

The Mice Will Play

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Mindy bit on her lip and worked at the tiny lock with her improvised picks. She could feel it trying to turn, trying to open.

It clicked.

Feeling a rush of triumph, she opened the wooden jewelry box and removed her objective: a blue crystal pendant on a gold chain. She held it up and watched it sparkle in the morning light. So pretty ...

She caught herself starting to zone out and blinked, quickly and heavily. *Watch it, Mindy*, she cautioned herself. *That's not even your pendant.* She thought about her pendant, that lovely amethyst teardrop on its silver chain. *I should hide mine until Master gets back.*

But then she heard footsteps approaching the door and had to move quickly. She closed the jewelry box and pressed the latch just as Pam opened the door and looked in. "What are you doing, Mindy?"

"Dusting," she said quickly, waving the feather duster around as if it had been in her hand all along. "Just as you said to."

"You're taking an awfully long time," Pam replied. "You need to speed things up."

The pendant was balled up in her left fist, hidden from view. She could use it right now, of course. Just hold it up in front of that snooty bitch's face and watch her melt. But not yet. "I'm sorry, Miss. I guess I just miss him a little less when I'm in his room." A tiny wave of shame swept over her for violating Master's trust; she used that to produce an authentic-looking blush.

"I miss him too," Pam said, her face softening. "But he'll be back tomorrow and there's a lot to do before then. Come with me now and help with the laundry folding, please."

After the laundry came vacuuming, then lunch, then dishes. Pam exercised her seniority over Mindy, instructing the younger girl to do the heavy chores while she occupied herself with planning for Master's return. "Make sure you clean the bathroom thoroughly," she told Mindy as she finished unloading the dishwasher. "I'm going to the grocery store and I want you ready to help carry things in when I get back."

"Of course, Miss."

Mindy worked diligently on the bathroom she shared with Pam, scrubbing and polishing everything to such a shine that Master himself would be impressed. She finished just in time to hear the car pull into the garage. A cat-like smile came over Mindy's lips. It was time.

Pam walked in through the anteroom from the garage carrying four plastic grocery bags. "Mindy," she called, "Come on down and help me, please." When no answer came, she went to the foot of the stairs. "Mindy?"

She felt a tap on the shoulder and whirled around. "Min--" A pale blue crystal danced in front of her eyes, sparkling and shining in the afternoon light. Pam's eyes locked on the pendant and she felt herself slipping away.

"That's right," Mindy said, mimicing their master's tone and pacing. "Just feel your thoughts being drawn into the crystal, drawn away and vanishing. The crystal captures you instantly, irresistibly, inescapably. You couldn't resist its draw if you wanted to ... but we both know you don't really want to. You love to surrender, don't you Pam? Tell me you love to surrender."

Pam's eyes were vacant, staring blankly at the pendant. "I love to surrender."

"Yes. You love to be taken."

"Love ... to be taken."

Looking at Pam's eyes made Mindy feel hot and gooey inside. "When you see this pendant, Pam, you have to obey, don't you? You can't resist, can't fight – you must obey."

"Yes," Pam murmured. "Must obey."

"And as long as I have the pendant, you must obey me. Isn't that right?"

"I must ... obey you."

"Good." Mindy grinned and slowly pulled the pendant away to put it around her own neck. "Then you will start by bringing in the rest of the groceries yourself."

Pam's eyes focused on Mindy. "Yes."

"Yes, what?"

She sighed. "Yes, Mindy."

"I like when you say my name that way," Mindy remarked. "Respectfully. Now get those groceries in and put them away."

"Yes, Mindy."

Mindy sat back with a cold drink while Pam brought in the groceries and put them away. "That's good," she told Pam. She stretched and felt a few twinges in her back and shoulders. All that scrubbing, she figured. Still, why suffer unnecessarily? "Pam, I feel a little stiff. I'm going to take a nice shower now. You will prepare the massage table and wait for me in the bathroom."

"Yes, Mindy."

The hot water felt good on Mindy's tired muscles, but the sight of Pam kneeling next to the shower waiting for further orders felt even better. She made sure that Pam saw the pendant still around her neck even in the shower, just to make sure she stayed compliant.

Mindy had Pam towel her dry and then lead her to the massage table, which had been prepared with fresh linen.

“You will give me a massage now,” she ordered her thrall, “like the ones you give Master.”

She stretched out face down on the massage table and allowed Pam to go to work. She started at the neck and shoulders and then worked her way down the back, her skillful hands stroking and kneading the muscles into a delightful state of relaxation. Mindy found herself sighing repeatedly in pleasure as Pam's hands found new knots and gently worked them out. After the lower back Pam skipped to Mindy's feet and worked her way up, paying particular attention to her calves and thighs. Mindy felt those talented hands on her thighs, and then on her buttocks, and moaned softly at the pleasure of it. “Does Master get hard when you massage him?”

