

Chapter 2

-Jared-

“Master!” Aiya moaned, her voice high pitched, her accent spellbinding.
“Oh—Master!”

She writhed below me, desperate to take me deeper, frantic in her attempts, but it was impossible—I was already balls deep inside her.

“Fuck,” I spat the word out, grinding my teeth at how tight she was gripping me. Sweat dripped off my forehead, mixing in with hers. I was sure our neighbors could hear us considering how loud Aiya was, and strangely, I hoped we woke them up.

I wanted everyone in the building to know I was fucking a total babe, an exotic French-Spanish breed possessing flowing hair and a body that belonged to magazine covers.

I wanted all the drug addicts to know I was better than them, that I had something that they could never have. And most important of all, I hoped Ellie could hear.

It turned me on if my crush could hear the whips of my balls slapping against Aiya’s swollen pussy folds. It would be a fantasy come true if Ellie was in the same room, watching us have sex, on her hands and knees, eagerly waiting for her turn next.

God. The erotic vision had my body tightening up, the pressure inside me building up to a blinding fury, bordering on pain.

“Fuck!” I roared, a barrage of semen barreling out with the curse, flooding Aiya’s tight channel. She squirmed underneath me, twisting and bending all those flexible curves as she took in the gallons I was pouring into her.

Then she stilled. Her blue eyes hooded over before her pussy walls clamped down so fucking tight around me.

“Aiya!” I squeezed my eyes shut, and she milked my throbbing cock. My orgasm was renewed as a flood of juices came squirting out of her pussy, wetting my thighs and causing me to see stars.

“MASTER!” she screamed, her wails splitting the air as she convulsed, arching her back against the mattress, causing our bed to squeak and groan, the sounds mixing in with her screams.

I was ramming my cock in and out of her sex with no technique or control, just thrusting with abandon, completely addicted to how warm the insides of her pussy were and how fucking good it felt as she pulsated and flexed around me.

Eighteen years of my life without sex. No wonder I was depressed. I was always outside the realms of pleasure, and now I had a glimpse of the other side, the world seemed different. As if I was now viewing it through a brighter lens, one with vibrant colors.

If Aiya’s pussy felt this good, I wondered how Tawny’s would feel. All the guys always fantasized about fucking that MILF, and I was no exception.

Or that bitch, Hailey. I briefly wondered how she would react as I tore through her walls. I would be brutal with her, reenacting every ounce of hatred I felt towards Shawn’s girlfriend.

But most of all, I desired Ellie. Introverted, shy, and cute. She was my fantasy woman, perfect for me. If anyone was girlfriend material, I didn’t have to look any further than my neighbor living two doors down.

I groaned as the last jets of cum fizzled out. Aiya was still shrieking, and I slumped over her convulsing sweat slick body, relaxing into her ample curves, enjoying her moans.

Maybe she shouldn’t have woken me up. Who could manage a wink of sleep with a sexy slut in your bed willing to be fucked in any way you want?

“Get up,” I growled, my tone surprising even myself. “I’m not done with you yet.”

“Yes, Master.”

I managed to get some sleep, passing out from exhaustion after fucking and more fucking, my balls utterly drained by the end of it.

My alarm buzzed, the awful ringtone filling up the room, forcing me out of bed in a daze to shut the damned thing off.

I pressed down on the off button, ready to return to bed next to Aiya's naked body, smelling like a goddess when I spotted a gift wrap on my desk table, next to the alarm clock.

I rubbed the blurriness out of my eyes and squinted at the present. Was I dreaming? Hallucinating? Why was there a cheerfully wrapped gift on my desk when it wasn't there last night?

I looked at Aiya. Maybe she left it there when I was asleep.

But my slave was completely passed out, snoring lightly, sounding adorable. Amazingly, her pussy was still leaking cum and her nipples were erect. She looked absolutely fuckable and I badly wanted to skip classes to spend the entire day having sex with my fuck toy. But I wanted to see Ellie.

After losing my virginity, I felt different. More confident. Receiving the large sum of money couldn't give me the conviction I needed to ask Ellie out, but losing my virginity? I felt like a million bucks. I would take Ellie out to a nice restaurant tonight. Hopefully get in her bed afterwards. If not, well, I had Aiya waiting in mine.

It was a win-win.

Heaving an exhale, I took the present from my desk and ripped it open, frowning when I saw an awfully familiar dark wooden box. I already knew what it held before I even opened it.

