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It was a lucky thing Dave had put a filter into his glasses to prevent the flash from working on him. Of course, he wasn't about to tell her why the flash wasn't working. Technically, she could order Ms. Smith to pull his glasses off in her current suggestible state if she knew.

Still, even if he was safe, he needed to put a stop to her attempts to use the flash. He looked over to Ms. Smith, frozen in place after having been exposed to the flash twice in a row. What kind of impact would that have on her mind? He had never exposed to someone to the flash while they were already entranced from the first flash. What would a third exposure do to her?

"Ms. Smith, close your eyes." He ordered, watching her eyes close without any further response. "Now, Ms. Miller... You have my flash apparently. You need to tell me honestly what you planned to do with it today."

The dean fidgeted for a moment before beginning to speak slowly. "Well... since I need to tell you... I was going to remove your control over the staff... And enforce my own control over them..."

Several of the board members looked over to her in alarm, "You were planning to enslave us?!" one of them shouted.

"Would you rather belong to me or some horny college kid?!" Ms. Miller shot back.

"I thought the point was to stop us from being slaves to anyone!" The board member replied indignantly.

"You should all calm down now." Dave said, redirecting the focus to him. "I see we have two members of staff left who aren't under my control."

The two custodians looked over to him in alarm, still unable to stand with the instructors on either side of them holding them down. "Wh-What are you going to do to us?" One said nervously.

"That's up to you." Dave replied, "Now, I could make everyone force your eyes open and make you look at the flash, but that struggle might leave difficult to explain evidence."

"So, I'm going to give you a chance to do it willingly. Look at the screen, and let me use the flash on you, and you'll be free to go. I won't do anything more to you. Put up a fight, and there will be consequences. Am I clear?"

The two custodians looked at him for several moments before looking back to each other and back to him. It seemed they were conflicted. Afraid to give in, but lacking any other option. He needed to give them a push.

"Ms. Miller. You will need to count to five, and then you will need to press the button on the remote. You two have until then to decide what to do."

The dean nodded slowly and began to count. "One... Two... Three..."

Slowly, one of them turned her head towards the screen while the other stared at her in disbelief.

“Four... Five.” Ms. Miller concluded, pressing the button on the remote. As she spoke the last number, the other custodian looked towards her in alarm before the flash erased both of their minds.

Dave couldn't tell if she had decided to give in willingly, or if she had simply looked at Ms. Miller out of reflex when the countdown was finished. Either way, the two of them were now finished, and everyone in the room was his to control. He could do anything he wanted now; he didn't even technically need to follow his word.

Whatever he said now would be his word, as far as any of them were concerned. In fact... It could be fun to play with that a bit. “The last two of you just willingly watched the flash, just for the chance to become my slaves.” He spoke out loud, watching Margaret's face morph from annoyance to surprise.

“I... Can't believe they did that...” She said softly “Why did our last hope have to end up being them...”

“What do you mean?” Dave said, walking over towards the dean, “You sound disappointed in this outcome.”

“Of course I am!” She retorted “I was so close to freeing everyone from your power!”

“But Margaret, the whole reason you called this meeting was to allow me to take everyone here at once.” Dave lied, watching her expression shift again, now smoothly sliding into a sly grin.

“Oh. So you knew what I was doing all along then?” Margaret said calmly “I guess there's no point hiding it anymore.”

“Aha!” The board member from earlier declared “I knew it, you betrayed all of us!”

“Yeah? And I'd do it again in a heartbeat.” She replied without missing a beat. “You'll be serving Dave from now on, so get used to it.”

“You bitch...” The board member growled, “I won't forget this...”

Dave put his hand on the board member's shoulder. “Oh, I know you won't. How could you forget the most important moment of your life?”

The board member stiffened as soon as she felt his hand on her shoulder, falling silent as she was too afraid to provoke him, knowing what he could do to her if he wanted to. Dave leaned closer to her, sliding his hand down the front of her shirt as he did, listening to her squeak in alarm as she felt his hand on her breast.

“After all, you've been wildly in love with me since you first saw the commercial. Haven't you?” He whispered in her ear.

She nodded slowly, muttering a breathy reply as she leaned back into him now. “H-How did you know...? I... I didn't tell anyone...”

