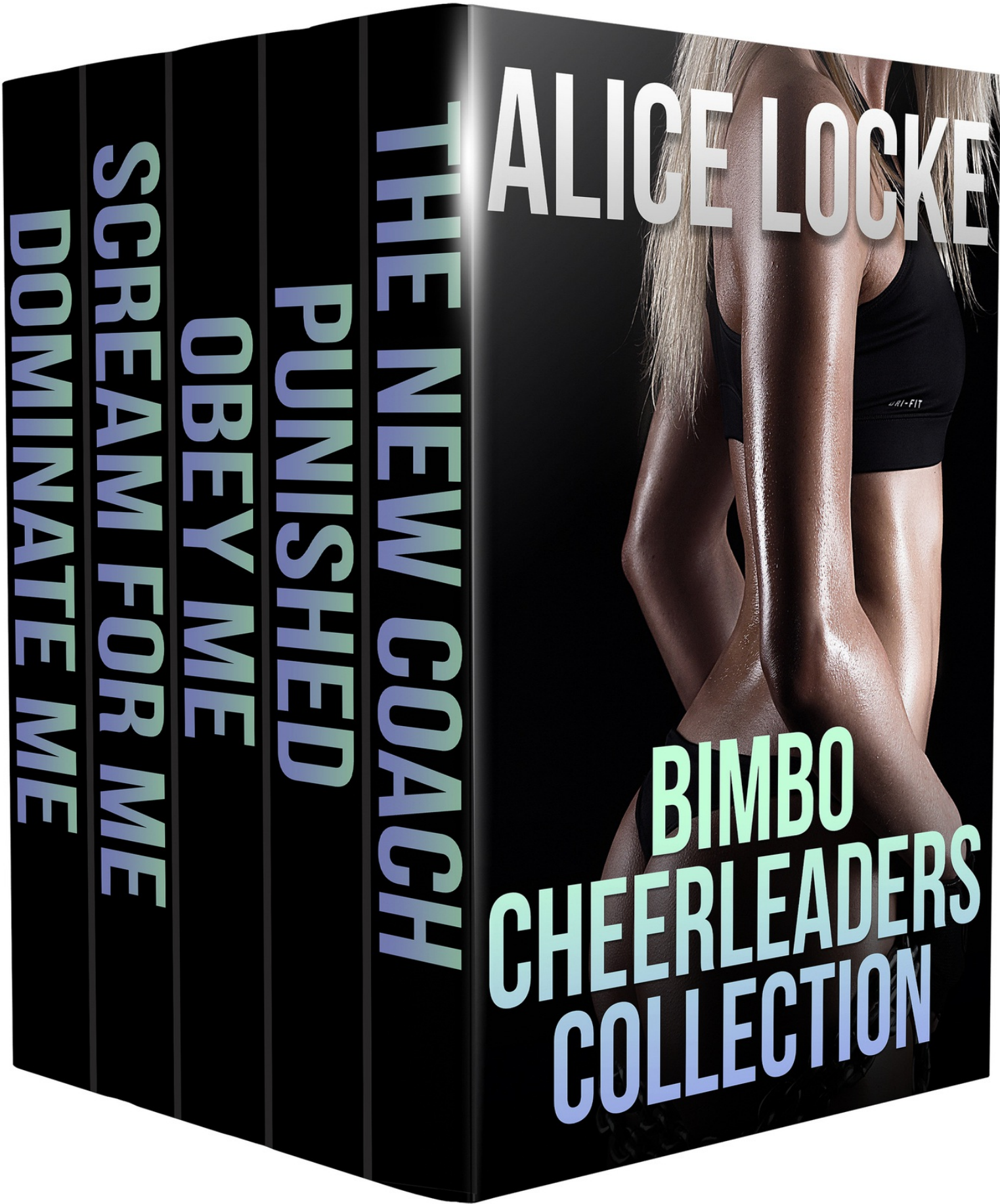




ALICE LOCKE

BIMBO
CHEERLEADERS
COLLECTION

THE NEW GOACH

PUNISHED

OBEY ME

SCREAM FOR ME

DOMINATE ME

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The New Coach

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, and *full of my cream*.