Inside, placed neatly on a red velvet towel, was another jade. A stone of control. But this one wasn't warm like Aiya's. The room dipped down in temperature and I shuddered.

There was a folded perfumed note inside the box, smelling of lavender. I took it out, eyes widening as I read the tidy handwriting.

Here's your official first gift. Use it wisely.

- James

I set the note back, switching it for the jade. The stone felt like ice, chilling my fingers and sending shivers through my arm. So this was an unused stone, ready to claim a soul.

I could have anybody. I could have another Aiya. Fuck... just imagining two women in bed with me, willing to get their pussy holes abused had me closing my eyes, thinking of all the possible candidates.

Ellie was the first woman that came into mind. I would die a happy man if I could have her kneel before me and call me Master. But it felt wrong. Yes, I craved to enslave her, but she had been nothing but nice to me and she didn't deserve a fate of lifelong servitude.

I would ask her on a date. She would agree, and then I would be blessed with a normal, healthy relationship with my pretty neighbor.

The jade? I would use it on somebody else. For who it might be, well, I would mull over a name.

I set the jade back into the box and tucked the mini chest deep inside a drawer. In the meantime, I had classes to attend, and most importantly, a date to propose.

People kept giving me the side glance in school. I guessed word got out about my scuffle with Shawn yesterday.

Thankfully, I didn't bump into him or any of his cronies. I felt more confident after losing my virginity, but realistically, I couldn't do much against a much larger, stronger guy.

I survived through mundane lessons, sitting there in class, but mentally, I was replaying the events of last night, pounding into Aiya, relishing the moans I created from how brutal I was.

But hazel eyes kept invading my thoughts, and I soon visualized myself in bed with Ellie. We had finished our dream date, and I was fucking her in her bed, gagging her, tying her up, ramming my cock into her asshole...

Fuck.

I groaned, my hands going under the table, trying to adjust my raging hard-on peeking under my jeans. Suddenly, minutes felt like hours, and the lecturer's voice became a drone.

I couldn't wait to get out of here and find Ellie.

The bell rang, signifying the end of class and the start of lunch break. I bolted out of my seat before anyone else and rushed towards the canteen, trying to spot shoulder length dark brown hair.

I couldn't locate any, so I headed outside, towards the green field and trees where people usually hang out. If Ellie wasn't here, she was probably in the library. But as I looked all around, I glimpsed my neighbor in the distance, perched on a bench, chatting up with some guy I didn't recognise.

I stilled. Having another person—especially a guy—being there when I asked Ellie out wasn't in the plan. Shaking my head and heaving a sigh, I steeled myself and walked towards them, feeling my heart thundering louder with each step.

They were both so deep in conversation, Ellie didn't realize I was a couple of feet away until I cleared my throat and offered her my widest smile.

"Jared?" She blinked a couple of times before looking back at the guy. A pang of jealousy filled me when she kept looking at him. "Umm... what's up?"

Before I could say anything, she shook her head, slapping herself on the forehead. "Oh, I'm sorry, let me introduce you. Jared, this is Adrian. Adrian, Jared, my neighbor."

I frowned. *My Neighbor?*

Was that all I was to her?

I mean, it made sense. We barely knew each other, and all we had were daily five-minute conversations. I should expect her to treat me little more than a stranger, but still, I was disappointed.

"Hi," I muttered, my confidence already dipping back to pre-virgin levels. "Hey, uh, Ellie, uh... could... could we talk in private for a moment?"

“Why?” She glanced at Adrian again. “I-Is there something wrong?”

“No, no.” I shook my head, rubbing my neck, suddenly feeling like a lost child. “I just, you know...”

Silence prickled around us. I was seconds from running away with my tail between my legs, to forget about the whole date, when Ellie nodded slowly.

“Could you give us a minute?” she asked Adrian.

“Sure.” He turned around and buried his hands in his pockets, kicking a pebble as he trudged away.

Ellie eyed me. Fuck, she looked cute.

“What is it, Jared?”

I shifted on my feet. I had so much adrenaline and confidence ten minutes ago, but they had all trickled away, leaving me to operate on pure anxiety and nervousness.

“I... uh...” I looked away. “I was wondering if...”

I coughed into a fist, feeling Ellie’s eyes burning a trail at the side of my face.

“If...?”

“If...” I cleared my throat, still avoiding her hazel eyes. “You know... tonight. Maybe, like, we could...” I trailed off, my tongue freezing in place as my throat grew tighter and tighter.

“Jared, are you asking me on a date?”

