

ALICE LOCKE

PART ONE

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PART FIVE

Alpha
FLASH

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

A family loss ends up being the **turning point** for Mark. He finds a **weird camera** in his late uncle's house, and decides to bring it home. He's a **photographer**, after all. He can't identify it, but still keeps it as a memento. Little did he know, **the camera has a secret**. There is no film or battery inside, but **the flash still works**. When **he jokingly takes a picture of his hot assistant** with the strange camera, **her behavior suddenly changes into that of a lusty bimbo** - and Mark **can't say no to her advances...**

Part Two

Mark's assistant seems fine, as if nothing had happened. He finds it curious, but brushes it off. Work had priority, and an up and coming **lingerie model** would soon arrive at the studio for a shoot. It's a big contract, and Mark doesn't want to mess up. Still, something pushes him to **take a picture of the gorgeous model with the strange camera**, and much like the previous day, **something changes: the model turns into a mindless bimbo**, ready to be **taken hard and deep...**

Part Three

Another **big job** comes up, this time for a magazine. **The model, Kate, is quite gorgeous** but acts as though **she owns the world** and **Mark wants** nothing more than to **teach her a lesson**. He begins to think **the strange camera could be involved in the weird things that happened to him**, so he decides to **test it** once more. **The shutter clicks and Kate's demeanor suddenly changes**. No longer angry, but rather **quite obedient, she is ready**

to give herself up to Mark...

Part Four

The camera definitely has some power, and Mark decides to **use it to his advantage**. The latest shoot he set up would have him work with a **seasoned model, a gorgeous young woman** that had already been on a few covers. After taking the pictures, **he can't control himself** and uses the other camera. **Ada**, the model, **will soon turn into a mindless bimbo**, ready to have her **backside filled up with Mark's alpha cream**...

Part Five

A chance to break into **Hollywood** is all Mark wants, and needs. When a **movie production company** contacts him to do promo shots for an **upcoming blockbuster**, he instantly accepts. **The actress, a gorgeous A-Lister**, has had **men lusting after her ever since she first appeared on a screen**. And yet, Mark is the one that will **take her hard and deep**, all **thanks to that strange camera**...

PART ONE

It all began by accident. Quite literally, in fact — I won't go over the details, but the passing of a somewhat distant relative forced me to take a week off just to assess the situation.

Luckily, my job allowed me to morph my schedule to whatever I wanted it to be without lasting repercussions, and besides, I doubted anyone would have had anything to say on that occasion.

A dead relative. Some old uncle I had never heard of, and since I apparently was his last remaining relative, the house he lived in and all of its contents fell into my possession. I sighed when I got the news, dreading the prospects of spending days casing the house of what essentially was a stranger.

It felt wrong, but the paperwork checked out. That man was in fact related to me, which cast out the possibility of it all being a scam.

I loaded a suitcase into my car and set out to reach his house, located just outside of the city I lived in. It's crazy how I never heard of the man, despite him living so close to me. No one in my family ever mentioned him.

Regardless, I decided I would see that conundrum through. Chances are the old man had something interesting laying around.

I was dead wrong. His house was dusty. It had been a while since anyone had set foot in it, that much was certain. Boxes of assorted trinkets and useless junk littered the attic, which I had to painfully go through one by one. One man's trash and all that.

I was just about to give up when I spotted a black leather case. It looked familiar, and I quickly recognized its shape — it held a camera, and it even had a lens attached to it. That caught me by surprise, given how back in the city, I had my own photographic studio.

The camera I found bore no markings I could use to identify it.

Nothing, not even a hint. It was an old model, one I had never seen before. The film compartment was empty, as I had imagined. That would have been the last resort, when it came to placing a name onto it.

I brought it to my eye and played with the lens to focus onto the window in front of me. Muscle memory kicked in and my finger pressed down onto the button, causing the flash to go off. It startled me, I certainly didn't expect that to work out of all things. Chuckling, I put it back in its case after cleaning it. I figured it would look nice in my office back in the city, and who knows, maybe one of my colleagues could identify it.

That week breezed past.

The only highlight had been finding that weird camera. All downhill since.

Coming back to the office almost felt alien, though I couldn't say I wasn't happy to. I loved my job, even if it could sometimes get tedious. My assistant greeted me as I walked through the door. I was carrying that old camera with me, and she noticed.

"New toy, boss?" She asked, her bright voice echoing in the hall.

Melissa, the trainee I hired a few months before just to make my life easier. She was doing a great job, that much was certain.

"Uh... Kinda, yeah. Found it in the house. No idea who built it," I replied as I pulled it out of its case.

I brought it to my eyes and focused on her face. The light coat of makeup she wore was hardly visible under the bright neon lights, and her blonde locks framed her face perfectly. Melissa was no stranger to that kind of situation, I often used her as a stand-in to test the lights before the clients showed up.

She struck a pose, smiling, and I snapped a picture I knew wouldn't truly exist. Still the flash went off, and she got a slight chuckle out of it. She wasn't the brightest of people, but Melissa certainly was a good student and besides, my clients — the male variety, at least — seemed to love her. Granted, it was mostly because she was objectively gorgeous, but I never breached that subject. She was about fifteen years younger than me, it would have been weird. Yet, I wouldn't have minded having a go at her.

I walked over to the studio and set the camera on my desk as I turned my computer on. No shoots scheduled that day, just editing. It would take a few hours, after which I could just go home and relax. I missed my house, after having spent a week at my dead uncle's place. The plan

was to get through the workload as fast as possible, and then just leave.

Things went into a completely different direction, for reasons I hadn't seen coming.

The door to my office swung open and Melissa barged in. It startled me, naturally, though I kept my composure. There was something strange about her, she seemed different in some way I couldn't pinpoint.

"Can I help you?" I asked, but she didn't answer.

Her face had a look I had never seen before, at least not on her. Empty and vacant at first, but as her eyes zeroed in on me, the change became evident. Melissa's plump lips curled into a devious smile as a spark ignited a bright flame behind her blue eyes.

