

Chapter 3

-Jared-

Part 1

“Please.” The incessant whimpers of my crush only served to drive myself harder into her. She sobbed, and my cock jerked excitedly inside her tight depths. “Please. Please, Master.”

We were at her place, fucking inside the bathroom. It was cramped, made for a single person, but the tiny stall could manage a feminine, slender body like hers and a scrawny frame like mine.

Gasping and dripping sweat, I placed a palm on her lower back, pressing her soft curves harder against the tiled wall.

“Please what?”

A strangled sob choked out from her lips, followed by a loud gasp as I withdrew halfway before delivering a firm thrust back in. Her walls clamped around me, squeezing me for dear life.

“Too hard!” Ellie half-turned to show me her tear-stained hazel eyes. “Please, Master. I’m... so sore....” Her bottom lip trembled. “... so sore from last night.”

I chuckled. “I bet you are.”

“Mast—AH!”

I pounded her mercilessly through her cries, thrusting into Ellie’s shivering frame until my own body broke with agonizing bliss.

I bellowed as a surge of hot ropes spurted out of my spasming cock, straight into Ellie’s fertile body. Even through her pain-staking cries, she was desperate to cum. The way her hot, little pussy flexed made it clear she enjoyed her punishment.

But she couldn’t orgasm.

Because I ordered her not to. And like a good little slave, she couldn't disobey a direct command from me, her Owner and Master.

I groaned as I unloaded my overnight frustrations. Last night was a blurry fuck-fest, and the first thing I felt when I came to was Ellie's naked body cuddled against mine. The feel of her soft curves, combined with her light, sweet scent, had me shaking her awake and dragging her into the bathroom.

She was too groggy to know what was happening until I drove my raging hard-on into her sore pussy hole, fucking her hard while we showered under the harsh ice-cold shower. No water heater in our building.

"Fuck." I squeezed my eyes shut as my orgasm ebbed away, my slut's trembling body accepting the last spurt of my seed. "Oh my god. Holy shit."

"M-Master." Ellie turned around, pulling me out of her. "I'm so close. Please, may I cum?"

"You want to cum, slut?" I struggled for breaths, the pelting ice cold needles above us not helping my need for oxygen in the slightest.

"Yes, please." She choked the last word out. *"Please."*

I stared at the mesmerizing sight in front of me. Her hazel eyes were gorgeous, her dark brown hair was a sexy mess around her, and with eager mewls leaking from her lips, I almost broke and allowed my beauty what she so desperately wanted. But then I remembered her rejection from yesterday.

The memory was still fresh in my mind, and every time I looked at her hazels, the events replayed in my head in a stinging rush, forcing a grimace out of me.

"You're not cumming yet, bitch." I pulled her close and she inhaled sharply when our lips touched. "Who are you?"

She knew what to say. Her submission towards me felt natural, as if she was born to serve men. To serve me.

"Your slave."

“Good girl.” Her eyes lit up at the words, and her lean shoulders lifted, hoping I would spare her mercy. Too bad I was showing none. Not until she paid for her crimes. “And who am I?”

No hesitation. “My Master.”

Her cute, innocent voice, combined with her heady body scent, had me drifting. I wanted to be mad at her, but Ellie was too adorable to stay angry at, especially when she had never disobeyed me yet. Every time words left my lips, Ellie bent to my will.

I kept a firm face, drawing my finger down and slipping in between her thighs. She stiffened, then jerked when I made contact with her swollen folds.

“Please!” She buried her face into my chest, then squealed so loud when I brushed against her throbbing clit. “PLEASE MASTER!”

I chuckled, giving her clit one agonizingly slow swipe before I stepped back and turned off the shower. I grabbed two clean towels and passed one to her, which my slave took with a trembling hand and a muted ‘thanks.’

I knew I was being terrible to her, and that my beautiful new slave didn’t deserve half of what I had planned for her. But seeing her this helpless and obedient brought out demons in me I never knew existed.

Having this much power felt like...

There were no words to describe the sears of emotions. I was living in a scrawny body, but I felt like hercules.

“Dry off, then come out,” I ordered. “Classes start in an hour, so we have plenty of time left for you to...” I winked at her as I stepped out of the tiny bathroom. “... entertain me.”

She exhaled at my sentence, dropped her gaze down to her feet, then nodded demurely, utterly broken, accepting her destiny.