“He does, Mindy.”

“I'm not surprised. Your touch is very sensual.”

“Thank you, Mindy. Would you roll over now, please?”

Mindy rolled onto her back and let Pam resume working, again starting at the shoulders. She closed her eyes and allowed herself to drift a little, enjoying the sensation of Pam's hands on her upper body. “Don't neglect the girls.”

Pam responded by oiling and massaging Mindy's breasts. The nipples stood up quickly in response, becoming little pleasure antennae. The signals they transmitted bounced off each other and echoed down to Mindy's clit, causing her to writhe slowly and squeeze her legs together. Mindy could feel herself getting wet and wished she had a vibrator handy.

It wasn't necessary. Pam moved down to Mindy's thighs and as she stroked the thigh muscles she brushed expertly against her lower lips as well. As her legs relaxed she felt Pam's hands moving upward, over her mound, along her slit. A palm pressed gently over her clit and moved in a circle, creating soft pressure all around her clit. If Mindy hadn't been so relaxed she'd have bucked on the table. Instead she merely moaned in pleasure, savoring the touch. Then she felt a pair of fingers slip inside her and press up, stroking just the right way against her G-spot. Mindy's eyes opened wide and her moans gave way to loud grunts. Pam stroked, and stroked, and in just a few seconds Mindy felt the orgasm rip through her. The first waves were so strong she saw stars, and as Pam continued to stroke her buttons the orgasm just kept going and going, longer than she'd ever come before. By the time Pam's hands went still Mindy could barely move or think. “That was nice,” she sighed.

“I'm glad you enjoyed that, Mindy. Master loves it when I end his massage that way.”

Mindy lay back enjoying the glow while Pam cleaned up, then sent her to make dinner. The orgasm had been nice, but Mindy wanted something more. And now that the sun was setting, she suspected that something more might just be in the offing.

She dressed in a pair of barely-there boy shorts and a sports bra, leaving the bedroom light off and peeking frequently through the blinds at the house across the street. Upper floor, rightmost window ... was it still there? She couldn't tell, and it wasn't dark enough yet anyway.

Pam had put together a nice stir fry of beef and vegetables and some white rice. They ate in silence as the night sky darkened, then Mindy ordered Pam to wash up and come to the living room.

Mindy sat by the front window in the dark, looking out again at the house across the street. There it was – a quick flash of light from that window. He was home.

The teenager across the street was a bit of a geek, she knew. He'd done some computer troubleshooting for Master from time to time and seemed fascinated with her and Pam. It was during the summer, when she'd been

out mowing the lawn in a string bikini, that she first noticed the telescope in his window. She imagined him sitting there watching her and masturbating as she worked up a sweat, bending and moving deliberately to give him inspiration. And she wondered now and then where else he might focus the scope when he thought nobody could see.

She turned on all the lights in the room and pulled back the curtains, stretching her body slowly to catch his attention. "Pam," she called. "Come in here now."

"Yes, Mindy."

As soon as Pam reached the middle of the room – where the view from across the street would be best – Mindy stopped her and held up the pendant again. "Watch the pendant," she said. "Feel how it takes your mind ... empties your mind ... draws away every thought, every desire, everything except the need to obey. Feel your eyes growing heavy, drowsy, sleepy. Blinking, more and more, trying to hard to stay open, but you know it's just no use. With every blink it gets harder and harder to keep them open. That's right, heavy, sleepy, closing, closing ... sleep."

Mindy watched Pam's eyes close and her head droop. *I'll bet we've got his attention now*, she thought. "Pam, I want you to strip naked for me now. Do it slowly, with your eyes closed."

"The curtains are open," she said slowly. "Someone might see."

"Yes, they might," Mindy replied with a grin. "And the more you realize that, the more it can arouse you that I'm making you strip anyway. Do it now."

"Yes, Mindy." Pam's face flushed as she lifted off her T-shirt and dropped it on the floor beside her. She followed by slowly removing her jeans and stepping out of them. Her bra came off next followed by the bikini briefs that Master liked so much. She stood there, nude and entranced, waiting for further instructions.

Mindy took a lipstick out of her purse and wrote on Pam's back, then turned her around.

Tommy, the 18-year-old across the street, stared at the stripping woman and screamed at himself for not getting the camcorder adapter for his telescope – it would be so cool to have this on video! His cock throbbed for attention. He unzipped his jeans and reached inside to comply when he saw Pam turn around. There were words written on her back in red:

WANT TO
FUCK HER?
COME
OVER
NOW

He grabbed his jacket and prepared a story about going for a walk, but it wasn't necessary – his parents were absorbed in a TV show and barely noticed him as he opened the front door and slipped outside. He crossed the street quickly, furtively, equal parts scared and excited.

