

Meeting Ms. Lovelock  
By Princess\_Lil

“Nervous?” Monica asked her friend. “It’s really not that big of a deal! She’s super nice, all my friends have told me so! It’ll be super fun, just watch!” At her core, Monica was a girly girl. Her bright and cheerful nature made her a reliable friend.

She loved to accessorize and dress up any chance she got. Monica loved picking out the best makeup for her dark complexion, though she didn’t need it. She wore a yellow dress with strappy sandals, something simple to prepare for today’s events. Her black hair was cut in a cute little bob that hung just above her shoulders.

“I’m not nervous,” Lil responded. An introvert who relied on her extroverted friends to do anything daring, Lil was the more cautious and careful of the two, though no less kinky.

Lil was a fair bit taller and dressed for both fashion and comfort. She wore a loose, pink dress, thigh high stockings, and slip on heels. She wore little makeup, really only eyeliner, but that suited her pale skin. Her red hair was cut at the bangs and flared out in the back in a loose, shaggy cut.

“Are too,” Monica stuck out her tongue.

“I am not!” Lil huffed. “Let’s just knock on the door already. It’s—I’m not nervous,” she lied.

“Okie dokie!” Monica couldn’t wipe the grin off her face. She rapped on the door with a knuckle before putting her arm around Lil’s waist and pulling her closer. “Smile for our Mistress!” she practically sang.

The door opened revealing a woman in a red, latex catsuit that clearly strained against her chest. She was tanned and had bright blonde hair, giving her a very beach babe look aside from the obvious rubber coating her body. “Hello you two!” she practically squealed. “I’m so excited to have both of you, come on in~” she put on a seductive voice, clearly wanting to impress.

Monica loved it. She practically skipped inside. “Yeah! I’m so excited, Mistress Lovelock!”

Lil was more reserved. She walked in slowly while trying not to look excited. “It’s nice to meet you, I’m Lil-”

“Oh, I know all about you. Monica has told me everything. And I mean everything!” Lovelock moved right behind Lil and wrapped her arms around her. “Including that you’re going to be a little stubborn at first! But mommy will take care of that.”

Lil's face turned as red as Lovelock's catsuit. "I-I'm not... that difficult," she murmured. There was a nice smell that wafted off Lovelock. A perfume that was slightly sweet, a little floral, and yet something else lingered there that Lil couldn't quite point out.

"Oh, well that's great to hear!" Lovelock let go of Lil just to grab her hand and pull her further inside. "Make yourself at home, promise everything is comfy."

The house wasn't that big. It was a comfortable little place, maybe two bedrooms at most. A nice big couch dominated most of the living room along with a coffee table. The kitchen could be seen from the front door across the narrow living room. It didn't take a sharp eye to realize the house had been very recently cleaned and everything had been put in its place just so.

"I love the place." Lil couldn't get the smile off her face. "I half expected you to either be an eccentric rich lady or some kind of witch."

"Well, I can pretend to be either," Lovelock laughed. "But I did have some other things in mind. Do either of you want tea or coffee or milk?" She looked over to Monica.

Monica giggled. "I'm good!" She scooted behind the coffee table and sat on the couch. She leaned back and let out a happy little sigh.

"And you?"

"I'm fine," Lil said. She bit her lip and before getting ahold of herself. "I'm really just kind of eager to start."

"Oh! So straightforward! But there's a little thing we'll need to do first. Are both of you girls absolutely sure that you don't want a safeword? That's a little risky, and I just wanted to advise you that maybe it would be a good idea to establish one."

Monica looked to Lil, whose face only grew more red. "I think we're good. I told her I trust you, and she trusts me, so like, that means she has to trust you too."

"That's not..." Lil took a deep breath. "If I need a safeword, than maybe something like 'broccoli.'"

Monica cringed, and Lovelock laughed. "Broccoli it is. Now, if you're ready to get started, I want to surprise you both, but I can only do it one at a time. Do you mind waiting?"

"Wait?" Lil asked. She shimmied behind the coffee table and sat next to Monica with a skeptical look. "Well, I guess I don't mind waiting. You have us all day after all."

"Wonderful. Now Monica, would you mind coming with me?" Lovelock took Monica by the hand with clear glee on her face. She was just as excited as Lil and Monica.

