
Chapter 3 – The one that got away

Catherine was carrying two paper bags of groceries and kicked her shoes off to the corner of the vestibule. It was just a few errands, but she was so happy to be home. The divorce was complete, her two beautiful daughters had come back, and her new boyfriend had just moved in a few weeks ago. The love of her life. To think that they went to the same schools for 11 years and she barely even noticed him before. She agreed to meet him out of pity because from his Facebook message he too had recently gone through a divorce. She made it clear she was not interested in dating yet, but what she meant, having gone on several hot dates since the divorce (she still considered herself a hot piece of ass) was that she didn't want to date *him*. She felt like a fool, now. So many years wasted without his sunshine in her world.

She sighed and smiled; there he was on the couch, pretty much exactly where he was when she left. Her daughters were still there with him too, regrettably. They never left the house or lifted a finger to help with chores. It made her blood boil from jealousy to see Earl with his step-daughters and knowing how much more attention they got from him than she did, but she buried those feelings deep inside; unconditional love meant dealing with the little annoyances of daily life for the greater payoff: an emotional connection with your soulmate. So he has a strong sexual appetite and liked them a bit younger... she was still the one he went to when he wanted to talk to someone about football or his confusing programming stuff. He barely ever spoke of the girls or to the girls, mostly just played a boring-looking game on his phone, so there was nothing to worry about. Whenever she and he had sex, it was intimate, romantic, special! Nothing like the bestial orgy taking place in the living room right now, with her daughters clumsily tongue wrestling each other, the eldest bouncing on her man's cock and her youngest sitting on his face. That's just lust. When he asked her to join them to squeeze or suck her breasts, whose size put her girls' bitties to shame, it was from a place of *love*.

The most frustrating part was that on top of cooking and cleaning, she had to wash and shave these two ungrateful brats and look at their baby bumps, far more advanced than hers. Her Earl couldn't be the father at least; the math didn't work out. Again, just little annoyances in the grand scheme of love. Money was a bit tight, but the alimony payments were enough to pay for food and the power bill. For the rest, they had each other. The girls didn't need much anyway, they rarely ate anything but her boyfriend's seed and the occasional leftovers that found themselves into their dog bowls.

Before walking up to her lover, Catherine took off her turtleneck sweater. Earl asked her to always wear a turtleneck outside, but around the house, he preferred her naked and she was happy to oblige. Her large breast popped out of the thick cotton one by one. She was eager to feel his face between them or his lips around her large, bumpy areolas.

She slipped out of her skirt and, having foregone panties as usual, was ready to please her future husband any way she could and maybe he would please her too if he wished. Standing so close, she could hear her boyfriend's tongue slurping her daughter's pussy over the creaking of the sofa from her other daughter bouncing her ass on his wonderful cock. Cat pulled her eldest off of him as she clawed and kicked, and held her back until her red lips fully wrapped the base of the hard cock previously fresh out of the young girl's ass.

As soon as the dick disappeared from her view, like a switch turning on, her daughter gave up the cockfight and calmly walked around her mom to eat her from behind. Cat had long given up on making her daughter stop such lewd behaviors. She mainly ignored her now, though it was hard to pretend she didn't enjoy it. Her daughter was really good. Right now, she was focused on upstaging the little tramp with a blowjob only a real woman could give while looking at her youngest daughter's shaved pussy in case Earl's face came up for air.

Earl pushed Lily up by the inner thigh just long enough to say "I'm hungry can you start on dinner?" then lowered her back on his mouth without giving Cat the glance she craved. Ever since the sisters had gotten their mouths back from Cat breaking up their kiss, the moaning so loud she could barely hear him.

Defeated, she took the cock out of her throat to be replaced immediately by Danielle's mouth who seized the opportunity. Before she walked away, she saw him hold Danielle down on his cock and heard him ejaculate inside her throat. That could have been her throat... and she loosened him up for her.

"Oh, Cat..."

"Yes!?" she turned around, tits swinging.

"I was thinking I want to spice things up with Danielle, can you get her one of those breast augmentations?"

"I think a clinic like that would be closed in the evening..."

"It's the evening? Tomorrow morning then. Make them really big, even bigger than yours. But I want them to look and feel natural so don't get cheap ones. And fix her hair tonight, I told you I don't like brown roots in her pink hair."

Cat felt she just got hit by a truck. Having big tits was her thing...

"OK, my love. I'll probably have to take a loan but if that's what you really want... Let me know if you change your mind."

Earl wasn't listening. He had sat up on the sofa. Danielle had kneeled on the floor to stay in blowjob position while Lily was on his lap getting her ass spanked hard just for fun. She seemed to cum from every slap.