Revenge felt good. And with a new stone delivered to my doorstep last night, there was one more name left on my hit list.

Well, two, actually.

An asshole jock and his equally jerk of a girlfriend.

“Master?” The little squeal Ellie made as she laid down on her bed had me groaning. “A-Are you sure you want this?”

“Mhm hmm.”

I relaxed into the hard creaking chair and prepared to watch the show unfolding in front of me: Aiya crawling towards Ellie, and my new sister nervously chewing her bottom lip, her hazel eyes flickering between the French babe and me.

“Maybe...” She elicited another squeak when Aiya tried to pry her legs apart but was met with resistance. “Maybe we could... Maybe I could please you in some other way?”

I chuckled and leaned back. The old chair groaned and I immediately sat back up. “I want to see your sore pussy get eaten out, Ellie. I don’t think anything would top that.”

“We could have sex again.” The fear in her voice was adorable. “We could—”

“Ellie.”

She stiffened.

“Open your legs for Aiya.” I waited until she obeyed the order, smiling as I watched her spread her creamy thighs apart, giving sight to a very pink pussy. “That’s right. That’s a good little pet.”

She mewled at my response, her heavy breaths growing to pants as Aiya dipped down. A second later, Ellie’s high-pitched shrieks lit up the tiny space, but the older slave hadn’t even touched her yet. She was just blowing hot breaths to her engorged folds, waiting for my instructions to commence the feast.

I smiled at my nervous kitten. “How do you feel?”

“Scared.” She shrieked again. Her pussy was clearly extremely sensitive after what I had done to it. “Please don’t, Master.”

I faked a sigh. "Ellie, look here." I gripped the base of my cock, still slick with her pussy juices, still throbbing hot and jerking excitedly, as if I hadn't unloaded inside of her just moments ago. "Do you see how turned on I am?"

She nodded.

"As my slave." I cleared my throat, correcting myself. "As my first slave, don't you think it's compulsory to please me? To set an example for your future sisters?"

She nodded again, hazel eyes flickering to Aiya's tongue, so close to her sex.

"I want to see you eaten out. So what do you do?"

Her voice was barely a whisper. "I get eaten out."

"For who?"

"For you."

"Louder, Ellie. I can't hear you from over here."

"You, Master." A choked sobbed, the jerking motion caused a tear to leak out from her right eye. "For you."

God, either her pussy was insanely sensitive or she *really* didn't like the idea of another woman in her forbidden place.

That had to change. I was a fan of lesbian sex, so my slaves had to be familiar with pussy. Like me, Ellie was new to all this, having lost her virginity to me last night, but I suspected her to morph into a fiend in the bedroom by the time she finished her training.

There wasn't a structured program. I was just going to fuck her. A lot. And have her fuck multiple other woman for my viewing pleasure.

She would learn. Slowly or not, it didn't matter.

Aiya let out a soft moan, inhaling the innocent scent of a recently lost virgin. She was eager to eat the young girl out, and I granted her wish, clicking my tongue, giving her permission to begin.

I expected Aiya to dive in with tongue and teeth. I was primed to watch an exciting, aggressive show of pussy eating, but my older slave clearly knew better.

She started slowly. Very slowly. Dipping her head down in a graceful arc, the first high-pitched shrieks from Ellie spilled when Aiya's pink tongue slid along her sensitive folds, grazing to a stop at her clit, where my older slave circled the pulsing nub with the tip of her tongue.

"Ah!" Ellie jerked upwards, her back arching from the mattress. "No! No! No!"

Was she not enjoying it? I could tell by Aiya's slow, confident licks that she knew what she was doing, and I briefly wondered just how many pussies my French goddess had devoured, but when Ellie turned to me, I saw pain in her hazel eyes. Not physical pain, but the pure agony of holding back.

She mouthed to me a silent, frantic plea. "Please."

It looked like I had stretched the limits of my little pet's will. Tears were free flowing down her beautiful eyes, and one look at her confirmed she was a goner.

I huffed. Fine.

"Aiya." I stood up and walked towards the single bed, tapping my older slave's milky thigh. "Change of plans. You can stop."

"Yes, Master." She moved away, and I replaced her, shuffling in between my sister's legs. Ellie and I looked nothing alike, but imagining her as my blood *really* made things even filthier than they already were.

Besides, now I had someone who could fill the gaping hole in my heart. A family member. Loneliness was a disease I hoped no one would suffer just like I had.

