

WILL B. GUNN

Bad Girl
GONE GOOD



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By **Will B. Gunn**

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Sexual content statement

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All sexual participants in this e-book are aged eighteen or older.

Arno only just finished reading his favorite book, for the third time, and already he felt boredom beginning to set in.

“Really ought to get my phone fixed...” He sighed into his hands and looked at the three who entered the store a minute earlier. At least he could occupy himself by listening in on their conversation.

“I just don't care much for politics.” One of them said. He had red hair.

“How about progress. Care for that?” Came an exasperated reply from his taller friend.

“Not really. No.”

“What *do* you care about?”

“Having fun, mostly. Masturbation is pretty enjoyable.” The ginger said with a humorous shrug.

“Not as enjoyable as actually having sex, though.” The third one interjected.

“Nah, too many people involved.”

“What kind of sex have you been having?” The tall one asked.

“Wouldn't you like to know, Sergei.”

The third one sighed. “You know how they say the apple doesn't fall far from the tree?”

“Yea?” His friends raised an eyebrow.

“Well what if there's a slope?”

Sergei narrowed his eyes. “One of my friends is in love with his right hand and the other is outright crazy. I thought college was supposed to be different...”

“I'm left handed, actually.”

“Oh good to know. Look, they don't have what we're looking for here, anyway.”

“How do you know?”

Arno cleared his throat. “Maybe you should ask me? Seeing as I'm in the privileged position of being behind the counter.”

“You know eavesdropping is a crime.” The thickheaded one said, in full seriousness.

“You're right. He is crazy.” Said a befuddled Arno to the one called Sergei.

“Like I needed to be vindicated about it.” Sergei rolled his eyes.

Arno was just about to berate the young man for being rude, when a beautiful young woman walked through the door. Arno and the others felt compelled to turn their heads and stare.

She looked around, rather suspiciously, and approached the counter.

“Hey there's a line...” The tactless guy started saying, till she flashed her gun. Arno was really hoping she'd flash something else instead.

“What the fuck?” The ginger screamed, shocked.

Sergei seemed to nearly faint. “P-Please don't shoot.” He stammered and put his hands up.

“Don't do anything stupid and I won't have to. And don't piss your knickers, fucking wuss.” She spat at him, venomously.

“Hands up!” She pointed the gun at Arno. “And don't you think of pressing any panic button to call the police or anything like that.”

Arno chuckled, trying to remain calm. “You think the cheapskates who own this place would spring for a panic button?” He said.

“I said hands up!”

“Yes ma'am.” He obeyed. “I find people with guns to be exceedingly impatient. Wouldn't you agree, guys?”

“Think this is some joke?” She yelled, clearly trying to scare him.

“P-Please let us go...” Sergei's voice cracked under the pressure.

“Better let them go before they faint.” Arno tried, his heart beating like a drum.

“Oh yeah, like they won't call the cops the second they feel safe.” She said with a smirk.

“We won't!”

“Promise!”

Arno smiled at her. “Come on, do they look like the type to do that? They're scared shitless!”

“And you're not?” She pointed the gun back at Arno.

“Course I am. Sweating bullets out of every orifice, but unlike them I can handle it.” Arno replied, his eyes twitching at the barrel of

the gun.

She clenched her jaw, contemplating.

“Get the fuck out of here.” She decided. “Keep in mind that if you call the cops I’d be long gone when they get here, but I’ll find out.” She threatened. “Got it?”

The three terrified students gathered their wits about them and scurried away

“That was very nice of you.” Arno smiled at her with kind eyes and a calm expression.

“Thanks, I guess.” She frowned. “Now give me the money.” She demanded.

“Absolutely.” Arno opened the cash register and took a handful of bills from the drawer. “I’ll even count them for you, so you’ll know exactly how much you’re getting.”

“Don’t waste time!” Her anger rose.

“I’m not. I just want to help.”

“Don’t mock me!”

“I am being completely sincere.” Arno said. “I hate the owner, and the store’s manager is a lazy douche. I’m on your side here. Trust me.”

A baffled smile formed on her face, her eyes wide with surprise. “All right. If you say so.” She said, “but don’t try anything stupid.”

“Would never dream of it.” He held the stack of bills in his hands. “I have the utmost respect for you. I know you wouldn’t do this unless you had to.”

“Yeah.” She nodded in agreement. “Whatever. Start counting.” She stared at the stack of twenties with greedy eyes.