A few months ago, Earl's world turned upside down. He couldn't get Lily's confused and horrified face out of his head from when he decided to turn off all collar functions while taking her virginity. Things got too real and he immediately turned them back on. Her eyes crossed and she came hard, her freshly deflowered pussy contracting on his dick, prompting him to flood her secret garden for the first time. But still, something felt different. For some reason, he thought deep down that his toys would eventually develop feelings for him, at least in a Stockholm kind of way. A kind of gratitude for the life of constant pleasure he offered them. But that look of horror and disgust proved it was truly all a show. It wasn't love. And even with two nymphomaniac pets constantly pleasuring him or each other for the sake of sexy background noises, he got terribly lonely and for the first time, felt like a monster. He finally saw his house for the smelly, cum-covered pigsty it was and couldn't stand it anymore.

'How do you program love?' he almost typed in the chatroom used by his fellow mood-modders (mooders) but realized the embarrassing nature of the question just in time. These guys looked up to him. Not because of his programming skills; he self-taught himself the *if x then y* basics but, when he wasn't downloading complete packages, he mostly copy/pasted individual loops from the community and, of course, used pre-mapped brain patterns (aka emotions). However, he was one of the few members who had an actual girl to test them on, and the only one, as far as he knew, to have two. So, he was a prolific purveyor of actual feedback and tweaking suggestions. His novice programming skills turned out to be a strength. Deciding to attempt this challenge alone with only his two beautiful cheerleaders, he would need to keep it simple, and simplicity was the key to this puzzle.

Most important thing: start by copying the loop that makes them keep the collar on. The simplest version had the collar blank out the wearer's mind for a second when it detected someone tampering with the latch, which made the wearer forget what they were doing. After a few dozen failed attempts they would start ignoring it altogether like it wasn't there. It even has the bonus side-effect of freaking them out if someone else tried to remove the collar (to a blanked mind, that person was now trying to choke them and the host would run away).

Then he stared at his reflection in the dark-theme code editor and started thinking about love and what it meant. Danielle had been gargling his limp dick for a while now and it was getting hard again. Good time for a small cum break. He set her survival instinct to minus 30, which compelled her to choke herself on his cock. He gave himself a mental note to try not to forget setting it back to normal in a few minutes... like that one time. Anyway, she was OK now. Survival instinct was a brain pattern that had been cracked recently and made deepthroat blowjobs slightly more enjoyable at the cost of the girl not caring so much about breathing anymore. He beckoned little Lily to follow his phone's GPS positioning on his lap. He wanted to kiss her; not something he did often but he tried to keep her mouth clean for the occasion. French kissing was a good example of the limits of neural impulses. You could get them to move their tongue around and even suck on yours or something, but the true feeling of a consensual, passionate kiss was elusive. As they both awkwardly opened their mouths wide and rubbed tongues, Earl had a seemingly obvious idea that would revolutionize the mooding world and mainstream its popularity.

A low setting for a mix of bad emotions (physical discomfort, anxiety, distress) when your lover isn't there; a low setting for a mix of good emotions (joy, lust, peace of mind) when he is near. Tie both intensities proportional to the GPS distance between the command device (in Earl's case, his phone) and the collar, and let time instead of commands shape the mind of your pet. Hard to say how much time was necessary for a persistent Pavlovian response, but he was ready to stay strong this time when his test subject Lily freaked out once again after being released from her many background commands and desires that were keeping her docile and willing. He realized that for someone as far gone as Lily (her brain had been messed with for several months now) the low settings were probably not enough to kickstart her training. At max level, she was an orgasm-ridden mess when next to him. Nothing at all like love yet; without commands, she would rather drool and masturbate on her own, but Earl vowed to let her do her own thing until she wanted him of her own free-ish will.

He sure was glad he did not trade in Danielle like he promised his friends a while back, or he would not have been able to resist fucking Lily's face as she worked on her floor puddle. The once pink-haired girl, now mostly brunette, was still under his control and a few taps away from jumping on his cock and extending his patience by draining his balls in any debauched way he wanted.

At first, Lily couldn't understand why the world occasionally collapsed around as she went from pure ecstasy to cruel anguish. Like playing a twisted game of peek-a-boo, Earl would walk to the far end of the farthest room, wait a couple of minutes, then come back to let his presence known. After an entire day of this torment (with a quick Danielle break every 20 minutes or so, Lily understood to a certain degree that her happiness was tied to his presence and started following Earl around the house like an excited puppy. He slightly reduced the intensity of both consequences and continued the game, which was now cat and mouse. Worried that a mistake would reset his progress, Earl took his time and tinkered his code. 3 days later, the settings were low enough for Lily to seem almost lucid, on top of being happy and horny. You could tell because she started to act embarrassed about her own nudity and faced Earl while covering her small breasts and the cute tulip over her the gap of her thighs.

