

Lulu froze in place. She... Had to wait for Amy... As she approached though, she noticed that she was alone. Had Dave actually sent her by herself?

“So where’s your boyfriend?” Lulu asked, wanting to be sure before trying anything that could be stopped.

“One of his professors wanted to talk to him.” Amy replied, now halfway to where Lulu was. “So I went on ahead.”

The dumb bitch actually came alone... Lulu could hardly believe her luck. “Then you will freeze and shut up.” she said firmly, watching as Amy’s expression changed to alarm for a brief moment before relaxing and she stopped walking forward.

“Good.” Lulu said, walking up to the helpless girl. “You think you’re so clever just because you get good grades? I have the only kind of intelligence that matters. Social intelligence.”

Amy didn’t respond, simply standing in place, looking off in the distance. Satisfied, Lulu smirked and spoke again. “Follow me.”

Lulu turned on the spot and began walking towards her dorm room. She was right to leave as quickly as possible last night. It might have lead to her getting her first two clients already... But at least she would be free soon.

She got to the door to her dorm, and dug into her purse, pulling out her room key and putting it into the lock. Just before she turned the key though, she felt Amy pressing her face right next to hers. That was following a little too-

“You don’t speak anymore.” Amy’s voice gently whispered into her ear. “Go on in.”

Lulu felt her entire body stiffen... How was this possible? She got out of the room before Dave had time to change anything! She turned the key slowly and pushed the door open, slowly stepping into her dormitory with Amy following close behind.

She turned around to see Amy closing the door behind them and turning the lock. She had a devilish grin on her face as she looked Lulu up and down.

“Really thought Dave would leave that suggestion in me after what happened last night?” Amy asked, “You really thought I would still have to listen to you?”

Lulu couldn’t respond. Not verbally anyway. She closed her eyes tightly, realizing her mistake. She really could have taken the time to get dressed after all...

“I guess this is what happens when you only have social intelligence, and nothing else.” Amy continued, “You don’t follow instructions well, you cause trouble regularly, you’re a terrible test subject, really.”

Lulu could hear the anger in Amy's voice growing thicker as she spoke. What was going to happen next...?

"In fact, your performance is so abysmal..." Amy continued "I think I might have to fire you."

Lulu opened her eyes and looked at Amy. Was this it? Was she free? As soon as she saw the wicked expression on Amy's face though... She felt a pit in her stomach drop...

"But first, lets see how you did with your new job." Amy said "Show me how much you made."

Groaning softly, Lulu opened her purse and pulled all the cash she had collected and held it out for Amy to count.

"That's quite a lot." Amy said, counting over the bills. "How much of this was from your cheerleader friend? You can answer just that."

"Two hundred and fifteen dollars." Lulu grumbled.

"That much won't count then." Amy said, "That's still a thousand dollars. Looks like you're a better slut than you are a double agent."

Lulu looked away in frustration. She couldn't even offer a comeback.

"I think this new job suits you more." Amy continued, "So... I'm going to let you keep it."

Amy turned away and walked to the door as Lulu let out a sigh of relief. She was still stuck as a prostitute, but at least she didn't get something worse.

Amy stopped at the door, and then looked over her shoulder at Lulu, "Oh, and forget any plans you have to get back at me or Dave. You are no longer allowed to undermine us in any way. You are no longer allowed to think about us except in the context of how to better serve us. Understand?"

Silently, Lulu nodded. There went any... That was the end of... No... What was it that happened? Something was stopped but... She couldn't tell what anymore...

"Good girl." Amy said, opening the door and stepping back out into the hallway.

As soon as the door closed, Lulu blinked. What was she just doing...? Whatever it was must not have been too important. She needed to get back to work though... If she could earn enough money, Dave might finally be a little happier with her!

"I know how this looks, but you are not in trouble." Ms. Smith said calmly. "I just need to discuss a few things with you."

Ms. Smith was one of the mathematics professors at the college, always dressed professionally with a tight blouse, her black hair pulled back into a bun, and cleanly ironed khaki pants. She wasn't one of Dave's instructors though. Which made this meeting unusual, but she hadn't seen the commercial and

Dave wasn't able to talk his way out of this meeting. He could only hope Amy was able to handle Lulu on her own...

"What did you need to discuss?" Dave asked calmly.

"We've had a few noise complaints." Ms. Smith replied, "Nothing too bad, but given the number of... Female voices involved... We have some concerns."

"What kind of concerns?" Dave asked again.

Ms. Smith shook her head slowly. "This is hard for me to believe... But several of the staff have seen that commercial of yours."

"I see..." Dave said, nervously. She knew about it, and wasn't under his control...

"We had a meeting to discuss the issue." She explained, "According to the accounts from those who saw it, it seems as though the commercial was prematurely cut, and these lingering effects may be the result of an error outside of your control."

"As such, we decided that the commercial itself would not be considered a violation. However, abusing your control over others will be." Ms. Smith concluded. "I think you see where I am going with this?"

"You are worried that I've already started abusing students?" Dave asked.

"That's right. We've had multiple noise complaints, the entire cheer team missed practice yesterday, and several of them were seen in the men's dorms yesterday." she replied, "It may be nothing, but as a precaution, we decided it would be best if we had someone speak to you and make you aware that you should be responsible with this... Power that you have over others."