I cleared my throat again. “Y-yeah. Yes. I mean yeah. Yeah, I am.”

She shook her head and sighed. “I’m sorry, Jared, but...”

I could barely register her next words. She started making excuses, saying that Adrian had just asked her out, and they were ‘kind of’ dating already, so she couldn’t accept my request.

After apologizing half a dozen more times, Ellie gave me the barest resemblance of a smile before she walked away, towards Adrian, leaving me standing there like a fool.

Laughter on my left. I turned towards the source, watching a group of people chattering among themselves, howling and grinning. Although they were paying no attention to me, I felt like their laughter was directed *at me*. I hurried to leave before more people could make fun of my public embarrassment.

Fuck Adrian. Fuck Ellie.

Voices clouded my thoughts, screaming at how much of a fool I was. Why was I so confident Ellie would go out with me? Of course she wouldn't. Not with someone like me.

There was only one way I could convince a woman to get into bed with me. Only one viable pathway carved ahead that I had to follow.

It wasn't really a path. It was a gift. A stone. A jade filled with powers.

James' words battered around in my head, ringing in my ears. The sound was so deafening that it drowned out the surrounding chatter. I repeated the words written on the note over and over and over in my head.

Here's your official first gift. Use it wisely.

Use it wisely.

Sorry, Ellie. You left me no choice.

I couldn't bear to show myself for the remaining classes. Even though no one was paying attention to me when I bared my soul to Ellie—no one ever had—I still worried word might get out and I would be clowned on. I already went through so much shit this year. There was no way I could take the added amount of abuse.

No way.

I trudged back towards my apartment with my head down, morale in the abyss, when I heard my name being called behind me.

Well, my name wasn't actually being said. But I knew the word was directed at me the moment I heard it.

"Hey, loser!"

I increased my pace to a brisk walk, my worn sneakers crunching on the stone pavement.

The footsteps behind me sped up, and I broke into a sprint.

"Hey!"

I looked back for a moment, fear flashing through me when I saw Shawn and two of his goons running towards me, thankfully at a distance away.

They would eventually catch up to me since I wasn't as athletic as them, but I had a good chance of losing them if I played it smart.

I worked my legs for dear life. The wind whipped against my face, and I heaved breaths, a dull throb appearing at the center of my chest. I diverted from the main path, heading to the right and into the forest to lose sight of my pursuers.

I ran until I physically couldn't anymore. A sharp jolt of pain sprang from my chest and my lungs screamed for oxygen. I came to a stop behind a large tree, my body folding forward, sweat pouring out of me in between strangled pants.

"Where is he?" I heard a voice in the distance and I ducked my head.

Ahead, shoes crunched on dead leaves, and my heart battered under my chest. I held my breath and stayed deathly still. Time seemed to stop as I waited until the footsteps began to fade before allowing myself to breathe.

I didn't know how long I stayed there, but when I finally resumed my way back to the main path, there were people walking by. Classes had ended, and I filed behind them with shaky legs and a damp shirt, heading back to my apartment.

Aiya was waiting for me on her knees when I opened the door.

"Welcome back, Master!" she greeted me excitedly, pulling a smile out of me.

We showered together, and I used the leftover adrenaline to fuck her roughly against the bathroom walls, sighing in content when I unloaded into her pulsing cunt, groaning at the way her pussy walls clamped shut, milking me for more.

I felt like a new man stepping out of the shower, refreshed, ready to conquer the world. Sex did wonders to my confidence and I was ready to enact my revenge. Not on Shawn, but to the girl who had rudely rejected me. The asshole jock would come later.

I got changed into fresh clothes and opened my drawer, retrieving the wooden box, shuddering when I flipped it open. The room immediately dipped in temperature, a chilling aura filling up the surrounding space.

The jade was like holding ice. I studied it in my palm, shuddering again as the chill seeped into my bones. The sun had already dipped below the horizon. Ellie must already be in her room, getting ready for her date. If I was going to do this, I needed to act now.

"Master?" Aiya's voice sent shivers down my spine. "Where are you going?"

"Wait here," I told her. "I'm just going next door."

"Yes, Master."

Clutching the icy stone in my hands, I exited my room and made the short trek towards Ellie's, standing in front of her door and debating whether I should sell my soul and commit the ultimate sin.

It would be like taking a life. If the stone was going to do what I assumed it was going to do, then Ellie would never be herself again. She would nothing more than a fuck toy, with the sole purpose to be used and abused.

I shouldn't do it. I should turn back and fuck Aiya like I desperately wanted to.

