

## Whatever you say 9

After some discussion, Amy and Dave had come up with a fairly reasonable compromise. It did require a couple more changes but... It was worth it. She looked down at her notebook and checked her changes again.

1. I have to obey any direct order Dave gives me.
2. I do not consider anything involving our experiments to be too immoral.
3. I cannot feel embarrassment greater than one tenth of what I felt the day we met.
4. I do not feel jealous of test subjects.
5. I do not feel anger towards test subjects.

With these additional changes, she could get her revenge on the girls who bullied her, without her emotions leading her to ruin them as test subjects. And she could... Properly enjoy them as well. That was a fascinating part of this. She normally had no interest in women but once they became test subjects... She saw them as no different from sex toys.

She looked over her notes again. It wasn't something Dave put in her. So where did that come from? Her closest guess was that it was based on Dave's probable intention of using the experiments to develop sex slaves. None of her changes made her specifically like the experiments though. The only instruction she had been given was not to find them too immoral for her.

Dave offered to make her fully bisexual so she could really enjoy their test subjects, but she declined his offer. This was important data. She needed to figure out if she had something about herself to learn, or if it truly was the result of one of the suggestions implanted in her doing it. If he simply changed her, it would spoil the data.

She supposed once she saw the other girls in the locker rooms, she would find out if anything stirred in her. Before that, however, she needed to get her work done. She excused herself early from class to head to the gymnasium.

She wasn't enrolled in any athletics course, of course. But the facilities were open to all students at the college. According to the schedule she recorded in her journal, Lulu would be arriving in the locker rooms soon. She made it a point to know the schedules of anyone who bullied her. Before, it was so she could easily avoid them but now... It was a perfect resource for tracking down her targets.

As the leader of the college's cheer team, Lulu was often the first in the locker rooms getting ready for practice. She was alone when Amy arrived, which was perfect for her purposes. Objectively, Lulu was an attractive woman. She had long curly pink hair and puffy lips thick with lipstick. Her breasts were modest in size, but compared to her tiny frame, they seemed huge.

Her body didn't seem to do much for Amy though. She almost felt relieved not to find her arousing. Though, it wasn't entirely a fair test. Underneath that bubblegum and joy exterior though was a viscous beast and Amy knew it. Her lack of arousal might be due to who Lulu was as a person.

Not that Amy was much better, anymore. What she was about to do to Lulu was a thousand times worse than anything Lulu did to her, and... She was looking forward to it! She fished her phone out of her pocket and loaded up the one time app Dave installed on her phone. Just to make sure there was no evidence, it would erase it's self after one use. Dave said this would be safer since she intended to use it in public.

Amy approached Lulu, and pressed the button to start the countdown. "Hey, Lulu. Take a look at this." She said as she held the phone up towards Lulu's face.

Lulu slapped the phone out of Amy's hand in almost an instant. "I don't have time for your bullshit." She said with a sneer. "You shouldn't even be in here, we both know you never exercise."

Amy desperately fumbled for her phone. If it fell to the hard ground here, it might break! Luckily, she managed to snatch it up before it fell beyond her reach. Only for the screen to flash directly in her face...

Her arms went limp, and she dropped the phone to the ground.

"What the hell was that?" A voice said, though she didn't know who's voice it was...

"What the fuck are you doing? What is wrong with you?" The voice asked, sounding frustrated and alarmed.

"Nothing..." She replied to the first question, then "I am mindless..."

"What the fuck?!" The voice responded, "Wait was that what your stupid phone thing was about? Were you going to do that to me??"

"Yes." Amy replied. She had no shame, she simply had to answer truthfully. "I tried to enslave you."

"And... Now, what? You're enslaved?" The voice asked.

"If you want me to be..." Amy replied.

"Then yes. You will be my slave from now on." Her Mistress's voice said. "Now wake the fuck up before someone sees you."

Amy blinked a few times. As her mind began to come back together, realization began to dawn on her... She screwed everything up! Instead of making Lulu her slave, she had somehow become her slave! D-Did she really have to do what her biggest tormentor told her to-

"Stand at attention." Her Mistress ordered. In an instant Amy snapped up straight with her hands to her sides, looking straight ahead.

Her Mistress slowly walked a circle around her, examining her from all sides as she stood paralyzed by her orders. This was... Really happening. She was truly incapable of resisting or doing anything about any of this... Was this how the other test subjects felt, or was her analytical mind simply more capable of understanding the situation she was in?