She walked towards me with purpose, as though she had a clear goal to reach. That appeared to be me, and the whole situation had me fairly confused, to say the least.

I can't say I wasn't curious to see what she wanted, though. Editing pictures can get boring after a while.

Melissa walked up to my desk and sat upon it, right in front of me. I had to move my keyboard out of the way to make room, though she didn't seem to care. I had to summon all of my composure not to look between her legs, especially since she'd decided to wear a skirt, that day.

I watched as she bit her lip and dragged one of her hand across her supple body, and stopping its journey onto her thighs. From there she slowly moved it between her legs, letting out a faint moan once her fingers grazed her flesh.

My gaze dropped — I was only human — and Melissa spread her legs further out, to give me a better view of the show she wanted to put on. The white fabric of her panties was completely drenched in her juices, and her slow rubbing motions surely didn't help her cause.

The faint moans she let out dripped lust and desire. I was hypnotized, so much so I didn't even question the event in the slightest. I was all but focused on her pussy, hidden away behind a thin layer of cotton. My cock twitched, slowly hardening as I stared. Without saying a word I tried my luck and reached over, dragging my fingers across the pale

flesh of her thighs. Melissa didn't object, and in fact welcomed the attention.

Her legs opened up like a flower in bloom, ready to welcome whatever I had in store for her.

I pushed my chair backwards and stood up before leaning closer to her. I grabbed her ankles and had her close her legs before sliding my fingers under the moist fabric of her panties. In one smooth motion I pulled them down, and once again Melissa spread herself open for me. Her pussy, pink and hairless, glistened just a few inches away from my hands. I had to have her, right then and there, consequences be damned.

My hands shot towards my pants, working the zipper in a matter of seconds. Out came my cock, hard and throbbing. It had been a while, without counting that week I spent in my uncle's house.

I needed some relief, and Melissa's sudden change of behavior came at just the right time.

There was no telling what sparked her sudden sexual urge. Perhaps she had just been waiting for the right moment, yet I didn't care all that much. Gift horse and all that.

The wet fold of her cunt were calling for me, and I knew I wouldn't resist. I didn't even try to, but instead answered the call right away. I took a step towards her and rubbed the head of my cock across her slit, coating it with her juices as I prepared to push into her hole. A sultry groan escaped her lips. It was all the encouragement I needed to press on.

I thrust forward. Her pussy welcomed me with its warm wetness, engulfing my cock in a tight embrace that almost made my eyes roll to the back of my head. It had been some time ever since I felt anything like that, and I could tell I was already getting addicted.

Inch by inch, Melissa's pussy took all of me. I filled her to the brim, and only when our bodies touched I stopped moving. The same passion still burned behind her fiery eyes, even when she shut them, throwing her head back, as I pulled away.

She let out a throaty groan, feeling every vein on my hard shaft leave her tight hole — and leaving a mark on her pristine walls. Melissa laid her back onto my desk, her head hanging off of it.

I reached forward and pulled her shirt down to expose her large, perky breasts. Her nipples, hard as though the room was refrigerated, stood on attention. My hands flew onto them as I pushed back into her waiting body, squeezing her flesh tight. In that moment I wanted nothing more than to make her mine. To dominate Melissa in every sense of the way, and have her be my little sex slave instead of my assistant.

Granted, her duties could always be extended, and given what was happening, I doubted she'd have anything against it.

I began pumping into her sweet, tight hole with reckless abandon. We were alone, which meant we didn't have to worry about much save for her noises. The volume and frequency of her moans rose as my cock split her apart, her cunt dripping its sweet nectar in strings that fell onto the hardwood floor. She'd clean it afterwards, I thought.

Melissa wrapped her legs behind me, pushing me deeper into her pussy and locking me in place. Perhaps she wanted me to fill her up with cum, and I saw nothing wrong with that.

There was no better way to finish, and seeing her entire body working in unison with mine to make us reach heights of pleasure we'd only dreamed of before sent me barreling towards an explosive orgasm.

The little slut froze for a split second before starting to quiver, letting out a prolonged groan that could only mean her mind had been wiped clean. Nothing but pleasure remained, and coursed through her veins to coat every fiber of her depraved being. Her cunt clenched onto my cock so tightly I thought it would rip it off of my body, but that only made her feel tighter.

So tight, in fact, that just a few strokes later I felt the heat rise up within me, ready to burst in a blast of pure orgasmic bliss.

With one last vigorous thrust, so violent it moved my desk, I sank into her pussy and unloaded thick ropes of cum into her depths. I coated her walls as I grunted, finally releasing all of that pent up pressure- my legs almost gave out, but I held onto her body as my cock throbbed and twitched.

With each small movement, a new spurt would come out and join the sea of white I unleashed deep inside of her.

I couldn't make heads or tails of that situation, even after watching her

regain her composure and leave my office.

She'd never expressed that kind of feelings towards me — and why would she? Melissa was a gorgeous young woman, capable of getting any man she wanted. So why me, and most of all, why so suddenly? Perhaps she'd just missed me during that week I spent away, yet that still didn't explain anything. Nothing else differed.

Racking my brain over it wouldn't have brought me any good. It just happened, and perhaps would make things awkward — but I didn't regret it in the slightest.

I realize now that was the start of my new life. I knew I was blind to it then, it had to slap me in the face for me to see what was truly happening.

PART TWO

The following day started out as though nothing had changed. Melissa greeted me with her usual smile, and I decided not to mention anything. It felt weird, but at the same time I didn't quite mind it. Things could get awkward, after all, and the silence helped both of us. Still, what happened remained a mystery. Melissa didn't even act as if anything had happened, as if she'd forgotten all about how I sent her home full of cum. I could still see a couple stains on the ground. I shrugged and cast those thoughts out of my head, heading towards my office to finish the workload I had started the previous day. In the end, I hadn't finished anything. After the little tryst with Melissa, I just called it a day and went home to relax.