“Sure thing!” Monica hopped up from the couch. Her and Lovelock walked away down a hallway out of Lil’s sight, leaving the woman in the dark as to what was happening.

Lil felt butterflies in her stomach. All she could feel was eager anticipation, even if she had to wait a while. Before she could psyche herself up too much, Lovelock returned with a strange black helmet in her hands.

“Here, this will keep you occupied I think. I know you’ll love it,” Lovelock lifted the helmet above Lil’s head and smiled. Lil nodded, and Lovelock gently lowered it. “There you go. It should start automatically~”

Lil could have guessed what was on the inside. It was a VR headset. The screens were already on, and the only thing Lil could see was a spiral. Monica must’ve told Lovelock that Lil really liked hypnosis.

Lil smiled. A spiral was a good start, but Lovelock probably didn’t know all that much about hypnosis. Really, the effort was cute. Lil really appreciated it even if it wasn’t going to work.

An image flashed on screen that Lil couldn’t quite see. The soft sounds of rain drumming on a tin roof resounded from the speakers. Another image that Lil couldn’t see. Whispers she couldn’t quite comprehend. Before she knew it, she was slouching, head barely staying up.

Let your mind drift away.

The spiral is so pretty.

Ms. Lovelock is so pretty.

Good girls watch the spiral.

Listen to Ms. Lovelock.

Be a good girl.

Listen to Mistress Lovelock.

“Mistress..?” Lil managed to mewl out.

Obedience is bliss.

Good girls obey.

Obey Mistress Lovelock.

Let your mind drift away.

Such a good girl.

“Better take that off,” Mistress Lovelock lifted the helmet off the slumped over redhead. “How are you feeling?”

“Nnngh...” Lil mumbled.

“Perfect. Now come along with me.”

“Uhuh,” Lil slurred. She stood up with the help of the dominatrix and started walking where she was led. She felt a little unsteady on her feet, but her senses were starting to come back to her. They were in a nice bathroom, a little big compared to the rest of the house. A large jacuzzi bathtub took up most of the room. Water was already pouring from the faucet.

“Here, get undressed,” Lovelock ordered.

Lil’s body started moving before her mind did. She hooked her fingers on the straps of her dress and pulled them off her shoulders before shimmying out of the dress. “Huh? Why?” Lil managed to say through the haze of the hypnotic programming. The redhead was still moving, tugging at the hook of her bra.

“You’re going to take a bath.” Lovelock put her hands on Lil’s hips and gently guided her to the tub.

“Oh. Huh...” Lil, still mostly compelled by the hypnotic suggestions, peeled her panties off and stepped out of them before working on her stockings, standing on one leg to take one off before the other. “But I bathed before I got here?”

“This is a special bath. You’ll love it. Your skin will be so smooth. Almost as much as your brain when I’m done with you.” The mistress gently urged Lil forward until she stepped in the tub and sat down. She retrieved some recently used liquid soaps from nearby.

Lil’s mind, though clouded as it was, had a sudden realization. “W-wait, are you literally gonna brainwash me?”

“Yes.”

“...god that’s really hot...” Lil’s face turned a little red as soon as the words left her mouth.

“I can tell by how excited you are down there.”

“Ah!” Lil squeaked and moved to cover herself.

“Oh don’t worry, it’s cute! And I’m going to have more control over it in about thirty minutes than you have your entire life.”

Lil’s face turned a darker red, but she slowly uncovered herself and looked away from Lovelock.

“I knew you were going to love it.” She squirted some liquid into the tub. A very familiar smell immediately wafted from the water. Something floral, just a little sweet, and something Lil still couldn’t place, but she knew it was the same as the perfume Lovelock was wearing. “A nice bubble bath to soak in while I wash your back and your hair. So relax. That’s an order.”

Again, Lil’s body responded before she could protest. She sunk a little more into the tub and took a deep breath. The scent of her Mistress’s perfume left her with a dopey little grin on her face. The bubbles were so pretty, a rainbow in each one as they foamed while the water rose.

“Good girl.”

“Nnmm,” Lil half grumbled, a little flash of embarrassment crossing her mind. But this was the perfect place to let go. Just sink into the bubbles and that wonderful scent that was going to be clinging to her soon. Was this what Lovelock did with Monica?

