Waiting patiently was never one of Ariel’s best skills. Whenever she had an idle moment, her mind would begin to race. A constant stream of ideas; more than she could ever act upon on her own, would fill her mind.

Fortunately for her, she was no longer completely alone with her thoughts. By the time she heard the sound of the door upstairs opening, Becka was on her third or fourth… or twentieth dance. She honestly had no idea how long her obedient slave had been dancing, but it must have been a long time.

“You may stop now, Becka.” She commanded.

“Yes, Mistress.”

She looked up at the stairs, listening to the sound of the four women making their way towards her lab. Anxiously, she kept her eyes locked on the stairway, eager to see what her newest sla-lab assistant would look like. When they finally reached the bottom of the stairs, Ariel was met with a moment of surprise as she recognized the face of the new woman.

Perhaps it was not who the woman was that surprised her, so much as the fact that blondie actually came back with the best possible choice. The short brown-haired girl wearing glasses, a collar, and casual school clothes was the closest thing that Ariel could consider to be a rival in education. Though, their scores were only similar because you can’t do better than perfect.

Ariel walked towards the group of women, applying her love stick to her lips as she went. The collar restricted a person’s ability to be as clever and intelligent as April, and if she was going to have the second most intelligent person her age as a lab assistant she had to make full use of her… Assets.

“Final test of the love stick” she said as she approached the woman “A kiss to someone willing to let it work unobstructed.”

“Can I go now?” the blonde woman asked, rudely interrupting her moment. “I got you the bitch you wanted.”

Ariel ignored the impatient woman as she planted a kiss on April’s soft lips and whispered into her ear “Look at me and fall in love” before raising her voice to reply to the blonde woman.

“You will stay put.” she ordered “Your friends will grab you if you try to move.”

“I did what you said! What do you want from me now???” The woman exclaimed as her friends wrapped each of their arms around hers, locking her in place.

“Hmm… What do I want with you…” Ariel pondered for a…

-Search result found: I want it all

-Description: Lustful young woman takes everything she desires and then some…

A grin began to spread across Ariel’s face as the chip implanted the new plan into her mind. She reached around April’s neck to unfasten the collar, slipping it off as her newest lover let out an audible sigh.

“Do you love me?” Ariel asked simply, looking directly into April’s eyes.

“I…” she hesitated for a moment before replying, a blush spreading across her face as she became increasingly aware of what was happening. “I think… I think I do… Ariel.”

“You only think you do?” She asked, prodding the timid girl to elaborate.

“It feels… I didn’t feel this way before but… I...” She hesitated again. This was an interesting result. It would seem the love stick did it’s work in record time, and the young woman simply was unable to process what she felt.

She watched with baited breath as she watched April’s eyes and expression shifting. She could almost see the gears turning in the other woman’s head as she reconciled her new feelings with her old memories. Finally, her eyes lit up as a cheerful smile spread across her face.

“Yes! How did you know? I didn’t even know how much I loved you until just now!” She said as she leaned forward to wrap her arms around Ariel’s body in a hug. This one seemed more romantic than the previous test subjects. She might need to test if this was a result of the kiss mixing with the collar or if it was unique to this otherwise very timid young woman.

Her curiosity would not have to wait this time, however. She still had one viable test subject left. “Be a dear for me then.” Ariel said to her new assistant, “This collar enslaves anyone who wears it. Go put it on that blonde woman over there.”

“Oh fuck no!” The blonde woman cried out. Now struggling to pull away from her friends without success. “We had a deal, you lying bitch!”

“We had a deal,” Ariel repeated as she handed the collar over to April, “now, however, we do not.”

April looked down at the collar in her hands and then back up to the blonde woman. She seemed to hesitate again for a moment before speaking. “I’m sorry.” She said, her voice squeaking as she spoke “It’s nothing about you.”

The girl slowly walked towards the blonde woman, holding out the open collar “Don’t worry, you won’t feel bad. I know from experience.”

“NO!!!” The blonde woman thrashed back and forth, struggling to free herself, but still found herself unable to overpower her friends. Her struggle stopped abruptly, however, when the collar came in contact with her skin. Before the clasp was locked in place, the blonde woman’s eyes had already gone blank.

“Good job, April.” Ariel praised “How did that feel?”

