

The Chill Pill

Chapter One

Like I'd figured, my dad was pretty pissed when I broke the news. Oh, he'd been happy to see me at first, glad his firstborn had found the occasion to visit home during his busy med school schedule. Only then I'd had to tell him I wasn't so much in med school any more, and by the way, Rosie had dumped me and I might need a place to live for a while.

Worse than his open condemnation was the smug grin painting the faces of my stepmother Lindsey and my little sister Kristi. Lindsey was new-ish, only marrying into the family since I'd been away at school. She was a beautiful trophy wife of ambiguous but laudable ancestry for my well-to-do dad to show off at corporate parties, closer to my age than my dad's. Kristi, however, was blood; my broody, surly goth-lite sister despised Lindsey on pretty much every level. The only thing they had in common was their contempt for yours truly. Both of them found the news of me being evicted from my grad program and nearly thrown in jail after being caught stealing lab supplies to be pretty damn funny.

Still, here I was back in my childhood home, penniless, single and unemployed. Not jail, but pretty darn close. I didn't take it too hard, though; I had big plans for the future.

To his credit, my father went almost six hours after I finished moving my things into my old room before he started pestering me about a job. I guess the chance to abuse me as a captive audience over dinner proved too much for him.

"I told you, Dad, I have a project I've been working on. It's potentially really big – taking this opportunity now will pay off huge dividends down the road. Just give me some space; I promise you won't regret it."

"Really? Isn't that what you said when you showed up begging for a check to cover your grad school tuition?" my sister said with a smirk.

"Shut up, Kristi."

"I'm just saying."

"Kids," said Lindsey in a weary tone. She was fond of calling us "kids" any time we were annoying her. I'd been in middle school when she finished high school, for crying out loud. Kristi was only a few years younger than me, old enough to vote but not yet old enough to drink in the states.

"You've got one week, Sean," my father said firmly. "One week. If you're not working by then, I'll start charging you rent. Miss a payment, and you're out on your own."

"Don't go getting all sentimental on me now, Dad," I grumbled in response.

Dinner went on from there in an awkward absence of conversation, the only sound the bland classical music my dad had always insisted on playing at meals. Kristi had joked once that it was what drove Mom away; I assured it had less to do with our meals, and more to do with Dad sticking it in our pretty young housekeeper Katalina, who prepared them.

Eventually dinner ended; Katalina – who Dad had won in the divorce, so to speak – cordially swept through and gathered up the dishes. I thanked her, and she murmured only a very cordial "*de nada*, Sean" and patted me on the head in her same old infantilizing way she'd always done. I wondered if Dad was still tapping that on the side, or if Lindsey was actually earning her allowance.

Some hours later, as I was unpacking boxes and organizing my things, Kristi barged into my room, unannounced as ever. (She'd caught me in a compromising position more than once, but her love of making me uncomfortable trumped any awkwardness about seeing her big brother with his dick in his hand.)

"Kristi, would you *please* learn to knock," I said irritably.

She shrugged and gave her standard retort. "Hey, if you got nothing to hide." She picked up a few knick-knacks out of my boxes as if meaning to help put them away, but I knew full well my little sister was as interested in helping me unpack as she was in the nature of my studies. Which was to say, not at all.

"Did you come in here for some reason, or are you just enjoying being underfoot?" I snapped as I was forced to wend my way around her in the cramped confines of the room.

"Hey, no need to be pissy, Sean. I was just coming to say hi, see what's up."

I gave her a look. "Seriously. Say what you came to say or get the hell out."

"What, a girl can't want to catch up with her— OK, OK," she said as I started physically prodding her towards the door. "So, what's this big project of yours?"

"The less you know about it the better, I promise you."

"Try me. You've done... interesting... things in the past."

She really was too easy to bait. "Ah. You wanted to know if I was cooking something... special."

"Just curious." She set down my diploma frame back in its box too casually. "So... are you?"

"I might be," I said. "Just trying to get together the scratch I need to get going. This stuff isn't cheap, you know."

"Well hey, I just might know somebody who could help you out with a little cash infusion."

"Two thousand, Kristi."

