

FLASH!

'Weird' was the word that popped into my head when I saw Angelica's Nissan pull up in our driveway.

Did Dylan and her make peace or something? I hope not.

Just a week ago, they were shouting abuse at each other. I was certain the entire neighborhood could hear Dylan screaming into his phone.

Yeah, Dylan was my brother and all, but I was definitely on Angelica's side. Cheating was NOT cool. One of Angelica's girlfriends caught Dylan entering a strip club with his friends—again.

Dylan should be grateful to even have a woman like Angelica. He wasn't ugly by any standard, but he also wasn't on Angelica's level. Tanned, beautiful, and fit with years in the gym, it wasn't surprising why she was incredibly popular in school. Angelica could have any guy on campus, so how the hell did my brother manage to snag someone like her up? I could only guess.

I went downstairs, half-hoping to witness a full-blown fight. You know, one with chairs sailing, insults flying, rough shoving—those kinds of mess. Call me crazy, but I love drama. I only saw it in movies, so witnessing one in real life would be cool.

Maybe she would even break that damned camera of his. That would teach my brother a lesson. Dylan was a nerd. Always had been. He was always inventing stuff since he was a kid. By age thirteen, he had already won numerous awards for his inventions, the most noticeable one being a robotic arm that could shake hands. It was cool, but still—nerdy.

His latest project was some kind of camera that had x-ray capabilities—or so he had claimed. He worked on the camera non-stop for about a year and a half and he would non-stop ramble about his new invention and how it would change his life. He finally stopped talking to me about it when I threatened to throw that stupid thing away if I heard the word 'camera' uttered from his lips one more time.

Seriously. He should learn social cues to realise if someone doesn't give a fuck about what he was saying.

When I went downstairs, I almost screamed. What I saw would forever be burned into my mind. Angelica was on her back, all sweaty, her hair a mess. Dylan was on top of her, dry humping and kissing Angelica, his hands squeezing her breasts through her top.

“Hey!” I called out to them, cringing in disgust. “Stop that.”

Dylan rolled off her and gave me a face. Angelica giggled and got up to her feet with the help of my brother. She was wearing her school uniform, which was off since it was a Sunday.

I directed my attention to Angelica and shook my head. “You’re making a mistake.”

“Huh?” She frowned at me. “What do you mean?”

“You already caught him cheating twice. What makes you think he won’t—”

“Woah!” My brother cut me off. He made another face at me. “Shut up.”

“Cheating?” Angelica turned to him. “Mast—Dylan, what is she talking about?”

“Nothing.” Dylan smiled at her and gestured towards me like I was some lunatic. “You know my sister. Always the drama queen.” He tugged her arm, still glaring at me. “Come, let’s finish this in my bedroom.”

Angelica nodded, but before they went inside, she looked at me, annoyance coloring her eyes. “You should really stop spreading rumors, Phoebe. It will bite you back someday.”

She slammed the door.

Rumors? What was she talking about? Did she hit her head so hard she literally forgot about Dylan paying for a blowjob from a stripper?

The fuck?

Over the next few days, it got even weirder.

Angelica stopped attending classes. She didn't even return home. Instead, she stayed in Dylan's room all day.

It didn't help that she didn't bother covering herself up when she DID come out of my brother's room, so I would catch her half-naked with white stains on her lips and looking half-dead.

That night, we were all seated around the dinner table. Well, except for Angelica. She was insistent on sitting on Dylan's lap, and at that point, I didn't care anymore. I had cooked some pasta, and to make things less awkward, I tried to start up a conversation.

"So," I pointed my fork at my brother's girlfriend, who was nonchalantly grinding her ass on my brother. "How long are you planning to stay here?"

"How long?" She paused for a while. "What do you mean?"

"Shut up, sis," my brother suddenly cut in, his expression an interesting mask of panic and anger. "She's staying here for a while. Do you have a problem with that?"

I scowled at him. Mom and Dad were paying the rent, so I didn't have control over anything.

I addressed Angelica. "How about your parents? Are they okay with this?"

"Parents," she frowned. "I don't have parents."

I shot a glance at my brother. They must be playing some kind of joke. "Mom and Dad might not like this."

