looked thunderstruck at my question; Gwen was equally stunned. Finally she gathered her voice to say softly, "Do the math, William. Rusty is fifty-eight. He was 42 then, long married, already a senator. Our affair was no youthful indiscretion for him. I was not even fourteen when you were born, Billy. My videos and your DNA would be a 'career ending' scandal. Your existence and true

identity must never be revealed if Rutherford Carlyle covets the presidency."

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My mouth was an 'O' of surprise as my brain finally caught up! I must have looked like the home alone kid. Ah, FUCK!!! Every bit of repressed paranoia surged back into my psyche. Gwen, Jennifer and Bailey patted me gently while I tried to calm the mental maelstrom.

I looked up, to see only Gwen's loving expression filling my vision. She leaned in, kissing me with an infinite tenderness, as if apologizing for the dreadful news. That brought me out of my funk as I asked coolly, "Gwen, do we own any guns?"

Gwen giggled as she replied, "Billy, my loving master, your mommy was born and raised on a western cattle ranch. She could ride and shoot with the best of them. Grace and I still go to the range every week."

That little nugget shocked me as I said in wonder, "I never knew."

Gwen shook her head, smiling. "Well, you never asked before. You seemed to have no interest in firearms, hunting, or the outdoors for that matter, Billy."

I nodded. It was only true. I wasn't opposed to firearms. I just never expected to be 'exposed' to them. Well, I needed to be 'up to speed' big time. Like yesterday! How in the fuck do you cram for a test like this? I asked tentatively, "So we own guns?"

Gwen was nodding her head in amusement as she answered, "We have a 336 Marlin in 30.30, a 444 Marlin, a Ruger 22 auto, Dad's Model 70 Winchester in 30.06, my

Remington 742 in .243 and several shotguns.'

I nodded; for some reason, I seemed to understand what she was talking about as she continued, "Handguns, we have Dad's Ruger .44 Mag., my Colt Python .357, a Ruger .22 Auto, and my Smith & Wesson Chiefs Special hideout."  
"

Then she added, "Oh yeah, Dad also had a Colt .45 auto, Walther PPK, and German Luger he brought home from the war. I've got those here as well."

I nodded, as Gwen suddenly looked contrite, saying apologetically, "Master Billy, I'm so very sorry that we never took you along to the range. You should have learned to shoot."

I shook my head, now emphatically, as I said, "No, Gwen, not your fault. I probably wouldn't have gone even if you offered, without first knowing what I know now. And you couldn't tell me before. Not without Otto's treatment."

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I'm really not that stupid. Just sheltered and more than a little naïve. Quite a shock with my coffee! To unexpectedly find out I'm the bastard son of a ruthless gazillionaire political candidate who doubtless ain't exactly overjoyed that I'm around. Fuck!

We're riding in the 600 on our way to the fairgrounds with Jennifer driving with me next to her Gwen and Bailey in the back seat Gwen is dressed in very short cut off jeans with my dress shirt, this time buttoned. Well, some of the buttons anyway. I'm wearing my faded jeans, a sweatshirt from Lake County Regional Aviation, gray polarized Ray Ban aviators, and my running shoes.

Gwen was also wearing trim leather "fanny pack" slung around on her hip, this a constant fashion accessory I was used to seeing. I was certainly not used to the petite snub nosed pistol she tucked in it. Between her feet was a gym bag, holding her rather larger Colt Python with extra ammunition. She smirked at me, saying, "Someone has to protect you, Master."

The worst of it was the immediate enthusiastic agreement from Bailey and Jennifer. Luckily Angel pulling up to the main gate at the fairgrounds saved me from further embarrassment. The gate guard took one look at the Benz with its gorgeous driver and Mega Chem Labs placard that Jennifer tossed up on the dash. He pointed, gesturing, speaking in a rush. "Straight ahead on Dan Patch, second right turn on Cooper, can't miss it."

He waved us through as Jennifer turned to look over at me. I shrugged. We turned the corner. I heard indrawn breath and loud gasps. It was semis and flatbeds and bobcats and workers, OH MY!! I managed to blurt, "Fuck me. Diana is in so much shit."

My Angel was weaving between vehicles and clots of workmen asking anxiously, "Where do I go Billy?"

From the backseat Gwen said firmly, "Look for a pickup with a group of angry men standing around it."

Then she poked me in the shoulder saying in the same resolute tone, "Try to remember everything Big Leo taught you."

Made me laugh. My best buddy at school is Leo. Leo is a 'junior' but he's little Leo with his dad being Big Leo or, as I think of him, BIG LEO.



Little Leo is an undersized nerd totally focused on his music to the exclusion of all else while Big Leo is a contractor spending his day immersed in construction, building, machinery and testosterone.

But Big Leo loves his son, supporting him in all possible ways. Big Leo always makes us welcome in his home, telling us hilarious obscene stories of the latest fuckup on his job site.