The timid woman ran back to Ariel’s side before answering, wrapping her arms around her again. “I never thought I would ever do something like that! But, I’m just so happy you’re proud of me!”

She might have to do something about this clingy behavior… but for now, she had one last test to run. Ariel walked up to the blonde woman and gave her a deep kiss, pulling the woman close to give her as large a dose of the love stick as she could.

After making sure their kiss was long and passionate enough to fully infect her final subject with the love stick’s chemicals, she reached around and unhooked the collar from the blonde woman’s neck. Ariel stepped back and looked at her newest lover as she sank to her knees.

“Oh… Oh god… I…” The woman looked up from her knees as her feeble mind attempted to comprehend what had just happened to her. “I… I don’t think I even care anymore…”

“What do you care about then?” Ariel asked, looking down at the woman struggling to reconcile her new identity.

“I… You. I care about you.”

“I think I have enough lovers.” Ariel replied dismissively, feigning disinterest to see what the woman’s reaction would be.

“No! You… You can have as many lovers as you want!” The desperation in her voice was thick and heavy. Now clearly more desperate to stay than she was desperate to escape.

“Maybe I don’t want a fourth.” Ariel teased, looking over April’s body in order to sell her disinterest better. “Maybe I have all I need right here.”

“I…” her words hung in her throat, a few moments pass before she sighs reluctantly “What you want is more important… Than what I want. If you don’t want me… I’ll… I’ll learn to live with it...”

“Good.” She said flatly. It seemed that April’s clingy nature was her own and not the result of being kissed while collared. “You may stay in my harem then.”

“Ah… Yes, Thank you!” the blonde woman exclaimed, her face shifting from depressed to ecstatic in a single moment.

“Yes, what? You are a part of my harem.”

“Sorry! Yes, Mistress!”

“That’s more like it.” Ariel turned away from the four women at the stairs and walked toward her lab chair. As she did, she caught sight of Becka sitting on the floor with her eyes closed. It was adorable, in a way. Becka must have tired herself out so much dancing she fell right to sleep.

Today’s experiments went very well. Her first subject was in love and collared, the bimbo had another collar on her. The pink haired woman was in love, as were the blonde woman and April. She could count that she had two slaves and three lovers, or since she ordered the blonde woman to become her slave that she had three slaves and two lovers.

She sat down in her lab chair and turned to face her harem. “Kneel before me. All of you.”

Becka did not seem to be disturbed from her sleep, even as the collar made her stand and sleepwalk to a spot in front of her. The woman knelt down with her eyes still closed and head down. The four women at the stairs followed soon after, each taking a spot next to Becka on their knees.

“We are going to have a lot of fun together.” Ariel explained to her subjects, “whatever I say goes. Your old lives are meaningless. Becka, you will make your husband VERY happy when you aren’t serving me. Isn’t that right.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“You other three gold diggers? You will dump your boyfriends or husbands or whatever. You will take nothing, because you deserve nothing. Do you understand?” She supposed she could have ordered them to be good housewives like Becka, but maintaining so many relationships might cause problems. Besides, it would give those lucky bachelors to be another chance at finding lovers who actually loved them. She was doing them a favor, really.

“Anything you want!” The blonde haired woman chirped, beating the other two to their replies. The pink haired woman, not wanting to be outdone hastily added a “You are our only love!”, while the bimbo simply responded with a blank and flat “Yes, Mistress.”

Finally, she addressed April. “You will be my lab assistant. You will not question my methods, my motives, or my ethics. Your only focus is to please me.”

“Yes-Um…” she paused for a moment, looking up at Ariel as she squirmed slightly “Should I call you mistress as well?”

“How thoughtful of you to ask.” Ariel said, leaning back in her chair. She had never felt the fabric against her bare skin before. Prior to today, she had never been naked in her own lab, much less in front of several willing slaves.

By far, this had to be her most successful experiment yet. The day was not quite over yet though, and her lover had given her a question to be answered. Should she…

-Result Found: My lover. My slave.

-Description: Bound by her desires, a sexy young librarian finds herself becoming a slave to her own lover.

The chip had spoken, and it was always right. Ariel smiled down at her slaves. All of them slaves. “You may call me mistress. You all will from now on. Now all of you come here and pleasure me.”