That day would be packed with stuff. Leftover editing first, then a lingerie photoshoot with an up and coming model. It was a big contract, and landing it meant more would come provided I did a good job. Nothing could have swayed me from that goal, or at least that's what I thought at first.

Hours passed and the model finally arrived, hair and makeup already done. She looked amazing with her clothes on, and I thanked my lucky star I would soon get to see her almost naked. I could already tell she had curves for days, which sent my mind spiraling down a less than pure path.

After a quick introduction, we went straight to the studio. The lights had already been set up, all I needed was to set the tripod and begin the shoot. I walked over my desk to grab my camera, and saw the old one I had found at my uncle's. I took that one too, and screwed it onto the tripod.

Just like before, the flash went off. The model didn't care, though I suspect that was due to the elaborate show I put on. I pretended to mess with the angles and settings of the camera before snapping that nonexistent picture, but in reality, I just wanted to look at her tits. The way her long, blonde locks almost cascaded onto them was truly gorgeous.

The shoot began shortly after. I directed the girl to strike a few suggestive poses, and she obeyed with a bit of nervousness at first. She soon relaxed, though, more than I was expecting. I instructed her to turn around just so I could get a few shots of her ass — just for the lingerie, naturally. She obeyed without batting an eyelid, but instead of just turning around, she also bent over. I was about to tell her that wasn't necessary, but froze as I watched her reach for the expensive pair of panties she was made to wear.

With one singular motion she slid them down her smooth, long legs. I watched in stunned silence, wondering what had gotten into the girl to make her behave in such a way. These shoots could get somewhat steamy, but they never reached those levels.

The model's hands grabbed her ample ass cheeks and spread them, revealing the drenched folds of her pink pussy. It looked pristine, and from what I — and my camera — could see, not a singular hair could be seen.

I would be lying if I said my cock didn't twitch at that sight. I snapped a picture, one I would keep for my eyes only, before approaching her to make sure everything was fine.

She began swaying her hips left and right as she heard me coming, and promptly turned around once I found myself standing just a couple feet away from her.

Her face bore a strange look. Empty eyes glazed over, her mouth hanging open as a slim rivulet of saliva made its way out of one of its corners. All of that faded away in the blink of an eye, replaced by a much more familiar look.

The fire behind her eyes, coupled with the weird behavior, reminded me of the previous day's encounter with Melissa. They both started acting way out of line, though I couldn't tell if Melissa went through the same process as the model.

All I knew was that the gorgeous model that stood before me was hornier than the devil, and I was the closest man she could use to relieve herself.

The model got on her knees and opened her mouth. She looked up at me, expecting me to feed her the cock we both knew wanted. I was reluctant at first, still weirded out by that sudden and unexplained

turn of events.

She decided to take matters into her own hands instead, and rapidly undid my belt. My pants fell to the ground and my boxers soon followed. Her hands wrapped around the hardening shaft of my cock and pulled it out, groaning softly as she felt it grow in size.

The model hardly waited, her hunger knew no bound. Her mouth engulfed the head of my cock in a delightful embrace that sent shivers of pleasure running up my spine. She quickly upped the ante, though. Her tongue circled the swollen tip of my cock once and then twice, slowly and deliberately. I grunted in pleasure, but the girl was just getting started. One of her hands trailed down my shaft and reached my ballsack, cupping my balls to massage them as her other hand began gliding across the veiny shaft of my cock.

All of that combined perfectly to form a cocktail that would soon have me paint her mouth white, though I knew I could contain myself. That whore knew how to suck a cock, despite being relatively young.

I placed a hand on the back of her head and grabbed a handful of her blonde locks, ruining her style. It was clear neither of us cared about the shoot any longer. I pushed her onto me and she took more of my cock inside her wet, hungry mouth before backing away only to start the rhythm again.

Her plump lips grazed my flesh, and working together with her tongue, had my growling in bliss right away. I had seen my fair share of models given my job, but I never had one worship my cock like that.

Looking down, the whore had her eyes closed to focus on nothing but my rod. I wished I had my camera, just to snap some pictures of her as she did what she had probably already done to get the job. I didn't judge, choosing instead to focus on enjoying her services.

Alas, as much as a blowjob from a gorgeous model was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, it was clear I wanted more. Something told me the whore also felt that way, given how she was the one that started this entire mess.

I pushed her head away and without missing a beat, she turned around to offer me her holes. No ifs or buts, not compromise. Her body was mine to use, it seemed, and who was I to deny such a generous offer? One of my hands held her wrists together on her back, just to make

sure she wouldn't walk away. I knew that was the last thing on her mind, but I loved being in charge.

My cock found her pussy without guidance. Her heat on my flesh felt great, but couldn't compare to the wet and impossibly tight feeling of her pussy wrapping around my cock. She let out a prolonged groan as I sunk into her, inch by inch, never stopping or backing away. She wanted my cock, and she would get it — but at my pace, and my pace had no breaks.

She only stopped squirming once the entirety of my cock filled her tight cunt up. My balls brushed against her swollen clit and sent shivers of pleasure up her spine. She came into my studio looking delicate enough, but I wanted nothing more than to ruin her.

I pulled back in one harsh move. The model cried out in both pain and pleasure, feeling that dreaded emptiness come back again. Her cries were nothing compared to the pained yelp she let out when I slammed myself back inside of her, down to the hilt.

I grunted, stretching her walls to accommodate my girth. Perhaps she'd never had to take anything of that size, but I couldn't care. Her body was mine to use, at least for that day, and I wanted to make the most out of it.

It's not everyday you get to fuck the life out of a model.

The sight of her pussy swallowing my cock will be forever burned into my mind. She took all of what I gave her, crying out in pure pleasure, her pussy reduced to being nothing but a cheap toy. That's what the industry had to offer, sadly. I didn't envy her, but I surely would enjoy her.