My sister's jaw dropped; I idly noted she'd gotten a tongue ring since I'd last visited. "No way. No way that shit costs that much."

"Well I can't get off the ground without an up-front investment. But I tell you what, you front me the two k, I'll not only repay it in full, but I'll give you your first ten hits for free."

She considered; I know she and her idiot friends had gotten pretty wild on my stuff last go round. "All right. Deal." We shook hands.

On her way out of the room, she reached into a box and pulled out a fistful of underwear. Women's underwear. "Going in drag now, or is this your panty raid collection?"

"It's Sarah's, and get out. And knock next time, all right? Or we'll see how you like it if I just walk in on you."

"Yeah, 'cause Dad wouldn't toss you out on your ass for that." She slammed the door behind her.

"Kids!" yelled Lindsey from downstairs.

With the equipment purchased on Kristi's money, along with what I'd been able to salvage from my lab, I got to work. The recipe, unfortunately, would require significant modification, and a lot more effort and attentiveness on my end. The ionic condensers, the PPIN sensors, the team of lab assistants... all of it now had to be replaced with sweat and careful monitoring. I hardly slept for days.

"What is that you're making? It smells just awful," Lindsey complained as she darkened my doorway one evening. (At least I think it was evening.)

"Doesn't anyone in this house know how to knock?" I grumbled, not bothering to turn around, watching for the final reading on a piece of equipment.

"I'm sorry, I was under the impression that this was *my* house, and you were a guest," said Lindsey, coming up behind me and looking over my shoulder. I could feel her breasts against my back, which I doubted was a coincidence. She'd always enjoyed teasing and flirting to make me uncomfortable. The last thing I needed was my dad coming to resent me for his wife's sluttishness.

"Do we want to play semantic games, or do you think maybe you could just acknowledge and respect my very simple request for privacy?"

"I asked why it reeks so bad," she said, ignoring me. "It smells like cat pee in here. I could smell it before I even opened the door."

"Why do you think I'm wearing this mask? Besides, this stuff is going to be the best anti-anxiety med on the market when I'm done. Already passed clinical trials, but I'm just trying to reduce that flavor you so colorfully described."

"Wait, it... does what?"

"Reduces anxiety. Leaves you feeling mellow, calm, euphoric. Longer lasting than its competitors, too." I didn't have to glance over to know she was suddenly watching me work with genuine interest. She didn't know I knew, but I'd done some digging before she'd married dad, and she hadn't hidden her trips to rehab as well as she'd thought she had.

"Oh. Who knew you were actually up here working on something useful? Will... will it be ready soon?"

"Why do you wanna know?" I narrowed my eyes at her. "I'm not just giving this stuff away. It's worth like \$40 a pill, Lindsey."

"Well hey, for a boy who doesn't want to make rent payments, this sounds like an excellent means of investing in your future."

I made myself glare at her. "Fine. One pill. That's it."

She grinned, slinking smugly out of the room. "That's it... for now."

"Did you steal my underwear when you moved out?!" Rosie thundered over the phone.

"Oh yeah, sorry. I was packing in a hurry, was kind of just dumping drawers in boxes. Must've gotten them by mistake. I'll drop it off next time I'm out running errands. Might be a few days."

"A few days? It's my fucking *underwear* you asshole! I kind of need it, you know? Don't treat me like an idiot. If this is some sick way of getting back at me... it's not my fault you blew a promising career taking shortcuts!"

I set the phone down, putting it on speaker so I could record some readings. “Shortcut? Rosie, by this time Saturday I’ll have a pill that will make the beauty cream industry obsolete. Disperses botulism orally directly to the skin cells – better complexions, fuller lips, smoother skin... One of these things and you won’t need to bother with skin care for a week. Shortcut, my ass.”

She was quiet a moment. “Well why don’t I swing by and just pick it up from you then.”

“Sure. I’m finishing up my batch today, but any time tomorrow or after should be good.”

“Saturday then. I swear, you owe me one of these miracle pills just for the inconvenience.”

“Fat chance.”

“Asshole.”

I hung up; she might have beaten me to it.

“Here, Dad, last glass of orange juice, all yours.”

“Oh, nice of you, son.”