“As you say. One.” Arno slowly slid one of the bills off from the main stack, and set it on the counter before him. He made sure to focus his gaze on his hands.

“Two. Three. Four.” He counted slowly, making the exact same hand movements every time.

“You’re doing it too slowly.” She complained.

“I have to. Five. You wouldn’t want me to miscount.” Arno flat out declared.

“I guess not...”

“Besides. Six. I'm not doing it slowly at all. You must be feeling like that because of the adrenaline coursing through your veins. Seven. It's making time feel like it's flowing slower. Eight.”

“I guess that makes sense.” She agreed.

“Of course it does. Nine.” Arno allowed himself to look up at her, making sure she was following his hands with her eyes, giving it her undivided attention.

“Ten. That's good. two hundred dollars already.”

“Yeah.” A happy smile formed on her face.

“Still feeling like time is flowing slowly?” He asked, slowing down his pace further.

“Yeah.” She answered, her speech slower than before.

“You should try to relax, then. If your adrenaline levels get too high, might be a problem. Eleven.”

“Wh-what?” She mumbled.

“Relax.” Arno stressed.

“Relax...” She repeated sleepily.

“Twelve. That's right. It's very important for you to calm down.”

“Calm...down?”

“Yes. Keep following my hands. It's important. Some people find watching money move captivating.” Arno asserted.

“Captivating.” She nodded.

“Mesmerizing.” He stressed, and counted “thirteen”.

“Mesmerizing.” She gave a small nod, her eyes fixating on the movement of each bill as it went from the stack in his hand to the stack lying on the counter.

“It's helping you relax. Good.” He said.

“Relax. Good.” She repeated.

“Very good. Keep repeating what I say. It will help you relax. Fourteen.” A wickedly mischievous smile formed on Arno's face.

“Yeah. Help me relax.”

“Good. Keep watching. The more bills I stack on the counter, the more relaxed you become. Fifteen”

“Yes...”

“So relaxed that your eyes are getting heavy. So heavy.”

“So...heavy...”

“Sixteen.” He slowed down even further. “You're very sleepy.”

“Very...sleepy.” She repeated, slowly batting her eyelids. Her eyes came back open only halfway, and they looked glassy, a bit unfocused.

“Seventeen.”

She blinked again.

“Eighteen. When I get to twenty, you will go into a deep, hypnotic trance.” Arno finally had the confidence. This was the moment of truth.

“Deep...hypnotic...trance...” She echoed, her mouth agape and her eyes open just a crack. Her gun toting arm seemed to float, disoriented before her, struggling to remain stretched.

“Yes. Deep and receptive. Nineteen.”

“Nineteen.” She closed her eyes, nearly nodding off.

“And twenty. Sleep.” Arno said.

She dropped her arms to her side, nearly letting the gun drop from her grasp. Her head slumped forward, but she still remained, albeit drowsily, on her feet.

Arno rubbed his hands with a grin. “Can you hear me?” He asked.

“Yes.”

“Good. You're feeling very good. Very relaxed.” He said.

“Feel good.” She agreed.

“Tell me your name, please.” He requested in no uncertain terms.

“Isabella.”

Arno donned a devious half smile on his face. “Beautiful name.” He told her.

“Thank you.” She said.

“I am master. Remember it, please.”

“I'll remember. You are master.”

“Good. Now open your eyes, but remain deep in trance.” He said with a calm voice.

“Yes.” She responded immediately, and stared forward with glazed, unfocused eyes.

“Twenty twenty dollar bills. That's four hundred bucks. Look at it.”

“Yes.” She said and tilted her head down.

“You've earned it. It's yours now. Your reward for being such a good girl.” He slid the stack of bills closer to her. A small smile appeared on her mesmerized face.

“Now hand me the thing in your hand. You don't need it anymore.” He told her, and without a word she did as he said. He took the gun from her and set it safely on the counter.

“Good girl. You like being a good girl. In fact, being a good girl arouses you. It makes you happy.” He asserted.

“Yes. Happy.”

“Good girl. Now when you wake up, you will realize that you have to buy this gun from me. You will be willing to pay any price I ask. You will not haggle, only beg.”

“No haggling. Only beg.” She said.

“You're processing my commands so well. Such a good girl.” He said and watched as a wave of arousal flooded her mind.

“Wake up.”

Isabella heard the words echo in her mind.