He furrowed his eyebrows. "Don't say anything to them."

"Why?" I challenged. "She is parading around the house half-naked and I can literally hear moaning from upstairs. It's annoying."

"You won't tell Mom and Dad."

"If this keeps up, I'll definitely tell."

He sighed. "Baby, fetch me the camera."

I looked on, confused, as Angelica obediently got up and disappeared into my brother's room.

"I'm sorry."

I frowned at him. "Sorry? What are you talking about?"

He ignored me and waited until his girlfriend returned with his invention. It was the first time I saw it since half a year ago when I caught my brother working on it in the living room. It looked like one of those olden days Polaroid instant cameras, but larger. Way larger.

"I really don't want to do this," Dylan said, as he took the camera and aimed it at me. "I initially wanted to flash you so that you will treat all of this as normal, but..." His grin was sinister.

Did he just glance at my breasts?!

"Nevermind. You won't remember this conversation, anyway. In fact, you won't even remember your name."

"Dylan," I said, slowly rising from my seat. "What are you—"

FLASH!

I woke up with a headache.

Fuck. It was a massive headache, and it hurt like a bitch.

I jolted upright, only to be greeted by blurriness. Somehow, my eyes stung too. Confused, I shook my head and rubbed the drowsiness away from my eyes.

Odd. I was in the living room. Why wasn't I in my room? Did I sleep here last night? I couldn't remember.

It was then I realized that there were two figures sitting on the couch opposite me.

Master and Megan!

Wait. What time is it? Had I overslept?!

Master would be fuming if I overslept on the couch.

In a panic, I rolled out of the couch and crawled over to Master, planting kisses on his feet when I reached him.

"I'm sorry," I said in between kisses, praying he wouldn't punish me. "I must have overslept."

"It's okay," He said. Surprisingly there was no anger in his tone. A pause, then, "Can I ask you something?"

I stopped what I was doing and gazed up at him. My legs were full of pins and needles, but I forced a bright smile. "Yes?"

"What is your name?"

"My name?" *What is this? Why would Master ask for my name?*

"Yes, what is your name?" Master repeated, looking worried.

"Kate," I said, frowning. "You named me Kate after you purchased me."

"Yes," He sighed, looking relieved. "Yes, okay, okay. Yes, you're right." He patted my head and I couldn't help but shiver. "And who am I?"

I looked at him again, my brows furrowing. "Who are you?"

"Yes, who am I?"

"You're my Master." I replied meekly. *Was this some kind of test?*

Master nodded. "Good, good." Then he looked at Megan, who offered a bright smile.

"I'm sorry I overslept, Master," I repeated. "It won't happen again."

"It's okay," He replied, now stroking my cheeks. "You can go do your chores now."

And like an obedient little servant, I obeyed.

The house was unusually messy, and I must have REALLY overslept because it was night time. With a sigh, I got to work.

For hours, I cleaned, scrubbed, and washed every nook and cranny in the house. There was a lot of weird stuff lying around. Like pictures of me and Master together. I didn't remember any of them. My room was out of place too, with so much junk I never remembered purchasing.

When I was finally done, I went back to the living room to report back to Master.

Master and Megan were in the middle of fucking when I entered. Rough one too, with my sister slave on all fours, Master mounting her from behind. He slammed his cock over and over, making her tits sway and bounce with each heavy thrust.

I watched as Master came with a shout. Megan orgasmed soon after, screaming at the top of her lungs. It was all over and Master collapsed on top of her.

"Master," I called out, not sure what to do. Master never was interested in me. Megan was always his preferred sex partner. "I'm finished with my chores."

He jolted out when he heard my voice, his eyes wide. But after he saw me standing there with my eyes down and hands clasped in front of me, he relaxed.

"Okay," he said. "You're dismissed."

As I made my way back to my room, Master stopped me.

"Wait."

I turned around and Master stared at me for a while. I could see he was conflicted by the way he furrowed his brow and chewed on his finger.

Finally, he pushed off Megan with a grunt and my eyes went wide at the size of his cock, still wet and rock hard.

“Come and wash me,” Master ordered, still eyeing me, his gaze lingering on my breasts.

“Come,” Master urged when I stood there like an idiot. He walked up to me and took my hand, leading me into his room.

