

ALICE LOCKE

PART ONE

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**ALPHA
AUGMENT
COLLECTION**

Before We Begin

This story will be told in a serialized fashion, but every chapter can be enjoyed individually.

You can find all of them in my [Author Central profile page](#).

In this bundle, you'll find books One to Five.

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Part One

Cyril had always been a **nerd**, and **life hadn't been kind to him**. On his **deathbed**, at **only 30** years of age, two **mysterious men** give him **something** that **cures him of his illness**. Feeling **renewed** he decides to stop wasting time and finally truly **live his life**. He gets back home and decides to go out to get some fresh air. Cyril spots his old classmate **Tiffany**, a **former popular girl that everyone lusted after**. **She never even knew Cyril existed**, but when he goes to say hi **she gets overwhelmed by the urge to obey to his every order**. Needless to say Cyril won't let a chance like that slip by, and **it's been a month** ever since he had any sort of **relief**. He needs her, he needs to **take her hard and deep and fill her up to the brim**.

Part Two

Cyril still **can't figure out** what happened with Tiffany. **She didn't even know he existed** back then, and now **she couldn't wait to be his bimbo**. He chalks it up as a random occurrence and after seeing her out, goes to get food from his **favorite** restaurant. **Annie** works there, a **young, gorgeous blonde** girl with a **backside to die for**. Cyril can't help but notice how **friendly** she is, even if **beforehand** she just **treated** him as a **normal customer**. Later that day, **someone knocks** on his door: **Annie**, **begging** him to **take her as hard and deep** as he can. Of course Cyril **can't back down** from such a request...

Part Three

After his encounter with the **hot waitress** from his favorite

restaurant, Cyril begins to **realize that something doesn't feel right**. Those **women** seemed to turn **into mindless bimbos for him** and only him, whereas **before none of them even cared** about him. Could it be because of what those two **men in black did to him**? Cyril **heads** to his **hospital** to find out, but **instead** of answers **finds Judy, a young blonde nurse** who can't wait to be **full of his alpha cream...**

Part Four

Cyril decides to **accept the gift** he has been given. He can **live a life most men could only dream of**, so why not have all the **fun** he'd always been denied? He experiments with his gift and finds **women** are quick to **obey his every order**. His dream is to build a **harem of willing bimbos**, and it's all a matter of time before he reaches it. The first lucky one is **Samantha, a gorgeous girl in her first year of college**. As soon as **she sees him**, she **turns into a mindless brat** for him - with a **great backside that just begs to be taken...**

Part Five

A new house, a new life. Ever since embracing the **gift**, Cyril doesn't have to worry about anything. **His girls** will take care of it, and **fulfill every single one of his needs**. The girls even occasionally **bring friends**, which **can't help but turn into mindless bimbos for him**. That's how he found Aubrey, a **young and gorgeous girl** with a **passion for bouncing** and a **love for cream...**

PART ONE

It crept up on me, that illness I couldn't seem to shake off. No matter what I tried, what medicines or new treatment my doctors gave me, it simply wouldn't relent. I was on the brink of death, laying in a hospital bed in complete solitude when they came to me. I can't say who they were because I genuinely have no idea even to this day, but something clearly changed that day. I began recovering, for one, which was already more than a miracle I was so far gone. In a week I was back on my feet, having fought off whatever mystery ailment that had taken over my body, and I simply had to thank couple of men wearing black suits. I can't remember their faces, all I know is that they gave me a pill and I took it without even questioning what it was. It could have been cyanide for all I knew, and I swallowed without second thoughts. I had made peace with death at that point, what did I even have to lose? Whatever it is they gave me turned out to be a miracle. The doctors wanted to keep me for observation but deep down I knew I was fine. I felt better than ever — full of energy, completely rejuvenated and ready to take on the world. At thirty years of age it wasn't that uncommon, but given the hell I had just been through...

I came back home, even though it barely felt like that, and decided to stop wasting time on senseless things. I had been given a second change, and I fully intended on making the most out of it. I took some time to get reacquainted with my house as I cleaned the whole place out, and found solace in how calming it was. Still, calmness can only get so far. I decided that going out more would be the first order of business, so that very same night I set out to explore the city after taking a long shower. The world was in my hand and I felt powerful enough to crush it, finally feeling alive rather than worrying about how each breath could be my last.

Women seemed to pay more attention to me, which I found was quite an interesting phenomenon. Up to that point I had been almost invisible to the opposing sex, it seemed. Everything changed drastically that night.

The more I walked around and explored the city, the more attention I drew. Granted, Brightwater was hardly a city anyway, more like a college town at best, and still it felt so alien.

It had been around two hours ever since I left home, and the stars had come out to play. I found myself near the park and decided to take a stroll through it, using it as a shortcut to start heading back home. And there she was.

Tiffany, my old classmate from college. She used to be one of the popular girls, and with good reason. The years had been kind to her, preserving and enhancing her beauty. Her bronze skin glistened under the lights that illuminated the sidewalk, and her curly black hair swayed gently, moved by the wind. Even at a distance I could tell her figure hadn't changed one bit - sculpted by volleyball way back then and keeping herself in shape by doing God knows what else.

Something pushed me to approach her.

I ran up to her, wondering if she would even remember me. Much to my surprise, she did.

"Matt! Oh my god I haven't seen you in years!" She squealed, lunging at me for a hug. I held her in my arms and smelled her perfume, its intoxicating scent filling up my nostrils with a mixture of delightful chemicals.

"Hey, Tiff! Didn't know you were back in town!" I replied, breaking the hug. She surely seemed way more friendly than she had ever been, at least towards me — almost too friendly, even.

"Want to catch up?" She asked, grabbing me by the arm.

"Sure, why not."

We sat down at a nearby pub and ordered a couple beers. The whole situation was weird to say the least, Tiffany had never cared about me. Yet the longer we talked, the stranger her behavior got.

At first it was small stuff like caressing my arm, complimenting me, but by the end of the night she had her hand rising up my inner thigh to reach my crotch. The look in her amber eyes said nothing but lust,

and I figured I couldn't pass up the — most likely — only chance I would ever get to fuck her.

We rushed to my apartment and she could barely keep her hands off of me. Some passersby threw weird glances towards us but I couldn't have cared less.

I closed the door behind us and Tiffany pushed me against it, her tongue finding its way into my mouth. Hers entwined with mine and they danced together as my hands explored her supple body, wanting to get rid of her clothes to finally see what she had been hiding all those years.

Alas, she had other plans.

Tiffany slid downward and got on her knees, her face standing just inches away from my rapidly hardening cock. Her hands crept up my knees and thighs to reach my belt and quickly took care of it, making my pants fall to the floor. The outline of my cock was visible through the thin fabric of my boxers and she wasted no time, pulling them down just enough to see the flesh of my shaft.

Her nimble fingers wrapped around my cock and pulled it out, hard as rock. A bead of precum leaked from its tip — it had been a long, long while since the last time, especially with someone else.

Tiffany stifled a moan and parted her plump lips, directing my cock into her mouth. Her warm wetness engulfed me and sent shivers of pure bliss up my spine, followed by a trail of goosebumps in their wake. Her other hand slid up to cup my full ballsack and began massaging it with the utmost love and care, almost worshiping me. I groaned as the pleasure waves began crashing through me, and that seemed to push Tiffany into doing more.