By Saturday morning, I’d dosed the whole family, Lindsey and all. Those morons had ingested (or snorted, in Kristi’s case) whatever I handed them, never considering that their larcenous criminal reclusive chemist relative might hand them something sinister. Kristi had grumbled that it didn’t have quite the kick she remembered, and that was the most suspicion any of them had voiced.

At my old lab, test subjects had proven responsive to the catalyst in only minutes. Handy, given my impatience to get on with things. Better yet, the compound stayed in the bloodstream for a good twelve hours, and it took only trace quantities to be effective. The brain, after all, is such a delicate organ.

Katalina had the day off, so I had my family all to myself. In the kitchen, I prepared a sumptuous brunch, an excuse to gather the entire family. I could’ve done it piecemeal, sure, but after putting up with a nonstop week of intrusions, interruptions, accusations and outright slander, I wanted my moment to be just so. Kristi settled in at her spot last, flouncing into the room in her usual black on black motif. Dad had a CD of the London symphony playing *Wassermusik* in the background.

“About time,” she said, ever so graciously. “I got plans today, you know. The gang and I are headed to the beach.”

“The beach,” I repeated. “In that.” Who but her would go to the beach in a black turtleneck sweater and black jeans.

“Yeah, so?” She snatched the syrup jar out of my hand. “Sorry if you and the rest of the patriarchy think it’s a requirement that women wear skimpy bikinis anywhere near bodies of water, ya chauvinist.”

Even Lindsey rolled her eyes at that. I suppose as a ward of the patriarchy (as personified by my dad), she’d benefited enough from the status quo not to question it. “Kids,” she chided.

I sat back, watching them wolf down my breakfast. Lindsey probably intended to throw up afterwards, for her figure. Dad was reading the paper and complaining about it section by section – corrupt mayor, overpaid athletes, overpriced junk and dimwitted opinions, respectively – while Lindsey halfheartedly tried to relate to Kristi, as she did exclusively in front of her husband. Kristi, as ever, tolerated it just enough to maintain her daddy’s favor. It was the delicate balance that held the household together.

But if I’d done my chemistry right... the balance was about to shift. Big time.

From my pocket, I withdrew a small cologne bottle I’d repurposed for catalyst dispersal. True its original purpose, however, I gave a little spritz on either wrist and rubbed them together. In moments, my skin had absorbed it. Just to be sure, I suffered through a couple more minutes of bland table talk.

Then I picked up my dad’s plate and dumped it over the top of his newspaper and onto his lap. No guts, no glory.

He lowered the newspaper a moment. “Was that really necessary, son?” He frowned, then went back to his paper. Dad, check.

It was working! On him, at least, though from the lack of reaction of the others, it seemed likely to be in effect there as well. Still, better to be sure. First up was Lindsey, who reacted with nothing more than a frown as I flicked her a few times in the forehead. Stepmom, check.

Kristi arched an eyebrow at me as I picked up my table knife and grabbed a handful of her long brown hair. Nothing more. I pulled her closer. The knife came closer and closer to her, but she made no effort to pull back.

“Uh, you’re not worried I might, I dunno, slit your throat or something?” I asked.

She rolled her eyes, finishing her mouthful quickly and swallowing it down. “I was gonna ask you not to, but I had to finish chewing, geez.”

“Well don’t worry, I’m just giving you a haircut.” Without fanfare, I sawed off the bottom few inches of the chunk of her hair in my hand.

“Do you even know how to cut hair?” she asked.

“Yeah, good call. Thanks, Kristi.” I let go, and she put another bite in her mouth and resumed eating. I dropped the wad of hair in her glass of milk, and she made a face and kept on eating.

Bratty sister, check.

I let out a cheer of triumph. It had worked! I’d been dubious of my ability to recreate the formula without the full range of materials and instruments, but I’d done it. It would be impossible to try to patent the stuff – there was no foolproof way to dose everyone in the lab who might object, nor to keep them that way long enough – but really, I didn’t want to. This was way too dangerous to be available to the public, or even just the government.

Hell, if I were more given to self-assessment, I’d have to concede it was probably too dangerous to be available to <I>me</I>.

“What’s got you in such a good mood?” Dad asked through his newspaper screen.