“Sorry.” She wiped her eyes. “Must have dosed off a little.”

“No problem.”

Master stood before her, a big smile on his face. She looked down and saw the stack of money she had earned. Seeing it put her in quite the uplifted mood.

“Thanks for the cash.” She reached for it and said. “Say, that's a pretty cool gun you have there, master.”

“I know, right? Special edition. Very expensive.” Arno told her.

“I bet.” She nodded. “Seeing as I came into some unexpected income recently, very recently.” She winked at him. “Would you mind if I purchased it?”

“I'm afraid you'd have to pay much more than four hundred bucks for this gun, Isabella.” He said.

Isabella blinked, looking at the gun.

“Well, of course.” She laughed as if it was obvious. “I didn't expect this pitiful stack of bills to cover for it.”

“Good.” Master seemed pleased.” So I guess we can treat the money in your hand as a down payment.”

“Sure.” She said with a shrug and handed the money over.

“Is everything all right?” He asked.

“What? Yeah, just felt something weird all of a sudden.”

“That sounds silly and unimportant.” He looked at her with a sharp stare.

“It really was, master. You know that’s a very unique name, by the way.”

“I think it suits me.” Arno took the stack of cash and put it back in the register, where it belonged.

“I think it does, too.” Isabella agreed, leaning over the counter to watch the money she “earned” go away.

Arno snapped his fingers before her eyes and said “Focus.”

“Focus.” She agreed with an enthused nod.

“Now let’s talk about your actual payment for the gun.” He said.

“Okay!”

“Don’t interrupt.” He scolded her.

“Sorry master.”

“Hard to concentrate with your sexy cleavage in my face, gotta to say.” Arno reached forward and stroked his finger directly down the long line of cleavage revealed by her top, testing her reaction.

Isabella looked down at his probing hand. “Oh? Should I cover up?”

“On the contrary, silly! Take your shirt off and show me your tits. That should sate my curiosity.” Arno suggested in a bland tone.

“Makes sense.” She nodded and quickly peeled her shirt off.

“Bra too?” She asked, reaching back.

“What do you think?” He winked at her. Isabella unclasped her bra before he could even finish his condescending question.

“So? About the gun?” She wondered, innocently moving her body from side to side.

“They look so firm and round.” Arno reached over to touch her. He took a moment to enjoy the sensation of her soft warm skin, savoring the feeling of her warm flesh yielding to his hands. “Never saw such perfect titties in my fucking life!”

“Thank you, master.” She said, her smile full of cheer even as he pinched her nipple.

“Let's see your pussy, too.” He snapped his fingers and said. She frowned in apparent confusion.

“It would make your look much more balanced. And besides, I won't be able to concentrate otherwise.” He reminded her. “Go on, take em off.”

“Okay!” She gleefully agreed, snapped her belt open and wiggled herself out of her tight pants.

Arno quickly walked around the counter to have a look at her ass as she bent down.

“Pink panties. Never would have thought.” He snickered.” Take these off too.” He hooked a finger in the soft fabric and yanked them down with one motion..

“Fuck! So lovely and smooth!” He ran a finger along her pussy lips, making her whimper.

“How old are you, anyway?” He asked.

“Nineteen, master.” She gave her ass a cute wiggle as she answered.

“So pert and round.” He bent down and gave her bubbly cheek a kiss. “Can't wait to plunge my cock into this tight thing.” He slowly pushed his finger into her cunt.

“Uhm, what?” She turned around to stare at him.

“I have a solution to our big question.” He replied.

“Really?” She asked with a relieved grin.

“Indeed. You like making me happy, don't you?” He asked.

“Oh yeah. I feel a certain sense of...elation, when I see I've pleased you.” She swooned. “Not sure why, though.”

“You really enjoy doing as I say, too.” He stated a fact.

“I know! It's so hot!”

“You know what they call cute girls like you, who like obeying guys they call master?” He ran his fingers along her lean belly.

“Umm...” She hesitated. “Slave girls?”

“Precisely.” Arno said, giving her nose a playful flick.” And you look so good naked.” He looked her up and down.

“I still don't understand.” She sounded upset, mostly at herself for not being able to figure it out.

“It's simple. You will become my slave, for a fee. You'll do what I say, when I say, how I say, and once you've amassed one billion

dollars, I'll give you the gun.”

“That...that sounds...” She hesitated again. Arno took her chin between his fingers and smiled at her. “It sounds great, master.” She decided, smiling pleasantly at him.