Her movements were brief and tentative at first, but she soon found the confidence to bob her head on my cock. Slowly, deliberately, making sure her saliva would coat all of my before using her other hand to jerk me off. The full package, delivered by a whore I dreamed of fucking for years.

I could barely believe it was actually happening, but my eyes weren't lying and neither was my cock. The gagging noises she made sounded so delightful, and looking down at her, Tiffany seemed to be having the time of her life.

Taking my white, hard cock like it would be the last thing she ever had. Still, her tongue circling around the engorged head of my rod felt nothing short of heavenly. I wanted to fuck her, to just bend her over my table and ram her holes until she screamed my name. It took all of the restraint I had not to blast her throat and face with what must have been a month of pent up cum, but I somehow managed. I wanted to shoot it deep within her drenched cunt, and something told me she would be more than willing to take my cock as deep as it would go. I pushed Tiffany away from me even if I never wanted her to stop. Her lips were made to be on my cock, but I craved her pussy. I kicked my pants and shoes aside and grabbed her by the chin, walking slowly towards my bedroom as she followed me like an obedient doll: on her knees, mouth hanging open and tongue sticking out in case I allowed her to suck me off some more.

I could see down her tight tank top, and her large tits reminded me once more why I fantasized about her during our college days. She would always wear revealing clothes, which attracted enough attention as it was - but the kicker was she was also fairly uptight. Look, but no touch, that was her motto. Too bad I could now do both. I stood her up and almost tore her tank top away from her body to expose the flimsy bra she was wearing. I made short work of that and freed her breasts, as firm and round as I remembered. I couldn't resist touching her and I grabbed them, squeezing and pawing away at her flesh as she moaned in my ear. Her voice dripped lust just like I was sure her pussy was dripping her sweet nectar. Grabbing her by the shoulders I tossed her onto the bed. She hit the soft mattress rather unceremoniously but quickly recovered, getting on all fours and presenting her plump, luscious ass to me. The only problem was Tiffany was still wearing her jeans, but that wouldn't be an issue for long. I grabbed them by the waistband and yanked them down, exposing her flesh to my gaze. The panties she wore didn't match her bra, but at that point I couldn't have cared less. The fabric beneath her hole was damp to the touch, and even grazing it caused her to moan. I grinned and peeled her soaked panties away from her flesh, feasting my eyes on her perfectly shaved pussy.

Tiffany thrust her hips backwards, pushing her cunt towards me.

The heat radiating from her felt great, but naturally I could barely contain the urge to slam my cock deep within her tight walls. The pink flesh of her pussy was in clear contrast against her bronze skin, which only drove me wilder.

For years I had dreamed and pleased myself thinking about that very same scenario, and for some unknown reason it became a reality. I chose not to question and grabbed my cock, pushing it against her cunt and feeling her nectar wet the underside of my rip.

Tiffany yelped as I pushed in, my cock stretching her tight pussy wide to take all of me. Inch by inch, that little whore was insatiable. I sunk into her like a hot knife through butter and captured by lust I pulled back, only to forcefully slam myself back inside of her again.

She cried out and I watched her desperately grasp the white sheets of my bed, hanging on for dear life as she understood just how much I wanted her. Years of repressed fantasies, and a month of sexual urges that went sadly ignored for health reason.

I was primed, ready and about to burst, but I wanted to make her scream. I wanted Tiffany to regret not giving me a chance way back then, to make her finally feel full and satisfied by a real man.

The pace I set was steady, slow but forceful. Every thrust shook the bed and cause the bedpost to slam against the wall. I would deal with my neighbors the following day, if ever. Tiffany grabbed a nearby pillow and bit into it to muffle her cries, but I could still hear her loud and clear. The perfect soundtrack to that evening, getting louder and harsher as I pounded her tight hole with increasing strength.

I hadn't even realized I picked up the pace until my breaths got heavier and raspier. I wasn't athletic by any means, but I chalked it up to the primal instincts taking a firm hold of my mind and body. I simply kept going, feeling the pressure rise from the depths.

Tiffany began thrashing around as she let out one last scream. Her body quaking, the endless waves of pleasure that crashed on and into her brought her to an explosive orgasm that almost caused her to collapse - but I still needed her.

I needed her hole, her tightness and her sweet sweet nectar that already formed a miniature lake beneath us. I simply kept on fucking her until the very last second. I let out a guttural grunt as a mind

shattering orgasm tore my mind and pleasure spread through me starting from my cock, wedged deep within Tiffany's cunt as it filled her up to the brim.

I hadn't cum in a long while, and her pussy was the perfect spot to dump all of it. Spurt after spurt it coated her insides and even sprayed out, despite my girth plugging her almost perfectly. It just kept coming as my cock twitched and throbbed, jolts of pure heavenly bliss crawling up my spine and spreading to the rest of my body.

I collapsed onto her, my cock still hard and pulsating within her cunt. I had no idea what had happened back then, given how Tiffany went from barely knowing who I was to essentially begging me to fill her pussy up with my cum.

I didn't understand it, but I sure as hell loved it and hardly even made an effort to question it. If she really wanted it, who was I to deny her that sublime pleasure?

PART TWO

After that wild and unplanned encounter with Tiffany I sat in my apartment trying to piece together what truly happened.

I knew a girl like her wouldn't normally behave like that around me, and yet that morning she left my house with a fresh load of cum still dripping out of her.

After taking a shower I kept on trying to make sense of it all but coming up empty handed. Perhaps my new outlook on life exuded so much confidence it overwhelmed her, or perhaps I just didn't give myself enough credit.

Shrugging, I headed out to grab something to eat. There was no point in wasting energy by questioning something inherently good, so why bother? I got out of that hospital intending to live my life to the fullest, and that was exactly what I wanted to do.

The small streets of Brightwater were unusually full of life. It was a college town in the sun kissed part of the country, the target of many young men and women looking to start their academic career in on faculty or the other.

That's how I arrived there, at least, and ended up staying even though I didn't think I would. Something about that place was strangely attractive, be it the people or the way they behave — aside from Tiffany, that is.

There was a restaurant I used to visit all the time before getting sick. Finding my way there felt like second nature, and before I knew it I found myself standing in front of its entrance. I could see they had a few patrons through the stained glass doors and walked in, a smile on my face as I recognized one of the waitresses walking around the floor. The door chimes alerted the staff of my presence, and a few seconds later the same waitress I spotted approached me. Annie, or Hannah, I think. She bore the usual fake smile they serve to customers, but I could swear her face lit up when she recognized me.

"Cyril! I haven't seen you in forever!" She chirped, lunging towards me with her arms outstretched, looking for a hug.

“Yeah,” I replied, holding her. “A few things happened...”

I didn’t want to dump my life story on her, and besides, it’s not like it was lightweight stuff. Almost dying, coming back from the brink of the abyss... I just left it at that.

We chatter for a while, and as we did I began noticing Annie was acting strangely similar to Tiffany. We weren’t close, at all, and yet she treated me like a friend — or perhaps more. The little giggles, the way her eyes widened when she looked at me, it all highlighted the fact that something was happening.