“Oh, I guess I may as well tell you all now,” I began, propping my feet up on the table, kicking Kristi’s plate out of the way and onto the floor. No one batted an eyelash. “I’ve created a biochemical process, beginning with the compound you each ingested this morning. Except you, Kristi – you snorted yours, thinking it was meth.”

“Kristi, don’t do meth,” my dad chastised calmly.

Seemingly puzzled by his blase reply, she tried to take it in stride. “Uh, I won’t, Daddy. Promise.”

“She’s not going to learn her lesson unless you punish her, dear,” Lindsey said.

As my dad and stepmom argued about parenting techniques, and Kristi countered brilliantly that it hadn’t *actually* been meth, I snatched his newspaper from his hands and crumpled the front page into a little ball, then jammed it in his mouth while he was talking. He glared at me momentarily, but then went right back to mumbling angrily at Kristi through his gag. Soon enough I guess he felt pretty stupid and simply gave up and returned his attention to me.

“Right. So anyway, the compound possesses an inhibitor that clings to certain types of neurons, specifically those that trigger warnings to the amygdala. That I made years ago, but I couldn’t get it to activate. Recently, I developed an external catalyst, an inhalant that, in combination with the initial compound, suppresses the body’s fight or flight instinct in the object of the catalyst. In this case, me.”

I paused, seeing three faces looking at me with dull, uncomprehending expressions. “That means that in my presence, you’ll act totally calm toward me. You can’t resist or avoid anything I do.” I paused again. “You can ask questions now, if you have them.”

“You are so full of shit,” Kristi said with a sneer.

“Not really a question.”

“Right. So we’re just supposed to believe you made some kind of pill that turns us into zombies?”

“Not zombies, quite. Your brain just won’t process the idea that what I’m doing is a significant problem or a threat. Like... OK, here. Kristi, hand me your purse.”

“Yeah fucking right,” she said.

Of course – the compound wouldn’t necessarily induce obedience, just suppress resistance. I reached across the table and picked it up where it hung off the side of her chair, and she did nothing to stop me. I dug out her wallet, then helped myself to all the cash in her wallet. “You don’t mind, do you?”

“Should I?” came her sarcastic reply.

“So... yeah, I just stole from you, in front of you, and you didn’t do a thing about it. That doesn’t strike you as abnormal?”

She shrugged. “You’ve been a mooch around here for years. What’s different about today?”

I looked to my dad and stepmom. “You guys? This ringing any alarm bells?”

“She has a point, Sean. You’re kind of a leech.” My dad mumbled something around his paper gag, then settled just for nodding to agree with his wife.

I laughed. “Now, let’s see if...” I took Kristi’s wad of money and slid it down the front of Lindsey’s pants. Lindsey shifted a little in her seat as I slid the money against the front of her panties, but otherwise didn’t seem to care. My dad, meanwhile, went back to reading the remainder of his paper as I quite nearly touched his wife’s genitals beside him.

If I hadn’t been convinced before, I was damn certain now.

Kristi, on the other hand, saw my hand come up empty. “Lindsey!” she squawked indignantly. “Give me my money back!”

“Er, it’s been down my pants, Kristi. Are you sure you...?”

“Uh, ya I’m sure! That’s *my* money!”

Lindsey made a face, began to reach for it but stopped short. “I think I’ll actually remove it in the bathroom. I’ll be right back.”

I put a hand on her shoulder and applied a gentle downward pressure to keep her in her seat. “Nope. Kristi, I think she’s embarrassed to retrieve it.”

“She should be. That’s a gross fucking place to keep things.”

“Hmffmfmmmf,” cautioned Dad without looking up. Despite the absence of a single intelligible syllable, we knew it was a warning about her use of profanity.

“So since she’s uncomfortable about it, I think you’ll have to retrieve it yourself.”

“What?! I’m not going to reach my hand down my stepmother’s pants, thank you very much.”

“Why not? Everyone else at the table has, right Dad?” I rolled my eyes. “I don’t mind if you spit the gag out.”

He did just that. “Technically,” he answered, sounding bored.

“Well no way I’m doing it. I’d rather let her keep the money.”