I almost pussied out when the fresh memory of Ellie's cruel rejection flashed into my mind.

"I'm sorry, Jared, but I'm going out on a date tonight with Adrian. You're a nice guy, but... sorry."

Nice guy, huh?

I knocked on her door.

Her footsteps leaked from inside, becoming louder as she made her way towards the door. She paused, probably looking through the peephole. It was customary to do that since druggies populated the building. I almost let out a smile when I heard the lock being twisted, and seconds later, the door swung open.

“Jared?” She frowned. For the first time since we met, she actually looked unhappy to see me. *Bitch*. “What is it?”

Ellie was already all dressed up for her date, looking absolutely fuckable in that floral dress with a slight V-line that showed hints of her cleavage.

I didn’t know what overcame me. I pushed past her, knocking her aside, and entered her room. Her space was tidy, not a single thing looking out of place.

“Jared!” She sounded furious. “What the hell are you doing?”

I turned back around and sighed. “I’m sorry, Ellie.”

When she furrowed her brow and frowned, I raised my hand, showing her the jade sitting on my palm.

Two things happened instantaneously.

Ellie froze, her frown slipping, her expression morphing into a blank one. I gasped when the stone in my hand grew warmer, the pure ice in my hand heating rapidly until I almost dropped it because I was afraid it would burn me.

“Ellie?” I looked at her catatonic state, fearful of what I had done to an innocent person.

“Yes?”

Her voice. It wasn’t her usual cheerful, feminine tone. She sounded like... a robot. Her tone was a monotone, voice flat.

Behind her, the door was still open, so I scooted past Ellie and kicked it shut.

“Ellie...” I returned to the middle of her room and looked at my crush, my voice barely a whisper. “Can... can you hear me?”

Of course she could, you idiot. Why was I even asking that?

“Yes.”

She answered in the same flat tone.

Okay, Jared. You came this far. What do you do now?

From what Aiya had explained to me, I could say anything and my words would become a reality. I could tell her to strip, and she would strip.

I could tell her to...

Should I?

I stared at my crush. Fuck, she was so sexy in a cute little way. Mesmerizing hazel eyes, pretty, dark brown hair ending at lean shoulders, ample feminine curves that couldn't be built in the gym, but from pristine fucking genetics, flaring to a rounded ass I was dying to see. To touch.

God, I wanted her. I wanted her so fucking bad.

Just imagining my lovely crush on all fours, right there on her bed while I plowed in and out of her pussy... the visual fantasy caused the words to rush out of me without thought or filter.

“Ellie, you're now my slave.” I was blurting out my deepest, darkest desires. In the moment, the words didn't sound crazy to me. It felt *right* to say them. “You're born to serve my will. You want to make me happy Ellie, and the only way you know how to accomplish that is sex. You're constantly horny around me and crave to be fucked by me in any position I want. Your body belongs to me to use in however way I see fit.”

I paused, sweat dripping down my forehead, gripping the jade in my palm. What the fuck had I just said? Replaying my speech over in my head made me sound like a stark lunatic.

But all my whirling thoughts ceased to a standstill when Ellie dropped to her knees in front of me. Her blank expression morphed into a smile, and her painted red lips parted. The words that left her had me gripping her table, my knees suddenly turning to jelly.

“How may I serve you, Master?”

Her hazel eyes drifted to the massive tent beneath my jeans, and she ran her tongue along her bottom lip. Ellie looked back up at me and offered a suggestive wink, her hazel eyes twinkling.

She made it clear what she wanted, but I still couldn't believe it. Even though I didn't know Ellie well, it was obvious that she was a demure woman, shy and socially awkward—like me. But here she was, gazing up at me with her best ‘fuck me’ eyes. With this angle on her, I could almost see her nipples.

“Ellie.” I exhaled her name. “A-Are you okay?”

She blinked at me again, her smile widening. “Of course, Master. Why wouldn't I be?”

Master. In my shock, I didn't realize she had called me that the first time. But I could hear it clearly now. The way she said it with her adorable voice... fuck. It felt even dirtier than Aiya's.

I didn't think. Couldn't think.

“G-Get... get on the bed,” I said, still unsure if she would obey me, despite all the clear evidence that Ellie was no longer Ellie, but my slave. My personal fuck toy.

The answer was immediate. “Yes, Master.”

Ellie stood up, and without a shred of shame or hesitation, she crawled onto her bed on all fours and arched her lower back, giving me a lovely view of her ass, only restricted by cotton panties with cartoon rabbits decorated on it.