“You want to be a good girl for mommy, don’t you?” Lovelock giggled.

“Yesss...” Lil sighed before a little bit of her mind kicked up. “B-but I’m older than you, calling you mommy is—”

“Oh we really need to work this shampoo into you,” Lovelock laughed as she squirted a glob of pink shampoo into her hand. “Or maybe I need to tweak that program a little bit. You’re a smart girl though, so tell me, what are you going to call me?”

Lil pouted and wiggled her nose in slight defiance. She wasn’t sure why she was being so stubborn. Not when it was a lot easier to sink into the bath and let the bubbles pop away her thoughts. “...anything you want me to...” there was a distinct pause before Lil finished “...mommy.”

“Good girl!” Lovelock laughed. “But you’ll be calling me Mistress for today. I just wanted to see if you’d be a good girl or not!”

“A-ah! Hey!” Lil started to protest, her embarrassment clearing her mind for just a moment before she felt a glob of something on her hair. Immediately, it tingled. Everywhere the shampoo touched tingled a little more and left Lil stunned by the feeling. Though, it didn’t help Lil’s resistance that her mistress’s fingers were massaging the shampoo through her hair and tugging her head this way and that.

“There we go... we’ll let this soak in a little, and you’ll be a good girl the rest of the night. You’re going to obey every command I give, no matter how embarrassing it is.”

“A-ah...” Lil’s weak protest meant nothing. She could barely bring herself to move. The tingling sensation covered her entire head, and with the previous daze of having spent who knows how long with that brainwashing helmet, she was falling deeper and deeper by the second.

The perfume of the bubble bath sank deeper into her brain. The scent of her Mistress. So easy to just take deep breaths and relax. Let her Mistress keep rubbing her head.

“Such a good girl,” Mistress Lovelock cooed. “Listen to my voice as you drift. Just breathe that scent in, my scent. Let yourself become addicted to it, yearn for it, love it. The water is so nice and warm, the bubbles feel so good on your skin, and this shampoo – you can feel it, can’t you? You can feel it slowly sinking in deeper and deeper. Just like you.”

“Uhn...huh...”

“Good girl. Good pet. Such a darling girl being so good for her Mistress. Deeper and deeper you go. We’re going to play a fun game today. One you’ll be so great at. We’re going to play with dolls, isn’t that fun? Good dolls that do whatever their Mistress tells them. Beautiful dolls with smooth skin and smoother minds. All those pesky worries and all those stresses just being washed away, leaving behind a good doll.”

“Good doll,” Lil dreamily sighed.

“Mhmm... and as this shampoo sinks deeper into you, you can feel it, can’t you? Feel it affecting your mind. Making you feel so nice and clean. Getting your brain washed until you’re a good dolly who will do whatever I say. Pose in whatever way I say. You’re a good dolly, so raise your right hand for me.”

Lil raised her right hand almost as soon as the words were out of Lovelock’s mouth.

Lovelock had to keep in a giggle. “Good, now that you’re a good dolly, there’s something else you need to know. Something very important. We’re going to play a very fun game. Your mind and body are going to be a good dolly for me and do whatever I say. By now this shampoo has made you my thrall. I can do anything to you with just a command, but a little bit of you is going to stay awake. Awake and aware while your body does exactly as I say.”

Awake and aware...?

“You’ll see everything, feel everything, and experience everything while trapped inside your body. Just for a little bit, I’ll be puppeteering you, and you’ll be a good dolly for me while I do that, won’t you?”

“Yes...” Lil sighed, though another part of her roused, confused. Did she just say that? Did she—wait, she was awake! All the hypnotic programming felt cleared from her, but when she tried to move, nothing happened.

W-what!? Was this even possible? What was Lovelock planning that required *this!*?

“Good doll. Such a good doll. Now let’s finish washing you up and get you to the basement with Monica. I know she’s probably eager. Well, if she’s thinking much of anything.”

Lil was helpless! She stood when Lovelock told her too and stepped out of the bath. Immediately, the dominatrix started drying Lil off from head to toe. She gave a wry grin as she looked over her captive. “You’re so pretty. And you feel so smooth! I bet your whole body is tingling, isn’t it?” she reached forward and gently placed her hands on Lil’s hips. “Come on, dolly.”

