

“Well, you don’t need to worry about Lulu anymore at least.” Amy said, looking through the faculty list Dave printed out. “The only context she can even think about us anymore is in how to better serve us.”

“Honestly, she was only a problem because we let her be.” Dave replied, “I suppose not all experiments work out for the best.”

Ms. Smith had sent him a text with the full faculty list, professors, maintenance staff, the board and the dean, each labeled to let him know if he could control them or not already. Surprisingly, he had the entire board and the dean under his control in theory. Though, actually getting to speak to any of them directly would be a challenge.

Out of the rest of the staff, there were six professors and two custodians who were not yet under his control. Ms. Smith wasn’t kidding when she said he had control over most of the staff. It made sense though, why wouldn’t they watch their own team play?

That leaves him with two major goals. To gain control over the last eight members of staff, and to convert the staff he did have control over into his allies. His phone buzzed as he pondered the issue. Looking down at it, it seemed Ms. Smith sent him another text.

“The other unaffected professors have arranged a meeting.” The message read, “What would you like me to do?”

“Download this, and get everyone to watch it. Don’t look at it yourself, close your eyes as soon as you open it if you need to. Once they are all out, send a text and unlock the meeting room door for me.” Dave texted back. “Send me the time and location of the meeting.”

Dave uploaded a copy of the one use program he had given to Amy and put his phone away for now. “Looks like one of our two goals is coming up.”

Ms. Smith was the third to arrive at the meeting room. It was being held as far away from the dorms as possible, to minimize the chances that Dave would notice them all gathering together like this. The hallway was empty at this hour, and likely would remain so for a while to come. Well... There was one student who would be going down this hall not too long from now...

She took a seat as close to the center of the long desk as she could. She needed a spot where she could make her presentation to the entire group easily. Dave had emphasized to her twice more since the original instructions that it was vital that she get them all at once, and that she not see the flash herself, or they would all be left mindless for the next hour while Dave was locked out of the room.

As the rest of the professors arrived and took a seat, the last one in locked the door behind them and sat at the chair closest to the door. They were all safe now... Or so they thought.

“Sorry to call you all here on short notice.” The woman at the far end of the desk said. Margaret was the head of the science department, a redhead with thick glasses framing her face and a relatively lanky

body. She wasn't sure if Dave would like her much, but her position alone would be useful if nothing else.

"Time is limited. It is only inevitable that with the number of professors under our problem student's control, that he will get one of them alone and learn all of our identities." She said, her voice shaking with a mix of nervous energy and anger.

"Don't we already have a plan for that?" Tia asked. She had long blonde hair and was wearing a low cut blouse to show off her massive breasts. She was the head coach for the volleyball team, though how or why she managed not to see the commercial was anyone's guess... Perhaps she was lucky enough to be in the restroom at the time... Or maybe she was busy giving someone head during the break...

"No. We don't." Margaret replied sternly. "We have a vague hope that someone will find a cure to this completely logic defying magical brainwashing thing before we all end up as his slaves."

"And why?" She continued "Not technically breaking the rules? We've expelled students for less. Those under his influence don't seem to care nearly as much as they should. If we didn't press the issue, they would have just ignored it entirely!"

"Which is why we need to do something about him now before he has a chance to finish scheming." She said firmly, "We know he took control of the cheer squad, and there is no chance he won't be using some of them tonight. We can use that to-"

Ms. Smith spoke up, this would help give her credibility. "Actually, he almost certainly won't be using them tonight."

"What do you mean?" Margaret asked, looking sharply towards Ms. Smith. "He's an early twenties man, of COURSE he'll take advantage of this."

"If you will recall..." Ms. Smith began, "I was assigned to speak to him earlier today. He knows we are watching him. He wouldn't risk summoning anyone to his dormitory the same day he found out about it."

"If you do need some kind of leverage though, I do have something for you." She said in a leading tone.

"What's that?" Margaret asked.

"He wanted to try to prove his innocence and let me access his phone." She explained "He thought he had deleted everything, but I did find something incriminating. I took a picture of it, I can show you all now."

The instructors all gathered around her as she pulled her phone out. Just like her, they had no idea he had a portable version of the flash already. Nor did they have any idea that it was on her phone. Once everyone was in position to see, she tapped the icon for the app and closed her eyes.

There was a brief flash of red she could see through her eyelids, it must have been a very bright flash. Brighter than her phone screen should have been capable of. She counted to three silently in her head and listened to the eerie silence that followed. No shouts of alarm, no panic. She got them all.

Cautiously, she opened her eyes, and saw that the phone was now on it's home screen, with the icon for the app gone. She looked to her left and right, and saw the other instructors all in exactly the poses they were in before the flash. All looking down towards the phone with curious expressions painted on them all. Based on their expressions, not a single one of them had a chance to even suspect what was about to happen before they were all gone.

Slowly, she slid out of her chair and under the table, crawling over to the other side so she wouldn't accidentally knock any of them down trying to stand up. She had no idea if they would awaken from too much jostling.