Well, except for Shawn.

"Please," my hazel eyes croaked out, staring at me. "Please, Master."

"Shh, pet." I blew a breath and gripped the base of my cock, guiding myself to her snug opening.

“Fuck.” I gritted my teeth as I penetrated her. It was like a switch had been flicked on. The moment delicious heat gripped all around me, my cock jerked and spasmed, my body filled with adrenaline as I slid back into heaven on earth.

“MASTER!”

“You can cum,” I grunted, lost inside her heated depths, thrusting my hips in and out with no technique, just pure lust. “Fucking shit, Ellie... your—fuck... your pussy!”

I didn’t even establish a rhythm. As soon as the order spilled from my lips, Ellie switched gears. Her shrieks amplified in volume. I had no idea where she carved the energy from, but with yelps spilling out from those soft lips, she met every hard drive of mine with deafening slams of her own, moaning me out over and over and over.

“MASTER!” She shattered apart beneath me, screams of rapture entering my ears, her sweat slicked body torquing in untamed movements, her face a beautiful visage of pleasure and relief. “OH MY GOD—MASTER!”

“Ellie.” I squeezed my eyes just as hers rolled to the back of her head. My sister was crushing me even tighter than when I was fucking her in the shower. More geysers burst from my spasming tip, straight into her fertile womb.

I was certain I filled my bitch to the brim by the time the last jets of semen fizzled out. I withdrew out of her with a gasp, looking down at my hard work.

Yeap. Thick, white fluids were leaking from her cunt. I shivered at the sight. If anyone would have told me a day ago, I would have marked a woman so completely, I would have sworn the feat was impossible. Maybe to a prostitute; temporary love that was paid for.

Even still, I wouldn’t have the courage to take off my clothes in front of a woman, much less the girl I was crushing hard on since I stepped foot in college.

What happened?

I looked around, spotting the three jades in the corner of the room exactly where I had left them. Two were glowing brightly, the last one dim and cold.

I reached over and grabbed Ellie's stone. I knew it was hers because of the distinct shape. All the jades were unique in sizes and shapes. Ellie's had a weird bull's horn shape, and her stone was smaller than the other two.

I sighed happily. Ellie was still leaking moans. She replaced my cock with her fingers, furiously rubbing her clit as she shivered away the remains of her long orgasm.

Ellie was sore, but what I didn't tell her was that I was aching, too. I grimaced as I struggled out of the bed and the mess we made, half limping my way towards her tiny wooden wardrobe and pulling it open.

Floral dresses and shirts decorated with cute animals filled the entire wooden space. The cute style suited her. But rummaging deeper inside her cupboard showed naughtier clothing like the one she wore last night for her tragic date.

I smirked as I picked the sluttiest outfit she owned. It was a black cocktail dress with a deep neckline and a high slit that would no doubt show off her amazing legs. The outfit was completely un-Ellie-like, but that was what made it filthy.

I tossed the dress on the bed, then rummaged through her panties drawer. Unfortunately, she only owned dull cotton panties. The sexiest bra she had was a normal sports bra.

Boring.

Then an idea hit me.

I nodded to my sister as she opened her eyes and sat up, her shoulder brown hair still a wild mess around her. "Wear that dress."

Her hazel eyes widened. "For classes, Master?"

"Do you have a problem with that?"

She shook her head so fast, it was a blur. "No, Master. No."

If only women were this easy. Whatever I say, however ridiculous my request was, I was met with obedience.

Ellie took her dress in hand before glancing around her bed like I knew she would.

“No underwear.” I grabbed the three stones where I left them and placed the glowing jades inside my bag. “You go to school bare.”

I could almost hear her gulp. She nodded demurely, and a whisper rolled out from pink, kissable lips.

“Yes, Master.”

Holding hands with a girl, especially one as pretty and adorable as Ellie, was an experience.

People gave us looks, double glances, and some even halted in their tracks, gawping at the totally inappropriate dress she was wearing, probably wondering what a scrawny nerd was doing with a woman like her.

Ellie wasn't popular in school, but I would be delusional to think that she was in my league.

My pet was nervous at all the attention we were receiving, clutching my hand tighter and leaning into me.

“Master,” she whispered. “Everyone's staring at us.”

“I know, pet,” I said, letting go of her hand and sliding my palm across her ass.