I was lost in a pleasant reverie remembering last Fourth of July when Big Leo brought home a dump truck filled with quite illegal and enormously powerful fireworks, deputizing little Leo and I as assistants. The display was marvelous, filling the night sky with explosive light, lasting over an hour, spreading clouds of gun smoke for blocks. It took a couple heavy rainstorms for the gunpowder smell to finally dissipate. We never saw a police car until long after the display was over. That's when it dawned on me that Leo Vaccaro, Sr. might have something besides his enormous size going on.

Angel rolled to a stop next to the Guy Kersten Construction Company pickup. The angry, gesticulating men clustered around the hood woke me from my pleasant memories. It was well before noon, and the Mega Chem project was already sinking fast.

The street behind us was chaotic, crammed with huge Mega Chem semi trailers followed by big flatbed semis with what looked like travel trailers on them. All surrounded by workers and more trucks with lumber and building equipment. No wonder the guard knew where Mega Chem was.

I expected a difficult time getting people's attention

but the 'distraction factor' suddenly began to work in my favor as the four of us stepped out of the Benz. The voices lost volume trailing off as we approached until it was silent when I reached the ring of construction workers.

A broad shouldered giant in a white hard hat that said Kersten Construction was wearing a blue shirt that helpfully said "Guy" above the pocket. He reached out a huge hand to shake. My hand disappeared to the wrist but his grip was merely firm without any macho theatrics.

The bass rumble seemed to come from somewhere around his ankles. "Morning, Guy from Kersten."

He looked expectantly down into my eyes, his gaze steady not distracted right or left as he waited. My hanging with the Leos, big and little with their large friends had prepared me for this as I responded more calmly than I felt, "Morning. Hadley from Mega Chem for Swane."

There was an immediate loud uproar behind him. Guy didn't release my hand standing almost peacefully waiting it out. He finally nodded as he asked briskly, "You make decisions?"

Guy cut right to the chase. This was the crux of it. Before she left for the office I was finally able to get Diana to put aside my master personae long enough to ask her if this State Fair exhibit was my call. She was completely at sea with this whole fair thing. She readily agreed with the proviso that I call in regularly and let her know what was happening.

I nodded at Guy as I said, "Yes."

Behind him a reedy voice said, "Bullshit, you don't look old enough to be a fucking intern. How the fuck can I spend money based on your say so? Fuck this; I'm out of here."

Guy had by now released my hand as he turned and spoke with that deep growl. "Darryl, that ain't an intern's car."

That slowed things down as the group pondered my car and assorted eye candy. While this was going on, Guy said, "Darryl Champeau from Complete Services. He's your plumbing and electrical contractor."

Darryl, a tall, thin, seemingly hyperactive sort, relented, sticking out his hand. That broke the ice as Lonnie Hullet from Coast to Coast Trucking, Allan Mahurin from Lake County Exhibit Services, and Clayton Odegard from Premier Fencing shook hands, then waited expectantly for Guy to start the discussion. His resonant voice took center stage as he held up a single sheet of paper. "Each of us received a fax from Swane's office with the layout of the exhibit. We were told not to deviate from this design."

He paused and I waited for the punch line. Five sheets of paper appeared. One held by each contractor. It was obvious even to my untrained eye that each layout was grossly different. Someone was seriously out to get Diana. This project was going nowhere until we sorted this out.

Before we even started, Lonnie said, "I don't know why we even fucking bother. I've got semis plus motor homes, travel trailers and shipping containers. This fucking tiny space won't hold half this shit no matter how it's arranged."

Suddenly an elderly figure limped into our circle leaning on a stockman's cane. His State Fair uniform displayed the name Cody. He calmly observed, "I got tired of waiting for someone to ask. Now I'm gonna tell."

His hand lightly rested on my arm while he pointed to the corner lot with his cane, saying, "Those papers are wrong, wrong, wrong."

Talk about getting some attention. We were rapt as Cody continued, "Your lot runs back almost to Cosgrove, just enough space there for that food booth then from the corner here all the way over to that tin shed. You have 400 amp electrical service, water and sewer for your trailers as well as a driveway back there for your staff parking."

He took a breath and kept right on. "Your company has already paid the resodding fee. You may park anywhere on the site and build any type of structure needed for your guests or staff. That includes placing posts and fencing."

Cody subsided into silence lowering his cane with a satisfied smirk looking around into the stunned faces of the contractors whose practiced eyes were comparing the actual lot with their drawings dimensions. Guy's head came around first as he waved the paper toward me. He was verging on pissed off and I sure as hell didn't want to see this big bastard mad. I quickly said, "Okay, here's the deal, gentlemen."

## Chapter 6

I took a deep, cleansing breath, trying to capture everything Big Leo ever said to me, then loud and clear

said, "No point in arguing, gentlemen. All those drawings are wrong."

I paused to wait out the storm as Darryl crumpled the paper, throwing it on the ground as he yelled loudly, "Dirty bastards, now I am out of here. This is too fucked up."

Clayton looked over at him with an amused expression saying, "Christ sake, Champeau you're no virgin this aint the first time the print been fucked up."

Darryl was mad now, screaming, "How 'bout it intern? What the fuck you want? Or are you another stupid bastard in a suit?"