Mindy saw him hustling toward the house and opened the door for him. "Tommy, isn't it?"

He gulped. "Yes, Ma'am."

She eyed his pale face. "How old are you, Tommy?"

“Eighteen and a half, Ma’am.”

“I’m twenty-three,” she told him, “so you can quit calling me Ma’am any time now. My name is Mindy. And this is Pam. You can call her Ma’am if you want, she’s twenty-seven. Have you ever had sex with an older woman, Tommy?”

He was staring at Pam’s naked body. “No, Ma-- I mean, no.”

The way his eyes seemed glued made her wonder. “Are you a virgin, Tommy?”

The boy blushed. “No! I mean, well, mostly not. I had a girlfriend last year. We did some things.”

“You want Pam, don’t you? I can see how hard you are just looking at her.”

All he could do was gulp and nod.

“Good. Tonight is your lucky night, Tommy. Pam is under my control; she’ll do anything I tell her to do, and for starters I intend to tell her to give you a blow job.”

Tommy looked around nervously at the open drapes. “Shouldn’t we, ummm, close those?”

Mindy laughed. “I suppose so. We wouldn’t want your parents to see us, would we?” She went to each window in turn and closed the curtains. “There. Tommy, why don’t you sit down and make yourself at home?”

Tommy draped his jacket over a doorknob and sat down on the leather sofa. Mindy walked up behind Pam and dangled the pendant in front of her eyes while whispering into her ear. “Pam, you will now crawl over to Tommy, remove his pants and underwear, and suck his cock. You’ll keep sucking him until I tell you to stop, but do not let him come unless I tell you to. Do whatever you have to do to keep him from coming before I say.”

“Yes, Mindy.”

Pam dropped to her knees and crawled over to where Tommy sat transfixed by the scene. She went straight for his fly, allowing her free hand to stroke him even as she unzipped him and opened the button at his waist. Tommy lifted his hips as she yanked his pants and underwear down together. His hard cock sprang upward to greet her. He felt a little awkward sitting there in just his shirt, shoes and socks and tried to distract himself by asking questions. “You’re making her do this, right? How do you do that?”

Mindy smiled and walked around the sofa, bending down so she could watch Pam do her job and talk softly into Tommy’s ear. “It’s very simple, really,” she explained. “I’ll show you.” And as Pam’s mouth closed over the end of his shaft and Tommy’s eyes opened wide at the sensation, she let the pendant dangle in front of his face. “See the pendant? Everybody who looks into the stone finds it oddly captivating, Tommy. It’s so easy to just let your eyes focus on it, lock onto it. Just watch, and try to keep your eyes focused right in the middle. It’s an interesting challenge, really, especially for a mind dealing with such pleasant distractions. Have you noticed yet that the more you concentrate on the crystal, Tommy ... the more you relax and stare into the crystal ... the more intensely you can feel Pam’s lips and tongue on your cock ... the more pleasurable that feeling becomes ... and the more you can relax and enjoy it. That’s right, relax and enjoy ... watching, feeling, growing distant and dreamy ... good ...”

Tommy found himself overloaded. He heard Mindy’s words and tried to pay attention, but at the same time the incredible feeling of his first real blow job kept distracting him. The blue crystal filled his vision and the pleasure and excitement in his groin grew and intensified. His eyes grew heavy and his head lolled back, and he heard her say the words, “sleepy ... so sleepy now ...”

Holy shit, he realized, *she's hypnotizing me too!* And for just a moment he marshaled his will to resist, but then his mind turned to thoughts of what Mindy might make him do with Pam. His groin muscles clenched at the thought and a sudden rush of intense pressure filled his balls. He was coming, right now, and even Pam's fingers pinching his thigh couldn't stop it. "Aaaah! Ohhhh! OHHHHHMYFUCKINGGODYESSSS!!!"

Fuck! Mindy swore inwardly. That wasn't supposed to happen yet. She watched, bitter at having her plan foiled, as his face contorted in bliss and his cock pumped seed into Pam's mouth. *Fucking teenage boys – no staying power.* Then came another thought.

She dangled the crystal in front of his face and waited for his orgasm to subside. "That's right, Tommy," she said as he slowly finished, "Just keep staring. Keep watching. You feel so good now, don't you? So wonderful. It would be so easy, right now, to just *sleep ...* let go and sleep."

Tommy's eyes slammed shut and his body went limp. "Good boy," Mindy continued. "Just riding the pleasure all the way down, deeper and deeper, letting those wonderful good feelings take your mind away to that special place where you can hear and obey my every suggestion. It feels good to obey, Tommy. So good."

"So ... good ..." Tommy murmured, and Mindy knew she had him. His contribution to the evening's fun was not over after all.

Mindy put the pendant back around her neck and stroked the boy's shoulders suggestively. "Your body is so young and strong," she told him. "Even now, even after that powerful orgasm, you can still feel Pam licking and sucking your big, strong cock, can't you?"