“Fantastic. Now we just have to decide how much you're worth.” He playfully slapped her cheek, and looked around the empty dark street outside the store. “Might as well go behind the counter, so strangers passing by can't see you.”

“Why wouldn't they be able to see me behind the counter, master?” Isabella asked with wide eyes.

“You'll be on your knees sucking my cock, of course.” He took her gently by the hand.

“I...I will?” She asked, licking her lips in anticipation without even noticing.

“Obviously. How else would you have me use a pretty slavegirl like you?” He gently pulled on her nipple.

“Of course, Master. Silly me.” She walked past him, accepting a small squeeze of her ass with a small jump.

Arno lifted her shirt from the floor and followed her behind the counter. “There, you can kneel on this” He laid her top on the floor.

“Okay.” She gave a cute shrug and carefully got down on her knees.

“Kiss.” He pushed his pelvis forward.

Isabella nodded and puckered her lips, kissing the steely bulge in his pants.

“Like you love it.” He instructed, nudging her forward.

“Yes.” She gave a small moan and began making love to his crotch, making Arno groan. He couldn't hold back anymore, and he certainly did not need to. Isabella was completely under his control, and that knowledge increased his arousal tenfold.

He unzipped and lowered his underpants, letting his manhood spring out.

He ran his hand in her hair, made a grab, and made her stare at him. “Tongue out.” He commanded.

“Okay.” She stretched her tongue out, lightly touching his tip.

“That's 'yes master'.” He told her.

“Oh,” She reeled her tongue back to her mouth, “umm. Yes master. Sorry, master.” She said and stretched tongue out again.

Arno gave a feral grunt, grabbed his cock, and tapped it on her tongue. The wet smacks resonated across the empty store like sweet, moist music.

“Suck it.” He said after a short moment.

“Yes master.” Her lips tickled his tip, and before he could moan in response she already had him halfway in her mouth. She tightened her lips around his cock and began to polish it back and forth, letting out wet slurps as drops of drool oozed down her chin. She was determined to give her master the most enjoyable blowjob he ever had the pleasure of receiving.

He grabbed her head with both hands and started ramming into her face, making her gag with every thrust.

“Oh fuck! With tongue work like that, I think you're worth a million dollar for each year you spend as my slave.” He said with a pleased moan.

He let go of her, allowing her the grace of coming up for air.

“Thank you, master!” She showed her gratitude with a sloppy kiss to his tip. “So it won't take too long for me to get a billion, right?”

Arno had to laugh. “Sure, doll. Just about a thousand years. I'm starting to understand why you stooped to armed robbery.” He mocked.

“Wha'?” She uttered, dumbly.

“Just keep sucking.” He nudged her forward again.

“Yes master.”

She took him all the way in once again, so deep her lips touched his balls.

“*Ohh Good girl.*” He moaned. “Isn't it much better to be relaxed, obedient, and penniless? Hmm?” He asked as he fucked her face, a wicked smile on his face.

“*Mh Hmm!*” All she could do was moan, and nod in agreement as he screwed her mouth.

He pulled her off his cock, and like a trained pet she took her tongue out. Arno gave a grunt of approval and brushed her tongue

under his cock. Her eyes twinkled at him as he moved her beautiful face back and forth, polishing his underside with her tongue.

“Master?” She suddenly raised her voice. “Will it really take a thousand years? I...”

“Be quiet, sweetie. It's all good.” He tried to calm her down.

“But...”

“Sleep.” He snapped his fingers above her eyes, and Isabella fell back into a deep trance.

“Keep sucking.” He patted her.

“Yes master.” She said, her eyes closed and her conscious mind taking a much needed break.

“That's it. Deep and fast, like a good whore.” He directed her movements, and her pace.

“Open your eyes. I want to see those gorgeously entranced jewels.” He ordered his slave, and she obeyed. She looked up as he fucked her mouth, her eyes calm, serene, and entranced.

Arno stretched his neck and gave a moan of approval.

“Oh fuck, horrible timing.” His gaze fell on two cops approaching the store. He quickly pushed Isabella forward and tried to stand behind the counter in a way that didn't reveal he had his cock deep in the hot mouth of a nineteen year old girl. He managed to hide the gun in the very last moment.

“Hello officers.” He coughed and said, but still sounded a tad hoarse.