It seemed an inopportune time to remind him I was wearing jeans. Before I could answer, Gwen's voice came loudly past my ear, saying, "William probably shouldn't have to answer that. You are the guys with the skill and experience. I DO know one thing for goddamn sure."

Darryl was just a touch softer as he asked, "What the fuck is that?"

Gwen spoke in a stronger tone, "This exhibit must be ready for the public the very second the opening day gates unlock. No excuse and no bullshit. If it doesn't open on time, the 'Big Boss' who ordered this exhibit will get real mad, and start firing people, and keep firing until he's happy again."

Darryl snorted. "He ain't my boss."

Guy seemed to wake up, as he said in his very attention-getting way, "Darryl, use your God damn head. When he gets done slashing and burning inside his own shop, he'll come hunting for everybody who had a hand

in this fucking fiasco. You really want him and his legion of bloodsucking lawyers to come visit? I sure as fuck don't."

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I was leaning on the hood of the Benz, smoking a cigarette. The site was a beehive of activity, with Gwen leading Guy and Allan from the exhibits company around, explaining how she wanted the exhibit trailers and their porch and deck placed, while Bailey and Jennifer were telling Darryl and Lonnie the truckers exactly how the motor homes and travel trailers would be situated.

Diana had authorized unlimited overtime and materials, while Guy assumed overall coordination, so all was right with everybody's world. Clayton bummed a cigarette while he waited for the dust to settle before he could start his fencing.

Clayton was older, with snow white hair; a classic grandfather type, if yours is artfully profane with a love of filthy jokes. He toed out his butt as he headed for his people, saying sympathetically over his shoulder, "Don't sweat it, kid, you got 'em moving. I've seen a bunch of these projects. Plenty of time now."

Then he was yelling at the men and women of his crew to get off their lazy asses, while they, for their part, laughed, while quite noisily questioning his leadership and parentage among other physically impossible things. Oddly, while this all was loudly happening, the crew was already in motion.

I headed for the toilet building behind me. Might as well take a piss while I waited for my ladies to finish creating their feminine havoc on the site.

The men's room had extended stainless troughs, with a long row of toilet cubicles for the press of people who attended the fair. During this pre-fair, time I was alone. As I washed my hands I heard a barking laugh followed by a loud, "Hey, if it aint the faggy fag of Lake County High. You in here trolling for cock to suck, fag?"

I looked up into the piggy eyes of Neil Cartwright. School psychopath, and our class's bully extraordinaire. Neil had been held back so many times that he was older and bigger than even the seniors. He was a big, fat slob, but he used his weight inelegantly to crush you to a wall while he hammered you down with his fists. It was a humiliating and painful beating. Only his rich parents prevented his expulsion on the numerous occasions that he injured the other kids. Of course I leave it to better psychologists to explain why Neil always went for homophobic references in his insults.

Without further preliminary, Neil yelled loudly, and charged with his two fists high over his head. My body then did the oddest thing, quite of its own volition. I came up on my toes, facing Neil with my fists raised. Neil laughed.

My left hand jabbed forward catching Neil flush on the nose. I smoothly pivoted to the right with my right hand driving into Neil's right side just under the ribs. As I straightened behind him, my left palm slapped him hard on the back of the head.

Neil skidded forward, slamming face first into a metal toilet partition. I stood in wonder at my sudden ability, while he turned, leaning against the partition with blood streaming down his face. His expression

contorted even more hatefully as he straightened. Once more, he charged me; this time, his hands were in front of his face as he tried to press me to the wall with his great belly.

Standing my ground in the middle of the men's room floor, I stabbed into his exposed gut with my left hand, then my right. I was already moving sideways as his hands came down. Neil was stumbling as my right came up, striking the side of his jaw so hard my hand stung clear back to my elbow! Neil staggered forward, falling face first into a urinal trough.

As the adrenaline flowed from my body I sagged against a sink shaking my fist as the pain of my knuckles shocked me. Before I could really begin to process what just happened, the cavalry arrived. Gwen slammed the door open, charging in with her gun drawn. Angel followed, holding a tiny automatic pistol, with Bailey right behind.

Gwen was on the edge of hysteria as she screamed, "What's going on? Are you all right? What the fuck is happening in here?"

It made me grin. No mama grizzly bear protecting her cubs was half as mean as mommy Gwen right that second. Before I could answer she spotted Neil groaning as he tried to crawl out of the urinal. Gwen grabbed Neil's hair jerking him out of the urinal to sit down hard on the concrete floor. Neil's nose was still leaking blood, while more ran out of his slack lips. He was going to have a spectacular bruise on his jaw, even as one eye was closing.

Gwen ground the muzzle of her pistol into Neil's ear, as she screamed at him to wake up. The only reason we didn't draw a crowd was that the cacophonous engine



noise of Bobcats, Lulls, and trucks, accompanied by their almost constant shrill backup alarms, drowned out even Gwen.

Neil's one eye opened, then widened in fright as Gwen shoved that gun barrel in his mouth, likely breaking a tooth in the process. Now that she had Neil's undivided attention, Gwen paused breathing deeply. Neil, wisely, did not move a muscle.