“Oh, it’s not so bad down there. C’mon, gimme your hand.” I took it by force (though hardly any force was required), dragging her out of her chair and around between Lindsey and I. With Lindsey passively watching, I slid Kristi’s fingertips into the waistband of our stepmother’s pants.

“Ew!” Kristi exclaimed. “Is it... in her panties? Or between?”

“Panties,” I lied. “Right, Lindsey?” Would she corroborate my bullshit, or was calling my bluff not part of my influence?

“Uh, right,” she said. She’d make for a terrible actress, but Kristi seemed to buy it. After all, why would she lie? Not like Lindsey had ever espoused an interest in being fingered by her stepdaughter before. Far from it – the woman was an unabashed homophobe.

“So go on. Get it.” I pushed down on her elbow a little to encourage her to start.

With a steadily deepening frown, Kristi complied. “Wow, Lindsey, you... you shave. I wouldn’t have thought.”

“Could you please hurry this up?” Lindsey snapped.

“Sorry – I’m not enjoying this either, ya know. It’s like I can almost feel it but something holding it, or concealing it. Almost like it’s not...”

I chuckled giddily as she realized she’d been duped, then she snatched the cash from its actual holding place a moment later. “Thanks for fucking lying to me!”

“Language, Kristi – that really is the last time I want to say it. It’s unladylike.” He still didn’t bother looking up.

“Sorry, Daddy,” she mumbled, tucking the cash back into her purse.

“All right, that was just a basic test to verify that everything’s working. Now... well, I suppose I could permit myself a nice therapeutic rant at each of you for how you’ve treated me. Might feel pretty good. But I’d prefer this moment not be about the past, but rather, the future. So to that end... Dad, you’ll have to excuse us.”

He didn’t look up, didn’t comment, just turned the page in his newspaper as I took his wife and daughter by the hands and lead them out to the living room. They didn’t drag their feet, didn’t ask questions, just passively let me guide them to spots in front of the couch. I sat down between them, then grabbed their hips to put them exactly where I wanted them.

“So... mind telling us what the hell you’re doing?” Kristi asked.

“I’m not doing anything. You two, on the other hand, are going to have a little contest.”

“What kind of contest?” Lindsey asked guardedly.

“A strip-off, if you’ll pardon the pun. Whoever gets all their clothes off first wins.” I folded my arms. “Aaaaaand go.”

They looked at one another, then at me. “Are you feeling OK, Sean? There’s no way I would ever... strip for you. Nor in front of Kristi, for that matter,” said my stepmom.

“No joke, you fuckin’ creep. Ugh, I can’t believe you’d even want to see your own sister naked.”

“Hey, not my fault you got good genes. Still, I suppose I didn’t tell you what the winner gets. Ready?” I leaned forward. “The winner gets to be my maid for the week.”

Kristi made a face. “Are you damaged or something? What kind of shit prize is that?”

“Oh, but you didn’t hear what the loser gets.” I grinned, and I saw them both stiffen.

Lindsey placed her hands on her hips. “Not that I plan on participating in your juvenile crap, but sure, I’ll bite. What’s the consolation prize?”

“The loser gets a tattoo! A buddy of mine who worked a parlor in Chicago showed me how it’s done, and it’s way easier than you’d think. I’ve only done it a couple times before, but I don’t plan on going crazy with the details. Just something simple.”

They shared a look, and Kristi fidgeted with the hem of her black sweater. “What do you mean, something simple?”

“Yeah, be more specific,” said Lindsey, noting Kristi’s hands warily.

“Oh, I don’t want to give it away,” I replied, waving a hand. “Though I guess I can at least tell you where you’d be getting it. Lindsey, I was thinking since you like to show off that tummy of yours so much, we’d do a proper tramp stamp, just above the beltline on your back.”

I pulled her toward me, running a finger back and forth across the spot. As I did so, my sister took the initiative. Seeing her competition lose sight of her, she put a finger to her lips to urge me not to give her up, then quietly began slithering out of her sweater. Beneath it, my sister wore, of course, a black bra over her creamy white breasts. She was halfway out of her bra before Lindsey turned her head and noticed the game had begun.