The little whore began pushing back against me, slamming her hips onto my cock as she screamed in pure bliss. She would soon lose her voice if she kept that up, and I wondered if Melissa could hear us.

I wondered if she'd been playing with herself, thinking back about the previous day.

I wrestled her out of my mind and focused back on the blonde I was balls deep into. The primal noise she made were born out of a deep lust and desire that could barely be contained. The same could easily be said about me, though — the longer I fucked her, the more I felt like destroying her sweet little cunt.

I dropped every modicum of restraint and began pounding her hole like I hated every fiber of her being. Her cries of pleasure turned into screams right away, and it was clear the earth shattering orgasm she would soon be rocked by wasn't too far away.

In truth I hardly cared if she came or not. That little whore set herself up to be used like a toy, reduced to a pair of holes and nothing more. Toys don't get pleasure, but in that case, I guess it was inevitable.

Giving her no respite, the relentless pounding soon brought her on the brink of a massive orgasm. Her breathing became ragged and shallow and her voice rose to a shrill cry before she fell silent.

A throaty gasp signaled the onset of a wave of pleasure that had her legs give out from underneath her, but I held her steady and fucked her through her orgasm, too focused on achieving mine to care.

Waves upon waves of torturous pleasure ravaged her young, supple body, causing her to flail around as I kept ramming her tight cunt. It clenched on me and I was fairly sure her juices had sprayed out, coating both out legs, though in that moment all I could think of was how much I wanted to dump my cum inside of her, to send her back home with a hot load dripping from her battered cunt.

I let out a guttural sound which turned into a half groan as the pressure rose to unbearable levels. A wave of heat spread throughout me, and for a split second, the pleasure clouded all of my senses.

Cum gushed out of the engorged head of my cock, still ramming the model's tight cunt as it clenched onto me like a vise, milking me for all I had. It was a magical experience, that whore truly wanted to get every last drop of cum I had in my body.

And she got it. I even kept thrusting, pushing it deeper in after giving her all I had.

The model collapsed onto the floor, and my cock slipped out of her. I could see the red, battered flesh of her pussy and the river of cum that leaked out from it, ending up onto the polished hardwood floors.

I went back to my camera and took a few more pictures, without even bothering to put my pants back on.

She left soon after. The only trace of her presence remained in my camera, and onto the floor.

Regardless, something weird was definitely happening. Melissa first,

and then that model — both of them acting in a very similar manner, and both of them wanting to fuck me as if they'd never seen a cock before but desperately craved one.

I couldn't wrap my head around it, and tried to retrace my steps in both of those occasions. The only thing Melissa and the model had in common was that I had taken a picture of them with the empty camera I found in my uncle's house.

Could that have been the reason behind their weird behavior? It seemed absurd, but I saw no other alternative. I simply had to investigate, and test that theory further.

PART THREE

I sat in my apartment, alone, playing with that weird camera. The rational man in me kept trying to make sense of what happened at the studio, but nothing seemed to work. I doubted both that model and Melissa suddenly decided to offer their bodies to me out of the blue, something else must have pushed them to do so. But what? Nothing out of the ordinary happened, save for one small detail — I had taken their picture with the camera I found in my uncle's house. Granted, "taken" doesn't quite fit given how the device didn't have any roll of film in it. Yet the flash worked, for some reason. I found that to be weird too, the camera itself had no batteries or charging ports. That peculiar object was, without a doubt, not an ordinary camera — or maybe I was beginning to think that just due to what I had seen. Either way, if it truly had some sort of power, it would prove invaluable.

I began thinking about it, and how to use its power. Admittedly it was mostly out of boredom, as I still couldn't tell whether or not it truly worked in that way. I had to experiment, and decided I would do so the following day.

It was supposed to be a simple shoot, just a few pictures for some magazine I had never heard of. The model, Kate somethingson, walked into my studio with an air of thinly veiled superiority trailing right behind her.

As soon as I laid eyes on her, I knew she would be a perfect candidate for my experiment. Kate was obviously attractive — or else, she hardly would have been there in the first place. She definitely had work done on her plump lips, though, that much was certain. I could easily say the same about her breasts, and maybe even the rest of her. She'd been enhanced, essentially. It worked, though, she could easily make any head turn without doing much — and if everything went as planned, I would soon get to have fun with her.

I did feel a little evil at the thought, but chances were these models

would end up doing far more degrading stuff further down the line. It was just training, and free training at that. A public service, if you will. Training or not, I realized I was getting ahead of myself. I could already picture her naked, but chances were my mind was just making things up. A magic camera? Please.

I set everything up in the studio as Kate sat around, glued to her phone.

When the time began to actually start working, it was clear she didn't want to be there. Her annoyed expression wouldn't do, but that wasn't my problem.

The first few shots were perfectly framed, and the entire job was done within twenty minutes. It was a small one, after all. Yet, Kate didn't quite know, so I took the liberty of moving onto my own personal experiment.

Much like the other time, I pretended to mess with the framing by using the other camera and snapped a picture of her, before setting the device back down onto the table it rested upon.

Nothing seemed to change at first, and I simply continued taking snapping pictures. Little did I know, it simply took some time.

Her demeanor slowly changed. At first she'd been quite snobby, but the longer I stared at her through the camera lens, the more she turned into what felt like a completely different person.

I knew "it" had worked when I saw her nonchalantly take off her top.

Up to that point I had chalked up the rest of the signs as nothing out of the ordinary, just a model who finally relaxed enough to do her job properly. I was right, to an extent, but there was far more to it.

Kate's red bra fell to the floor next to her shirt, and I was pleased to see her tits didn't quite need the support it gave — they stood firm and perky, defying gravity thanks to the help of silicone. I grinned, wider than I wanted, but she didn't seem to mind.