I couldn’t see it quite yet, but in hindsight it was quite obvious.

I got my food and came back home, even more confused than when I left. Much like Tiffany, Annie was a gorgeous girl — she would have no business with me, save for actual work related business.

Slender and curvy, her best feature was no doubt her plump ass. I found myself staring at it in quite a few occasions, and I can’t say it wasn’t one of the reasons that restaurant was my favorite. Her blond wavy locks extended past her shoulders but framed a face bearing gentle features, attractive yet also adorable. Annie was simply gorgeous, and perhaps I had been misreading her signals.

I shrugged it off and kept myself busy until the late afternoon. My doorbell rang, which was weird considering I wasn’t expecting any visit. Through the peep hole, I saw her — somehow Annie had tracked me down.

The first thing she was was apologizing profusely for being so forward, which I could understand. Normally the old me wouldn’t have known how to react to a situation like that, but I let her in.

Annie seemed delighted, and in truth I was quite happy too. Having some company never hurt, plus I was curious to see what she wanted. It was clear she got my address through the numerous delivery orders I made, so I couldn’t even blame her for stalking me.

We sat on my couch, barely large enough to fit two people.

“So, what brings you by?” I asked, cocking my head to the side.

“I just want you, Cyril,” She confessed. “Ever since you came to the restaurant today, I... I don’t know, I want you to fuck me. Please.” She begged.

“Oh really?” I was right, something weird was definitely happening.

“Think I didn’t see you staring at my ass every time you’re at the restaurant? Nuh-uh.” Her sing song voice took on a sultry note at the end, and I couldn’t help but grin.

“It’s not funny!” She laughed, though her expression got serious right after.

“Look how wet I am,” She whispered, grabbing my hand.

Annie dragged it under the thin sweatpants she decided to wear, spreading her legs to grant me access. My fingers found the damp fabric of her panties and she sighed once I grazed her mound, even through the fabric.

“It’s been like this ever since you left,” She admitted. I took my chance and began rubbing her pussy over her panties, slowly and deliberately, messing with her as she tried to speak.

“Cyril, please... Just fuck me!”

I stood up and quickly kneeled between her legs. My hands caressed her toned thighs as she adjusted her position on my couch, offering everything she had to me. All I had to do was take what was mine, and I did.

The sweatpants Annie wore ended up on the ground after I grabbed them and peeled them off of her gorgeous body. I wasn’t even done with that and the little slut was already spreading her legs, inviting me in as she bit her lower lip.

Her blue cotton panties had a sizable wet spot on them, right beneath her dripping hole. It didn’t feel that big when I was playing with her just a few minutes before, but I can’t say I didn’t like it.

In fact I loved seeing how wet she was, all for me. Annie was a young girl, perhaps fresh out of high school and just about ready to start college. It wasn’t uncommon for them to find small jobs around the city, and thankfully she ended up in that restaurant.

Plenty of times I found myself thinking about her as I watched her glide from table to table, wondering how her moans would sound as she took my cock over and over again. Soon enough I would have to wonder no more.

I yanked her panties off and she gave me another nervous giggle, though I barely paid attention to it. My attention was focused entirely on her pussy.

Puffy and perfectly smooth, her pink flesh was slick with her nectar. Her intoxicating scent wafted up to me and I couldn't resist her. I dove on it, keeping her legs spread wide open with my hands as I explored her fold with my tongue.

She tasted sweet, and addicting. Annie soft moans began filling the room in a heartbeat.

The tip of my tongue slid between her lips, starting at the bottom, near her drenched opening, and rising up to meet her swollen clit. I flicked my tongue as I reached it, sending jolts of pleasure through her spine. Her body trembled, but I carelessly kept on teasing her.

I very much enjoyed hearing her whimpers as the pleasure slowly took over her mind, yet I wanted to make Annie scream for me. Instead of the tip I began licking her sweet cunt with the broader side of my tongue, lapping away at her flesh like a rabid dog. Her soft moans turned to full blown cries right away, but nothing compared to the noises she made once I began torturing her aching nub.

I took her clit between my lips and sucked on it, gently not to hurt her but still hard enough to send her straight to cloud nine. I grinned and raised my eyes to look at her. Annie's face contorted in a mast of pleasure and agony, red as a tomato as she endured my relentless assault. She had offered her hole to me, I was simply taking what I wanted, after all.

I couldn't seem to get enough of her sweet nectar, even as it dripped down on my chin. Even then, my aching cock begged to be freed. It pulsed and strained against the fabric of my boxers, and the jeans I wore make it even harder to bear.

As a finishing act I started rapidly flicking my tongue over the clit and held her steady as she went haywire. Perhaps it was too much for her to bear, but her squeals only made me want to go harder. Deeper. To own her body in every conceivable way.

I pulled away and gave her some time to breathe as I took off my pants and boxers. Annie's eyes darted on the bulge of my cock and then back up at my face. Winking, she turned around and got on her hands and knees.

Her ass looked fantastic while covered, but seeing it bare was completely different. Her cheeks jiggled with each movement she

made, no matter how tiny. I couldn't help myself and slapped her luscious ass, hard enough to leave a red hand print on it.

Annie yelped in pain, and continued to do so as she endured all the other slaps I had in store for her. Her cheeks were red and sore, yet that little slut kept begging me for more. Her cunt couldn't stop dripping her sweet nectar, and despite wanting to keep the game going I knew I couldn't resist anymore.

I grabbed my cock and pushed it against her slit. My head slid in without effort and so did the rest of me, plunging deep into her sweltering hot hole. Annie groaned and froze as she felt me storm her depths, never stopping until our bodies touched.

"Give it to me, please..." She cooed, and how could I deny such a request?

I pulled back and grabbed onto her sore cheeks for support, spreading them just so I could see my cock disappear into her soaked hole.

Annie's walls stretched to take on the full brunt of my merciless thrusts, and with each one she let out a louder moan.

Not before long her noises turned into a sequence of whimpers and cries, mixing in with the squelching coming from her dripping hole and the loud, wet slapping noise our bodies rhythmically made.

My ballsack kept hitting her swollen clit after each thrust, adding to the immense levels of pleasure coursing through her veins. I could bet Annie had never felt anything like that given her age.

Nineteen at most, and she would be forever ruined.

I picked up the tempo and started fucking her harder and harder still, her nectar dripping down her cunt in clear strings that attached to both her thighs and mine. My crotch was soaked in her juices but I didn't care, all I wanted was to feel her pussy grip my cock as I pounded her without mercy.

Annie's screams became progressively louder and more frequent, given how I gave her no quarter. I couldn't even seem to stop, as if some kind of beast had taken over me — her holes were mine to use and abuse.

"Cum inside of me! I need your cum, give it to me please!" She screamed, before suddenly letting out a prolonged groan that devolved into a string of incoherent noises. Annie's body trembled and

quivered, her pussy clenching on my cock like a vise while endless waves of blistering hot orgasmic bliss tore her entire being apart. I slapped her ass once more and dropped every semblance of restraint I had, pounding her pussy with every last ounce of strength in my body. Annie went somewhat silent, the only noises coming from her being throaty gasps and whimpers as she suffered the aftershocks of that explosive orgasm.