Lil’s body moved on its own. The entire time, she was blushing on the inside. Her skin did feel really soft and smooth. The light feel of her hand brushing against her thigh as she walked kept her more grounded even if she couldn’t control her body.

Lovelock led Lil into the kitchen and down a set of stairs, always keeping a close eye on Lil to make sure she wouldn’t trip or fall in her stupor. Once they stepped off the stairs onto soft carpet, Lil got a good look of the basement. Not only was it carpeted, but it was furnished! It looked much more like Lil expected when she first entered the dominatrix’s home. It had a soft, loungelike quality with sensual paintings along the walls and an oversized bed with enough room at the bottom to have a cage. A few adult toys were placed here and there, with the most notable decoration being two flogs crossed like they were swords.

Lovelock put a single finger on Lil’s chin and turned her head. Oh gosh. She wouldn’t!

Before Lil was the setup for a professional shoot with a white backdrop, intimidating lights, and a full wardrobe. On the couch to the side, Lil found her friend completely out of it with a familiar helmet on. The only other thing she wore was the chastity cage around her dick.

“Don’t worry, the chastity cage is just for her. I have something different for you that we’re going to take a quick shot of. I already got a cute pic of her while your mind was melting upstairs. Then it’ll be time to play dress up with my dolls.”

Lovelock pulled Lil toward a table with all sorts of makeup on it. “We’re going to do your makeup first. Nothing too flashy, but your eyeliner ran a little in the bath. Your eyes pop so well with it too.” Lovelock didn’t waste time slowly applying just a little makeup to Lil’s face, taking extra care to not scare the otherwise immobile doll.

The dominatrix marched Lil in front of the cameras and started posing her, putting one of Lil's hands on her hip, the other casually at the side. "Now, give me a little smirk. Ah. Dial it back. Right there..." Mistress Lovelock looked down for a second before giggling. "Awwh, you're already soft. But I bet you're feeling butterflies in your stomach still. You know what I'm going to do now, but you have no idea how I'm going to do it, do you?" Lovelock leaned closer, almost close enough to kiss.

Lil couldn't help but look into her eyes. She couldn't even control those without an order from Lovelock. She couldn't help but feel a little nervous. This woman was so pretty and smelled so good and...

"Oh, it's so fun to play with you like this. I can see those little twitches, though." Miss Lovelock grinned. "Next time I'm going to have to make sure you put you far deeper under. Maybe make you my little puppy, or maybe let you experience what it's like to be a drone. Mm, Monica told me everything, and I'm so excited to play.~"

Lil couldn't help it. She felt blood rush to her face and her crotch. Lovelock giggled and stepped away, leaving Lil there with, fully erect and just having to wait.

It wasn't a long wait at least. The dominatrix came back with a ribbon and reached down with it. She gently brushed her fingers along Lil's shaft before she started tying the ribbon around it. After just a moment, Lil had a pretty pink bow tied around her pretty pink cock.

"Wonderful. Just stay like that." Lovelock grabbed her camera and started taking pictures. A lot of them. From almost every angle.

It felt like too much! Lil's face started turning red. Why was this woman getting all these pictures? D-didn't she know how embarrassing this was? Lil wasn't...!

"You look so good! *\*click\** Beautiful~ *\*click\** Your photos are definitely going to be among my favorites. *\*click\** Even that little pout of yours! *\*click\** I'm going to have to work extra hard next time, but for now I love those little twitches of defiance. *\*click\** But you don't really want out, do you?"

Internally, Lil was pouting more than she ever had in her life. This woman was seeing right through her! It wasn't fair!

"There we go. Now it's time to play dress up with Monica."

Lil had to wait, staring straight forward, while listening to Lovelock rouse Monica. "There we go. Come on, Monica. Let's get you on your feet. You're a good dolly after all, and good dolls listen to their owner. Go stand next to Lil. I'll be there to dress you in just a second."



Lil could see Monica approaching out of the corner of her eye. The poor girl looked completely out of it. Then again, Lil couldn't even compel her own body to move. She probably shouldn't judge.