Ellie didn't have the ass someone like Aiya possessed—all fit and juicy—but I was completely addicted to it. Maybe even preferred her dainty, feminine cheeks better.

She gasped when I squeezed her ass. It was basically my way of telling the onlookers that she was my bitch.

Ellie was uncomfortable with how crude my action was, but she could do nothing but put her head down and accept me abusing all her delicious assets under all the prying, hungry gazes, like a good slave girl I molded her into.

We walked into the campus' main hall. Ellie was a bright student, studying biochemistry, but she wouldn't be attending her usual classes. I want her close throughout the day.

I needed entertainment from the mundane lectures.

Before we could enter the lecture hall, a voice piped up from the side.

"Ellie?"

Of course. Just what I needed in my day. A jealous, possessive ex-boyfriend.

Didn't he get the hint after the phone call last night?

We turned towards Adrian. He had a dark mane on top of his head and was skinny, although not as scrawny as I was.

If the jerk didn't get the hint using words, I would show him. After all, actions spoke louder than words.

"Ellie?" He started for her with an outstretched hand, but my girl took a step backwards, stopping him in his tracks.

I hid my smile. Good girl.

"What happened, baby?" Adrian said, switching his gaze between us, and then flickering down at my hand fondling her ass. "What's going on here?"

I spoke up. "I think it's obvious, Adrian."

Anger flashed in his eyes, and I saw his fists clenched. He switched gaze to Ellie. "Did he pay you? I know you're desperate for cash, so is this whole thing some kind of sick arrangement? Is this why you're dressed like a whore?"

Ellie stayed silent, looking away, shoulders low, clearly wanting the earth to swallow her up.

"I didn't pay her," I told him. Drawing my hand to her front, I trailed my fingers down her thighs before dipping past the high slit of her tight dress.

Locking eyes with Adrian, I made it abundantly clear what I was doing to his ex-girlfriend. If my wrist movements weren't enough, Ellie's low moans, trembling lips, and closed eyes made it clear what was happening in front of his very eyes.

"Ellie." Adrian was pissed. His fists were practically shaking. "This is not you. Whatever he offered you, whatever it is, snap out of it. You know this is wrong."

My pet said nothing but her head dropped and she sniffed a sob even as I stroked her drenched, sensitive clit.

"I hope the message is clear, Adrian," I said. "Ellie doesn't want to talk to you. Stay away from us."

I withdrew my wet fingers and clutched Ellie's trembling hand. Not breaking gazes, I led Ellie past him, bumping shoulders, and stepped into the lecture theater. I guided my pet towards the back seat of the hall and placed my bag on the seat next to us, to deter anyone from sitting in our row.

"Good pet," I whispered inside her ear, leaning in close and inhaling her sweet scent. "You did well. I'm going to reward you."

She perked up. "Reward me?"

"Mmm hmm." I leaned back and waited for more students to file in before continuing. "Get down on your knees in front of me."

"What?"

I frowned. This was the first time Ellie talked back after I enslaved her.

She saw my displeasure and immediately dropped her gaze. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Please don't punish me."

"Like I said, my pet, I'm going to reward you. So get on your knees. Now."

Ellie tucked locks of her dark hair behind an ear and sneaked a peek around us. People had already settled in their seats and no one was sitting in our row. The theater was dark and her black dress blended in perfectly with the dimness of the room.

No one would spot her.

“Go on,” I urged my little pet as she slowly slid from her seat, chewing her bottom lips nervously, unknowingly making me go wild inside. My cock was hard, but now it was throbbing excitedly, pre-cum soaking my briefs.

Ellie lowered herself to position, settling on her knees, her nipples visibly peaking through her tight dress. Thank god I made her wear no underwear. Having easy access to my fuck toy was crucial when my hormones were in overdrive.

I didn’t even need to tell her what to do. The universal sign of getting on your knees in front of a man only meant one thing.

Ellie’s breaths grew heavier and deeper as she reached for my zipper, pulling it down and snapping my button open.

“I have never done this before,” she whispered.

“It’s okay,” I reassured my nervous slave. “As long as I have my cock rammed down your throat, I can’t imagine the experience to be anything less than amazing.”

“My... throat?” She looked up at me, the anxiety on her adorable face morphing into fear, mirroring her frightened expression last night when I told her I was going to fuck her anal hole.

“Mhm hmm.” I tugged my briefs down as she hesitantly pulled my pants down to my knees. My cock sprung out, my tip leaking thick pre-cum down my length.