“For Kristi,” I continued as Lindsey frantically undid the snaps on her pants, “since she usually dresses like she’s afraid sunlight will destroy her, I figured we’d do something on the neck. Though... by now it looks like it might not matter.”

I sat back to watch the show. Kristi’s bra dropped to the ground, revealing a pair of tits I’d wondered about since she’d finished puberty. She was so prone to wearing black, concealing some of their real size, that I was surprised by their girth. I’d known she wasn’t small, but these were some full-on titties. I picked up the bra and read the tag, which labeled them as E cups.

Then my stepmom finally got her pants down over her hips, and I wanted to smack myself for letting my eyes rest anywhere else. Lindsey had always been more ass than tits, the kind of woman who made it disturbingly clear what kind of body my rich dad idealized. She had an ass that wouldn’t quit, round and so juicy I literally almost took a bite as she bent over, waving it in my face as she pulled her socks off. The panties I’d touched minutes ago were a sexy red silk, and I envied them immensely.

Then she pulled them off. Dear god. She even had her pubes shaved into a tiny little heart, so delicate and low-down that Ashleigh must not have noticed when she’d been retrieving her cash earlier. My dad must be giving his wife one hell of an allowance to have her doing pussy maintenance like that for him.

Meanwhile, Kristi was already down to just her panties by this point, and was clearly going to win. They were the only thing on her not black, a strange contrast with their blue and pale blue stripes. Adorable, really, the kind of innocent-seeming panties one would imagine one's sister wearing, if one imagined one's sister's panties.

"You are such an asshole," she pouted as she hastily pulled them down, revealing her own wild jungle of a snatch. We'd have to do something about that. For now though, violating her desire not to be seen was almost as sweet as the sight itself.

Lindsey still had her bra on, shoulders slumping in defeat as she saw Kristi standing there fully nude. "It's not fair!" she said, glaring at her stepdaughter. "She cheated!"

"Come on, you both heard me say go. She only won because she didn't waste as much time as you. There's a lesson in there, ya know. Do what I want right away and things will go easier on you."

They both fell into silent sulking as I drank in the sight of them. Kristi put an arm across her breasts and her other hand in front of her pussy; Lindsey, in her bra, simply put both hands in front of the latter, scowling as she saw me grinning at her little heart pattern. I swatted the obstructions out of the way, and as they realized there was no point getting smacked at when they were inevitably going to lose – or else they just couldn't resist even that much against my wishes – they let their arms dangle down at their sides.

Family or no, these women radiated sexiness so strong I could feel it in my fillings. I wanted so badly to fuck them. But first things first.

"All right," I said at last. "Here's what happens now. Kristi, you're going to go up into my room and grab one of the pills from my top left drawer and bring it down here. Then look under my bed and find the tattoo kit. It's in a metal box, can't miss it."

Glad for a chance to escape my hungry gaze, she bent to pick up her clothes. "Uh, guess again," I said, planting a foot on her pants.

"Sean! I can't just walk around the house... naked!"

"I don't like that word, 'can't.' I'd not like to hear you use it again."

"But... but... I can't!" she insisted. "That is, unless you really, really mind. I don't want to be, you know... rude. Or whatever."

I sighed, slowly rising to my feet. With a hand on the back of Ashley's neck, I bent her over until her hands rested on the couch cushions. Her feet were far enough back that she was resting quite a lot of weight on them.

I looked to Lindsey. "Lindsey, lose that stupid bra already, then come over here and discipline your stepdaughter."

"I... but..." she sputtered, clutching her smallish boobs protectively.

"Go ahead, say you can't. I dare you."

"I..." She stopped herself. "Fine." With a frustrated growl, she undid the clasp and let it fall to the floor. There were Lindsey's tits, not small, but smaller than I'd imagined. She must be good at wearing clothes that make them pop. Bare, they couldn't be much more than a B cup. Still, they were pert and cute, and didn't distract from that glorious rear end of hers.

With it discarded, she walked over to where Kristi was bent, eyeing me nervously, then adopting a stern tone. "Kristi, you mind your brother, understand? He's older than you, and unlike you he's at least been applying himself. Be a good girl, you hear me? Or else..." She seemed to think of a suitable threat, but then just let it hang.