By this time, Bailey was hugging me, checking for damage, while Jennifer stood backing Gwen up, with a minuscule automatic pointed at the floor. I was chagrined. I had never bothered to ask Angel if she had a gun or could shoot. I was going to have to get smarter quicker.

Gwen began speaking slowly, ominously, saying, "You were going to hurt my son."

Then she punctuated her words by cocking her gun as she continued, "I should kill you."

Neil looked terrified and nauseated by turns as Gwen contemplated him in gathering silence. No one, least of all Neil, doubted that she would pull that trigger. The puddle under Neil, slowly running to the floor drain, only confirmed his terror.

In good conscience, I was trying hard to feel some sympathy for Neil as he sat in his own waste, waiting for Gwen to decide his fate, but Neil had been so purely vicious in his hounding actions that all I could really be conscious of, was an intense satisfaction at his comeuppance.

Gwen pulled the gun out of his mouth. In the hush, you could hear the tooth she displaced hit the floor. She

settled the muzzle between his eyes. Neil's eyes crossed in an almost comic fashion, trying to keep track of it.

Gwen asked softly, "What's your name, bully?"

Neil swallowed a big mouthful of blood, gagged, taking a deep breath to answer in a noisy rush with tears streaming down his face. "Neil, Ma'am. Neil Cartwright."

Gwen smiled coldly as she continued, still softly, "Well, Neil Cartwright. You were going to beat up my son today. I don't know what all went on here, but it appears you got your ass whipped. Quite a surprise, I'm guessing."

Neil didn't know how to respond to that so he sat gulping and gasping while Gwen continued, "Neil, from now on your bully days are clean over. First, if you so much as talk to Billy, ever again, I will kill you. You don't ever come near him, much less touch him. If you see my son you run away. Do you understand Neil?"

Neil nodded. Gwen pressed the muzzle harder into his forehead as she repeated, "Do you fucking understand, Neil?"

Neil quickly said, "Yes, ma'am. I understand. No talking, no touching, stay far away. Yes, ma'am."

Gwen continued now even softer and slower, "Neil, you are the very worst sort. Brave only when your victims are weaker, and a total coward when confronted by someone stronger. Never again, do you understand?"

Neil was quicker this time. "No, ma'am, never again."

Gwen smiled coldly as she continued, "You don't realize it Neil, but this time you mean it. Billy will be watching you, Neil. If you slip back into your old tormenting ways, this pain today is but a tiny sample of what you will receive just before I cap your ass."

Neil started, and paled even more as he understood what she said. Suddenly he leaned forward, vomiting copiously into his own lap.

Gwen stood up calmly and stepped over to a corner, carefully lowering the hammer on her gun before returning it to her waist pack. Angel was slipping her little automatic in a pouch behind the front waist of her jeans. Bailey was kissing and rubbing my knuckles as she led me out of the building. Gwen and Angel followed us out, leaving Neil to his own devices.

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We were sitting in the Benz on our way home. I was still freaked out by my fight with Neil. Not even the fight, so much as my sudden combat skill.

I was accustomed, if not exactly comfortable with my role as 'prey' for the predators those bullies of Lake County High. To suddenly become a 'wolf in sheep's clothing' was fully as traumatic for me as it was for Neil.

Well, okay! Maybe Neil did get the worst of it physically, but still, I was not prepared to suddenly be a pugilist. Gwen interrupted my musing to ask much the same question. "Billy, when did you become a boxer?"

I shook my head, saying in wonder, "I haven't a fucking clue."

I glanced back at her, smiling. "Can't say that it didn't feel really good to punch Neil in his lard filled gut."

Jennifer giggled, then went on more seriously, saying, "Master Billy, I assume it's an Otto thing. He was experimenting with transferring physical, even athletic skills, as well as mental ones."

Made sense. I nodded. The only new thing in my life was Otto's treatment.

Gwen commented in a thoughtful tone, "The skill transfer probably wouldn't have worked, Billy, except now you're in reasonably good shape."

That was true. The workouts started soon after I began my intern job with Otto at Mega Chem. I swam in our pool daily now, followed with a workout on Gwen's machines in our basement gym before leaving for work. I even ran with Brianna and Hanna couple times a week after I got home.

I wondered now: was my newfound passion for exercise orchestrated by Otto?

Grinning widely, I quit my speculation, saying with a laugh, "Billy the boxer floats like a butterfly, stings like a bee."

Now they were all laughing. In one tiny nagging part of my mind I wondered what else Otto had buried in my unsuspecting skull? I shook my head in exasperation. There was going to be no way of knowing until, like today with Neil, something or someone triggered an 'Otto' response.

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As she drove, Angel kept glancing over at me with an expectant look, until finally I asked her, "Angel, do you have a question?"

Angel nodded shyly as she asked timidly, "Master Billy, why didn't you use Otto's pen or his special lighter?"

I looked at her, incredulous, in stunned, disbelieving silence, as from the back seat I heard Gwen's voice demanding, "What? What pen? What lighter? What's she talking about, Billy?"

