

Buffy Her New Reality

Beep, beep, beep.

Her eyes blinked open.

Beep, beep-

It was an automatic response, a well-practised action. Buffy's hand shot out, slammed the alarm clock with surprising might. The noise cut off instantly, leaving the girl in silent darkness.

Every instinct she had told her to go back to sleep, to close her eyes and forget about her lessons and just drift away...

Buffy groaned into her pillow, forced herself to sit up.

What time was it?

It was an odd thing to think. She knew *exactly* what time it was. She *had* been the one to set the alarm, after all. Yet, that was the question her tired brain tossed at her. What was the time?

She glanced at the clock, saw the glowing red numbers. Zero, seven, zero, zero.

Why did she have to get up so early every day?

She glanced around her room with bleary eyes, sight adjusting to the morning darkness quickly. Her gaze passed over sleek wardrobes and drawers, over her make-up table and vanity mirror, over her shelves filled with magazines. Pink walls and fancy furniture, a massive queen-sized bed covered in comfy pillows and fluffy blankets.

A soft, quiet yawn forced itself past her lips.

"I need to," she yawned again, stretched out her arms, "to cancel one of my..."

Before she could even finish the thought, her mind had rejected the idea. Cancel one of her classes? No, that wouldn't do. Sure, it might be a pain getting up so early. But, in the end, it'd all be worth it. Dropping a class wasn't an option.

She shook her head, smiled.

"Time to get up," she told herself.

Her body resented her for it. Lazy muscles complaining as she rolled out of bed, began her morning stretches.

The cool, pre-dawn air tickled her bare skin as she reached for the sky, then leaned forward to touch her toes. Her breasts bounced as she hopped in place, limbered her muscles up. And before long, all of Buffy was wide awake; mind and body alike.

She skipped over to her room's light switch, flicked it on.

Colour bathed her formerly dark room, lit up every inch. Shapes that'd been indistinguishable before became cohesive; bottles and do-dads on her make-up table, the posters on the wall – all of the same, amazing man. Even the sleek, curved, hard, purple object on her bedside table.

She blushed when her eyes drifted to it.

After last night, she'd definitely need to wash *that*. But it'd have to wait until after school. Right now, she had to doll herself up!

Buffy sat down at her beauty table and – not for the first time – she thanked the stars for her natural looks. Bright blonde hair and pretty lips, a cute nose and beautiful irises. Her body was fit and lean, with lovely, perky breasts. She was attractive. It wasn't vain to admit that, was it? It was the truth after all. That was why *he'd* picked her.

Her chest warmed with happiness at the thought of her one true love.

Smiling, she began applying make-up.

Primer and foundation, contouring, blush, lipstick and lip gloss, eyeliner and eye shadow and mascara. Everything.

She dolled herself up, taking special care to make herself as attractive as humanly possible. No blemishes, no flaws. Just pure perfection. For *him*.

After all. He deserved the best. And *only* the best.

With make-up done, Buffy danced over to her wardrobe and drawers. Searching through them didn't take long. She had so many nice clothes! The only problem was picking out a set that'd work.

She settled on a plaid miniskirt and a white, button-up blouse. She didn't do up all the buttons – in fact, she left most of them undone, only three buttons to hold her top together. And, to finish off the look, a nice tie and some high-heels and pigtails.

Snatching her school bag off the floor, Buffy glanced back at her reflection one last time, smiled at the sexy girl looking back at her, and then she was off. Out of her room, walking down the empty corridor to her first lesson.

"Are there any questions?" Mr Giles asked, eyes roaming the near-empty room.

It was only the two of them. Teacher and student. One whiteboard, one desk and chair for Buffy to sit at.

"No-one?" Mr Giles said, gaze searching the barren room. "Then I suppose that concludes our History lesson for the day. Tomorrow, we'll learn about the *third* time Jonathan, our eternal hero, saved the world from evil."

Buffy raised her arm.

"Ah!" Mr Giles smiled. "Yes, Miss Summers?"

"Will there be any homework?"

Mr Giles shook his head. "Not today."

As her teacher made his exit, Buffy looked around her 'classroom'. A repurposed room in Jonathan's mansion, just down the corridor from Buffy's bedroom. Wide and open, with plenty of light shining in. But, somehow, it felt so *lifeless*.

But then, that was school, wasn't it?

Lifeless and boring.

A few minutes after Mr Giles had vanished, Buffy's magic teacher entered. Mr Harris, carrying a big book in his arms. He set it down, crossed his arms, began his lesson without pause.

"Hello class. Who is the greatest magic-user in the world?" He asked, loud and clear.

"Jonathan!" Buffy answered loudly, perking up.

"And how powerful is he?"

"More powerful than anyone!" Buffy said happily.

Finally. A *good* lesson.

Mr Harris didn't know magic. And Buffy couldn't learn it. That wasn't what magic class was about. *This* class was all about studying just how amazing Jonathan truly was. How *powerful* he was.

Just *thinking* about it made Buffy shudder pleasantly.

She was weak. Worthless. Just a dumb little girl.

But Jonathan? It was *impossible* to comprehend just how strong *his* magic was. He was a god compared to her. *Her* god.

Again, she trembled at the thought.

Powerful and handsome and sexy...