Ms. Smith stood up, her professional blouse tightening around her bust as she did. Dave only just managed to pull his eyes up and away from them before she looked back to his face. "One other warning. Don't try to find out which members of staff you have control over. We can't do anything about it if you guess right. But if you guess wrong... There will be immediate consequences."

"We do encourage some level of experimentation and research among our students here, but we do have to draw the line where it causes the other students work to suffer." She said as she began to walk towards the door of the meeting room. "So be more careful in the future."

"Before you go." Dave said, "Is there anything I can do to prove my innocence?"

Ms. Smith sat back down across from him, leaning forward as she looked him in the eyes. "I've made it clear there will be no consequences if you stop what you are doing. Do you really want to drag this out further?"

"I don't want there to be lingering doubts and suspicion." Dave replied.

"If that's so, hand me your phone." Ms. Smith replied calmly, "If you really haven't been in contact with the cheer team, then you'll be clear. Of course... If you refuse now, I'll have to take that as confirmation that our suspicions are correct."

She thought she had him, it seemed. His phone was pretty incriminating... But it also had the flash installed on it. "Of course." He said, doing his best to sound calm and level. "Let me just unlock it and slide it to you."

He pulled his phone out, and quickly typed in his password then tapped the icon for the flash before sliding it across the desk. Ms. Smith reached a hand out for it before the screen flickered and she froze in place.

"Pretend to scroll through my phone." Dave instructed "And tell me, are we being recorded or broadcasted in any way?"

"No." She replied vacantly as she picked up his phone and began to make motions as though she was scrolling through it.

"How much of the faculty is under my influence?" He asked next.

"Most of us..." She replied "Nearly everyone watched... The game... Only I... and... A few others... Missed it..."

"What was your plan for dealing with me?"

"We knew you would... Try to test... How much control you have..." She said softly "And would learn that... Most of us can be... Controlled... We wanted to... Give you reason to slow down... So we could find a way to... Undo it..."

"Why did you approach me alone and have this meeting privately?" He asked.

"We thought... I would be safe..." She replied, "I did not... See the commercial... And... I would approach you... When you were not... Prepared..."

Suddenly, the door opened and a red haired woman with large glasses rushed in. Dave recognized her as the campus librarian, Carmine.

"S-Sorry to interrupt!" She said, out of breath. "But I uh... Oh... You're already... Having the meeting..."

"The doors should be locked during these meetings, shouldn't they?" Dave asked, looking up and over to the door.

"Oh! Yes, sorry!" She replied, turning around and locking the door before freezing in place "Oh... I uh... I gave it away..."

"You have to do what I say, don't you." Dave said.

"Y-Yeah... Sorry, Ms. Smith..." The woman replied, letting out a slow sigh.

"Oh, you don't need to apologize to her." Dave said calmly "She's under my power now too."

“Oh!” Carmine replied with a gasp “Th-Then... You have a portable version of the commercial already...”

“Yes, and you two are going to help me put a stop to the faculty’s plans. Aren’t you.”

“What? I... Yeah... I didn’t like the idea in the first place, I’d love to help” Carmine replied, her attitude changing abruptly as she processed his instruction.

“Yes...” Ms. Smith softly intoned, still pretending to scroll the phone.

“I doubt it will be as simple as just having another large meeting.” Dave commented, “They will probably want to avoid all being in one place at one time after I’ve become aware of what they know.”

“Yeah... That’s probably safe to say...” Carmine said, nodding along to whatever he said.

“Well... I was planning a little more fun with Ms. Smith but I don’t want anyone to get the idea that I was left alone with you at any point.” Dave said.

“Here is what’s going to happen. Both of you believe whatever I say.” He continued, “Both of you are fully loyal to me, and me alone.”

“Yes...” Ms. Smith softly whispered.

“O-Of course!” Carmine said urgently.

Dave reached over and took his phone from Ms. Smith’s hand. “I’ll take this. Now, let me get your stories straight. Ms. Smith took the phone from me to scroll and did not see the cheer squad members in it. She no longer suspects me of anything untoward, but will admit that I may have deleted the messages as a precaution if pressed on it. You entered the room, and Ms. Smith abruptly ended the meeting to keep the two of us from interacting. Understood?”

“Yes...” Ms. Smith said softly again.

“Right... Yeah that’s what happened!” Carmine said, nodding several times.

“Now wake up, Ms. Smith.”

“Huh...?” Ms. Smith took a moment to awaken. Shaking her head before looking at him. “Oh. You got me. Well... I’ll follow those instructions to the best of my ability. You should get going before enough time has passed to look suspicious.”

“Right. One more thing first though. Let me get a grope from each of you.

“Oh, yeah. Of course.” Ms. Smith said casually, unbuttoning her blouse and pulling her breast free before leaning forward across the desk. Dave reached out and gave it a quick squeeze before turning to see Carmine also presenting her bare breasts, looking away shyly.

“You know... I didn’t say either of you had to bare them, just let me grope them.” Dave commented.

“I know...” Carmine said, “but she did it and I want to be as good as her...”

“I did it because I wanted to.” Ms. Smith said next, “It wouldn’t be as enjoyable through my blouse.”

“Well, you’re both very good girls.” Dave said walking over to the door and giving Carmine’s breast a squeeze as he slipped past her. “You both know how to get my number. Stay in touch.”