Kate took a tentative step towards me, her facial expression now resembling that of the other model and Melissa before her. A vacant look in her eyes, that vanished as soon as she set her sights onto me. I watched her bite her lip as she approached me, walking slowly and deliberately. Perhaps the heels she wore made it harder for her to walk, but they raised her ass in a lovely way, and I couldn't wait to get

my hands on her body.

I stopped pretending to do my job and turned the camera off before undoing my belt and walking over to her, meeting her halfway through the studio. Her hands reached for my crotch, but I had other plans in mind — she'd had the right instinct, I just didn't want to fuck her on the floor.

Instead, I directed her towards a couch that stood against one of the walls of my studio. I sat on it, and Kate simply stood there waiting for me to order her what to do. It was always nice to see how obedient they got.

I gestured her to get down on her knees and she swiftly did, her face resting merely inches away from my hardening cock. Her small hands pulled the waistband of my jeans down after unbuttoning them, leaving me in my underwear. Kate didn't stop there, obviously. Without missing a beat she slid her hands under the fabric of my boxers to find my throbbing cock, ready to play with it as though she'd been waiting all day to do just that.

She pulled it out, hard as a rock, and proceeded to take it in her waiting mouth. Just the tip, at first, though that alone was enough to send shivers of pleasure shooting through my spine. Her tongue wrapped around me, enveloping my cock with its wet heat. The view from my perspective was something I knew I could never get enough of.

Kate began bobbing her head on my cock, making sure not to go too fast at first. Perhaps she'd been trained to suck cock that way, and I didn't question it. Besides, the girl had skill.

Her plump lips grazed my cock, her motions aided by the warm saliva coating my shaft. I wanted nothing more than to shove my cock down her throat, but I decided to let her lead the games. Still, it would have been so easy to just push her down onto me, or hold her head still as I fucked her throat.

It would have been so easy to turn her into a messy whore, gasping for breath while being used as the whore she knew she was.

I was just about to turn those thoughts into reality when Kate stood up and quickly got rid of her skirt. From my position I could see the matching red panties she wore had a marked dark stain right under

her hole, signaling the whore had been dripping like crazy. I couldn't believe that camera worked, but there was no denying it. I focused on the matter at hand instead of losing myself in those thoughts again — Kate had my full attention. She slid her panties down her smooth, long legs, and got on top of the couch to straddle me.

Her pussy hovered above my cock, merely an inch away from it. I could feel her heat on me, and I just about had enough of waiting around. I grabbed my cock with one hand and slid it along her slit causing her to let out a sultry moan, right into my ear. I grinned as my other hand reached for her ample ass, grabbing a handful of her flesh for support.

The head of my cock slipped past her lips quite easily. I grunted as I felt her pussy widen to fit me, but all that teasing had made me hungry. I pushed down onto her ass, impaling Kate onto my rock hard shaft.

She yelped as she took it, but never backed away from me. Instead she pushed down, albeit after a few seconds of confusion. She had a pained look on her face, but that didn't stop her from moving her hips all the way down, taking all of my cock in her wet, hungry hole.

She was tight, possibly due to her being barely past twenty years of age. It took her a few seconds to get adjusted to my girth, but once she did, I saw a bright flame behind her piercing blue eyes. Kate raised her hips, groaning as the emptiness took her, but quickly lowered herself back on me again.

I slapped her ass to encourage her, and she picked up the tempo. Before I knew it, the little whore began bouncing on my cock with reckless abandon, her juices spraying out of her plugged cunt with each thrust.

Her moans, born out of pleasure and mixed with jolts of pain, echoed through the studio. I wondered what Melissa would think of that, yet she didn't have anything to say after I fucked the other model days before.

I could see her playing with herself as she heard those whores scream, wishing it was her again instead of some dumb bimbo that needed some pictures taken. I wouldn't have minded fucking Melissa again,

and I made a mental note to try the camera on her again. Yet for the time being, Kate was my priority.

Her tits still jiggled as she bounced on me, albeit not too much. I buried my face between them as she rode me, her moans morphing into cries as my cock ravaged her tight walls, stretching them like never before.

That little slut would surely remember my cock for years to come. Perhaps I was ruining her for whoever she would end up fucking next, but that certainly wasn't my concern.

I shifted onto the couch, laying down on it. Kate followed my lead and barely a second later she was back to slamming herself onto me like a well seasoned whore. I grabbed her hips for support as I began thrusting upwards, feeling my orgasm rise.

The image of having what would one day be a supermodel riding my cock had me on the edge, and her relentless motions pushed me right off.

I exploded within her, but she kept riding me. She even began moving faster and harder, just to make my orgasm feel that much stronger. Her young cunt took all of my cum, rope after rope. The thick spurts seemed to be unending, yet Kate's hole milked me for all I had. Down to the very last drop.

Feeling my cum coat her insides must have flipped a switch within her tiny brain as well. It wasn't long before Kate cried out one last time, her body trembling like a leaf as her cunt clenched onto me like a vise, trying to suck out the last remaining drops of cum I had in my body. She froze and collapsed onto me as the orgasm wreaked havoc onto her mind, almost erasing every trace of what made her a human.

For all intents and purposes, Kate was a pair of holes to fuck — and one of them just leaked all of the cum I shot into it on my couch.

I waited for her to come to and had her clean it up. She was surprisingly obedient still, even when ordered to lap up the seed that had once been inside of her battered hole.

That camera clearly had some sort of power, I could no longer deny that. It opened up quite a lot of possibilities, that perhaps no other human had ever had before.

I couldn't wait to play with it some more.

PART FOUR

There's nothing quite like seeing your pictures on the cover of a magazine.

I had forgotten about that photoshoot I did with the first model I ended up fucking, and was reminded of it as I arrived to work on a beautiful sunny day. I found Melissa talking on the phone, scheduling something for the upcoming week.

I didn't interrupt, deciding instead to wait for her to come to me. Minutes after she did, and broke the news: the pictures I took had had a bigger impact than I thought, and a few modeling agencies contacted us to set shoots up.