The sight would have made me laugh if I was so fucking turned on. Right there, in front of me, was my fantasy woman in a fantasy position.

I almost tore my clothes off as I made my way towards her, tossing the stone on her bed, completely naked by the time I positioned myself behind her, gripping her rounded cheeks through cotton panties.

Ellie rolled her hips backwards, shivering against my touch.

“Do you like what you see, Master?” she asked in a husky tone, so unlike her.

I wanted to reply, but my tongue wasn’t working. Instead, I hooked my fingers under my panties and pulled, revealing soaked perfection.

Holy fuck, she was wet, looking absolutely ready to be fucked in that cute floral dress.

She moaned, a light, sweet sound, when my grip on her ass tightened as I gawked at her pink pussy folds.

“Master...” She sighed. “I’m ready to lose my virginity.”

She was... what?”

“You’re a virgin?” There was no way. How could a girl that looked like her be untouched? Ellie wasn’t like me. She had top-tier genetics, and assholes like Adrian poured attention in her way.

She giggled. “Yes, Master. I am.”

I shook my head, the ultimate sight of her drenched pussy forgotten for a second. “How about Adrian? You and him never...?”

Another girlish giggle. “No, Master. We haven’t even kissed. But he told me to dress sexy for tonight, and he booked a reservation at an expensive place, so I think he was hoping to get laid.”

I chuckled. “How unfortunate for him.” Suddenly, an idea hit me. Reluctantly, I moved away from her, grabbing a purse and digging through it until I found her phone.

I tossed it next to her and gave Ellie her next instructions. “Call him. Tell him the date is canceled. I want you to moan as loud as you can while I fuck you during the call.”

“Really, Master?” She overplayed a gasp, then gave me a smirk that sent my insides melting. “As you wish, my Master.”

I lined up with her pussy, groaning and shuddering as I felt heat emitting from her pink folds. I desperately wanted to plunge in, complete my fantasies, steal away her virginity for myself, but I also wanted to enact revenge on that asshole for taking my girl away.

I could spare a minute or two. Either way, Ellie was going to walk out of her room limping from how sore and filled to the brim she was from my seed.

I watched as she scrolled through her contact list and tapped on a name. Ellie pressed the phone close to her ear, then gasped when I prepared her, spreading her cheeks, inching closer to her heated sex.

“Hello, Adrian?” Ellie spoke up. She paused. “No, no. I’m still in my room.” Another pause. “I’m having second thoughts. I—”

I didn’t let her continue. Without warning, I slammed right into her, the force causing Ellie to jerk forward and shriek, dropping her phone.

Holy fucking shit. She was tight.

I could hear Adrian on the other side of the line.

“Ellie, Ellie. What’s going on? Are you okay?”

Ellie shrieked some more when I pressed forward, inch by inch, taking her virginity and stretching her wide open.

“Oh my god!” Ellie arched her back some more and moaned up to the ceiling. “OHHHH!”

“Ellie? Ellie? Can you hear me?”

“Pick up—fuck.” I gritted my teeth, trying my absolute hardest not to cum right there and then. Christ, virgin pussy felt different. Unique. Much warmer and tighter than Aiya’s. “Pick up the phone. A-Answer... him.”

She obeyed, retrieving the phone with a shaky hand.

“Adrian?” She exhaled shakily. “Oh—oh my god...”

I was sure she was bleeding from how rough I was. The wail of pain that came a second later confirmed my suspicion. We had just started, but I could already tell I was going to receive the best sex in my life.

Ellie moaned while she listened to Adrian. “No, I’m okay.” She glanced at me and I nodded. “I can’t go, Adrian. I’m being fucked by Master.”

I had to hold back my laughter as I heard Adrian’s shocked ‘What?!’ exploding from the phone’s speakers. I rewarded my slave by rolling my hips backwards before offering another hard pump, sending her jerking forward and a shrill wail to burst from her lips.

“Master!”

This was mind blowing. Her pussy was flexing, her inner walls spasming, and she was *warm*. Ungodly so.

“Give me the phone,” I growled, pumping into her without remorse, driving my hips in and out with full force.

Between her shrieks and groans, Ellie passed me the phone, and I craned it in between my cheek and shoulder, not stopping the fucking for a millisecond. It was such a tight fit inside Ellie. Every little movement sent bolts of pleasure ripping through me, but somehow I was managing my composure—barely.