I gestured for Jennifer to continue, as she haltingly related the details of my Otto-designed aerosol pen and dart-throwing lighter to Bailey and Gwen. They were both aghast that I had not employed one of them to drop fat Neil in his tracks.

Suddenly Gwen burst into tears, wailing loudly that her son and master had risked injury so unnecessarily. Bailey looked ready to join her sniffing. I waved Jennifer over to the curb. Before I could exit the car, I was wearing Bailey and Gwen in the front seat. After calming them a bit, and with what I hoped was a suitably chagrined expression I admitted, "I forgot it -- every bit of it. I utterly forgot the pen the lighter, and the gun still in my backpack. I even forgot to tell you where I was going, or any thought to ask you to watch my back. I only hope this muddle-headed thinking is because of overload from that information torrent Otto talked about. I promise with your help I'll be smarter."

After my caressing and kissing calmed Gwen and Bailey, Angel proffered a tissue and I wiped Gwen's eyes. Suddenly Gwen began crying anew, while begging

forgiveness for her angry outburst, saying, "Master, can you forgive me for yelling at you? I'm so very sorry. I was worried. I promise it'll never happen again."

With that Gwen clutched at my neck while her face was buried in my chest her tears wetting my shirt. Now I had to calm her. Again! Fucking Otto.

We arrived at my house with me riding in back of the Benz cuddled with Gwen and Bailey. I was profoundly weary. Gwen looked into my tired eyes as she helped me out of the car, and promptly supported me through the front door. Once inside, Bailey and Angel took charge, leading me to the big bedroom.

As Bailey knelt in front of me, stripping me, I turned to Jennifer Angel with a question that had been bothering me. "Angel, Otto must have been very busy that last day. When did he 'take over' Gwen? What about my aunt Grace and my cousins?"

Jennifer stopped undressing, lost in thought. The camisole top bunched sensually above her breasts. She smiled ruefully at me, saying sympathetically, "A month -- no, more like six weeks ago Otto programmed Gwen, then Grace and your cousins, imprinting them to you. They were 'fully activated' yesterday when he was out of the office programming Bailey."

I was stunned. Fucking Otto. This was no spur of the moment endeavor. He'd planned this for...

I stood with my mouth agape as my brain just overloaded.

...Fucking hell, who knows how long he planned all this.

My brain whirled around in circles, out of control.

Bailey continued to undress my unresisting body, and then, when I was naked, positioned me on my back in the middle of the big Tempur-pedic bed. The bedroom was dark, quiet, and restful. Angel tenderly kissed my face, cooing softly as she tucked herself under my arm. Bailey knelt between my sprawled legs as she sucked my cock deep into her mouth. Angel continued her loving caresses as Bailey slowly licked the full length of my cock, alternating with soft kisses from her pursed lips. I didn't climax, falling asleep in the middle of Baileys languorous treatment with my brain still a muddle.

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My eyes opened slowly. The room was dim. I had no idea what time it was. Sleeping Angel was lying with her head on my chest, locks fanned in a blonde blanket. I lifted my head a bit, making eye contact with Bailey, still kneeling between my legs. She smiled happily as she kissed the head of my cock, then settled down, tenderly nuzzling my balls.

My head fell back as I relaxed, the fingers of my right hand tangled in Bailey's hair. Awaking this time, my mind was less hectic, my thoughts were less confused; somehow even my vision was sharper.

Gently I caressed my Jennifer Angel into wakefulness. She lifted her head to smile prettily through her blonde mane. Angel lowered her lips to my chest, as Bailey took both my balls into her mouth. Angel kissed her way upwards to my lips, as Bailey stroked me while holding my sac in her warm, wet mouth. Angel paused to make eye contact, then quickly moved down to take my

cock in her mouth.

The feel of her lips triggered my orgasm. Groaning loudly I pulsed into her mouth. Angel smirked as she turned Bailey's face upward drooling the white strands into her open mouth. Her erotic display diminished my arousal not at all. When Angel was done they kissed intensely, tongues deep in each other's mouth.

They peered at me, then crawled up my body until they could both kiss me just as totally and deeply. I tasted my piquant flavor on their lips as my tongue explored. Taking a fistful of Angel's blonde curls, I unhurriedly pulled her head back, making eye contact.

Jennifer smiled as she asked, "Yes, Master Billy?"

I replied, grinning, "As enjoyable as this is, my two beauties, we need to get out of bed and check in with the others."

Angel nodded while Bailey's voice was muffled; she was kissing me under the jaw as she replied, "Yes, sir."

Gracefully they rose from my bed, pulling me into a sitting position. Angel leaned forward at the waist, her hands on my shoulders, kissing me until Bailey interrupted. Bailey brought a washcloth and towel to the bedside. After I stood up, she wiped me down with the hot, saturated cloth refreshing me. Angel rubbed briskly with the thick cotton towel, drying me while completing the wake up.

The three of us walked into the kitchen hand in hand. Did I mention we were naked? Thought so! The kitchen was empty. Sauntering out the double French doors onto the glassed-in patio, I was captured in a fierce hug and soundly kissed by mommy Gwen, barely dressed in a



tiny thong. She led us across the patio, into the building enclosing our in-ground pool.