Dave had never truly enslaved her. She had to obey him, of course, but he never said the word slave. She assumed her ability to examine things objectively still were due to that. But here... She knew on a logical level that she hated that woman. That she should be on the other side of this situation... Yet, she was simply incapable of disobeying her Mistress.

“Still worthless as ever.” Her Mistress said as she finished her examination. “The only real redeeming quality you have are your fucking tits. But maybe a strict diet and exercise routine might fix some of your problems. You might be worthy of second string by next year.”

Was cheer-leading all Lulu could think about? Amy was standing here obedient and enslaved, forced to do anything she wants and... The first thing she could come up with was... Making her into a cheerleader? Her Mistress was a total waste of potential...

That is why she was supposed to be a test subject, rather than a Mistress. But... Even still... Even though Amy knew this to her core... She couldn't move. She... She had lost, and Mistress won. No matter how dumb she thought Mistress's goals were, she had no choice but to work towards them.

“You know what?” Her Mistress said, “I could use this thing to make everyone on the cheer team dedicated to being the best... Or...”

Her tone started to sound excited as she continued to speak “I could turn anyone I want into a cheerleader! You have no idea how many girls there are on campus who would be amazing on our team if they weren't such stuck up prudes!”

Fantastic... Now her Mistress was going to ruin a bunch of girls lives. So many young women working towards ambitious goals and breaking into new fields of science are going to be reduced to bimbo cheerleaders at her Mistress's sole discretion... She would shudder at the thought if she could move at all...

“This is going to be so amazing! I'll be the greatest cheer captain the world has ever seen!” Her Mistress continued excitedly. “How do you use that dumb thing on your phone anyway? I need to try this out!”

Finally, one bit of good news. The program deleted it's self! Mistress has no way of getting it! She... She would be the only one who's life would be ruined by this...

“It cannot be used, Mistress.” She replied, staring straight ahead still. “It deleted it's self as soon as I used it.”

“The fuck?” Her Mistress replied, anger rising in her voice. “Who the fuck makes an app like that and has it break after one fucking time?”

“It was a safety measure, Mistress.” She replied, “My boyfriend designed it to delete it's self from my phone after I use it once.”

“Boyfriend, huh?” Her Mistress said, “Another fucking nerd, probably... Whatever. Steal a working app from him then.”

“I cannot.” She replied, “If I return without a slave, he will know that I messed up, and will not give me access to his app again.”

“Are you fucking kidding me?” Her Mistress shouted incredulously. “Fine. Take me to your fucking boyfriend and I’ll force it out of him. No man can resist me.”

Amy swallowed nervously before speaking. “Y-Yes, Mistress...” Could she really do that? She supposed her Mistress could leverage her ownership to strong arm Dave into compliance, forcing him into a position where he would have to give up the app to avoid Mistress ordering her to do something irreversible.

But was her Mistress even smart enough for that? She hoped her Mistress didn’t ask her for any ideas... She could already see in her mind several ways that she might successfully manipulate the situation into her favor...

As Amy’s mind ran through every scenario that might happen, she walked along the sidewalk of the campus. Heading towards the men’s dorms with Lulu following right behind her.

“Just so we’re clear.” Her Mistress said firmly, “You will pretend you enslaved me however you intended to when we arrive. When I start to do my thing, you will get the fuck out of my way and stay out of my way. Got it?”

“Yes, Mistress.” Amy replied over her shoulder as she lead her into the dorm building and began following the numbered signs. Finally, they reached Dave’s dorm, and she opened the door.

“I’m back, with our new test subject.” She said, in exactly the tone she would normally use. Her dumb Mistress’s order forced her to act exactly as she should if everything went well... She couldn’t even hint at a problem by acting out of character...

“Good.” Dave replied, looking over from the couch. He had some equipment on the table that he seemed to be working on at the time. “Now, you need to close the door behind you and strip.”

Her Mistress let out an annoyed sigh as she closed the door. “That is such a stupid fucking rule.” She muttered as she pulled her skirt down, then pulled her top up over her head. Next, she reached behind herself and unfastened her bra, letting it fall down her arms and to the floor, then finally pulled down her panties.

“There? Happy? Now- Wait! You’re that-” She began before Dave cut her off.

“You cannot speak.” He said firmly.

Her Mistress’s voice cut out as soon as he said that. She made motions with her mouth, but no sound came out. Her expression grew into alarm as she looked towards Amy for assistance.

Amy grinned wickedly as she took a few steps back from her Mistress. She was under direct instructions after all. She needed to get out of the way, and stay out of the way while her Mistress does her thing.