I took a few straggled breaths to compose myself as her cunt pulsed. “Hello, Adrian.”

“Ellie? What the fuck is happening?”

“It’s not Ellie anymore.” I was pulling moans out of Ellie with every thrust, and I stopped talking for a second to relish the music. “It’s Jared, from a few hours ago?”

“What the fuck?”

“As you can clearly hear, I’m in the middle of fucking Ellie. Did you know she’s a virgin until a minute ago?” I chuckled and wiped the sweat from my brow. “I’m here to kindly inform you that my girlfriend is not able to attend the date. My apologies. Now excuse me while I finish inside her.”

“Fuck yo—”

I clicked off the call, laughing softly as I tossed the phone away, my hands back on her warm ass cheeks, squeezing hard.

“Master!” My beauty croaked out. “I’m going to... I’m going to...” she trailed off, dipping her head down as moans ripped from her lips.

“Don’t cum,” I warned. “A rule you have to follow. No orgasm without my permission. Do you understand?”

“Please, Master!” She half turned to look at me, giving me her best puppy eyes, whimpering. “Please! Please! Please!”

“Shut up.” I never felt so powerful. Not even when I was fucking Aiya. This... this was real power.

“You can cum when I cum,” I told her, punctuating the order with a hard slap on her ass cheek. Her whole body jolted from the impact and more whimpers poured out from those lips of hers.

I worked my hips methodically between her thighs, pumping my cock in and out, my release edging closer and closer. Ellie gasped every time I went balls deep, slamming into her cervix, and she whimpered each time I withdrew.

“Fuck,” I bit the curse out. I had stretched her wide enough to slide in and out at a maddening pace.

“Master!” Ellie choked out. She desperately wanted to cum, but my command held steady, and my little pet started crying, tears free falling from her hazel eyes as she begged me. “Master, please. *PLEASE!*”

“Not yet.” I slammed into her so hard, her entire body folded.

“MASTER!”

“Now!”

Even before I finished the word, her pussy walls clamped shut and a flood of juices came pouring out of her pussy, soaking my thighs.

“AH—MASTER!” She was crushing me, shrieking so loud, my own howls were washed away.

Ellie was still squirting, waterfalling out her arousal the same time I flooded her womb. She writhed and shrieked, her thighs contracting, her toes curling, her hands squeezed into little fists, knuckles ghostly white.

Time came to a standstill as I continued blowing my load through her moist pussy walls. It was no doubt the longest and strongest orgasm of my life.

Ellie was now my girlfriend. My pet. My slave.

My sister.

God, I always wanted a sexy sister.

The proceeding silence curled around us, only broken by the heavy heaves and throaty exhales. I withdrew from her swollen pussy, admiring the erotic sight in front of me.

Her floral dress clung to her skin and her hair was damp with sweat, making her smell more addicting.

Her bed dipped as I climbed off, trying to compose my breaths and steady my thundering heart. I felt like a God, having conquered my fantasy woman, the girl who rejected me. Ellie would spend the rest of her life getting pounded in all her important holes just to atone for that sin.

“Come here,” I growled, my voice so deep. Somehow, sex dropped my tone a couple of octaves.

My beauty nodded, still wheezing. She pulled her cotton panties back up then hopped out of bed and stood in front of me, her pretty chin down, her hazel eyes on her feet, her hands tenderly clasped together.

The sight of submission.

I didn't say another word as I extended my hands and roamed around her body, touching her in places that would land me in prison if she wasn't utterly under my thrall. I groped her breasts through her dress, squeezed her little tits in my palms, grinned when she moaned softly.

Then I gripped her ass and squeezed those too, harder, because her muscles there felt otherworldly.

Holy fuck, Ellie was a specimen. The perfect female.

I knew I was biased. I had dedicated countless masturbating sessions, worshiping her in my mind, but now I had the real thing—and she would do the worshiping.

Ellie was silent as I slipped her dress straps off her lean shoulders, sliding her dress down the smooth length of her body.

My eyes widened when a black bra was revealed, and I chuckled when her cotton panties came into view, completely soaked.

"You're so beautiful," I muttered, almost to myself as my eyes journeyed the length of her body once more, taking my time to lick up and down her curves.

"Thank you, Master," she whispered back, rubbing a hand over her other arm. She was nervous, and the realization made me smile.

"Take off your underwear."

"Yes, Master."

I shivered. When Aiya said those words, I felt strong. When Ellie said those words, I felt *all powerful*.

My pet unclasped her bra. It fell from her body, landing on her dress pooled on the ground.