Her mind seemed to have gone blank due to it, she essentially was barely more than a doll at that point. A doll I couldn't stop pounding even if I wanted to.

Annie's pussy kept sucking me back in after each stroke, wanting more of me just as much as I wanted her. She would remember my cock for years to come, she would remember how good it felt to be stretched and most importantly, how good it feels to have a fresh load of hot cum dumped deep inside.

I let out a low grunt, which sounded almost like a growl as I felt the built up pressure vanish. A radiating heat expanded from my cock and covered all of me but just for a split second, leaving behind the shivers of pleasure I couldn't get enough of.

Thick ropes of cum shot out of the engorged head of my cock and coated Annie's walls as she writhed under me. Every small thrust I gave her sent blissful jolts crawling up my spine.

I emptied my balls deep within her, and didn't pull out until her battered hole had sucked out all of my cum, down to the last drop.

Collapsing next to her, Annie stood still for a minute before rolling over. A peaceful expression camped on her fresh face, and on mine too, despite the lingering confusion.

I still couldn't understand what brought both her and Tiffany to act like that, and while deep down I didn't want to question it, I also wanted to — just so I could expand on it.

Annie and Tiffany were just the beginning. I wanted more, and more I would get.

PART THREE

Rebuilding my life would be a slow and tedious process. One does not simply come back from the brink of death without a few issues to deal with. I was more than prepared to start the next chapter, to move forward and leave the old Cyril behind. Yet that proved to be quite a challenge.

All the memories I had, all the experience and the people that I knew - they couldn't just go away, they would forever be a part of me.

I chose to accept that and make a conscious effort to drag myself one step forward every day, hoping to be able to look back in the future and see all the distance I put between my older days and the current ones.

It would be a monumental effort, but one I was excited to make.

I let a couple days pass. My adventure with the waitress was still fresh in my mind — where it would stay for a long time — and somehow I found myself in need of more. I couldn't quite explain what happened, only that it never did before.

I felt confident to go up to random people I had never seen and talk to them, for once. Old Cyril would never do that. And the women I passed by seemed to be interested in me, if only for a fleeting moment. Those I talked to were surprisingly friendly, which again, never happened before.

I tried to pinpoint a reason for these occurrences but always came up empty handed. I could surely attribute it to my new outlook on life, but even that was starting to lose credibility in the face of the facts.

Racking my brain over and over, I couldn't seem to identify any event out of the ordinary, save for whatever happened at the hospital. Those two men gave me something that cured me of my illness, though that still wouldn't explain the strangeness of late.

Granted, a pill also couldn't simply get rid of every issue I had, yet those were the facts. I couldn't swipe that possibility away just due to logic, that already went out the window when I recovered.

The only way to get more information would require me to go back to the hospital. I dreaded that place, but there was no other option. I set out early in the morning, just after eight. There was no telling what I might stumble upon, and while I can't deny I was nervous I also wanted to get to the bottom of the entire situation.

Driving there brought back suppressed memories I would have gladly forgotten about. My hope was finding one of the doctors that took care of me, even if that would be next to impossible. The next best thing would be a nurse, or anyone else who was there during those awful times. I could barely remember their faces, there were so many people. I arrived there and entered the lobby. Crowded, just as I remember. All those people waiting for their turn, and I just wanted answers. I scanned everyone I saw wearing scrubs on the off chance that they could be related to my "case", but to no avail.

I stood there, looking around, when a tap to my shoulder made me turn around.

"Cyril? How are you?" A gentle voice, belonging to a nurse I remember seeing in my early days at the hospital. Judy, her name was. Fresh out of school, wearing her signature pink scrubs.

We found an empty bench outside and began talking. I explained her what happened, though I was sure she knew. Judy didn't seem to know anything about those men, however. It set me back, sure, but I didn't want to give up just yet.

As I stood up to thank her and head back inside, Judy stopped me. I turned around to face her, and looking down at her fresh face, I saw the same look Tiffany and Annie had. A devious smile, furrowed brown and mouth hanging slightly open.

I stopped, wanting to see where that could lead. Going by experience, I knew where that was going.

Without saying a word Judy dragged me back inside and down a set of stairs, into a supposedly empty section of the building. It was mostly used to store supplies, from what I could see.

"I need you, Cyril," She breathed, pushing open a door to a spare room.

"Right fucking here," She continued.

I closed the door behind me even as she kept dragging me by the arm,

wanting to feel my body on hers. Her wishes would soon be granted. Who was I to deny pleasure to a gorgeous young blonde that desperately wants my cock?

The room was surprisingly clean and well lit. I scanned it quickly and saw a bed covered by a transparent sheet, which when pulled away, revealed the pristine condition of the bed itself.

Grinning I pushed Judy towards it, but followed her instantly. The smell of her perfume invaded my nostrils as she pulled me in for a kiss, which I couldn't help but reciprocate. Her soft lips parted to give way to her tongue, soon to find mine as its assaulter. They intertwined instantly, dancing and battling as she moaned softly into my mouth. I kept on pushing her backwards, towards the bed where I would finally take her.

In those early hospital days I wasn't even thinking about sex, but now that I could see Judy for what she was I couldn't deny the fire behind her eyes — and in her loins, apparently. The same could be said for me, and I'm sure she could feel my erection pressing against her navel even through our clothes.

We reached the bed and I broke the kiss.

Judy gasped for breath, even if just for a split second. Her hands began roaming across my body as she got down on her knees, her head resting right in front of my crotch. She expertly took care of my belt and zipper, my cock was out in a flash.

It bounced, springing towards freedom, and almost hit her in the face. Judy let out another small moan as she grasped the veiny shaft of my cock, her small hands gliding up and down its length. I could feel her breath on my flesh, its warmth increasing suddenly as she finally parted her lips again to take me in.

Her tongue began swirling around the head of my cock, drawing out a guttural groan from my throat. I needed to empty my balls, and Judy was the prime candidate for that task.

Her free hand caressed my thighs, rising upwards to meet my ballsack. She was gentle and caring as one would expect from a nurse. Judy played with my balls as she jerked me off slowly but firmly, matching the pace of her hand with that of her tongue.

Judy's warm wetness engulfed the head of my cock at first but she

didn't stop there. After a minute of warm-up she began taking more of me, pushing my hard rod down her throat as she gagged on it. Judy didn't seem to mind that, her only focus was to pleasure me.

She soon began bobbing her head up and down my cock, and I watched her blonde hair sway with in perfect synchronization. Her gagging noises covered my continuous groans, though nobody would hear us down there.

After a while I decided to take matters into my own hands. Placing a hand on the crown of her head I held her still against the edge of the bed, and began moving. Slowly at first, but quickly building up and picking up the tempo.

Judy sat there and took it all like a good girl, mouth open wide and eyes looking up at me, hoping I would soon repay her in kind.

I would, naturally, but for the time being she had to endure my cock's assault on her throat. Wet and tight, the vibrations coming from her incessant yet muffled moaning felt amazing, albeit sort of ticklish.

I pulled my cock out. Strings of saliva connected it to her waiting mouth, still opened wide in case I wanted more. I did, but I also wanted a new hole.