“Would it be...” My cute pet absentmindedly rubbed a thumb against my knee. She trailed off, sneaking another glance around her. The lecturer had already started the lesson, his monotone voice a drone as I focused on the young beauty between my thighs.

“Painful?” I completed the sentence for her.

She nodded.

I shrugged. “I don’t know. I never had a cock down my throat. Tell me how it feels after, though.”

“Please, Master. May I have a different reward?”

“Open your mouth, Ellie.”

She gulped, bundled her dark brown hair back, then did what she told, parting her pink lips.

“Wider. My cock isn’t that small.”

A whimper rolled out from those pretty lips as she stretched them wide.

“Don’t make a sound, pet. We don’t want anyone hearing us. Do you understand?”

She nodded.

“You can finger yourself while you blow me.”

She blew a shaky exhale, her breeze tickling the tip of my cock, making me jerk up.
“Thank you, Master.”

One of the few additional changes I made to my little pet. I made her orgasm easily and had her constantly turned on and desperate for release.

I thought, why not? It would be fun to have a sex doll that was constantly aroused and frantic to have my cock inside her.

So far, that hasn’t been the case. When I dragged Ellie into the bathroom for some morning shower sex, all she could do was complain about how sore she was. Maybe she was just inexperienced.

Oh well. She would get used to it.

“Start slow, Ellie. I only received one blow job in my life and that was two nights ago.”

“Yes, Master.”

Her obedience was expected, but the words stirred a primal surge in me. I moved a hand to the back of her head, threading my fingers through her soft dark hair before gripping them and pushing her closer and closer towards my swollen, wet head.

I saw her lips close for a quick gulp before she opened them back up, a second before her lips made contact with my cock.

“Fuck,” I choked the curse out in a straggled breath. Ellie was clearly lacking all the skills, confidence, and technique that Aiya had... so why? Why was everything she did so much better than the French Goddess?

Her lips felt softer, silkier, and when I pushed past her mouth, she offered an awkward swipe to my cock. I grunted, squeezed my eyes shut, and pulled her hair to avoid pre-ejaculation.

“Mhm!” She stopped licking, and I eased the pressure off her.

Did I pull too hard? Oops.

My pet resumed licking.

“Suck,” I demanded, and immediately, delicious suction began.

Fucking hell. No matter how much of a novice Ellie was, she could do anything, and it would feel otherworldly.

Her lips were angelic. Divine. I let out a groan that might have been a bit too loud and shoved her deeper down my cock, her saliva coating my sensitive skin.

Halfway in, she sputtered, but I couldn't care less.

Spikes of ecstasy rippled through my body, all thoughts of her well-being lost in raw rapture. I think she was pleading with me to go slower, but I pushed her down even harder. Her lips froze and my beauty gagged and instinctively tried to pull away.

I didn't let her.

“Shit!” I must already be inside her throat. It was so warm, but the temperature dipped down even lower as I forced my way deeper inside.

I hit a hard spot inside her, and that was it. Ellie pulled away from me with so much force, I almost tore a chunk of her hair out.

I was mad at her for denying me more seconds down her throat until I saw the erotic sight. Ellie was on all fours, sputtering out coughs, saliva and drool dripping down her chin.

I looked around us. No one seemed to have noticed. Good.

I allowed my beauty to hack out remaining coughs and wheezes. It took a while, but after a couple of minutes, my pet was back on her knees in between my legs, her voice unusually deep as she apologized to me. I forgave her, and she parted her lips once again, eager to finish her job.

I could tell Ellie was going to be a top-tier slave. But maybe it wasn't her underlying submissive personality that she kept hidden. Maybe it was all the jade's work. After all, I made her believe her entire existence in life was to serve me.

She was still the same, adorable Ellie. The cute girl next door. I just... refocused her perspective on life.

I was back inside Ellie's warm mouth, and then a second later, down her throat. She was handling me better the second time, fingering herself enthusiastically, sputtering out choking noises every few seconds.

But her beautiful hazel eyes were determined. I gripped the back of her head and began thrusting in and out of her throat, groaning at how heavenly it felt, how fucking soft her lips were as my length slid past silky lips.

She came first, her low moans muffled by my cock. I had been trying my absolute hardest not to cum, to enjoy every excruciating pleasure filled second, but hearing those raw mewls coming out from someone as innocent as Ellie... I couldn't bear down all the overwhelming stimulation for a millisecond longer.