“You want me to wash you?” I asked, surprised at the turn of events. Megan had always washed him. Always.

“Yes. Do you have a problem with that?” He was chewing his lips and sounded a little nervous.

I shook my head, and he nodded in relief.

“Take off your clothes,” he whispered.

Before I could obey, Master did it himself. Slowly, he unbuttoned my blouse, his breaths growing heavier by the second. Moments later, my blouse hit the floor and Master’s eyes went wide.

“Holy shit,” Master said softly, almost to himself. “Wow.”

I stood still with my nerves frazzled, as Master gingerly reached out to cup my breasts. He inhaled sharply when his fingers grazed my left breast, his eyes blown wide with lust as he gawked at my hardening nipples.

Suddenly Master jerked back as if stung. I looked on, confused, as he paced around the room, muttering to himself.

So it isn’t only me. Master was nervous too.

Master came back and held me by the hips. “Tell me you want this, too.”

“I want it,” I told him genuinely. But my voice cracked and I could see that it affected him.

“I mean, look at you,” Master said, ignoring my confused expression. “Perfect tits, perfect lips, perfect fucking body, smelling like a goddess.” His gaze raked over my body, lingering at all the important spots “Tell me you want it, Phoebe. Say it like you really mean it.”

“Who’s Phoebe?” I whispered, wondering if he mixed my name up with another woman’s. It bothered me a little, but I hid my jealousy.

“Kate,” he corrected himself. “Kate, Tell me you want it.”

“I want it.”

“Okay.” He exhaled a tagged breath. “Okay.”

My red shorts were wrestled off me, then my underwear. Soon, I was bare in front of my Master and Owner.

“You have no problems with this, right?” he asked again, still gawping at my breasts as if it was his first time seeing me naked.

“My body is yours, Master. Honestly, I’m glad you took a sudden interest in me. I—”

Master surged forward, slamming me against the wall so hard, it knocked the wind out of me. Holy fuck, I had always fantasized about being fucked by Master. I was drenched, arousal still seeping out of me as I barely contain my excitement, heaving harsh breaths.

“Okay, okay. Just relax, okay?” Master was having trouble speaking, his breaths even more ragged than mine.

“Master,” I gasped, my anxiety spiking and mixing in with my elation. “I may not be as good as Megan.”

“What? Why?”

“I had never done this before.”

Master suddenly backed off and laughed. It was a harsh kind of laugh, almost forceful.

“Right, right,” he said. “You’re a virgin now.”

Before I could ask what he meant by that, he was on me again, one hand squeezing my tit, and the other grabbing a handful of my ass. I moaned, and he applied even more pressure.

“Don’t worry,” Master reassured me. “I’ll teach you how to fuck, okay?”

Holy shit, I was so turned on. Arousal was dripping down my thighs and my clit was throbbing madly.

“Okay,” I whispered. Was this a dream? Why was Master so nice to me?

“God,” Master said, his hand sliding from my ass to my right thigh, nearing my glistening folds. “You smell so fucking good.”

Then he kissed me. I didn’t know how or why, but my body flared to life like it automatically knew what to do even though this was my first kiss. My tongue sparred with his and I arched my back to press closer against him, crushing my breasts against his chest and grazing my sex against his throbbing, rock hard cock.

“God, this is so wrong.” I heard Master say as he enthusiastically humped me. “So fucking wrong.”

Master broke the kiss. I could see pure lust in his eyes as he lifted my right leg up, then held it, exposing my engorged pink flesh. I pressed my back harder against the wall to maintain balance.

“Relax,” he told me, as I tensed up. When I forced myself to loosen up, he captured my lips in a ferocious kiss, filled with hunger and lust. “Are you ready, Phob—” He stopped himself then forced a smile. “Are you ready to lose your virginity, Kate?”

“Yes,” I replied. I was telling the truth. I had dedicated my whole life to serving Master. My body belonged to him, so if he wanted to use me, it only made sense to offer everything I had to him.

“This is so wrong,” he whispered again, not meeting my eyes. Then with a sharp exhale, he thrust forward, his thick cock burying into me.