Judy stood up and sat on the bed with her legs joined close together, after I ordered her to do so. She obeyed without questioning, which made the next part even easier than I thought. Her scrubs were large, baggy and possibly old, they didn't do justice to her legs.

I pulled them off of her with brutal strength, almost ripping the thin fabric apart. Her flesh now bared to me, I couldn't help but notice how toned her legs were. Being on her feet all day had its benefits, and in different clothes Judy could easily make heads turn without efforts. After throwing her pants to the side I reached for her black cotton panties, yanking those away and noticing they were drenched. The little whore wanted cock, it seemed, and just having one in her mouth was enough to make her leak.

My hand rose to grip her throat as the other one went to my cock, lining its head in front of Judy's clean shaven pussy. Her glistening, pink hole radiated a heat like no other.

I pushed in just as my grip on her throat tightened and snuffed a moan right as it came out. Her tightness enveloped me, waves of

pleasure shooting through my body as I sank my cock into her wet, hungry cunt.

Inch by inch she took all of me. I could tell she was feeling every bit of me as my cock stretched her wide, probing her deeper than anyone had ever been. Judy was young, but she would never forget what a real man can do.

Filling her to the brim was easy despite her tightness. Looking at her face, Judy was in a world of pure bliss: eyes rolled to the back of her head, mouth agape as a rivulet of saliva leaked from one of its corners, and hands gripping the sheets tight, holding on for dear life. Filled like never before.

I pulled back and slammed my hips onto hers again, my cock storming Judy's cunt as she cried out. Even if my hand on her throat mad it harder for her to make noise, she still found away to have her moans and cries echo throughout the empty space. I didn't care, all I wanted was to take what was mine.

I set the pace and Judy could simply sit there and take it, occasionally gyrating her hips on my crotch just so she could rub her swollen clit on me. My ballsack slammed against her supple body after each violent hit, adding to the filthy cacophony of sounds that pervaded that room. I loved every second of it - the way she looked at me with lust in her eyes, begging me for more as I pounded her drenched pussy, chasing an orgasm that would soon overpower me. I had no regards for her, all I wanted was to empty my balls.

I picked up the pace and let go of her throat to grab her hips. The hand print on her flesh would stay there for a while, just as a reminder of how good sex is supposed to feel. I knew Judy wouldn't forget it any time soon, and I decided to give her my all.

Pulling her closer to me, my fingers dug into the flesh of her hips as I began fucking her like a jackhammer. Her cries, no longer muffled, turned into screams of pure delight as her cunt endured my brutal assault, stretched wide by the largest cock she had ever had.

I watched her drag her hand above her clit and start rubbing it furiously, chasing away her own orgasm as I did the same with mine. It wasn't a race, but I didn't care. I pounded her like there would be no tomorrow, listening to the mixture of squelching noises and her cries

that somehow made me go even harder.

The pressure rose steadily, and before I knew it I found myself on the verge of an explosive orgasm. As much as I wanted to make Judy cum first, I knew I couldn't resist much longer. Her cunt pulled me back in after each thrust, begging my cock to never leave despite loving it when it did.

I let go of all restraint. Grunting I gave her the last violent pushes that sent waves of pleasure tearing through me. Cum erupted from the engorged head of my cock and shot out in thick spurts, coating Judy's insides just as she began thrashing around.

Our orgasm hit simultaneously, or nearly so. Her pussy clenching on me acted as a suction and made my pleasure even stronger, it felt as if she was truly sucking the cum out of me with her entire body. Rope after rope I sprayed her with no mercy, dumping every drop of seed I had into her waiting body.

Judy's body went limp right after she let out a loud, liberating cry. All the stress of her job suddenly vanished in a cloud of intoxicating pleasure, that covered her supple body like a warm blanket on a cold winter night.

That day I didn't find anything related to those two men. Alas, I felt as if the less I searched, the better it would be for me. Whatever it is they did to me was helping me get laid, there was no question about it. The women who approached me seemed far too friendly to be just due to my illness. That pill they gave me did something, and I would make sure to use my new "powers" as often as I could.

PART FOUR

Magic, or the wonders of technology.

That would be the only way to explain what was happening to me, or rather, the people around me. I even suspected it to be some kind of elaborate, intricate prank. That was most definitely not the case.

Men didn't seem affected in the slightest, but women... It started off slow at first, but as the days passed I could visibly tell they were checking me out. Before, that would have never happened.

There was obviously more to it than just a new outlook on life.

Something else was affecting these people and pushing them to be decidedly friendlier than what I had gotten used to throughout my life.

Whatever it was, it did wonders for my mood and confidence. Being the chased rather than the apathetic chaser was a new thrill for me, one I had apparently full control over: I could simply reach out and pick whoever I wanted.

Like clockwork they would obey whatever order I gave them. Testing it was fun, though I didn't dare push the boundaries too far — besides, I could hardly have all that fun from a jail.

I walked the streets like a king looking for his next concubine. Perhaps it was wrong, though technically I didn't do anything to them. They were the ones dying to please me, I simply went with the flow.

I was sure I could get an army of women to overthrow the government if I wanted to, but that wasn't my end goal. Rather, I wanted to build a harem with an ever changing flock of bimbos ready to obey my every order.

Just thinking about that and all the rest of the possibilities had me hard as diamond, though I knew I had to take things slow. Careful, methodical even. I couldn't risk my cover getting blown, despite not having one in the first place.

I was just a normal man, whom women seemed to adore more than anyone else. Couldn't blame me, really, and even if they did, what would they pick? Mind control? Please.

Part of me hoped I would meet those two men in black again, just so I could at least thank them. I had so many questions to ask, though they probably wouldn't answer any of them. The air of secrecy I remember from the hospital days made it clear those men worked for an acronym agency, possibly testing God knows what on civilians. I had just been lucky, and overly so. All that aside, I wouldn't have dreamed of complaining.

For all my life I fantasized about being able to snap my fingers and have a pack of willing women at my command. Some sort of nerd revenge if you will. I'm not too proud of it, but that's all in the past. My new reality was far better than all of the fantasies I used to have, and despite it seeming unbelievable, it was undeniably real.

I still didn't fully understand it, and I probably never will. All I did was test my luck and see where fate would get me.

Some of the tests didn't work all too well, but I clearly remember one that did. I found myself walking near the college campus, not looking for anyone, for once.

Alas, my plans quickly changed when I saw her. This girl was drop dead gorgeous, even from a distance. She sat alone on a bench, eyes locked onto a book she kept on her legs.

The miniskirt she wore revealed her toned thighs, she probably kept herself rigorously in shape. Discipline was an attractive trait, but not as much as the almost transparent black blouse she had on, barely concealing her perky breasts.

It was well known I had a thing for blondes, and this one checked all the boxes. I approached her and sat beside her on the bench. She — Samantha, that was her name — didn't even flinch at first, but as the minutes went by I saw her focus shift from her book to me.

Her blue eyes focused on my face, and I saw a spark ignite behind them after a brief moment of confusion. The girl smiled broadly at me, setting her book on the bench to her side.

That day had just gotten a whole lot better.

We walked over to my apartment. She followed me like a loyal puppy, barely half a step behind me. Every time I turned around to look at her she would be beaming with joy, though I couldn't quite tell why. I just wasn't used to it.