I was delighted, especially when I heard some of the names Melissa mentioned. The job opportunity alone would be fantastic, and I could easily use the other camera to have some fun on the side.

Melissa had scheduled the first shoot for the following day. It was supposed to be business themed, which usually meant the models would be wearing conservative clothing. I didn't mind, mostly because I knew I could have them naked at the drop of a hat. All I needed to do was press a button and watch the magic unfold before my eyes.

That day was over in a blur and before I knew it, a new one dawned. I sat in my office, waiting for the model to arrive. I had looked her up and was pleased to see the agency didn't send us rookies, but rather a seasoned young woman who had been on quite a few covers already. She looked gorgeous from those pictures. Long, flowing strawberry blonde hair that framed a gentle face, on top of a slender body that still, somehow, had curves in all the right places. I was excited, naturally. Not only I would get to work with a professional, but afterwards I was sure I would end up sending her back home full of my cum. There were no downsides.

When the model — Ada, if memory serves — arrived, Melissa ushered her into the studio and closed the doors behind her. She was pretty much ready to start, and so was I. The studio had been set up

beforehand, both cameras were primed and ready.

The required photos took about half an hour, though the model didn't know. Midway through I used the other camera, the special one, without even pretending to take a picture. I just pressed the button, and she didn't have anything to say.

Its effects were quick to show, and I captured all of them. From the way her expression changed from determination to momentary confusion, up to the bright flame of depravity that sparked behind her piercing blue eyes.

I watched as Ada began unbuttoning the white blouse she was made to wear. Her hands took care of each button, one by one, slowly and carefully. She knew exactly what she was doing, putting on a show for me as I kept taking pictures of her.

The white blouse hit the floor, and it was soon joined by the girl's pants. I loved how she turned around and bent over before pulling them down, giving me a full view of her perfectly toned ass and the matching set of pink underwear that hid what I truly wanted from her.

Ada swayed her hips left and right, beckoning me to take what was rightfully mine. I took a few steps towards her, my blood already rushing to my cock as my eyes fixated onto her luscious ass.

The whore got on her knees, still facing away from me. I don't doubt she expected me to stick my cock in her mouth, but I had other plans. I approached her as I was busy fiddling with my belt, and pulled my cock out just as I was upon her.

I pushed Ada down. She looked far better on her hands and knees, exactly how she would be in the video I had set my camera to take.

Recording that was a chance I simply couldn't pass.

The pink fabric of her panties was soft, satin perhaps, though it hardly mattered once I pulled them down. Her pussy glistened under the bright lights, looking perfectly ready to be abused. Not only Ada was a gorgeous young woman, she also had countless men lusting after her. Men that would never get to even be close to her. And I was about to ram my cock inside of her, so deep and hard she would have trouble walking for days to come.

Alas, I couldn't resist tasting her.

My hands reached for her ass cheeks and parted them, causing her lips

to spread ever so slightly. Her juices began forming a thin, clear string as they dripped down the folds of her pussy, but I lapped it away. She tasted sweet, and let out a soft moans once she felt my tongue reach out to graze her flesh.

I gave her long strokes, starting at the bottom, on her swollen nub, only to end up on her opening. I even sunk my tongue inside of her a few times, just to feel her squirm. I wanted her nectar to coat my face, I wanted to fill my mind with the scent and taste of her cunt just so I would never forget it. Girls like Ada were rare, and while I wasn't the first one to take her, I wanted to make my turn count.

I didn't know how much time I spent savoring her pussy and all the juices that constantly leaked out of her. She continued moaning, and quivering as my tongue probed her depths, though nothing compared to the high pitched squeals she would make every time I focused her clit. I had no intentions of stopping, but I wanted to make her scream, and for that I would need something else.

I traced her slit with the tip of my index finger. The longer I spent just teasing her, the more her frustration grew. Ada kept thrusting her ass outward, longing to feel a harder touch, spreading her legs even further apart just so I could use her holes more easily. I took my time and waited until my fingers were coated with her nectar before taking things further. The first touch on her sensitive nub had her groan in pleasure, yet she quickly got used to the new sensation. It was different than my tongue, naturally, and I loved watching her reactions. I kept on sliding my fingers across her soaked lips just to reach her clit and gently tap it before going back. Every hit had her whimper in pleasure - and a minuscule bit of pain that combined into an intoxicating cocktail.

I'll admit my cock was starting to hurt as I teased her. I needed to take her, I needed to fuck a load of cum deep inside of her tight walls.

I grabbed the shaft of my cock and pushed it in, feeling her tight pussy envelop my cock. In one long stroke I buried my rod deep within her pussy, until my balls rested against her soft flesh.

The tight, wet and impossibly hot embrace her cunt welcomed me with was something I would never forget. Ada's labored breathing was the perfect soundtrack to our filthy adventure, though she would soon

start screaming.

I had only sunk my large, veiny cock inside of her tight pussy, nothing more. Yet just watching her tense up as she took me filled me with energy, which I couldn't wait to spend on her.

After grabbing a handful of her flowing hair I began thrusting, vigorously enough to send ripples through the flesh of her cheeks.

Ada's moans turned into shrill cries of pure pleasure as she felt my cock ravage her, reaching spots she never even knew she had.

I filled her up to the brim. Inch by inch her pussy took all of my cock, and her tightness made sure she would feel me long after that day.

Every vein on my shaft, every inch of my cock plunged deep within her with each thrust, marking her body as mine — if only for a day.

The pace I set was slow, but each hit sent waves of pleasure coursing through both of us. Lust and carnal desires overcame all of our senses as we got lost in the haze.

With each hit, Ada would cry out. It was a perfect rhythm, our bodies worked together like a well oiled machine, hell bent on achieving nothing but the highest forms of pleasure.

I grunted and slapped her ass, hard enough to leave a red hand print on her pale flesh. She yelped and tensed up right after, and I could swear even her pussy became tighter for a split second. Ada was simply made to be fucked, there was no denying that.