“Hey.” One of them looked around suspiciously. “We received a report of an armed robbery in progress, here.”

“Really? That's odd. I didn't call the police.” He said, deep down swearing at the three college boys for their sudden bout of courage.

“Were you the victim of a robbery, sir?” The other officer asked impatiently.

“No I...*oh god* yes...” Arno started lying but Isabella decided just then to slide her tongue sideways, wiggling it under his cock.

“What?” The first officer raised an eyebrow.

“I mean. Yes.” Arno put his hand on her head and stopped her movements. “But nothing was taken. I convinced the robber to leave.”

“How did you manage that?” The cop asked suspiciously.

“I told her we don't keep cash in the register because people always pay by card.”

“And she bought that?”

“She was a tad dim.” Arno said, trying not to snicker.

“She still tried to rob you. Can you give me her description?”

The second officer asked.

“Sure, sure. Umm...” He looked down at the amazingly fit blue eyed blonde slowly sucking him off.

“Red hair, brown eyes, a bit chubby.” He lied.

“And you're sure nothing at all was taken?”

“Positive.” Arno confirmed.

“Come on, Gary, let's go” The cop said with a sigh, took his partner and walked out the door.

“Phew. Close.” Arno looked down at Isabella and said. “You really owe me one now. Lick my balls.”

She plopped her lips off his tip with a wet smack, and lashed her limber tongue at his balls.

“*Ohh fuck yeah!*” He closed his eyes and moaned as she licked and lapped at his testicles.

“Come on, I'm taking you home with me. I'm supposed to close up in ten minutes anyway.” He decided, gently tapping her shoulder.

“Yes master.” Isabella stood up.

“Get dressed. Wouldn't want to draw unwanted attention.” He lightly smacked her ass, and she hurried to obey.

“So how long will I be your slave for, master?” She asked.

“Well aren't you curious.” Arno laughed. “For as long as I want you to be.” Came his simple response. “Don't worry,” he added, “I'll give you the gun back when I free you. Might even give you some cash for the ride home.”

“You are so generous, master.” She smiled and gave him a bow.

“And you are such a good girl, Isabella.” He smiled back at her, and watched her as she got dressed.

At Arno's place, two diligent playthings awaited, wearing sexy french maid costumes and performing menial and mundane tasks of housework.

"This is my neighbor, Jennifer." He introduced the short haired brunette.

"Welcome home, master." She presented her large breasts for him to fondle.

"Good to be home." He kissed her on the cheek and squeezed a handful of tit.

"This is her daughter, Cindy." He approached the other girl, who's hair was dark as night. She wore a black skirt about two inches short of covering her pristine pussy lips.

"Nice to meet you." Cindy greeted the newcomer. "Are you one of master's cleaning and cooking girls, or are you just for sex?" She asked.

"I...I don't know." Isabella replied, wide eyed.

"Haven't decided yet. Don't confuse the new slave, Cindy." Arno reprimanded, positioning himself behind her.

"Cindy is about your age actually." He casually tickled her wet cunt with his shaft, and thrust himself into her. Cindy responded with a moan.

"Maybe you two can hit it off." He suggested as he fucked her from behind. "In fact, how about you two make out on the floor in front of me, right now." He snapped his fingers authoritatively, and pulled out of Cindy's hot teen pussy.

"Yes master."

The two teens came closer, wearing shy smiles. Their precious first kiss was short and adorable. Their second was carnal, wet, and long. They entwined their tongues and slowly lay each other on the floor.

Cindy, being the more experienced of the two in putting on such a show, quickly took charge. She ran her tongue from between Isabella's tits, down her lithe torso, and finished by giving her pussy a warm kiss.

"Titfuck, Jennifer." Arno sat down on the couch. "Point your ass in my direction, Cindy. You know I like watching that petite thing wiggle."

“Yes master.” The older woman said, knelt before him, and hugged his cock with her large breasts. She lubricated the ample valley between her tits with drool, and began bouncing them on his crotch with earnest.

“Isabella here tried to mug me today, you know.” He told the sexy MILF lewdly giving him a sensual and slow titfuck.

“How silly of her, master.” Jennifer raised her voice so he could hear her over Isabella's moans. Cindy had just playfully nipped on her clit, and began pumping two fingers in and out of her pussy.

“Yeah, but it was just one silly error in judgment. I decided not to give her up to the police.”

“How gracious of you, master.” Jennifer squeezed her tits tighter.