All of that positive energy quickly turned into lust as soon as we were alone. I closed the door to my apartment after she'd entered it, and turning around, her face had morphed into a mask of pure wanton desire.

There were no games of appearances to keep up, we both knew why we were there. I was simply interested in her body, and I couldn't wait to see what she was hiding under those admittedly thin strips of fabric. I led Samantha to my bedroom and grabbed her by the arm, shoving her onto my bed. She giggled as she hit the soft mattress, and quickly rolled over. Spreading her legs, she motioned me to join her — how could I resist?

I climbed on top of the bed with her, watching as she got rid of her miniskirt in one smooth movement. I couldn't see much in the dim light, only that she wore a black pair of panties that framed a perfectly round ass I couldn't wait to get my hands on.

My cock was already straining in my boxers, yearning for the freedom it would soon get. My hands flew onto Samantha's blouse and almost ripped it to shreds trying to take it off of her.

Noticing my eagerness she took care of her bra and her beautiful round tits bounced out, ready to be squeezed and tortured.

Samantha laid before me, almost fully naked. I could barely control my throbbing cock, I wanted to take her right then and there. To make her scream writhe and moan under me, passion overcoming each and every one of her senses.

My hands reached for my pants and pulled them down. The waistband of my boxers got caught too, and in a matter of seconds my rock hard cock sprung out.

I grabbed my shaft with one hand and reached for Samantha's panties with the other. She moaned softly when I grazed her flesh through the soaked fabric, but I didn't let that stop me. I pushed her panties aside and got a glimpse of her glistening pussy, her smooth, puffy lips just waiting for me to part them.

It was like a knife through butter.
The head of my cock sank into her with ease, and with a loud yelp Samantha felt her walls stretch wide as my cock stormed her depths. I nestled myself between her legs, holding her wrists in place high above

her head.

All she could do was lay there and take my cock until I was satisfied.

No escape, not that she wanted to. The little slut moaned like a seasoned whore as I began pumping into her.

Samantha's pussy engulfed my cock in its tight, wet and hot embrace. I couldn't get enough of it, I wanted more of her. I wanted to dominate that girl in such a way she would never forget.

I picked up the tempo and soon enough found myself slamming myself into her as she screamed my ears off, begging me to fuck her even harder despite the fact that it would probably break her.

Using my knees as leverage I started pounding her cunt with all I had, giving her long and hard strokes that had her entire body quaking under my thrusts. Even the bed shook, but Samantha loved every single instant of that beautiful agony.

I wanted to prolong it as much as I could, even if I wanted nothing more than to dump all of my cum inside of her.

Giving her one last thrust I let her wrists go and backed out, kneeling on the bed as a confused expression shone on her pretty face. I flipped her over, treating her like nothing more than a sex doll, and finally got a decent view of her beautiful ass.

The flesh of her poor, battered cunt was all red, and I could finally see it in all its beauty after yanking down her drenched panties. It also allowed me to see her asshole, her pristine pink asshole that I couldn't wait to claim.

Alas, my cock would need more lubrication first, and her cunt was right there for the taking.

I jammed my rod into her once more, acting like a complete savage — though she didn't mind in the slightest. Her hands shot between her legs to rub her clit as I pounded her pussy even harder than before, my balls slapping onto her body and adding to the filthy noise that filled my bedroom.

Her sweet nectar oozed out of her hole after each thrust, leaking down onto her supple thighs only to end its journey onto my sheets. The sizable wet spot beneath us grew over time, that little whore simply couldn't stop dripping.

Samantha's entire body was a machine with a single purpose: seek and

give pleasure. At least that's how I viewed it, though even objectively I wasn't wrong. The way she slammed her hips back onto me, matching my pace just to feel my cock hit her harder as she rubbed her clit so fast it could start smoking made it clear enough.

After a crescendo of cries that ultimately culminated into a prolonged scream, she began convulsing and thrashing around. An earth shattering orgasm hit her and wiped her mind clean like a white marble slate, leaving nothing but the physical sensations her body couldn't stop feeling.

Wave after wave it crashed onto and into her, setting every fiber of her being on fire.

Samantha's body went limp, twitching and writhing as the aftershocks tore through her. I grinned, but I wasn't done with her just yet.

Her cunt was tight, sure, but her pristine asshole was there for the taking. I pulled my glistening cock out of her battered pussy and slid it up, resting its head against her puckered hole.

I pushed, and after a bit of a fight, her muscles finally gave in. She groaned, but didn't object to it. I didn't know whether or not that had been her first time taking something that size up her asshole, but I frankly didn't care.

I was in a world of pure bliss as I pushed deep into her asshole, so tight I thought it would strangle my cock. Yet I kept on going, plunging the entirety of my rod into her, filling her to the very brim.

I could feel the heat and wetness of her cunt on my ballsack, but that didn't last long as I began pulling back. Samantha's never ending groans soon turned into lustful soft moans as the pain went away, replaced by the same intoxicating pleasure that had almost knocked her out just minutes before.

That whore loved feeling my hard cock ramming her deep and hard. Every inch of me, every vein my my shaft leaving a permanent imprint as I fucked her with increasing speed and force.

I grabbed her cheeks for support, but not before slapping both of them. Samantha yelped, but reflexively backed her ass further out onto me. She had been trained well, it seemed, and I couldn't be happier to reap the products of that training.

I spread her ass cheeks wide just to admire her hole swallow my cock,

clinging to my shaft with each thrust. Her soft moans began rising once again, but at that point I barely cared about her. Samantha was a set of holes, mine to use in whichever way I deemed fit. The load of cum bubbling inside of me had to go somewhere though, and her body was a perfect candidate to be filled up. I felt like a demon, focused on nothing but my own pleasure as I pounded Samantha's asshole with every ounce of strength I had. Our bodies colliding made a slapping noise that mixed in with the rest of that filth cacophony, but all I wanted was to make it louder. Make her louder, have her scream as pleasure and pain combined to transcend both of those sensations altogether.

A white hot wave of pleasure stemming from my cock spread through me for barely a second, though the waves kept on crashing after each thrust. Thick ropes of hot white cum shot out of my throbbing rod, spraying Samantha's insides with everything I had as I slowly came to a stop. She still tried to push her ass onto me, wanting more, but I was spent. Every drop of cum I held in my body ended up inside of her asshole, and in that moment I wished I had a plug just so I could send her on her way without have it leaking out. Leak it did, right after I pulled my cock out of her battered hole. My cum rushed out of her asshole and dripped down onto the sheets, joining her sweet nectar onto the wet spot our frantic actions had spawned.

After that day I decided to fully embrace whatever it was they did to me. There was no point in denying it or even questioning it, so why not just use that gift to have the life most men could only dream of? I was lucky or perhaps even blessed, though I couldn't help but consider it some sort of cosmic payback for that illness I fought off.

PART FIVE

I was reluctant to call them “powers”, but in retrospect that’s pretty much what they were. I never saw those men again after the hospital visit, nor I wanted to. If they wished to meet me, I was fairly confident they would find a way whether I liked it or not. So why waste time searching people that didn’t want to be found? I had in my hands the power to do whatever I wanted, to whomever I wanted.