Punished

The coach still **can't believe** the situation he's in. Paid to **have fun with a team of *gorgeous bimbo cheerleaders***, he's living any **man's dream**. He wants to **be in control** and dominate them, and it all starts with **punishing Amy's insolence** and snarky remarks. **A face full of his *hot cream*** is all it takes.

Obey Me

On a cold evening, the coach decides to take a walk around Brightwater and **runs into Jessica and her gorgeous friend Vanessa, whom he had never met**. She is also **part of the cheerleading team**, meaning he would **soon get to *know her better***. The girls are looking for some ***fun***, and they decide to **head back to the coach's house**.
The heat rises, and both of them will end up **breathless and full of his cream** by the end of the night.

Scream For Me

After the previous night's adventure, the coach finds *Vanessa's phone* on his couch. She had left it there by accident, so he calls *Jessica* to come and retrieve it.

She get there to take it back, but **will leave full of his cream and with a sore behind**. The following day, **all the girls** *are late to practice*, but the **three of them** **promise to make it up to him in the evening...**

Dominate Me

On a quiet Saturday morning, the coach receives a message from *Amy* saying that *Maggie*, **the fourth cheerleader**, wants to *meet* him. He already **knows what will happen**, but doesn't expect Maggie to be so **willing to be taken deep and hard**. Either way, one of them will leave his house **full of his cream**.

Who will it be?

A woman with dark hair, wearing a light pink t-shirt and white underwear, is shown from the back. She is standing in a gym, with her right hand on her hip. The background is slightly blurred, showing gym equipment and a bright light source. The text 'ALICE LOCKE' is overlaid at the top in a bold, white, sans-serif font.

ALICE LOCKE

THE NEW COACH

THE NEW COACH

Chapter One

I swore I would never move to one of the many little college towns that littered my country, yet there I was.

Alone, since I wasn't too keen on settling down, in a two story house with a meadow at its back and the warm sun perpetually shining on it. My new living arrangements were far superior to the ones I left, though granted, these small towns are often hidden gems just waiting for someone to discover them.

What drove me to break my "I-will-never-live-there" oath was, well, survival. My old job felt too boring, and I needed some fresh air. I needed some change, and the town of Brightwater provided it.

College town, small population. Quiet, or so I had been told. Those claims turned out to be both true and false at the same time. The town tried its best to keep up the appearances, and it succeeded on most counts.

Yet in my case, "quiet" is not the word I'd use to describe Brightwater.

I was hired as the new cheerleading coach, seemingly on the spot. It seemed suspicious at first - they must have had other candidates yet they seemed surprised when I arrived for the interview.

An hour later and I was in, though I couldn't shake the feeling that something weird was afoot.

Later that evening I decided to search the internet for anything strange related to Brightwater, and as I scrolled through the results I finally understood why everyone seemed surprised I had shown up for the interview.

The previous cheerleading coach had been caught "having relations" with the girls in the team. All of them were of age, sure, but for a small conservative town such as Brightwater that felt like a massive scandal. The town earned somewhat of a stigma due to that. Understandable, but luckily I didn't care at all.

Money was money, and I already had enough experience in the field to secure the position.

I hadn't been called "coach" in years, but all in all it was a nice change of pace from what I had been used to.

I thought it would be fairly easy to go back to. Sure, there were challenges involved, but nothing I couldn't breeze through.

Regardless, I kept thinking about that sex scandal. As bad as it sounds, I couldn't blame the guy, especially since he wasn't the one to initiate it. I didn't want to make the same mistakes he did, and even if I hadn't met the team yet at that point, I was confident I could have enough restraint.

Chapter Two

The following day I made my way back to the campus and into my office. I wasn't exactly sure why I needed one, but it was nice to have a somewhat private retreat.