She stood up on the other side of the table, and began to unbutton her blouse. She removed it, and laid it on the table, followed by her bra, and her long skirt. Leaving herself in only her panties and shoes. She then walked to the door and opened it. Exposing herself to the empty hallway on the other side.

She took the once occupied chair nearest to the door, turned it around to face the hallway and sat in it. Now, all she had to do was wait...

Dave walked down the hall as soon as he saw the door swing open. Did he see a bare breast stick out from the doorway as it opened though? It may have been his imagination, though if it was what he really saw, that could only mean good news for him.

He turned as he reached the door to see Ms. Smith sitting with her legs spread, holding her breasts in each hand. "Have I done well?" She asked, giving him a sly grin.

"Looks like it." Dave replied, closing the door behind him and locking it. "Its a bit risky to expose yourself like that."

"Of course it is." She replied, "That's what makes it hot."

"You find all of this hot? I don't think I gave you an instruction for that."

"You didn't." She said, bouncing her breasts casually as she spoke. "I actually thought it was unfortunate I was one of the ones who missed your commercial. But... If I had seen it, I wouldn't have been the first instructor you enslaved properly."

"So, you were already into both exhibitionism and being controlled?" Dave asked.

"That's right." She replied, "Now, would you like to reward me for a job well done?"

"I will soon." Dave said "I need to take care of them first. Why don't you wait outside."

"Of course." She said with a smile, standing up slowly and walking to the door, unlocking it before slipping outside. Still wearing nothing but her shoes and panties. He would have to hurry before someone saw her, but he didn't need to hit her with splash damage by accident when he instructed the others.

He sat down across from the women all gathered together around where he assumed Ms. Smith had been sitting. “You are all required to obey my every instruction.” He said calmly, “None of you can leave this room or raise your voices. Now wake.”

The women all began to stir. Shaking their heads in disbelief before each one by one locked eyes with him. Realizing what had happened far too late to do anything about it.

“Who here is in charge? Aside from me, of course.” Dave asked.

Almost in unison, everyone pointed to Margaret, who was timidly raising her hand.

“Everyone, take a seat. This is a meeting, after all.”

The women all began to shuffle into the nearest seats, Margaret’s eyes landing soon on Ms. Smith’s clothes before looking around the room. “Ms. Smith was a traitor.” She said softly.

“No.” He said firmly “She was a loyal and obedient slave. Now, each time you contradict me I’m going to...”

He pointed at the busty blonde woman across from him. “You. Strip naked and stand.”

“Ah?! Um... O-Okay!” She stuttered, standing up quickly and beginning to disrobe.

“That’s going to happen. You have four left.”

“You don’t have any need to threaten me.” Margaret said, crossing her arms and looking away from him. “You already control us.”

He pointed to another woman, this time with short brown hair in a bob. “You. Stand, and strip.”

As she nodded and began to disrobe, he looked back to Margaret. “Do you want to keep contradicting me and find out what happens when you run out of chances?”

“...No.” She said softly.

“Good. Now would you like to tell me what this meeting was about?”

“We were... Discussing you.” She admitted slowly, “Just some... Necessary precautions.”

“Not good enough, I already knew that.” Dave replied, looking over to another woman with curly black hair. “You. Stand and strip.”

“You only said it was when I contradict you!” Margaret objected.

In reply, he simply looked over to the next woman. This one with long wavy brown hair. “You. Stand and strip.”

“You have one left. You might want to be more careful with your words.” He cautioned.

“This is utterly arbitrary!” Margaret shouted, as the last woman turned to her in alarm.

“Please, don’t-” She began but Dave already pointed to her

“You. Stand and strip.”

She let out a defeated sigh as she stood and joined the others in removing their clothes. Dave took a moment to watch the five instructors all stripping in front of him until they were all standing naked.

“That just leaves you now.” He said. “Any other smart remarks you want to make?”

Silently, she shook her head.

“Good. Now, you’re right that I have full control over all of you, but it’s inconvenient to have you all automatically believing me, it would make it too easy to tell that I did this to you all.” he explained “So I needed to know how much resistance I could expect if I left your personality fully intact.”

“I... Failed that test then.” She said softly, looking down at the desk.

“That’s right.” Dave replied, “Now, stand and strip.”

She sighed and stood from her chair, pulling her shirt over her head, immediately exposing her small breasts. It seems she didn’t bother wearing a bra since they were so small. She then unzipped her pants and pulled them down along with her panties in one movement.

“What are you planning to do to us then?” She asked as she straightened up and looked at him once again.

“First of all. Tell me your name.”

“Margaret.” She replied simply.

“Margaret, you will dedicate your life to me, body mind and soul.” Dave commanded, looking her straight in the eyes.

She stood still for a moment, dumbstruck and unresponsive. Her mind took a few moments to process his instruction, but eventually she fell to her knees and spoke again. “Yes, Master. I am at your disposal.”

He then looked to the other instructors. “Now, it would also be inconvenient to have you all exactly like her. So... I hope you’ve all learned from this demonstration. Will I have all of your full cooperation? Answer honestly.”

Compelled by his command, the rest of the women all answered in unison. “Yes... We will do whatever you say...”