I couldn't help but wonder how many times she was in a position such as that one — the modeling industry is hard, and people often have to resort to less than ethical methods to get recognized. If the video I was recording got out, it would boost her career immensely — or flat out destroy it. Still, it was mine and mine alone.

Ada's cunt felt heavenly, but looking down, I couldn't help but notice how pristine her ass looked. An evil grin spread on my lips as I pulled my cock out, watching it glisten with her nectar. I lined it up against her asshole and felt her tense up.

I pushed, holding her still. Ada groaned in pain, but little by little I worked the head of my cock inside of her tight hole.

I threw my head back and grunted, feeling the unbearable tightness of her asshole engulfing my cock. I pushed and pushed, sinking inch after inch of me inside of her as she slowly relaxed.

Ada never objected, obeying her master like a good little whore. I never stopped pushing into her until I felt her drenched cunt on my ballsack, and even then, I only gave her a few seconds before withdrawing.

Thrusting back in was easier, even if I did so with more strength. Ada's yelps were slowly becoming less and less intense, as pleasure inevitably overcame her mind.

Once I noticed she was fine, I began pumping her. I rammed her asshole with renewed vigor, and it didn't take long for her to start screaming for more as my cock ripped her apart. I knew she would have ended up like that, and everything was on camera.

I'd even zoomed in before I started recording, just so I could get every detail right. There was no doubt it would see her flesh cling to the veiny shaft of my throbbing cock, or how she would push her hips backwards to meet mine, hoping to feel my cock ram her even harder.

The entire experience was downright heavenly, and I knew I wouldn't last longer. Still, I wanted to make her cum on my cock, and something told me she was getting close.

Ada's body trembled after each thrust, but once she began playing with her clit as I pounded her ass, all hell broke loose. She let out a piercing scream as an explosive orgasm tore through her, which sent her thrashing around even though I held her steady.

For a tiny girl, Ada was surprisingly strong, but I towered over her and holding her still was fairly easy. She never stopped furiously rubbing her cunt as she came, lengthening her pleasure as I let go of all restraint and fucked her asshole with all my might.

She was the first one to collapse, but thankfully she managed to keep her ass propped up long enough for me to reach my own orgasm. I grunted, slamming my hips hard against hers one last time. I jammed my cock as far as it would go as the orgasm broke out, cum gushing out of the engorged head of my cock. Thick ropes of white seed shot out, coating her tight walls until I had no more drops left within me.

I pulled out when my erection began fading, and saw my cum rush out of Ada's battered asshole. I grinned, knowing the camera caught everything. The girl collapsed further down, laying in a pool of her own nectar and my cum, and I simply went to stop the recording.

That camera, the one I found in my uncle's house, truly proved to be the best thing that ever happened to me.

PART FIVE

With the powers of that camera in my hands, I felt like nothing less than a God.

Business started picking up, too. I eventually had to outsource the editing part of my job since we got buried in offers — some of them more prestigious than others.

I only took those that interested me, under the guise of being picky, and even some sort of “elite” service. In reality, I just took the offers that had models I wanted to fuck.

There was no hiding it, though no one knew. I did all I could to make sure the secret never escaped the walls of my studio, and to this day, no one but me knows. In reality, hardly anything weird happened. The women clearly wanted to have sex with me, and how could I refuse their advances?

Whatever effect that camera’s flash had, it seemed to draw out their inner whore. It was entertaining to see their inhibitions vanish in the blink of an eye, especially with those stuck up bitches that I sometimes had to work with.

Life was great. My bank account grew day after day and so did my name’s reputation among the fashion industry, and I knew that sooner or later I would breach into the higher tier.

Movies, mainly. Hollywood had a certain charm to it, despite being an awful place. Regardless, money is money. I made sure every single shot I took was perfect, waiting for that one call that would make me an offer I couldn’t refuse.

It finally came after about two months. Some promotional shots for a blockbuster about some sort of southern redemption story I hadn’t even heard of.

The way the studio framed the job, it would be a big deal. I accepted it, mostly because the star they got to play the protagonist was a big name despite being relatively new to the scene.

I could hardly wait. Up to that point I had fucked my fair share of

models, but an actress — and one of that caliber? Never. The day of the shoot finally came, and like clockwork, the actress arrived at noon. She looked far better in real life than on the screen. I wasn't starstruck or anything like that, though I'll admit I could barely wait to have fun with her.

For the purpose of safety I won't disclose her last name, given how plenty of people knew it. Her first one, however was Jennifer. She walked into my studio with the confidence of somebody that knows they have the world at their feet. The girl was in dire need of a reality check, though that could wait. My job had priority over my cock, sadly.

I watched her as she got ready for the shoot, and as I pretended to finish setting up the cameras, I simply took my time to stare at her. There was no doubt as to why many men lusted after her — Jennifer's tits alone would have most people drool. Large but somehow perky despite being natural, barely covered by a white blouse. The jean skirt she had to wear for the pictures barely covered her ample ass, which was an extremely welcome sight.

I took way more pictures than needed, just to make sure nothing could possibly go wrong. Jennifer would be my ticket to Hollywood, I simply couldn't mess up.

After a while, we decided to take a break. She instantly took her phone out, and I instead proceeded to man the other camera. I pressed the button with a grin on my face, right after calling out to her to look up. The break was over, sadly. We both went right back to work, though it was clear Jennifer's behavior was slowly changing. The poses she struck became less and less apt for the job, and I loved every second of it.

I didn't care all that much, and in fact enjoyed watching her as she slowly gave in to her temptations. One by one, the buttons of her blouse came off and left her large tits in full view of the camera, despite being held up by a bra that was far too flimsy to do its job properly.

With an annoyed sigh she threw her blouse onto the floor and began toying with her skirt instead. There wasn't much she could do given how tight it was. It hugged her curves perfectly, yet it still left plenty to

the imagination.