Looking around, it was fairly small and it seriously needed some air freshener, but all things considered it wasn't bad.

Office aside, I wanted to go down to the gym and meet the girls. I had been told most of the members left, leaving behind only four girls.

Admittedly, there was no point in even having a team. The college was very small, and most importantly it didn't have any sports team. I was dumbfounded, but I realized it would make my job even easier.

The gym wasn't too big, keeping in line with the overall size of the campus.

As I got close to the doors I heard giggling coming from inside, signaling that the girls were already waiting for me.

I crossed the threshold and I saw two girls sitting on the wooden floors. One of them noticed me and sat up to greet me, and the other quickly followed suit.

Approaching them, I tried not to stare at them too much. I smiled, waved, did the usual pleasantries before introducing myself but my

gaze was still glued on them.

The girl on the right, who introduced herself as Jessica, turned out to be the captain of the team. Knockout figure, fiery red hair and a voice sweet enough to give a man diabetes on the spot.

The way she looked at me, her piercing green eyes seemingly trying to stare into my soul, it made her appear far more devilish than she was.

The other one, Amy, seemed more reserved. She was shorter than her friend, but her body made it up. Tanned skin, curvy figure, and jet black hair tied in a ponytail.

Both of those girls were simply gorgeous, and in that moment I understood the previous coach even more. I would be lying if I said I didn't have a few inappropriate thoughts clouding my mind for a few seconds, though I came to my senses.

"Sorry coach, the others couldn't make it!" Jessica declared.

"It's alright, there's always time for introductions," I replied, flashing them a smile.

It occurred to me that neither of them was wearing a uniform, even though they knew I would be there. Instead they wore sweatpants and tank tops, as if they were relaxing at home.

Even then, they both looked amazing. I had to focus, and try hard not to get fired and arrested on my first day. I was old enough to be their father, albeit barely, but the point remained.

"No uniform, huh?" I queried.

"We don't have one," Amy replied.

"Oh?" I was stumped, though it made sense. This institute had no reason to have a cheerleading team, so why would they have uniforms?

"I'll explain..." Jessica cooed, kneeling in front of me.

"What are you doing?" I exclaimed while I tried to back off.

Jessica crawled up to me just as I bumped into Amy while trying to distance myself from them.

"You have to stop this, now!"

They wouldn't listen. Even if I told them to back off, secretly I wanted nothing more than to fuck both of them right then and there. My mind and body both agreed, and my cock was straining against the fabric of my boxers.

I felt Amy's breath on my ears while Jessica swiftly undid my belt.

"You're going to let us do whatever we want and in return you can fuck us whenever you want... Daddy," She whispered, her sultry voice making my head spin.

I felt Jessica's hand wrap around my cock, pulling it out of my boxers. She let out a small moan when she saw it, prompting Amy to look down too.

"Oh yes you will...Won't you, daddy?"

I didn't reply. I was about to, but as Jessica took my cock into her mouth, my mind went blank.

"I think he will, Jess!" Amy exclaimed as her friend's tongue swirled around the tip of my cock. She let go of it and looked up at me, hunger in her eyes.

"Thank you, coach..."

A split second later she was back on my cock, lapping away at it as if it was the last meal she would ever have.

As much as I knew it was wrong and that I should've stopped it before it got to that point, well...

When a gorgeous twenty years old girl with a body a Greek goddess would dream of is trying to suck your cock dry, your judgment gets severely impaired.

Her head bobbing on my veiny cock as she stroked my shaft felt heavenly. The overall taboo tone of it made it even better, and I could feel myself begin to twitch.

"Do you like how that little slut is sucking your cock, daddy?"

The answer to that was a resounding yes.

"Cum for us, daddy, come on..." Amy whispered, and upon hearing those words I lost all control.

My body tensed up as a torrent of cum erupted from my cock, landing directly into Jessica's throat.

She took my cock out of her mouth as the spurts kept coming out, arching in the air and landing on her fresh face, a broad smile shining on her cum-coated lips.