Lovelock came back with what were clearly French maid outfits and with the biggest smile she probably had ever worn in her life. "I don't have a massive collection of shoes, but I do have lots of stockings for you to wear. Here, Lil, take this one and dress yourself like a good girl." Lovelock handed over one of the outfits to Lil. Lil, again, couldn't resist and started dressing herself.

Monica required more help. The girl was so out of it that she was barely standing. She was probably about to start drooling any second. "Monica," Lovelock snapped her fingers. "Monica, there we go. Stand up straight. You want to be a dolly, don't you? You want to be a good dolly, and that means getting dressed."

Lil slipped the dress on and turned a little more flush when the silk and lace skirt teased across her sex. She sat down and slowly pulled the white stockings on.

"Come on, let's pose you two," Lovelock giggled. She helped Lil up and pushed her and Monica together with their breasts squished together. The maid costumes were slightly different, Monica's had some yellow accents, while Lil's had some pink ones. "And your hands," Lovelock took their hands and laced their fingers together. "There we go. You look like such a cute pair!"

Lovelock took a step back and looked over her dolls before she grabbed her camera. Again there was an onslaught of pictures, and all the time Lovelock called out to the two, "Oh, you're looking so great! Beautiful, both of you! Lil, give me a pout—yes, just like that! Sexy! Good dolls!"

Lil only felt more embarrassed the longer it went on. Her face became redder and redder, even her ears had turned red. It didn't help this was arousing her more by the minute and the damn ribbon tied around her cock kept her from getting soft!

The photoshoot continued for far longer than Lil had dared to dream. Over the course of what must've been two hours, Lil was posed with Monica in all sorts of ways, put into all sorts of costumes. One minute they were wearing nun clothes, on their knees, looking up with pitiful begging faces, the next they were in catgirl outfits, bulges in their panties obvious, followed by being dressed up as sexy secretaries, then it was comically frilly magical girl costumes, finally followed by just a normal lingerie shoot. The entire time, Lovelock took picture after picture, clearly loving it.

But finally, it was over. Lovelock walked both Monica and Lil to the bed while they still wore that lingerie. "Okay girls, make yourselves comfortable. We're going to end this little trance of yours, okay? I've given you both a special word, though you might not even be aware of it. Ready? Ahem, broccoli."

Lil blinked. She looked around, finally able to control herself. Her face turned a darker shade red as she looked down toward the ground. Before the feelings became too intense, she felt a latex covered hand wrap around her waist and pull her into a hug.... Right before pushing her onto the bed.

“You too Monica,” Lovelock bumped Monica onto the bed before crawling in after the girls. She pulled them both to the head of the bed with an arm wrapped around each of them. “I’ve been in this catsuit for a little too long, but let’s make sure you’re both okay before I disappear to take it off.”

“Oh my gosh I had so much fun!” Monica cheered. She nuzzled against Lovelock’s side, all too eager to cuddle. “That was so great, and you were so cute Lil! Did you have fun? I knew you’d have fun, see, it was great, wasn’t it?”

Lil’s face – still very red – contorted slightly. She puffed a cheek out before she leaned against Lovelock’s shoulder. “That was really embarrassing!” she pouted. “A-and the ribbon! It’s–can I take it off?”

“...if you call me Mistress,” Lovelock teased.

Lil opened her mouth but was silenced by Lovelock putting a finger to her lips. Lil looked into Lovelock’s eyes before noticing that big grin she had on her face. Lil huffed and immediately removed the ribbon. “Hrmph.”

“Hrmph~” Lovelock mimicked.

“Hrmmmp!” Monica joined in.

“So I take it you enjoyed yourselves?” Lovelock nestled back against the bed and pulled the girls against her breasts. “I had a lot of fun. I would love to do this again.”

“Yeah! I want to see all the pictures! You’ll give them to me, right?” Monica asked.

“I did have fun,” Lil admitted, even if she was still pouting.

“I’ll get you the pictures, don’t worry Monica. But now, if you two are feeling fine, I’m going to slip out of this latex. I’m sweating so much under here.” The dominatrix slowly wiggled out of bed before looking back at her clients.

“Maybe after I get into some cozy pajamas, we can all watch a movie together. And if you’re good, maybe we’ll play more tonight~”