An oval spa bordered by a rock garden with fountains, stream, and waterfall made up one end of the rectangular pool, with long swimming lanes stretching to the diving board on the 'deep end.'

My aunt Grace was lolling in the spa, while my cousins Brianna and Hannah were sprawled in their oiled perfection on chaise lounges, getting the last of the afternoon sun through the glass walls surrounding the pool. Angel was already on her way down the steps into the pool's water, as Gwen rejoined her sister in the spa.

I was staring at this collection of exquisiteness trying to decide what to do next, when I realized that Bailey was kneeling at my feet awaiting my instructions.

## Chapter 7

Bailey was kneeling next to me with her cheek resting against my hip, her warm palm cupping my balls while she unhurriedly fisted my half engorged cock. Unconsciously my fingers combed Bailey's soft curls, in time with her leisurely caressing.

Hannah caught my eye as she pushed her sunglasses up into her blonde curls; grinned then blew me a kiss. I smiled happily, contemplating my favorite cousin. Her shape was perfect not too hot, not too cold -- her porridge was just right! Slim, trim and yet with gymnast and dancers muscles and long, long legs. Did I mention that Hannah was perfect? Thought so!

I tugged upward on Bailey's hair. Bailey lithely gained her feet and I took the opportunity to kiss her tempting lips.

When we came up for air I took Bailey's hand, we walked to Hannah on her lounge. I leaned down to kiss Hannah as her arms went around me pulling me close. Time suspended as I lost myself staring into those deep blue eyes tasting those lips touching that flawless skin. Hannah's lips were in constant motion tenderly kissing my cheeks, ears, eyes, chin, and lips.

I was on my back with Hannah sprawled on top of me. Don't know how that happened but I'm not complaining. My hard cock was trapped between us; the friction of her oiled skin was a delicious torture.

Hannah held my face with just her fingertips as she lovingly gazed into my eyes saying tenderly, "I've always loved you Billy. You just never realized how much."

Her wet slit slowly massaged my cock as she continued, "I told Melissa, that I'd do anything at all for you..."

She stared intently into my eyes as she breathed, "...Anything. You...just...never...asked."

My cock jolted at her words. Hannah smirked at my wide-eyed expression. She quickly covered my mouth with her fingers before I could respond. Her hand drifted down between our bodies until it reached my throbbing cock. I groaned as her thumb spread pre-cum across the head.

Hannah's body shifted until my cockhead was inside her. Hannah unhurriedly settled and I entered her. Hannah stopped with me deep inside her, amazing muscles massaging me. I was incoherent, groaning from sheer

pleasure as Hannah tweaked and pinched my nipples, rising and falling on me in measured cadence. I yelled loudly as I grabbed her waist slamming my hips upward as my cock sprayed deep in her womb. She screamed her completion as her orgasm followed on the heels of mine. I checked out for a couple minutes, maybe longer.

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When my eyes opened, Hannah was laying across me kissing and cuddling. I glanced to my right to see Diana alertly kneeling next to me. When Diana saw I was awake, she leaned forward, lightly rubbing her cheek on the back of my hand. I whispered, "Diana."

She snapped back into an erect kneeling posture with her shoulders back. This did marvelous things for her breasts. She was still in her skirted suit but had taken off her blouse having only a frilly red bra under her jacket. Diana seemed to know instinctively that I liked that look with her tits 'barely' contained, threatening to break free of their confinement at any moment.

I crooked my finger and Diana shuffled forward. Reaching up with my hand behind her head I pulled her to my lips. My tongue licked her lips and scraped her teeth. Diana's mouth opened for my probing tongue. As we kissed, I felt her relax, calming as I caressed her tidy hair.

Pulling back from her I gazed into her eyes as I soothingly said, "Diana, clean my cock, please."

She nodded, saying brightly, "Yes, Master Billy, immediately."

Her lips dropped to my chin, then chest and belly

staying in contact with my skin all the way down my body until her tongue swiped my cock. Diana was busily cleaning our juices, as I looked over at Brianna in the next chaise locked in an intense sixty-nine with Bailey.

I watched as Brianna shoved her thumb in Baileys ass while biting her clit triggering a wrenching writhing orgasm. The sound of Bailey's orgasmic screams bounced off the walls. Brianna grinned over at me as she held Bailey in a loving embrace her head resting on Brianna's thigh.

Hannah's giggle brought my attention back. My fingers were petting Diana as she tenderly tongue washed my cock and balls. The intensity of my lovemaking with Hannah had me so satiated that even Diana's face buried in my groin was not arousing me.

When she was done. Diana rested her cheek on my thigh with her fingers randomly stroking Hannah and my skin. Diana asked in a supplicating manner, "Master Billy, can we talk?"

I sat up smiling as I said, "Certainly, Diana."

Diana sat back up on her heels with her hands lightly resting on her widely spread thighs. She nodded, saying quietly, "Thank you, sir. First, Master thank you so much for taking care of the exhibit. I've heard praise for our progress from several people in our corporate headquarters."