Amy knelt beside her friend and took my cock into her mouth to suck the last drops of cum I had in me. Jessica had been wiping my seed off of her face with her fingers, which she proceeded to lick clean

just as Amy was cleaning my cock after making sure I had nothing else to give.

They both stood up, and in truth, the drops of cum they had missed did make them look better.

"Do we have a deal, coach?" Jessica asked, gently squeezing my cock as my erection faded.

"I don't have much of a choice, do I?"

"Nope!" Amy cheerfully replied.

I nodded, agreeing to their proposition.

Anyone in my position would have said yes, after all. I did feel guilty, though those feelings quickly faded.

The girls left, and I went back to my office to regain some composure.

Chapter Three

I went back home that night feeling extremely conflicted. On one side I knew that I could get fired and possibly arrested at any given time, but on the other... If what they said was true, I could have stumbled onto a treasure trove.

Four girls, or well, two at that point, at my complete sexual disposal. There had to be a catch, one that I had to find out as soon as possible.

The next day I spent most of my morning setting up hidden recording devices in my office. If they decided to screw me over I wanted to have something to defend myself with, should the need arise.

Once everything had been readied, I felt somewhat in control. Their actions still perplexed me, but deep down I didn't care too much.

If they wanted me to feed them cum daily, I would happily oblige.

My office overlooked the gym, allowing me to monitor any and all activities in it. It was empty most of the time, but occasionally people would wander in for one reason or another.

I wondered just how lucky I had been the previous day, considering anyone could have walked in and caught us in the exact situation that got the old coach fired.

If the deal was to continue, the gym was most definitely off limits.

I was lazily browsing the internet since I had nothing planned for that day when somebody knocked at my door.

"Come in," I said, and the door opened to reveal Jessica and Amy behind it.

"Hi coach," Jessica greeted me, closing the door behind her.

Amy waved, and the duo proceeded to sit in front of my desk without even asking permission.

"I wanted to talk to you, about yesterday..." I said.

"What about it?" Amy replied, cocking her head to the side.

"It was a mistake, and it cannot go on."

I tried to sound stern, but it hardly seemed to work.

"A mistake you enjoyed making, coach."

"Doesn't change the fact that it has to stop."

"Why? Don't you want to fuck us, daddy?" Amy piped up, her sweet voice a stark contrast to the word she uttered.

I sighed. Yes, of course I wanted to - but I knew I couldn't.

"That's besides the poi-"

Jessica cut me off before I could finish the sentence.

"That means yes."

She stood up and bent over the chair she had been sitting on, giving me a full view of her plump ass in the black yoga pants she wore.

"Come and take her, daddy!" Amy exclaimed, slapping Jessica's ass.

"Alright, it's time for you to leave." I said, frustrated. Once more my cock was in the process of betraying me, but given the situation I didn't have much to hide.

I stood up to usher them out, but as I did that, Amy grabbed the edge of Jessica's pants and pulled them down.

She caught her panties too, and peeled both off her friend to reveal her perfectly shaved pussy, already glistening with her juices.

"See, daddy? She's ready for you!" Amy declared, giggling.

I didn't know what to reply to that, the situation was too absurd for my brain to process it.

Amy dragged her fingers across Jessica's ass, inching ever so slowly towards her pink pussy.

"Come on, coach..." Jessica purred, gently swaying her hips.

At that point my cock was fully erected, and I was just about ready to fuck them both to oblivion and back again. My desire only grew when Amy plunged a finger into Jessica's hole making her groan in pleasure.

"She's tight, daddy..." Amy cooed, before taking her finger out and licking it clean. "And she tastes so good..."

I couldn't contain myself and approached them, undoing my belt as I did so.

Moments later my aching cock sprung free. Amy giggled and gently spread Jessica's lips, inviting me into her friend's soaked hole.

"You want this cock, huh?" I grunted, lining it up against her pussy.

"Yes coach, fuck me!" Jessica moaned, swaying her hips once more.