She listened silently as Mr Harris listed off all Jonathan's magical accomplishments. All the impossible feats he'd managed. All the spells he'd cast. Changing the world. Making it a better place. Saving it from destruction.

Pretty soon, she was sitting in a puddle of her own making.

Too horny. Thoughts of Jonathan and sex and servitude consumed Buffy's mind, made it impossible for her to focus on her lesson.

She needed to be fucked. By Jonathan.

But he wasn't here. Her master, her one true love. He wasn't here. And yet, she

needed it.

Her eyes fell on her dark-haired teacher.

A goofy looking guy, no-where near as attractive as Jonathan. But he'd do. He'd-

Pain shot through her chest. A lance of fire bursting inside her heart. Buffy choked, hunched over, gasped for air. Her eyes went wide. Jonathan's magic. His power, inside her. The spell he'd cast on her.

She shuddered in pleasure even as her body convulsed in pain.

Never think of another guy. Ever.

She belonged to Jonathan. Even *considering* another man would result in *this*.

Agony.

"Settle down, class," Mr Harris chided. "Settle down."

It took a few moments for the pain to recede, for Buffy to right herself and sit up straight again. When her teacher continued, it was with a roll of his eyes.

Thankfully, the next class was with Ms Rosenberg. Sex Ed.

She'd get to learn all about new ways to pleasure and satisfy Jonathan there! Some nice, practical knowledge.

Buffy straddled his lap, leaned down to kiss his neck.

"How were your lessons today?" Jonathan asked, leaning back in his armchair.

"Good," Buffy purred. "I missed you..."

Her heart fluttered in her chest at what came next.

Being deflowered. It'd hurt. It *always* hurt. But it was a pain Buffy accepted. To be with Jonathan, there was nothing she wouldn't do. No pain she wouldn't endure. He could force himself on her and, weak as she was, she wouldn't be able to do anything about it – not that he'd need to, or that she'd want to resist. She was his, just as much as his shirt or tie, just as much as his shoes and socks. She belonged to him. Body and mind and soul.

"I want you," she breathed into his ear. "I *need* you."

"I know," Jonathan said, closing his eyes as he relaxed. "My cock needs sucking. Get to it, pet."

Buffy was on her knees in an instant, tugging down her master's pants. She didn't hesitate as his cock sprang out – massive and hard. Her lips trailed up its length, planting tiny kisses as they went. And, when they reached the tip, they spread open for its head. The corners of her mouth opened painfully wide, forced to accommodate Jonathan's girth. But she didn't complain, didn't slow down.

This was her everything. Her reason for existing, her every goal and desire in life. To satisfy her love.

She swallowed down his massive head, slid her pink lips down his monstrous length. She choked, throat convulsing. She fought down the instinct to regurgitate, gagging as his cock squeezed its way down her throat. And not once did she stop.

Tears trailed down from her eyes, black lines of marred make-up. Saliva ran down her chin, dripped onto her chest.

She pulled her head back, felt the cock sliding out of her throat, then forced her face forward again – gagging and spluttering as the monster cock suffocated her once again.

And all the while, Jonathan sat there relaxing.

When it came time for the main event, her master patted her head.

Buffy pulled away, spat Jonathan's cock out of her mouth.

She gasped for air for a few seconds, sucking it in like a drowning man. Her chest rose and fell rapidly, body twitching and trembling. Warm. She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, stood up on shaky legs.

The sight of that saliva-coated, humongous cock made Buffy shudder. Having her cherry popped by *that* thing wouldn't be easy.

But it was for Jonathan. It was what he wanted.

And, for him, she'd do anything.

Buffy collapsed onto her bed, her entire body sore. But no part more so than between her legs. Her poor, sore, aching hole.

She didn't have the energy to cover herself. Didn't have the power to move another inch.

Thankfully, Jonathan had stripped her of her clothes as they'd fucked. How long had it been? Hours, certainly. Hours of his cock inside her, ravishing her over and over again. Pumping her with load after load.

Maybe she'd get pregnant.

She *hoped* she got pregnant.

Being Jonathan's wife, the mother of his children, would be a dream come true.

She closed her eyes, felt the healing warmth inside her.

Jonathan's magic, the spell he'd cast so long ago. It mended her, repaired her, restored her. She felt it knitting her flesh back together. Giving her back her hymen. Her cherry. And, even as Jonathan's magic healed her, she knew it'd only last a day. Tomorrow, he'd break her in again – take the virginity his power had restored. Over and over again, every day she was newly deflowered by him. And, every time, it was more sensitive than the last.

It was what Jonathan wanted.

Buffy closed her eyes, pictured the family she and he might one day have. Little children running around, powerful like their father. Beautiful children. And a ring on Buffy's finger. A shiny, sparkling ring. A future of white dresses and nightly pleasures, of giving herself to the most powerful man in the world. The only man that mattered.

Her eyes flicked open long enough to look at her alarm clock.

Zero, one, three, one.

Five and a half hours until her alarm went off.

And then today would repeat. Waking up, going to her lessons, learning more and more about the world's perfect man, then getting to experience him for herself. Then back to bed, to repeat it all over again.

Buffy smiled, closed her eyes, let the fantasies turn into wonderful dreams.

And, a few hours later, the all too familiar beeping.