She looked around as her smile died away. Looking pensive, Diana continued, "Master, I think I've found the person who sabotaged me. But it makes no sense. I can see no way that destroying me benefits him at all. I am deeply confused, Billy."

I nodded. This was a new, improved Diana. The 'old' Diana would have heedlessly attacked, with little questioning the motivations of her foe. Shifting Hannah just a bit, I sat up straight speaking in a carrying voice, "Diana needs our help. Get dressed, a little, anyway. We'll get together in the kitchen to hear from Diana and decide what needs to be done."

Diana gave me a relieved smile as Hannah pulled me to my feet leading me to the poolside showers enclosure. Bailey and Brianna hand in hand followed.

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I followed Brianna's enticing ass into our kitchen. Hannah and Bailey had gone ahead leaving her to dry me after our shower interlude. I had a towel wrapped around my waist while I completed drying my hair with another.

The clothing of choice seemed to be one of my button front shirts. Only Gwen and Grace had their thongs. Diana had removed her skirt and wore only the jacket and that enticing frilly bra.

Bailey was moving purposefully around the kitchen serving beverages. I sat on one of the center island's swivel stools, enjoying the view while the ladies settled. A naked Jennifer Angel sat up on the counter next to me coquettishly playing with my hair in a thoroughly distracting manner. There was slightly less than 'no chance' that I was going to stop her. Bailey handed me my coffee with a cold bottle of Propel to Angel.

Seeing everyone in attendance I gestured to Diana who began speaking in a halting voice. "I think I found the

person spreading all the malicious rumors and trying to sabotage me. His name is Ronald Nelson; he's a vice president for facilities. He goes by Ron Del. Since I've taken over this division from 'Old Man' Lauritz, this Ron Del guy has been after me in a big way. I really don't understand the connection. I haven't fucked with him or his people, and he really isn't on a career track to benefit if I go down. He'll just get a new boss."

Diana answered questions that fleshed out her statement. I sat thinking about her situation as she responded to Hannah's question, saying, "He seems very conscientious, Hannah, first one there in the morning and last one out at night. When he's not traveling of course."

Gwen perked up. "Traveling? Traveling where, Diana?"

Diana smiled as she replied, "MCL like most corporations is moving their production off-shore where ever possible. When new products come out of the this lab, Ron is one of the people responsible for surveying foreign sites, then setting up pilot plants to prove feasibility before corporate takes over and builds a full scale facility. He just returned from Venezuela and before that he was in Pakistan."

Something was nagging at me as she talked about this Ron guy and his job description. I sat quietly to let it surface. Brianna exclaimed, "That's freaky. During the anti-substance abuse classes we're required to take as part of cheer, the teacher talked about drug trafficking and where illegal drugs come from, and how they get here."

She paused and looked around the kitchen. "Like I said it's funny, a guy in the drug business visits two of the

biggest drug smuggling routes, back to back."

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In the sudden silence then excited chatter that accompanied Brianna's observation I pondered her words as I also wondered if I was having an 'Otto' moment.

Really it did not take any great insight to realize that many illicit drugs flowed from Afghanistan, right next door to Pakistan and from Columbia, right next door to Venezuela. On the other hand, Venezuela's crude oil production made it a perfectly reasonable place for a chemical plant.

Hannah asked a logical question. "Maybe it's personal. Were Lauritz and Nelson buddies?"

Diana shook her head as she grinned. "Near as I can tell, Aldous Lauritz wasn't around the office enough to be acquainted with anybody, much less buddies. If Aldous wasn't on the golf course, he was at his lake home or his winter haven in Arizona. One of the big reasons I'm here is because of Lauritz's inattention."

I looked over at Jennifer Angel, asking softly, "How about it, Angel, you or Otto know anything about this guy?"

Angel shook her head as she mused, "Doesn't ring a bell. If Otto had contact with any Ron Del, it must have been in a regular business setting, like plant planning meetings. I agree with Diana though, Lauritz was a nonentity, totally uninvolved, each section ran by themselves."

Angel continued her insights. "Otto had links high up in corporate including President's and CEO's offices,

he pretty much ignored Lauritz but then so did everybody else."

My head swung around at Angel's words. If Otto was so connected...why did he allow Diana to come here and fire him?

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First things first. I needed to find out all there was to know about Mister Ron Del Nelson. And what the fuck kind of guy goes by Ron Del anyway?

Turning to Angel, I asked, "Otto have anybody else he owned at MCL?"

Angel smiled as she answered, "If he did, Billy, the information is not available to me."

I nodded as I grinned. "Yep, that would be our Otto. Don't make it easy or anything."

I shook off my irritation as I sat thinking. Turning to Angel I asked calmly, "Angel, did Otto have a code word or code phrase that would trigger deep seated programming?"

Angel looked just a tiny bit glassy as she repeated, "The information is not available to me."

I nodded. Not today anyway. I turned to Diana asking, "Diana, I need to call Carol Bonner, from HR."