"Yes ... feels good."

"And being 18, Tommy, you're at your sexual peak. How amazed will you be to discover, in just a few moments, that you're already getting hard again? Already getting aroused again? How soon can you be hard and horny and ready to fuck me, Tommy? You want to fuck me, don't you?"

"Fuck you ... yes ..."

"Of course you do. And I want you to fuck me, Tommy. I want that hard cock of yours pounding into my pussy. I'm getting so wet just thinking about it. Imagine that, Tommy – imagine your hard cock thrusting into me, so tight, to wet, so ready for you. What will it feel like when you come inside me?"

Tommy groaned incoherently, but his body made up for the lack of words. His face wrinkled up again and Mindy could clearly see his cock beginning to stiffen again. *Teenage boys!* she thought again, this time with appreciation.

Mindy stripped out of her clothes, watching Pam as she did and continuing to talk to Tommy about pleasure and arousal. When he was fully erect she tapped Pam on the shoulder. "Pam, stop now. I want you to sit down over there and wait for further instructions." With Pam out of the way, she straddled Tommy and took his hands in hers. "That's right," she told him. "So hard, so obedient. You have to obey me, Tommy. Anything I tell you to do, you must obey. That's the price for this pleasure. You'll pay that price to fuck me, won't you?"

Tommy's mind was in a fog of pleasure, and all he wanted was more. "Yes," he stammered, "I'll pay. Obey Mindy. Fuck Mindy."

"Good boy. Would you like to feel my tits, Tommy? I'll bet you would. Here." She cupped his hands over her breasts and squeezed, teaching him exactly how she liked to be fondled. "That's it, Tommy. The more you feel my tits the more you want to obey, don't you? Obedience is pleasure. Say it."

“Obedience is pleasure.”

“Good boy. In a moment you're going to feel your cock inside me and you're going to want to thrust and come, but in order to do that you're going to have to repeat something for me. As long as your cock is inside me, in order to feel the full pleasure, you have to say 'I obey Mindy.' Each time you say 'I obey Mindy' you feel more pleasure, and the more pleasure you feel the more you need to keep saying 'I obey Mindy.' You want that, don't you Tommy?”

The words *obey* and *pleasure* swirled through Tommy's mind, driving out every other possible thought. “Oh, yes,” his subconscious agreed. “I want to obey. I want pleasure.”

Mindy took his hard cock and guided it inside her, sliding down and seating him as far as he could go. Tommy groaned, squeezed her breasts, and automatically began rocking his hips. At the same time, with each thrust of his cock into her, his mind and mouth uttered his new mantra: “I obey Mindy ... I obey Mindy ... I obey Mindy.”

The words were erotic music to Mindy's ears. Not since Master had chosen her had she felt so powerful, so commanding. For just a brief moment she wondered if she could ensnare Master this way, and the very thought of it lit a fire in her loins. She felt the orgasm building and relaxed into it, letting it flow over her and take her soaring. She bucked and clawed at Tommy's torso while he continued thrusting and chanting. His body clenched and his cock took one more hard thrust before he came again, still crying out, “I obey Mindy!”

She let him collapse into post-coital bliss before dismounting. The boy had come twice within half an hour – clearly a keeper. While his mind was still hers, she left him a surprise trigger or two to ensure his future cooperation. Then it was time to send him home. Mindy gave Pam orders to clean up and treated herself to a nice, long bath before bed.

Mindy woke the next morning to the bedroom door opening. She had just enough time to realize who was coming through it. “Master!” she cried out, jumping out of the bed to embrace him.

He hugged her and kissed her on the forehead. “Sleepyhead,” he chided gently. “It's almost ten o'clock. Somebody had a little too much fun last night, I think. And what have we here?” His hand went to the back of her neck and found the clasp to the pendant – she'd forgotten to take it off and return it!

Oh, shit! Mindy steeled herself for a stern punishment. Instead, she was confused and surprised to hear her Master chuckle. “Master?”

He held the pendant aloft. “You were expecting me to be upset, weren't you, my pet? Relax, little one. It all went according to plan. I completed my business trip without worrying about my girls; Pam got a little vacation from being in charge of the house; and you got to be the boss for a little while. From what Pam told me in the car, you had quite the good time at it, too. I must remember to let you play with Tommy from time to time.”

Mindy struggled to get her mind around it all. “You ... meant ... ?”

Master laughed again. “Of course, pet. You didn't really think I'd be that careless with my important baubles, did you?” He reached inside his shirt pocket and pulled out a silver chain. “See? I kept yours with me. And now, as you look deeply into your pendant, my pet, you're finding it more and more difficult to think at all. Aren't you?”

Mindy's face was blank. “Yes, Master.”