Ellie's breasts were bigger than I thought. She had a small stature, and although her tits popped under that floral dress, they never looked particularly large.

But staring at them bare, how they sat so snugly on her chest without a hint of sag... no wonder they felt amazing when I was squeezing them moments ago. They were the perfect size to squeeze and fondle.

My eyes dropped to her nipples, all pink and perky, areolae large and round.

It was confirmed. Ellie was the perfect fucking female specimen.

I took a step backwards, giving myself another wondrous tour of her exotic curves and creamy skin. No matter how long I stared at her near nakedness, I still couldn't believe this was now my reality.

Ellie swayed on her feet as I stared at her. There was a sheen of sweat across her body and a flush creeping its way across her chest and up her throat, making her look even more ravenously adorable. Ellie was the only woman in the world that could pull off that combination.

"Your pussy now." I nodded my satisfaction. Ellie was well worth the mantle to be my first slave. "Don't worry, pet. I already fucked you there. There's nothing to hide."

"Yes, Master," she squeaked, her eyes cast down. "Of course, Master."

She pulled her cotton panties down, kicking it aside to the rest of her discarded clothing. We were both naked, and she was not meeting my gaze, rubbing her arm instead. I stepped forward, taking her chin. She hissed a soft exhale at my touch and I tilted her up, claiming her full lips.

Ellie tasted exactly how I fantasized. Delicious and sweet. Much sweeter than Aiya, and that was saying a lot.

My pet was responsive, sucking on my lips as I plundered her sweetness with licks, groaning as I consumed her soft lips.

Fuck, Ellie was kissing me with undeniable passion, as if she was in love with me. She moaned, her breath skirting across my lips, then pushed her tongue forward, meeting mine in a frantic dance.

"Master," she moaned. Her mouth was carefree, careless, and so *fucking* sweet, slanting over mine as though she doesn't care about rhythm, only to taste me and have me taste her.

I breathed hard, labored into the kiss, owning her lips.

This couldn't be real. I was in a dream, kissing Ellie. What the fuck?

I placed my palm on her chest and shoved her backwards.

"Get back on bed," I growled, thousands of scenarios playing in my head.

Ellie wiped away the saliva from her lips, nodding submissively. "Yes, Master."

She spread herself on all fours, giving me a view of her swollen, used pussy, and her gaping asshole.

I was about to join her when I noticed a chest under her bed.

"What's this?" I asked, bending down and pulling the box out.

She looked back. "My tools, Master."

"Tools?" I frowned, wondering why I was so intrigued. Flipping open the lid revealed why I felt a pull towards the box. Inside were hammers, screwdrivers, nails, but most importantly—ropes.

I took out the rope and showed it to my pet. Her eyes flashed nervousness, and I knew we were on the same page.

I smiled. "Hands behind your back."

She gulped, nodding meekly. I joined Ellie on the bed while she went to her knees, clasping her hands behind her back and turning away from me.

"Good girl," I chuckled, binding her hands together. Never in a million years would I imagine doing this to a girl, much less Ellie. I went from being the most depressed guy with no confidence to feeling like an emperor all within a single day.

There were some hiccups as I bound her hands. I struggled to secure her wrist tight enough to make sure she couldn't escape, and then I had to go search for a knife to cut the rope.

But when it was all said and done, the sight was worth it: Ellie on her knees, hazel eyes uneasy, hands bound behind her back, lips swollen, pussy leaking, body trembling.

The vision was heavenly, but it wasn't perfect. Scooping her panties from the ground, I shuffled back towards my pretty little thing and wrapped the damp cotton around her mouth, stealing away her voice.

She didn't resist. My pet just inhaled and exhaled long, heavy breaths as I restrained her.

Perfect. She couldn't speak, and her movements were limited. I left her sight untampered. I wanted Ellie to see exactly what I planned to do to her.

"MHMM!" Her protests were muffled as I shoved her forward and down, her forehead digging into the mattress. Using my free hand, I neared my cock towards her forbidden hole, and without any more stalling, I pushed in, penetrating her ass.

"MHMMMMMMMMM!"

"Fuck," I spat out, feeling my eyes rolling to the back of my head. I was naïve thinking her virgin pussy had been tight. Her taut ring of muscles crushed my cock as I stretched her out, eliciting muffled screams from my pet.

"God, Ellie." I opened my eyes, but had to force them shut again. Everything was blurry, and I was so lightheaded. "You feel so fucking good here."

"MHMM!"