To my knowledge, no one in the history of mankind was capable of such a feat, and I was perhaps the first man to achieve what to me felt like godhood.

All I needed to get a woman to submit, was look at her. Talking to them worked too, but for the most part I didn’t really have to do anything. They wanted me, and I could pick whoever I desired. Like a buffet, a very special one at that, but a buffet nonetheless.

Men didn’t care, but at the same time also didn’t seem to notice anything weird. I didn’t want to push it too hard just in case something went awry, and yet the desire to go further never truly abandoned me.

It was intoxicating, that power. I felt it, run deep within my veins like the lust those women had for me. That lust they never felt for poor old Cyril, they now couldn’t get enough of me even if they tried.

The lengths some would go to please me were entertaining to say the least. I quickly realized building a harem would be easier than I thought, and despite my powers taking away the challenge of actually getting women, I still wanted to feel that chase.

They flocked to me like birds to a feeder, but only after I made the first move. For some reason it wouldn’t work any other way, but I preferred it like that. I wouldn’t have wanted to attract just any women, only a select few I deemed fit to serve me.

This power came with responsibilities and implications that sounded scarier than one might imagine. In the wrong hands, one could turn into a monster. I just wanted to have fun, the same fun I had always been denied.

My life changed, completely. I moved to a much nicer place, for

starters, and having girls take care of everything around the house turned out to be far more convenient than I might have imagined. They were still free to leave whenever they wanted, and some did. Yet they'd always return sooner or later.

I quit my job and used my girls to make sure I wouldn't have to worry about rent or money in general. Obviously I set a decent amount of cash aside just in case things went the wrong way, but nothing of the sort happened. It was a blessing, not having to worry about anything but finding new girls to fuck. Sometimes they even came to me themselves, brought over by one of the women I had already had fun with.

That was the case with Aubrey.

I remember the doubts in her face, and how quickly they melted away leaving behind nothing but lust, joy and a somewhat vacant stare that made me question her mental faculties. Aubrey was a normal girl, despite looking like a swimsuit model. Long brown hair reaching just below her shoulder blades, framing a face sporting gentle features but full, luscious lips. That theme repeated for the rest of her body. Aubrey was slender and toned, but had curves in all the right places.

I can't remember who brought her to me, but I found myself wanting to fuck her as soon as I first laid eyes on her. She looked so innocent, even if later on she turned out to be a skilled slut.

I didn't even need to talk to her. Aubrey was already primed and willing to submit herself to me. Deciding not to waste any time, I took her hand and lead her to my bedroom.

The new house was far bigger than the old one, and my new bedroom reflected that. Speaking of reflection, I had a mirror installed onto the ceiling just so I could watch those whores from another angle. It wasn't uncommon for them to casually walk in the room as I was using one of their friends. Sex had become so commonplace, yet I could not seem to have enough of it.

Aubrey took matters into her hands and gently pushed me onto the bed. I sat down, breaking the fall, and she kneeled in front of me, nesting herself between my legs.

I felt her tiny hands roam across my knees and thighs, inching towards my crotch. Her stare no longer vacant, she had a fiery

determination burning behind her eyes. Her goal was to get to my cock, and it wouldn't take long or her to reach it.

The bulge grew, my cock hardening as her nimble fingers caressed it over my pants. Going past it, Aubrey went straight for their waistband and pulled it down. I wasn't expecting anyone, and resigned to wearing sweatpants around the house. They were easier to take off if needed, and with all those gorgeous whores running around...

Aubrey caught my cock as it sprung out, wrapping her hand around my rock hard shaft. She played with it for a few moments, dragging it ever so slowly towards her waiting mouth. Her hot breath felt good on my skin, but I longed for more.

She began jerking me off slowly and gently, as if she feared she could hurt me. I threw my head back and let her work her magic. As soon as I did so, I felt her the warm wetness of her mouth engulf the head of my cock, pushing downward to try and take all of me — and failing. I admired her will and spirit, but the girl was silly. She came back up, my cock coated in her saliva, and focused on my head instead. Her hand could glide smoothly across my shaft, and her tongue did the same to my tip.

The combined effort had me groaning in pleasure. Aubrey's skilled tongue darted around and across the swollen head of my cock, giving me no respite. She could feel the cum rising to the surface and it drove her wild, she wanted to drink it perhaps more than anything else.

Alas, the little whore would have to wait.

I felt her free hand crawls up to my ballsack and begin to play with it, massaging it gently. Aubrey could have been a day older than eighteen, yet she knew how to please a man better than most people. Her motions were slow and deliberate, gentle and careful while still packing the lustful punch needed to suck the cum out of me. She wanted it just as much as I wanted to fill her up, and it was about time I uncovered what her clothes were hiding. She was mine, after all.

I motioned her to stand up and turn around, which she begrudgingly did. Aubrey was already getting addicted to my cock, it seemed.

Her ass was plump and round, even through her pants. I reached over and quickly took care of the zipper before tugging them down. As I did

so, the whore bent over and pushed her ass backwards, almost putting it right up against my face.

The intoxicating scent of her warm hole filled my nostrils, though every sense I had was engaged. My sight specifically, given how all I could see was her beautiful ass just inches away from my face. Her panties flew down and joined her pants.

Aubrey's holes were mine to use and abuse. Her juices leaked out of her glistening, pink pussy and formed a clear string that anchored itself on her toned thigh. I couldn't wait to see how tight her cunt was. Pristine and clean shaven, glistening wet and ready to be taken. My very own definition of heaven.

I pushed onto my elbows and dragged myself upwards just slightly enough for her to be hovering above my hard cock. She was smart enough to understand what I wanted from her and lowered her body onto mine, grabbing my shaft to line it up against her drenched hole.

Inch by inch Aubrey impaled herself on me. My cock slid past her lips and into her impossibly tight pussy. Hot as hell but wet as the ocean, she kept moving downward. Taking more and more of me until she was filled up to the brim. Our bodies touched and she hesitated for a second before raising her hips. I looked at her and watched as her lips clung onto my veiny shaft as it left her hole, which only added to the experience.

Aubrey tried to keep quiet but couldn't. My cock was bigger than anything she'd ever taken, and feeling it stretch her walls wide must have been a completely new sensation for her. Still, it didn't deter her in the slightest.

Bit by bit she picked up the pace, slamming her hips onto mine harder each time, crying out after each thrust. Her entire body was in motion, and even her perky tits jiggled as she moved up and down.

I let her lead the games for a while, watching her dance and bounce on me. She was young but exceptionally skilled at taking cock. I didn't question it, just enjoyed it.

The whore got more daring as time passed. Just getting impaled onto me wasn't enough, even if she screamed each time. Aubrey craved it harder, wanted to feel my thick cock split her in two.

She began raising her hips until most of my cock was out of her hole

and simply letting herself fall onto me. Dangerous yes, but it felt like heaven. It was right about that time I decided I would keep her in my harem, her pussy was far too good to pass.