Diana never even asked she quickly dug out her cell phone and began scrolling the numbers, saying crisply, "I assume she's at home, master."

Well if Otto had anybody on his 'payroll' I was betting



that a contender was Carol the VP of HR. Diana handed me the phone and I pushed connect. As it rang I thought about how I'd approach this. As I heard her voice say: "Carol Bonner" I still had no clue. I calmly said, "Carol, Billy Hadley."

Then I waited and waited some more. Finally after the silence had stretched for seeming days Carol's tiny voice replied, "Yes, Master. How may I serve you?"

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Jennifer Angel was cruising up and down the rows of parked cars at the airport's long term parking facility looking for my Denali. We would hopefully find my ride then meet the others at 'The Mall'!

That would be The Mall Of America, biggest mall in the whole wide world! Normally, I would not find that all that much fun, but right down from Nordstrom's near The Diner where we'd be having supper was right on the same block with Aeropostale, bebe, Puma, Oakley, Sisley, Torrid... and well you get the idea. The ladies' favorite boutiques were nicely at hand and right across the way was the biggest Victoria's Secret in the world!

Normally I'd nip around the corner to Barne's and Noble or Brookstone to hang out while I endured the wait but, I dunno, maybe not this time.

I glanced over to see the Kubotan swinging from Angel's keys. Dressing for our shopping trip this time included the ladies arming up for our field trip. After supper we'd all be going to MCL, meeting Carol Bonner and a "cracker" of various identities, who last time I hired him was bLinDrAstA666.

Seeing the Denali tucked in a corner next to a column

interrupted my musing. An orange traffic cone "carelessly" tipped against the license plate obscuring the numbers showed Otto hadn't lost his touch.

Kissing Angel, I stepped out of the Benz closely followed by Gwen. I glanced back as she grinned, saying, "I'm coming along. You get in too much trouble alone."

I had to agree. Tossing the cone aside while she climbed in the passenger side, I scrambled behind the Denali's wheel. Closing my eyes, I tried to sense Otto as I speculated. What was Otto up to? What did he want me to do? There were no answers.

Disconsolately I put the SUV into drive and prepared to ransom us out of the airport parking system.

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By the time we got to The Diner, Diana had the big table in the alcove. The Diner was my favorite retro restaurant! It was all about red upholstery, chrome, black and white tile with big neon signs on every wall. The big Wurlitzer jukebox was filled with ancient Elvis and the waitresses wore poodle skirts and roller blades.

Healthy it was NOT! The only things worth getting on the menu were dripping monster burgers, heaps of greasy French fries and huge piles of oily onion rings. Did I mention every thing was wonderfully greasy and tasty? Thought so!

By now the ladies were drifting in, already laden with the first upmarket shopping bags. Our waitress Ashling, a lovely Irish lass with more than a smidgen of Goth, made an intriguing picture as she roller bladed up to

take our drink and appetizer order.

Ashling looked intrigued by the table of women and a lone male as she looked at me speculatively, saying, "Today's specials are on the front of your menus. What can I get you to drink? Who wants an appetizer?"

It was quickly a free for all as we ordered. Ashling seemed up to the task of keeping our orders straight as she wheeled away. I was seated on one end of the long table with Diana at the other. Bailey sitting next to me was intent on feeding me tiny portions with a careful napkin dabbing between bites. Gwen sitting opposite her seemed highly amused by Bailey's solicitude and my discomfort with the attention.

Brianna sitting half way down the table looked up brightly to ask, "What's on the agenda for tonight, Billy?"

There were several nods indicating general attention as I answered, "We hang out here at the mall until closing time..."

The table erupted in cheers, slowly subsiding as I continued, "We stop at Jennifer's to pick up some equipment she thinks will be useful. We're scheduled to meet our cracker at MCL after midnight. Carol Bonner gets us inside and provides the access we need to hopefully get to the bottom of Diana's Ron Del mystery."

With that Ashling brought our burgers and we got busy chowing down. The mall, and the atmosphere in the diner had everybody in an excellent frame of mind and the table bubbled with good humor.

Ashling stationed herself at my shoulder for longer

periods as the meal progressed. Brianna teased her about joining my 'harem' and clearly Ashling was unsure about the offer.

As the ladies completed their meals the siren call of shopping called them away from the table. It was finally down to Gwen and Diana keeping me company. Ashling was even more confused as each of the shoppers asked my permission before leaving the table then kissed me with some intensity on the way out.

Diana paid our tab while Gwen and I carried shopping bags out to the Denali. Ashling looked wistful as I hit the door.

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My job was simple. I sat on a bench centrally located to the boutiques and my harem dumped shopping bags in my lap. I shuttled those out to the Denali.

Gwen took pity after my hundredth trip out to North Parking, leading me into Caribou Coffee for a needed respite. Flanked by Gwen and Grace, I sat sipping my Latte.

The empty chair was almost violently jerked away from our table. A tall blonde man in a jean jack flipped the chair around and sat straddling it. His cold eyes took in Gwen's hand dropping below the table. He shook his head warningly, saying, "Please don't! It will only draw attention none of us want."

THE END