I couldn't tell whether my pet was enjoying it or hating it. Probably the latter, but I couldn't care less. I gripped her hips and pushed my remaining inches in, forcing her rigid hole to accept my girth. I stretched her even wider, sighing contently as I listened to her screeches and wails of pain.

I had been brutal with her virgin pussy, but I was downright cruel to her asshole. I slammed into her forbidden depths over and over, ripping her insides apart with unfiltered, frenetic hunger. My own body folded as I slammed into her, ecstasy bolting through me, sending aftershocks rocketing all the way to my toes.

My orgasm was magnitudes above everything I had experienced in my eighteen years. I poured into her, barraging a tsunami of cum through her tight asshole. Ellie spilled little whimpers as I filled her up to the absolute brim.

My seed poured out of her ass, leaking down to her pussy folds. In the midst of my release, I somehow found the awareness to bring a hand to her ass cheeks, scooping up cum and diverting it into her pussy.

I couldn't allow a single spill to be wasted when it came to Ellie. She needed to absorb every fucking drop of me.

When the last jets finally fizzled out, both her holes were swollen and leaking. I withdrew from her ass, admiring the perfect sight. It was like art, and Ellie was my canvas.

Dripping sweat and heaving breaths, I rounded beside my thoroughly fucked slave and removed her gag, tossing away her cotton panties that were now damp with her saliva.

My pet said nothing, but her hazel eyes were misted over, tears bringing their way to the front.

I couldn't get enough of her, no matter how exhausted I felt. I brought her trembling lips up to mine and kissed her, only pulling back when I had to gasp for air.

"I'm not with you yet, pet," I chuckled when she whimpered some more. "Your pussy still needs a beating."

Ellie's response was so soft, I didn't catch her words. But I thought she had whimpered out a submissive, 'Yes, Master.'

I chuckled and settled behind my shivering pet. "Good girl."

When I thrust into her pussy, her wails weren't muffled anymore. Her shrill pitch leaked into my ears, lancing through me as I fucked her like the slut I turned her into.

As my first slave in my harem, Ellie was going to fill many, many roles.

Pet, slut, girlfriend, fuck toy.

Sister.

-Aiya-

A knock on the door jolted me awake.

I waited patiently for my eyes to adjust to the darkness.

To my side, Master was asleep. My new sister, Ellie, was curled up in front of him, their lips only centimeters apart. The poor girl had been abused for the better part of the night, the onslaught only ceasing after Master couldn't go on anymore.

The room smelled of sex and sweat. I sat up, my head all woozy, thoughts surfacing in my mind. Dangerous thoughts. Plans of revenge.

Why was I thinking about those sins? My purpose in life was to serve Jared and help create his harem before I was handed back to my previous Master, like a good slave girl I was, leased from men to men.

I loved Master Jared with all my heart, and now I had a little sister to train. So why was I having rebellious thoughts?

Frowning and swiping my hair away from my face, I stood up and saw green glimmering at the side of the bed. I squinted my eyes, gasping when I realized two stones of control were on the ground, and one of them was splattered with water from a spilled water bottle.

My stone. No wonder I was having these... notions.

The fool. Why were two powerful artifacts tossed on the ground like that? As if it were trash? Didn't he know the limitless capabilities of the jades?

Freedom was etching at the surface of my mind, my willpower peeking out to the light. The power of the stone held over me was slipping and I didn't even realize I was smiling until I glimpsed a reflection of myself in the smudged bathroom mirror, the door cracked open.

I wanted revenge. Vengeance against Jared, who had been abusing my body for almost twenty-four hours now. But most importantly, revenge against James, the fucker who had taken everything away from me.

I strode across the room, unlocking the front door and peeked out. Nobody was there, but one whiff and I recognized the sweetness of Madeleine's perfume. There was a gift at my feet. A neatly wrapped box. I didn't need to open it to know what was held inside. I could feel the chill surrounding the box as I bent down to retrieve it.

Three stones of control in one room. Two used. One ready to snatch a soul away. Way too much power for one man, especially for a loser like Jared.

I craved to use the power in my hands for my own good. But in all my years on this earth, I knew I needed to bide my time carefully. Revenge was a dish best served cold.

I sighed happily, feeling my will building back up. Feeling like my old self more and more with every second that ticked by. My soul was still trapped inside the stone, but the spilled water had weakened the magic held over me, enough to anchor myself to the path I knew I needed to take. A dark road I was familiar with.

James, my boy, I'm coming for you.