"Alright then, whore."

I plunged deep into her and didn't stop until I was filling her to the brim.

Jessica let out a loud cry when she felt my large cock stretch her pussy, and Amy did nothing but encourage me to go deeper.

I pulled back out, Jessica's lips sticking to my shaft.

"Come on, daddy, fuck this whore!" Amy cheered.

The irony of that hit me much later, at that time I clearly wasn't thinking straight.

Amy positioned herself beneath me, sitting on the floor. I looked down at her, and she met my gaze briefly before flicking the tip of her tongue under the head of my cock.

Her hand rose and grabbed it to guide it back inside Jessica's tight hole.

I still couldn't believe what was happening, but I let myself go and went with it.

I began thrusting, building up a rhythm. Slow but deep, which seemed to do the trick. Amy's position allowed her to lick both the shaft of my cock and Jessica's swollen clit, and to top it off, the little slut occasionally also massaged my ballsack.

I was in heaven, and intended to make the most out of that situation.

The room filled with the sound of the two cheerleaders moaning. I was pounding Jessica so hard I thought her pussy would rip open, and Amy had been busy playing with herself while she serviced us with her hungry mouth.

Jessica's juices leaked down and coated Amy's face, though she didn't seem to care much.

I increased my pace, grabbing Jessica's hips for support.

The volume of her moans increased as did the frequency, and looking down I realized Amy had been furiously assaulting her friend's clit with her tongue.

I began slamming her pussy even harder, knowing I wouldn't last long either.

"I'm gonna cum, I'm gonna c-"

Jessica didn't finish the sentence. A sharp breath cut her off as her body convulsed, yet both Amy and I didn't stop.

I kept jackhammering her tight hole as its muscles pulsed on my cock, the waves of pleasure crashing onto her one after the other.

The earth-shattering orgasm Jessica had almost made her fly off of the chair but I held her there as I fucked her while Amy kept torturing her clit with her tongue.

Jessica screamed under our combined assault as the second orgasm had her body quaking as the pleasure radiated from her pussy to cover her like a thick blanket in a cold winter.

The contractions made her pussy even tighter, and I felt the orgasm rise within me.

"Cum inside of her, daddy, fill this slut up!" Amy said, panting as she lapped away at my balls.

I couldn't contain myself anymore and stopped deep within Jessica's sore pussy to release spurt after spurt of thick, hot cum. Enough to coat her insides white, enough to leak out onto Amy's waiting mouth when I backed out.

"You taste good, daddy!" She chirped, still sitting below me. Jessica didn't say anything, she was just there panting and trying to catch her breath as the fresh load of cum I just fucked into her slowly leaked out.

After a few minutes in which we tried to regain some composure, I spoke up.

"You know what? Fine, let's do this. If you want to be my whores, who am I to stop you?"

"There you go," Jessica nodded, before adding "And all it took was getting filled up..."

"Yeah, but from now on, I call the shots. Don't think I'll let you two whores walk all over me."

"Alright, daddy!" Amy cheerfully replied, and Jessica nodded.

The girls left shortly after, leaving me alone in my office. A few drops of cum drying on the floor, a testament to what ended up being the best job I ever held.

I said I wanted change, and by God, I got it. More than I thought I would, but the point still stands.

Adding to that, back then I hadn't met the other two girls yet. If they too were like Jessica and Amy, I would definitely have quite a lot of fun with them all.

I knew it was wrong, but after that day I no longer cared.

A photograph of a person's midriff, showing a navel piercing and a black crop top. The person's hands are visible, holding the edges of the top. The background is blurred.

ALICE LOCKE

PUNISHED

PUNISHED

Chapter One

I could hardly believe the situation I found myself into. Most men would have paid to be in my spot even just for a day and there I was, worried my life could be ruined at any given time. I thought about leaving, but I had no other place to go. I was essentially trapped there, pretending to work while the girls kept me drained. In truth, this arrangement was nothing short of perfection if one takes out the potentially life-ruining consequences.