I bit down on my lower lip to keep myself from roaring out with my denoting cock.

My entire load exploded from my tip, rushing down her throat. Ellie's moans turned to gags, but her fingers were still buried deep within her sensitive folds, rubbing furiously while she swallowed the rush of thick, white liquid barrelling down her throat until she couldn't anymore, loud hacks and wheezes accompanying her sudden withdrawal.

She caught a few students' attention. They turned around, wondering what the commotion was. But Ellie was bent over on the ground, her sputtering frame hidden underneath the long desk.

I patted her back, ushering out more coughs until my beauty was whole again. She glanced up and smiled at me with teary-eyes and my cum leaking down my lips, but at that moment, she looked even sexier than Aiya and Hailey—combined.

Fuck yeah, I hit the jackpot.

“Did...” she wheezed, her voice scratchy, but still somehow sounding adorable. “Did I please you, my Master?”

“Yes, you did.” I stroked her dark brown hair and felt her shiver. “Now, for your real reward.”

She raised an eyebrow and wiped the mix of drool and cum from her chin.

“My real reward?” she echoed my words, hope in her tone.

“Yes. Stand up.” I grabbed my bag and handed her her purse. “Let’s sneak out.”

“Yes, Master.” She sank her teeth into her bottom lip. Ellie was a straight A student. Escaping classes was a foreign concept to her.

We stepped out of the dim lecture hall. I led her through relatively empty hallways, peeking through the classroom windows until I found one with no one inside.

“How sore are you?” I asked my pet as I closed the door behind us and shut the window shutters.

Before she could reply, I tested it out myself. I drew my hand back into her high slit and swiped my index finger in between her thighs, drawing a sharp yelp from my sister.

“Very sore then,” I chuckled as she jerked away from me, knocking into one of the desks.

“Ow!” she whined, rubbing her elbow.

“Come here.” I tossed my bag away and grabbed her arm, leading her to the teacher’s desk, puppeteering her as if she was a living, breathing sex doll for me to fuck.

Which she was.

Ellie gripped the edges of the desk without a complaint or whimper, fully accepting her new life of sex and servitude.

I couldn’t help but grin with anticipation as I rolled the hem of her dress up until I exposed her bare pussy, looking especially pink, her clit throbbing as excitedly as my cock was.

“I want to hear you beg, slut.” I drew my tip against her pussy folds, groaning loudly as I rubbed against her entrance, but forcing myself to be patient. I couldn’t succumb to my caveman instinct and fuck her raw. At least not until my sex toy was in tears of desperation. “Beg me. How much do you want this cock inside you?”

“Very much.”

My smile dipped. “Not good enough, Ellie.”

“Please, Master. Pleaseeeeeeee.”

I sighed, withdrawing reluctantly. Her delicious heat emitting from her swollen sex waffled away, leaving me numb and cold.

Time for some needed adjustments.

I reached for my bag and ruffled inside, feeling for the smallest stone with the bull horn shape.

“Ellie,” I said when I found it, taking the stone in between two fingers. The jade was burning hot, and I bit the insides of my cheeks to compose myself. “Turn around.”

She patted her dress down before obeying her orders. Her hazel eyes touched the jade and her expression went blank.

My cock stirred under my pants at the robotic sight in front of me. I could fuck her like that, wake her up, then fuck her again. Would she remember what happened to her while she was under the spell of the jade?

I had to be quick. I was on the precipice of another huge orgasm, and I didn't want to waste any more time.

"Ellie," I began. "As my slave, you're utterly and completely in love with me. Nothing I do or say is wrong in your eyes. You love me so much, Ellie. You want to please me in every way possible. You don't care about how sore you are or the pain you are in. My pleasure matters the most. Do you understand, my slave?"

The monotone voice was back.

"Yes."

"Good." I dropped the jade back with its sibling and turned back to Ellie, who was massaging her temples and shaking the dizziness away.

"Hello, Ellie," I welcomed her back.

"Master." She glanced at me with those hazel eyes for a second before falling to her knees. "How may I serve you?"

"I'm here to give you your reward, pet." Using a finger, I gestured her to her feet, and she stood up. "So turn around, put your hands on the desk and beg for your reward."

She giggled, a sound so feminine and sweet. "Yes, Master!"

Just a few words of perspective change and her entire attitude towards me had done a one-eighty.