Begging for more, something that I had gotten used to. I loved hearing their pleas, it was pure music to my ears. My hands, that had been anchored to her ass the entire time, moved upwards to tightly grip her hips. I left hand prints on her, but nothing compared to the permanent imprint of my cock in her hole. Holding onto her for support I began pushing upwards, meeting her pace halfway through. Aubrey's cries of pleasure swiftly turned into screams, her entire body rocked by waves upon waves of pure bliss. I kept on fucking her with all I had, probing her as deep and hard as I could. Despite her tightness, my cock sank into her with ease. Her nectar dripped steadily out of her hole even if I kept it plugged, our crotches were soaked and I loved it. Something about her drove me wild, filling me with a new energy that I couldn't wait to dump into her. I pounded her as she bounced on my cock, our rhythm perfectly synchronized to bring both of us to heights of pleasure we'd never been to before. Aubrey was on the brink of a massive, earth shattering orgasm as I gave her all I had, pushing into her sweet cunt like a crazed jackhammer.

Aubrey's body went stiff as a plank for just a split second. She let out a harsh gasp, her breathing becoming far heavier than it was. With a liberatory scream, the orgasm swept through her body and mind, ravaging all it found standing in its destructive path. Waves upon waves of torturous pleasure — which I helped by continuing to fuck her even as she came — crashed on her and turned Aubrey into nothing more than a sentient fuck doll.

A pair of holes to fuck, spasming on my cock as the best orgasm of her life coursed through her. Her cunt clenching on my cock made it even tighter and I lost it, joining her into a world of orgasmic bliss. An explosion of cum erupted from the engorged head of my cock and sprayed her insides, coating her walls with my hot seed. Still, I kept pounding her, slowly coming to a stop as a mixture of our own juices leaked out of her battered hole.

Rope after rope I dumped all the cum I had into her hungry pussy, emptying my full balls with a satisfying yet guttural grunt.

Aubrey collapsed on top of me. We both laid there, spent, panting as we tried to regain some composure. It wouldn't matter that much, given the house was full of whores who had been in her position just the day before.

My life had taken the hardest of turns, one I could have never predicted. I was happy, sure, but still somewhat curious as to why it had happened to me specifically. I didn't object to it in the slightest, it's just human nature. We're curious creatures, after all.

I chose to stay in my lane and enjoy whatever mysterious gift I had been given. Who wouldn't want a harem full of gorgeous women anyway?

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Or alternatively, you can buy the bundle:

[The Alpha Scent Bundle #1 to #5](#) - The first 5 stories compiled into one bundle.

The Bite - Alpha Vampire

[The Bite - Alpha Vampire - Series \(Alpha Male, Bimbo, MC\)](#) - Humans and vampires have lived together for quite some time,

and humans are inevitably drawn to the other side.

Vampires are said to be formidable lovers, after all, and many bimbos simply can't wait to experience something of that sort.

The hunt is on, and he needs preys...

Every human needs a vampire lover, and he just loves to watch them squirm under his muscled body. His long life gave him all the knowledge he needs to please a woman, and he will stop at nothing once he finds a prey.

Or alternatively, you can buy the bundle:

**[The Bite - Alpha Vampire Bundle #1 to #5](#) -
The first 5 stories compiled into one bundle.**

The Bimbo Potion

[The Bimbo Potion - Series \(Alpha Male, Bimbofication, MC\)](#) - John's new temporary job after graduating college has him sitting behind the counter of a bar he

used to be a patron of. One day he finds a rather peculiar bottle, which seems to contain nothing but sugared water - and yet when Sandra, an attractive redhead drinks it, she suddenly turns into a lusty bimbo for him...

It sparks a chain of events that he can hardly believe - does the bottle truly have the power to turn any woman into a willing nympho? John is fairly stunned at first, but quickly learns to love it...

Or alternatively, you can buy the bundle:

[The Bimbo Potion Bundle - #1 to #5](#) - The first 5 stories compiled into one bundle.

Alpha Brand

[Alpha Brand - Series \(Alpha Male, Bimbofication, MC\)](#) - After a night out drinking, Michael wakes up to find a weird tattoo on his chest.

Upon close examination he realizes it's not just ink but rather resembles a brand - like the ones applied to cattle.

His first instinct is to go see a doctor, but as soon as the redhead in the lab coat sees it, she turns into an insatiable bimbo ready to please her master...

The same happens to any other woman who sees it, including his ex girlfriend. After some initial doubts, Michael soon realizes the power he holds - but will he use it responsibly or be corrupted by it?

Or alternatively, you can buy the bundle:

[Alpha Brand Bundle - #1 to #5](#) - The first 5 stories compiled into one bundle.

Under His Alpha Spell

[Under His Alpha Spell - Series \(Alpha Male, Bimbofication, MC\)](#) - James, and archeologist, unearths an ancient Egyptian tablet with a curious inscription on it. It reads: "Heed these words, I command thee. I wield the will of the Gods, and you are in my control.". Any woman who hears it suddenly can't control herself, turning into a sex crazed bimbo for him.

James can't believe it at first, having discovered it by accident, but he quickly learns to love it...

Or alternatively, you can buy the bundle:

[Under His Alpha Spell Bundle - #1 to #5](#) - The first 5 stories compiled into one bundle.

Alpha Ring

[Alpha Ring - Series \(Alpha Male, Bimbo, MC\)](#) - Mark receives a ring from his grandfather, saying it will "help him" in college. Little does Mark know, whenever he puts it on girls can't resist him and desperately want to serve him in any way, shape, or form!

Or alternatively, you can buy the bundle:

[Alpha Ring Bundle - #1 to #5](#) - The first 5 stories compiled into one bundle.

Alpha Paradise

[Alpha Paradise Series \(Alpha Male, Bimbo, BDSM\)](#) - Jack is in dire need of a vacation, and stumbles upon a place in which social norms are twisted and warped. People rarely wear clothes, and sex is commonplace - a perfect place for an alpha male like him.

Alternatively, you can buy the complete collection:

[Alpha Paradise Collection](#) - The entire series bundled into one book.

Bimbo Spy

[Bimbo Spy Series \(Bimbofication, BDSM, Fertile\)](#) - The life of an Elite Spy such as Alexandra Miller can be extremely stressful. More so when world renowned scientist Johan Lindholm decides to host a party to unveil his next project, said to change humanity forever. Alexandra's mission fails, and she realizes that her true calling didn't have anything to do with being a spy, but rather a mindless

Bimbo who only lives to please her one and only Master.

Or alternatively, you can buy the complete collection:

[Bimbo Spy - The Complete Collection](#) - All the stories compiled into one bundle.

Bimbo Cheerleaders

[Bimbo Cheerleaders Series \(Bimbo, Menage, Fertile\)](#) - The college in Brightwater lacks a cheerleading coach after the last one was fired due to a scandal involving him and the team. I wanted change, so I applied and got accepted. I didn't know things would get this crazy, and I certainly wasn't expecting to find a team of bimbos ready to submit to me. All of them will be mine.

Or alternatively, you can buy the complete collection:

[Bimbo Cheerleaders - The Complete](#)

Collection - All the stories compiled into one bundle.

Brainless Bimbos

Plenty of stories with different female leads, who all need to see Doctor Montague for one reason or another before inevitably realizing just how easy life is if they would just submit to their Master.

Brainless Bimbos Collection - 1 to 5 - The first five stories all c