The first two days at the college went fairly well. Meeting the boring staff and the rest of the people I didn't really care about was a tedious process, though it didn't take long. I didn't have much to do, especially given the fact that the cheerleading team was just an excuse for the girls to waste time and do whatever they wanted. The team would practice twice a week, Monday and Thursday. I started working there just before the last session of the week, and after what happened, I needed some time to think things through. No big revelation happened, sadly. Regardless, if the girls wanted to play, then they would need to bend to my rules.

I could have turned my back and ran far away, and perhaps I should have. Yet I knew I wanted nothing more than to dominate both Jessica and Amy, and the other two girls as well. Stress had been piling up on me. Between moving and finding a new job I didn't have much time to spend for myself, and Brightwater was my salvation. I went from not having time to relax, to having way too much. The days seemed to drag on forever, and even bringing my laptop with me to work only helped to a certain extent.

It gave me time to focus on other interests I had - though of course, the college didn't know - while also getting paid.

It was a great deal, if you ask me. Add in the girls, and our special "relationship" and you have every sane man's dream.

Just thinking about them was enough to make my cock twitch. The way they moved, how easily they offered themselves to me, the words Amy said and her tone - they weren't new to this.

Those two whores knew exactly what they were doing, and given the articles I found, it definitely wasn't their first time. I even tried contacting the previous coach, yet he seemed to have fallen off of the face of the Earth.

I decided I would go with it until I no longer could, and hope I would see the breaking point well before it hit me in the face. My life was at risk, so why not make things interesting?

Chapter Two

After a long weekend made of utter relaxation and slight alcohol consumption, I was ready to start the week.

Once my morning routine had come to an end I took the short drive to the college and made my way up to my office, sitting down behind the desk to pretend to work.

Without a proper team, I was simply there to fill a spot. The administration knew it and so did everyone else, but I honestly didn't care.

A few hours later I saw Amy walk in the gym alone, and I called her up to my office after making sure she was the only one on the floor. The door opened and she walked in. I took a moment to admire her

figure since I mostly focused on Jessica in the other two encounters, and I didn't quite take in how Amy's figure seemed to have been molded from that of a model.

Despite that, she dressed modestly enough to almost appear comical in a certain way, given on just a few days prior she was begging me to fuck her friend senseless while also calling me "daddy".

"Missed me?" She said, flashing me a sly grin.

"I just want to figure you out, rather."

"And why's that, daddy?"

She knew that word was my weak spot, and every time she used it I could see her try to hide a smile.

"I just wasn't expecting you and Jessica to be so... Friendly."

"Oh, wait until you meet Maggie..." She giggled, before continuing

"She makes us look like nuns!"

"But why me? I'm not complaining, I'm honestly curious. There are plenty of men your age and yet..."

"Does it really matter?" She asked, her gaze meeting mine.

I sighed and shook my head. Amy had a point, digging too deep would only lead to answers I may or may not want to hear.

"There we go!" She giggled, slumping down on the chair in front of my desk.

I stood up and felt her eyes on my body, stopping to focus on my slowly hardening cock.

"So I get to fuck you girls whenever and wherever I want?"

"Yes, daddy."

Then why the fuck are you still wearing clothes?"

Amy smiled and slowly stood up, moving the chair she was sitting on to the side. Her hands went to her white sweater and pulled it upwards, revealing the black lace bra she wore underneath.

Her eyes never left mine, save for when she turned around. Bending over, she peeled the jeans off of her pale skin, pushing them down to her ankles.

Her luscious ass was made for spanking, and I couldn't wait to get my hands on it. Amy didn't stop there, however. Her tiny hands rose to grab the panties she wore and slid them down until they fell on top of

her jeans.

Her puffy, clean shaven pussy was already glistening with arousal, and I was too focused on it to realize she had taken off her bra as well.

"Like what you see, daddy?"