My slave was back in position, and she even rolled her dress up for me, giving me the ultimate view of sin. She wiggled her ass, her cheeks jiggling.

"Please, Master," she breathed out, her tone dipping down to stark desperation. "Please, please, may I have your magnificent cock inside this sore pussy?"

Magnificent cock? I almost laughed.

“Please. Please. *Please*, Master.”

Her begging needs some work, but I wasn't looking for word play. I wanted to hear genuine distress in her tone when I wasn't fucking her, and thanks to the jade, I was hearing that now.

I pressed my cock back against her pussy entrance, grinding my hips against her ass. She inhaled sharply when I made contact with her soaked folds, but when she realized I had no plans of penetrating yet, she turned her head, her hazel eyes filled with anguish.

“Please, Master,” she whispered the words in a rush, moaning when I gave her pussy another good, hard grind. “Please fuck your pet. I need it, Master. I need *you*.”

Hmm. Not bad.

I wanted to hear her beg more, maybe reduce her to tears, but with my cock prodding at her entrance and with the way her pussy was flexing around my tip, practically pleading for me to enter, I couldn't hold out for longer.

My balls were heavy with the staggering amount of cum primed and ready to release into my pet. With a grunt, I pushed in and her greedy, sore pussy swallowed me up.

Ellie wasn't as tight as she was last night, which was no surprise with the abuse her pussy had taken over the last twelve hours, but I still had to grit my teeth and force my way in, her inner walls clamping down and flexing around my length, her strangled breaths turning to shrill moans as I stretched her wide.

“MASTER!”

“Ellie,” I gasped, heaving against the exquisite cocktail of pleasure and pain swelling inside me. Pleasure from how fucking amazing it was to fuck a recently lost virgin, and the pain from how agonizing it was to hold back the pent up pressure rapidly building inside of me.

My cock was already spasming inside her, but I was still holding cum back. I wanted to last a few more minutes... just a few more—

“MASTER!” Ellie was getting better at being fucked. Her hips drove back against me, timing perfectly with my brutal thrusts. I slammed forward, and she met me midway, splitting me apart with the force. “OH MY GOD!”

Ellie must have been so into the moment because she didn’t ask for permission before shattering apart. If I thought she was squeezing me tight, her pussy walls flexed around me even harder, suffocating my cock and dragging me towards no-man’s-land.

“FUCK!” The barrage of cum came spilling out of me. I couldn’t pull out with how tight she was gripping me, her pussy flexing in a way that felt so fucking good. Tight—*very tight*—and ungodly warm.

I was spitting out curses and words I couldn’t remember, both of us prisoners to the pleasure, racked by waves of shattering ecstasy. I blew my load over and over, and by the time I was done, I was dripping sweat and heaving heavy breaths.

Ellie was still going, her orgasm renewing. I bent over and snaked my hands to her front, squeezing her breasts that fit so perfectly in my palm while she rode out the remains of her release.

“Master,” she croaked out, slumping down on my hands while I massaged her tits.

“Yes, my pet?”

“I love you.”

I grinned. “Of course you do.”

“No, really.” She turned to me on an exhale, staring at me with those beautiful hazels. Ones that were filled with love. “I really love you, Master. I love you so much.”

“I know, baby.” I released her amazing tits and leaned over to kiss her. She eagerly accepted my lips, her tongue coming out to push past my lips and greet mine. “I know.”

I was going to fuck her again, probably bury inside her sensitive, sore depths for the rest of the school day when the classroom door burst open.

“What—” I pulled away from Ellie and tugged my pants up, but it was too late.

I was staring into the blue eyes of none other than Hailey.

“What do we have here?” A smirk accompanied her words. “You two losers are together? Of course.”

She laughed as we tried to hide our dignity. Ellie turned away and smoothed her crumbled dress down while I hurried to button my jeans.

“And here I thought you two were loser virgins, but I guess now you two are just losers.” I didn’t realize she was holding her phone until I heard an audible click. “Oh, just wait until everyone sees this.”

“Master.” Ellie turned to me and I saw tears welling up. “Please. Don’t let her.”

But what could I do? There was nothing I could—

Wait.

The third jade. Of course. How could I have forgotten I had one more magic stone that coincidentally came to my doorstep last night after I had passed out with my cock buried inside Ellie’s whimpering body?

And after all, wasn’t my plan to have the sexiest girl in school be part of my harem?

This was perfect