“Its pretty obvious. You don’t hide your emotions well at all.” Dave lied, looking down at her as she began to squirm in embarrassment. “The only reason you didn’t come to me earlier was fear that I would use you as a tool to get everyone else. Isn’t that right.”

“Y-Yes...” She squeaked softly, the new reality settling into her mind.

“That’s the only reason you were upset with Margaret.” Dave continued, giving her nipple a pinch as she let out a soft gasp. “She did what you were trying to avoid doing.”

“Y-Yeah... I... I tried so hard... And she...” The board member stammered, but Dave cut her off before she could make any real excuses.

“But now you don’t need to resist your urges anymore. You should be thanking her.”

“Ah?! Y-Yes... Of course... Um... Th-Thank you for this!” She said looking over towards Margaret. “Thank you so much...”

Satisfied, Dave stood up. After all Lulu put them through, the last thing he wanted was to see how a highly educated individual might try to subvert him. Better to leave them all off believing they wanted this from the start. Speaking of which...

“Now, I appreciate that you all wanted to be mine from the beginning.” He said out loud. “I know you all had your reasons to pretend otherwise, and you will continue to pretend around those not yet under my power, but its good to know that all of you are completely dedicated to my success.”

He watched as everyone gathered in the room slowly nodded, then continued “From now on, every class will begin by playing the flash, along with a pre-recorded message from myself. You will all make sure the class has your full attention before playing it, to ensure nobody is left out.”

“Margaret will be in charge of distributing the files. Be sure to check for updates before each class.” Dave explained, “And if anyone gets suspicious or asks about me or the commercial, you must pretend to be sympathetic towards them until you can use the flash on them.”

That should cover everything. In a few days, every student in the college will become his...

“We should consider this more objectively.” Amy said calmly, “I know it was framed as a science experiment and I’m compelled to be okay with it as a science experiment... But once the whole college is under your control, the experiment will be over.”

“Why do you say that?” Dave asked, looking up from the table where they were drafting up his first message to the student body.

“At this point, the flash has had a one hundred percent success rate. Tomorrow, if nothing changes we will have a sample size in the thousands.” Amy replied, “At that point, either the flash will be confirmed to work on everyone without exception... Or that exceptions to it’s power are rare anomalies.”

“So when that happens, the experiment will be effectively concluded.” Dave concluded.

“Which means... You need to make a choice today.” Amy said, looking up at him.

“What do you mean?” He asked, looking back at her.

“I am programmed to accept anything related to the experiment.” She explained, “Once it ends. I’ll stop being okay with everything.”

“So, I need to make some adjustments.”

“Right. But...” She looked down and sighed, “While you can give me orders you can’t... Change me. You’ll have to use the flash.”

“You sound upset by that.” Dave asked skeptically.

“Well...” She said softly, “There are only two possible outcomes. Once you hit me with the flash, I’ll wake up either with a new sexuality... or I’ll wake up as a slave.”

“Why not both?” He asked with a smirk.

She looked up at him in surprise just in time to see him holding up the phone as the flash went off. The light faded from her eyes and she became a mindless husk. Ready to be reprogrammed to his every whim.

He never could resist teasing her. It seems she had been ruminating on those two possibilities, but missed the third outcome their previous experiments had lead to. He didn’t need to change her sexuality; he just had to make her see his harem members as property like she saw the test subjects before.

“Amy. The experiment has ended.” Dave began, “Now that it’s over, you realize that you have no ethical problems with me having a harem of slaves. You see anyone I’ve enslaved as property and nothing more. You will still be my girlfriend, and you will love anything I decide to do with my harem.”

He explained to her as he watched her face. She didn’t seem to react to anything he said, but he knew now from experience that she was absorbing it all.

“Any previous instructions that contradict this will be overwritten.” He continued, “You are my girlfriend and you love having a boyfriend who has a massive harem. Now wake.”

Amy blinked a few times as she awoke from the trance, then smiled at Dave. “That worked!” she said cheerfully “My discomfort about tomorrow is gone completely!”

She then picked up her pen and looked back down at the desk. “Now lets work out what you’re going to tell everyone in the announcement tomorrow. I want to make sure they all do whatever you say.”