I grabbed her by the throat and pushed her on my desk. As soon as she was on it, Amy spread her legs to invite me in like the whore she was, an invitation I didn't wait on.

My cock had been straining against my boxers, yearning for freedom. A few seconds later I pulled it out and Amy's hands grabbed it as soon as it was within reach.

"I want you inside of me, daddy..." She murmured, biting her lower lip. I rubbed my cock along her slit, feeling her warmth and letting her juices soak my tip. I kept teasing her: every time my cock was in front of her entrance I would apply the slightest bit of pressure but never sink into her.

I was in control, and I intended to remain in that position.

Dragging my cock back up I slapped her swollen clit with it and she yelped, even if so far she had been moaning softly as her eyes were glued to my cock.

I lined myself up again, though I couldn't wait any longer. I made Amy think I would keep teasing her by slightly pushing and then moving away, only to swiftly go back and plunge into her in one long, hard thrust.

Amy cried out when she felt my veiny cock split her open. Her tight pussy welcomed my hard cock in its warm embrace, her walls stretching to accommodate my size.

My hand went to her throat and squeezed it.

"From now on, I'm in charge. Understood, whore?" I queried, pulling my cock back.

"Y... Yes daddy..." She said in a feeble tone.

I didn't bother replying, and let my cock do the talking. I plunged deep into her again and slowly worked out a rhythm that combined with my tight grip on her throat, left Amy breathless.

"Fuck me harder, please..." She begged as her hands traveled down her toned body to reach her swollen clit.

She said harder, and harder I have it to her. I pushed her completely on my desk, let go of her throat and raised her legs so I could reach deeper into her tight hole. The little whore's moans turned to yelps and cries when I began fucking her without holding back, feeling her walls squeeze my cock at every thrust. "Punish me, daddy..." She begged, her voice shaking as I pounded her. "Is that what you want, whore? To be fucked like the fuck toy that you are?" I growled, without breaking the rhythm. "Yes!" She cried once, twice and three times before her words turned into one prolonged groan as her body quivered under my relentless assault. The orgasm shook Amy down to her very core, and her pussy clamped down on my cock so hard it almost pushed me out. I kept on pushing into her though I wouldn't last long. Looking down at her, realizing I was balls deep in the tight pussy of a college cheerleader almost made me cum right then and there.

My cock twitched and she felt it. Amy locked her legs behind me, so as not to allow me to pull out - not that I was planning on doing that, anyway. "Cum inside me, daddy! Fill me up! Fill my pussy up!" She cried, looking straight into my eyes. I saw the lust behind them, the hunger, and I let go. With a deep grunt I stopped deep inside of her as Amy's legs tried to push me even deeper in. What felt like a torrent of cum erupted from my hard cock and coated her walls as I panted, beads of sweat coating my forehead as I pumped her pussy full of my hot cum. "Thank you, daddy..."

I pulled out of her and watched my cum leak out of her. We were both still panting, but Amy still had one thing to do. "Clean my cock, whore." I ordered. She swiftly sat up, groaning as she did so, and hopped off my desk to kneel in front of me. With one hand she grabbed my cock and took it into her waiting mouth, and the other went to her leaking hole to scoop up the rest of the cum I had pumped into her. Despite her skilled tongue, my erection faded as she licked my rod clean of my cum and her juices. Once she was done she stood up and brought the hand that had been collecting the cum from her pussy up

to her mouth and proceeded to clean that too, like the obedient little slut she was.

I approached her and squeezed her throat again, my face merely an inch away from hers. I could smell my cum in her hot breath, and a tinge of fear in her big eyes.

"Don't forget who you belong to, whore." I declared, squeezing even tighter for just half a second.

"I'll be a good girl, daddy..." She cooed.

I let her go. We both still had to regain composure, and she was still naked and leaking. A sight to behold, one I could have gotten used to, but we had to be careful.

Chapter Three

It hadn't occurred to me that Amy had been the only one to show up. I didn't mind, filling Amy up and getting paid for it was all I needed.