"Hi, Lily," Earl tried.

Lily didn't reply, she looked at him suspiciously. Still, she had not tried to escape once during the gradual transition into clarity.

"I'm going to watch some TV. You can join if you want. No pressure."

No pressure... other than the pressure of feeling shittier for every step this stranger made in the opposite direction. With hesitation seen only in her face, Lily impulsively followed him as she had been doing all week and sat down on the opposite end of the couch, close enough to be well above the discomfort threshold. Earl turned on some teen porn that featured older men and waited patiently for the rest to unfold. A whole half hour passed before Lily's latent nymphomania made her want to touch herself to the moans of the starlets and the grunts of the geezers. That's when Earl made his move: he scooted towards her on the couch and Lily's pleasure slightly but noticeably increased. Because of his impeccable timing, the little boost in endorphins made her cum as he snuggled up to her. When he wrapped his arm around her (phone in hand) she was half-genuinely happy to smell his body odor and leaned her head on his chest as she finished her orgasm.

“Do you want to watch something else?” Lily wasn’t sure what she wanted other than for things to stay as they were and not risk getting that awful feeling of loneliness and self-hatred she experienced when she left his side.

“N...no. I like this.” He had forgotten what her non-moaning voice sounded like.

“You don’t mind if I masturbate too?”

“I don’t mind...” Lily said, having just finished right in front of this guy she was inexplicably drawn to, she was in no position to criticize him for jerking off a foot away from her face. Earl resisted the urge to call on Danielle’s throat (it was maybe too soon for that) so he tried it the old fashion way. Ugh, what a chore.

“I need to go to the store and buy some Vaseline. My hand is too dry for this.”

“Can... can I come with you?” Holy shit, that’s when it really hit him: it was fucking working. This was starting to sound like love.

“You can’t go out naked like that. But, tell you what, I’ll buy you a dress while I’m out there.”

As the impending dread settled in, Lily had to insist: “Please stay, I...” As she held on to his leg, her collar was practically touching the phone through his pocket and her horniness reached its peak for this setting. “I don’t mind being naked and... you can use me if your hand is dry.”

Lily had pushed her tight pussy down on his cock dozens of times since he took her virginity but never so gently and never while quivering so much. Her emotions weren’t completely hers, but some of the passion in her eyes looked genuine for once. She moaned for him, she came for him, she fucked him until she was exhausted. Having a girl fall asleep in his arms was like a long-lost memory as they usually followed his commands without rest. He turned down the settings again a little lower, a little closer to true independence.

“Did you sleep well?” Earl thought he fucked it all up when Lily awoke with that dastardly panic in her eyes but seeing his face soothed her instantly... until she noticed the TV was off but the sounds of someone gagging on a cock still filled the room, and even more traumatizing was when she saw that someone was her older sibling Danielle.

“I’m sorry you had to find out like this, Lily. I’m mind-controlling your sister and keeping her as a sex slave. I feel terrible about this. I’ll turn myself in to the police and they will take you home.” The ultimate test: make her aware that mind-control is a thing. Earl didn’t have to pretend to leave this time; Lily jumped on him. “I don’t want you to go! I don’t want to go home. I don’t care what you’re doing to Danny. Just... stay with me, mister, please.” Oh yeah, Earl remembered she didn’t know his name.

“Call me, daddy,” he said looking at her but still using his strong hands to skull-fuck her sister. “Do you want me to fuck you, princess?”

“Yes, daddy,” Lily replied, not like a robot, more like a girl.

A few minutes later they were back to one of their usual positions with Danielle tonguing his buttocks while he fucked his new Lily. The differences were subtle but noticeable. Her hands on his back; some shy hesitation in the moans. Her pleasure was not as intense, and she didn't cross her eyes the way he liked when she came, but then again, her horniness settings were set barely above normal. It was like fucking an inexperienced schoolgirl who was just happy a senior noticed her and was willing to open her legs just so he wouldn't leave her. They came together in a beautiful moment only tainted by minor brain fuckery and after a cooldown period of panting and twitching, she proved his experiment a success with four simple words: "I love you, Daddy."

Earl fist-pumped the air and got up. Now that the hole was free, Danielle followed her primary directive of cum-cleanup and sealed her mouth around her sister's vulva to suck its precious content. "Danny, no! What are you doing?" Lily tried to push and kick her away until her fervor instantly vanished and, like her old self, began moaning and wrapping her legs around sister's head, forcing her deeper onto her crotch. Earl was done with the test and was turning her back into a mindless cum-slut one function at a time. He didn't want love and companionship from a girl her age; he wasn't some sick creep. Lily and Danielle were his sex toys, he was after love from the one that got away: his old school crush Catherine, who also happened to be their mother.