Said imagination didn't have to work much, that day. Jennifer grew more and more impatient as the minutes passed, and she soon decided she'd outgrown that skirt altogether. Taking it off and making a show of it, Jennifer stood in the middle of my studio wearing nothing but a pair of panties and a bra that could barely contain her tits.

My camera was naturally recording everything, just as it had done with the other girls before her. I wanted to have a memento, something to remember them by once they left. Memories can fade, after all.

I walked up to her and Jennifer, following her instincts, got on her knees. She already knew what I wanted her to do. My cock was begging to be freed from its prison, and welcomed into that slut's hungry mouth.

I hadn't even worn a belt. Jennifer pulled down my pants and boxers together, making my cock spring free. It almost hit her in the face but she backed away ever so slightly, dodging it before grabbing my shaft to steady it.

Her hot breath one my flesh couldn't compare to the blissful feeling of her mouth, opening like a flower to take me in. Her nimble tongue enveloped the head of my cock and she wasted no time with silly games or useless teasing — Jennifer went straight in for the kill.

She began stroking my veiny shaft whilst flicking the tip of her wet tongue under the engorged head of my cock, sending jolts of pure pleasure tearing through my body. I grunted and looked down at her, noticing the smirk that shone on her face. The whore was probably used to getting that kind of reactions, given how she seemed to be quite good at pleasing men. Besides, show business is built on that. Jennifer's free hand went on to cradle my balls, massaging them gently to add one more sensation to the lusty cocktail she was serving me. That experience, I will never forget — especially because of how much she wanted me.

She popped my cock out of her mouth, a wet sound following right after, and crawled towards the couch that sat on to our right. The same couch upon which I had taken so many other models.

I grinned as I watched her crawl on her knees, her ass swaying left and right to entice me. As if I needed any more encouragement. The fabric

of her panties was clearly soaked through, and I could hardly wait to peel them away from her. To see what so few men had.

I followed her.

Jennifer climbed on top of the couch and rested her arms and head onto the top part of the backrest, giving me a full view and complete control over her holes.

She looked back at me and winked, which was all the confirmation I needed.

I let out a low, guttural noise as I reached for her soaked panties, tugging them down in one harsh swipe. She giggled, thrusting her hips outward to push her ass closer to me.

Her pussy was completely shaved. Jennifer's pink, soaked flesh almost sang to me, encouraging me to grab my cock and ram it as far deep down her cunt as it would go, and I couldn't resist.

My hands reached for the still wet shaft of my cock and I rubbed its head up and down her slit, making sure her juices would coat it before pushing in.

Jennifer's pussy welcomed me like an old friend. Her warmth and wetness engulfed my cock as she moaned, and I realized it would be hard for me to contain myself.

Inch by inch, her cunt took all of my cock. I only stopped moving once I fully sunk myself into her, and even then, I barely waited half a second before withdrawing.

I slammed myself back into her and she cried out for more, to which I obliged. Holding onto her hips, I began pounding her tight hole with all the strength I had within me.

I grunted after each hit, but my noise could barely be heard above her lustful cries of please. The whore soon began slamming herself back onto me, matching my pace just to feel my large cock split her in half even harder.

She was a beast, though I could easily stand up to her. Perhaps she had been in need of a good fucking, though I hardly cared. All that mattered was that my cock was ramming the sweet, tight hole of a Hollywood A-lister.

I had a wide, shit-eating grin plastered onto my face as I pumped her, losing myself to the pleasure and lust more and more with each

passing second.

Jennifer's shrill, lustful cries turned into sharp screams. She clearly bit more than she could chew, but she still insisted on pushing back against me. Perhaps the slut enjoyed a bit of pain mixed in with her pleasure, it would hardly be shocking.

Alas, toys hardly get to choose. Jennifer, for all intents and purposes, was nothing more than a pair of tight holes to fuck — at least for the time being. I wanted nothing more than to keep her to myself and pump a load or two into her tight cunt every day, but I couldn't see that happening. Regardless, something told me I would soon be balls deep in her friends and colleagues, too.

Her body was made to be fucked, there was no denying that. The way she moved her hips made her seem like a skilled whore, and I thanked my lucky star the camera had its weird powers. Without it, I would have never been able to fuck her — and there I was, about ready to flood her hole with my cum.

Jennifer kept slamming herself back onto me, feeling every vein on my shaft leave a permanent imprint in the stretched walls of her wet cunt. Every inch of me, her pussy swallowed without issue, and I knew I wouldn't last too long.

I grabbed her ass cheeks and spread them, just to get a better view of my cock as I mercilessly rammed her. I felt it throb and began pounding her with all I had, rushing towards a massive orgasm that would surely have my legs give out from underneath me.

I didn't even care about hers, all I wanted was to fill her up, and I did. With one last, violent thrust I sank my entire cock inside of her and felt a great wave of relief wash over me, the pressure that built up finally gone.

Hot ropes of thick cum gushed out of my cock and sprayed her insides as she moaned for more, still moving her hips on my rod, hoping to milk every drop of seed I had to give her. To her credit, she did — I had never felt that empty after an orgasm, so much so that I could feel my cum overflow out of her pussy even while my cock was still inside of her.

I had everything on camera, too. No details would be spared, thankfully. Every second of that magical experience saved and backed

up for posterity both in my mind and on my personal computer. The whore collapsed too, but she was careful enough not to have my cum drip onto my couch. Other women hadn't been so kind, I often had to have the damn thing cleaned because of it. Jennifer was special, and only the first of many. Whatever power that camera had, I would make sure I used it to the best of my ability. I loved that job.

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His neighbor is just be the first of many - they simply can't resist him. As soon as they smell it, the women around him turn into horny nymphos ready to serve him in any way, shape or form - and Jason will quickly lose himself to the scent's alluring power...

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[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.

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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...

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[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?

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[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...

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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 compiled into one book.