"That was cute, Lindsey, but not exactly what I meant. I said *discipline her*. So... do it."

“You... you want me to...” She chewed her lower lip delicately.

“I sure do. She deserves it.”

“I do not!” protested Kristi, her voice muffled by those dangling tits.

“Do too.”

“Do not!”

“Kids!” interjected Lindsey.

I smiled, patting her bare ass softly. Damn it was plush. “See? That’s it. Be stern. Firm. Make her wish she’d never disobeyed me.” She looked at her hand as if to question whether the appendage had the strength to go through with this. “If you don’t,” I supplied, “I’ll demonstrate proper technique... on you.”

That did it. The *CRACK* that resonated through the living room as Lindsey’s palm connected with my sister’s lily white buttocks echoed around the room, as did the squawk of indignant, impotent pain that followed it. “Again,” I prompted.

So she did, this time targeting the other cheek. Kristi whimpered, a sound cut off by the smack that followed. “This ends when you convince me it’s unnecessary, Kristi,” I said, nodding for Lindsey to give her another spank.

“It – OW! – is!” she shrieked. “You don’t need to do this, I swear! This is humiliating!”

I rolled my eyes, gesturing for Lindsey to continue. “It sure is. But it’s happening because I told you to do something, and you, as my maid, refused.”

“I’ll do it, OK! I–yeOUCH! I’ll do it! Naked and everything! Just make her stop!”

“And next time I tell you to do something, you’ll...”

“Do it! I’ll do it! I promise! Right away!”

I patted her thoroughly reddened ass. “Good girl. Now get to it.”

Kristi practically sprinted from the room, clothing forgotten. As the sounds of her thundering around in haste rumbled through the ceiling, I sat back down. “Lindsey, let’s get you ready. On my lap now, mumsy dearest.”

Interestingly, her demeanor seemed to change somewhat in Kristi’s absence. She seemed relaxed now, no more grumbling or drawing things out. I suspected that the compound was leaving her embarrassed in front of Kristi, but still squelched any such emotions regarding the person imbued with the catalyst.

Instead, she just walked over and sat on my lap like it was just another available seat, no different than sitting beside me on the couch. No different than if she’d been wearing anything to cover her naked ass and pussy. “Damn, Lindsey, that ass... no wonder he keeps you around,” I said, unable to resist giving it a nice squeeze.

She smiled thinly. “Yeah, it pays the bills, I guess.”

“Oh I know it. Now why don’t you lay down, ass up, so we can take care of your penalty for losing.”

Lindsey sighed. “Do we have to? Couldn’t I just, I dunno, pay you off?”

“Blow me – and I mean with enthusiasm, like my cock is your favorite candy – and I’ll let you off.”

She scrunched up her face. “Don’t be so crude, Sean. And that wasn’t what I meant.”

I laughed. “I know. And just so you know, you’re going to blow me, whenever I want you to. You just gave up your shot to get something out of it. Now c’mon, ass up.”

As Kristi stampeded back down the stairs, Lindsey lay down with her butt up across my lap. I swear, I’d always thought myself a boob man, but I couldn’t look away. Then my sister

entered, rushing over to hand me the pill and case. “Here you go. I did it. As fast as I could,” she said between heaving breaths.

I accepted the case, setting it on the backs Lindsey’s thighs, but left my sister in possession of the pill. “Good job. Now go to the kitchen and make one of those smoothies you used to do all the time. Stir in the pill with the rest of it, and it should dissolve soon enough.”

“Are you... am I going to dose someone else?”

“Yep. Same basic trick I used on Dad.”

“Oh. You’re not... you’re not going to drug my friends are you? When they pick me up for the beach?”

“Be a good girl, and maybe I won’t. Now go.”

She nodded, then hurried out. As I got to work on Lindsey’s new tat, I heard the blender whirring, followed by a loud outburst from Dad. “Kristi! My god, you’re... where are your clothes?!”

“Sean told me not to wear any,” she said, just barely loud enough that I could hear it.

His voice was suddenly eerily calm again. “Hmm, I see. Positively shameful,” he said, then the sound of paper rustling told me he was back to his reading.

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