“Master!” I gasped as he drove his cock all the way to the tilt. I moaned at the welcoming impact, then shifted my hips to accommodate his size.

I couldn't say more because Master had reclaimed my lips, this time more forcefully. He was almost animalistic as he withdrew his cock, just halfway, before slamming back into me, over and over and over. I met every hard thrust with my own, groaning and moaning, both at the pain and the overwhelming pleasure.

"You feel so good, Kate," Master growled, staring hard at me while he slammed me against his bedroom wall. "Oh, Jesus."

"You have no idea how many people lust after you." Master sped up his thrust, causing me to whimper and writhe. "You're so fucking gorgeous," Master continued, slamming his cock in and out of my pussy without mercy. "A Goddess. I used to lust after you. But then... fuck, fuck—"

Master came first. He cursed and moaned as he exploded inside me. Then it was my turn. I tossed my head back and curled my toes inwards as I felt every muscle in me tensed so tight, I had to gasp before time came to a stop and everything unraveled.

I screamed, shrieking so loud, my throat hurt.

I squeezed my inner walls against Master's cock as he filled me up. Master seemed to like that a lot because I was rewarded with his delightful groans. Music to my ears.

Was this how sex feels like? Weird, it felt like I had done this before. Many many times.

He was still going, shuddering and spurting hot ropes of cum into me. I took it all, riding out the last remnants of my orgasm, my shrieks turning to moans and groans.

Master released my leg, then went back to kissing me, gliding one hand to my ass while the other came to my neck, choking me. Master was gentle with my neck, but ferocious with my ass, squeezing my cheeks in several different places.

"All mine," Master breathed as I sparred with his tongue. I didn't think. I just allowed my body to react to his. Gasping at how good everything felt, I took his still erect cock and began pumping.

"Fuck the taboo," Master said, pulling back a little and biting my lower lips. I moaned. "You're fucking hot and pussy is still pussy. That's all that matters. Fuck what society thinks."

I preened under his praise. Master released me, smiling as he looked down and saw cum leaking from my pussy, mixing in with my arousal, trailing down both my legs.

“Did I do good?” I asked, wobbling. My knees felt weak and my pussy was growing sore at the brutal hammering I had to endure. Master was kind enough to support me with an arm, breathing me in and growling low when he liked what he smelled.

“Very,” he replied. I moaned as Master took control. His lips came forward to my nipples, sucking on the left, then the right. I was rapidly reaching orgasm again, completely under his power, giving myself to him in every way I could.

“This is going to be a daily thing, Kate,” Master said, now trailing kisses up my neck. He touched a sensitive spot and I arched my back, moaning in ecstasy.

“Starting from now, you’re going to clean the house naked. Megan will help you. Then, after your chores, you’re going to come into my room. You and Megan will fuck each other while I watch. When I’m hard and ready, I’m going to fuck both of you every single night, Kate. Every. Single Night. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” I gasped, as he went back to my tits, licking around my pebbled nipples before sucking hard.

The next thing I knew, I was on all fours.

I inhaled sharply as I felt Master enter my pussy for the second time. Soon we were in rhythm, with Master thrusting in and out, while I met each eager slam with my hips.

After Master orgasmed inside me again. I cleaned him up with my tongue (Master’s orders). Then we showered. Master made me give him head in the bathtub (I was surprisingly VERY good at blowjobs!), then we slept together. Megan slept outside since Master wanted some alone time with me.

“Welcome to your new life, Kate,” Master was saying. I was sitting on his lap while he pressed his cock against the crack of my ass, teasing my anal opening, making me whimper and beg. “You’re going to be very very happy as my sex slave. Soon you will have more sisters, but I suspect that you will be my favorite.”

I tried to reply but couldn’t—not with Master’s fingers rapidly thrusting in and out of my pussy.

“Very happy,” he repeated softly, his thumb now going to my clit, circling it.

I couldn't take it anymore. I came with a scream. We made out some more, then I took Master's cock in my mouth and pleased him until he orgasmed—again and again. Master brought me to bed where he played with my tits and ass until he passed out with a satisfied grin on his face.

He was right. I was going to be happy.

I licked my lips, lapping up the remainder of Master's cum, then snuggled beside him.

Very very happy.