“Indeed.” Arno gave a smirk. “I'll punish her myself. Some private, personal community service. As she deserves.” He said.

“Yes master.” Jennifer's smiled at him, and licked at the pre-cum oozing from his tip.

Arno moaned. “Better call your work after I cum on your tits. You'll be too tired to show up tomorrow. And call Cindy's school as well.”

“Cindy's in college, master.”

“Cool. Always wanted to hypnotize a sorority. Try some group hypnosis and enslave a bunch of cuties.” He smiled down at her. Jennifer looked up with wide eyes, saying nothing, her mind focusing solely on pleasing him, and barely at all on the thought of Cindy and her friends serving their neighbor like a bunch of giggling harem girls.

“Need to read chapter eight again, just in case.” Arno mumbled and folded his fingers behind his back, relaxing and watching the teen lesbian action, happening on the floor before him all for his amusement.

* * * *

It took Isabella less than a week to get used to living in her master's home. As she dusted furniture wearing nothing but high heels and a G-string, she came across a book lying open on the floor.

“Master's favorite book.” She picked it up with a smile, staying bent over a while longer just in case her master came over and felt like fucking her. “He forgot it here before going to sleep again.”

“Funny, I never looked at the title before.” She looked at the cover. “An Expert's Guide To Hypnotizing Unsuspecting Folk. That sounds silly.” She giggled, and suddenly frowned. “I wonder...”

She opened the book at a random place, and whispered aloud.

“Chapter six: How to maintain subject's attention without them realizing it, using a simple repetitive motion as a focus.”

“First, no pendulums or pocket watch necessary! The cliches do work, for sure, if you know how to work them, however any fluent, repeated motion can be turned into a focus for a good induction.”

“The best focuses are ones the subject will want to watch. If the object does not have their attention, direct their attention towards it. Most people are open to suggestion, and will find it difficult to avoid focusing on an object the hypnotist describes as “shiny”, “sparkling”, or even “captivating”. Certain individuals are so suggestible, their eyes will follow without a word spoken. Once the focus has the subject's attention, be assertive.”

“Having a good rapport with the target individual will help immensely. Gain the target's trust, even if it means being borderline cheesy in your remarks. Identifying with the subject will encourage them to identify with you.”

“A good way of assessing your target's suggestibility is by slipping suggestions into casual conversation. As a simple rule of thumb, if a subject responds well to your suggestion even under stressful conditions, their susceptibility is high. See addendum 2: assessing and utilizing subject's suggestibility, for more information.”

“Once undisturbed focus is achieved, subject will need to be brought to a more relaxed state. Getting the target to match their breaths with the focus's repetitive movements is highly effective. Don't shun actually telling target to “relax and breathe” or telling the target to “breathe in” and “breathe out” when appropriate. Try not to match your own breaths, lest you'll end up hypnotizing yourself.”

“Encourage subject to repeat your words. It will keep them engrossed in the process.

Once proper relaxation is achieved, you may begin using more powerful words such as “mesmerizing”, “trance”, and even “obey” in its many variations. Follow instructions on finalizing entrancement laid down in chapter two, and your target shall become putty in your hands.”

“Wow...” Isabella let out, in awe.

Arno emerged from the bedroom with a yawn, his morning wood dangling stiffly between his legs.

“Morning, Izzy.” He called her by her pet name.

“Good morning master.” She turned around to greet him.

“Told you I'll need you in the morning, seeing as Jennifer and Cindy are traveling.” He scolded, rubbing his cock.

“I am wet and ready for you, master. Always.” Isabella assured him, lifting one leg straight in the air with the balance and grace of a ballerina.

“Good.” He sleepily walked over and teased her pink pussy lips with his tip.

“*Mhm*, master?” She moaned as he penetrated her.

“What is it?” He kissed her neck as he pumped into her.

“Did you hypnotize me to make me your slavegirl?” She asked.

“Where did you get that idea?” He frowned.

“Your book, master.” She pointed at the couch where she set the book before spreading her legs for him.

“Oh. In that case, yes, I most assuredly did.” He admitted, thrusting deep into her. “Is that a problem?” He wondered.

“No, master. My life is much better now that I live to serve you. Calmer too, and filled with lots of fun and pleasure. I don't think I can thank you enough.” She clenched her soaking cunt around his cock.

“That's a good girl.” Arno praised her, groaned, and filled her with his thick, sticky load.

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