I reflected on it in the following days, and ended up cementing my decision to be the one in charge. If they wanted to keep doing this, they would need to play by my rulebook and not theirs.

I had always fantasized about having a group of girls to fuck at any given time, but I never thought about it being anything more of a fantasy.

Yet there I was sitting in my office after Amy left and I could still smell our little adventure in the air.

I sunk into my chair, closing my eyes to try and relax for a second.

It's hard to stay focused, especially when you're thinking with your cock instead of your brain. Around the girls, that had already happened three times and while I wanted it to continue, I had to figure

out ways to remain in control.

At that moment I realized I was thinking far too much ahead, yet a situation like that warranted it in full. I didn't know these girls, I was just lucky enough to be able to fuck them whenever I wanted.

I had to make a few decisions, and walk on a rope far too tight for me to be comfortable in. Still, the end result would be worth it.

I lost myself in my thoughts and internet searches, though a knock at my door brought me back.

"Come in," I lazily said, my eyes shifting from my laptop to the door.

It opened and Amy walked in again, waving at me only to sit in one of the chairs.

"Back so soon?" I asked, even if it had been at least two hours.

"Class is canceled and I'm bored..." She replied, rolling her eyes and head to mimic exasperation.

"Well I'm not sure I can do much for you, Amy."

"But daddy..."

There she went again.

"You think you can just waltz in here and sweet talk me into fucking you?"

"Didn't I do that already?" She replied, her snarky tone matching the defiant look in her face.

"Sounds to me like you need someone to teach you a lesson." I sternly declared.

Amy didn't flinch. "Do you know anyone?"

The satisfied giggle at the end of that sealed it, and in truth it almost made me laugh too.

Yet I had to keep up my appearance, and I remained serious. Images of the rough pounding I gave her only hours before flashed in front of my eyes and my cock began to harden again.

I had to have her, right then and there.

I stood up and circled my desk to stand in front of her.

"Let's see if you're as good at sucking cock as you are at making snide remarks."

She grinned for a moment, but her hands instantly reached for my pants.

In a flash my pants were falling to the ground leaving me in boxers, with my cock visibly straining against them. I pulled them down and it sprung free, almost hitting Amy in the face.

She grabbed it, slowly stroking the shaft before parting her lips to take me in her warm, wet mouth.

I let her lead for a while, though she wasn't doing much. Her tongue slowly swirling around the engorged tip of my cock as she gently played with my balls did feel really good, but it wasn't enough to push me over the edge.

After a few minutes, she began bobbing her head on my cock, coating it in saliva. All I could hear were the slurping noises coming from her hungry mouth, and I decided to help her.

I placed a hand on top of her head and guided her, pushing her deeper down every time she moved her head.

What Amy wasn't expecting was me to push my cock into her throat, however. She took it well enough, but the surprise did make her gag a bit.

I didn't care, Amy was there to suck my cock and nothing more. She liked to act all rebellious but in reality, her reputation would be ruined if people knew what she was capable of.

Typical church girl, sure, but she could suck the soul out of a man through his cock.

I felt the orgasm rise in me, and I desperately wanted to feed the little whore another load of cum directly into her stomach.

Knowing I was about to cum, I held her head still with both of my hands and began thrusting, my cock gliding effortlessly due to all the saliva coating it. Strings of it kept leaking out of her mouth and onto the floor, but there would be time to clean later.

After a few seconds I pulled out just as I was cumming, a white hot flash of pleasure radiating from my cock spreading throughout my body as thick strings of cum flew into the air and landed on Amy's pretty face.

I was stroking my cock as I came, riding the pleasure as the spurts of hot cum kept squirting out of it. When I looked down, the whore had simply opened her mouth hoping to catch her reward, though most of my seed ended up in her face, hair and sweater.

"Was I good enough, daddy?" She asked between labored breaths.
"Try harder next time, and maybe I'll feed you some of the cum you crave. Now get out of my office, whore."
"I'll do anything you want, daddy!" She giggled as she walked out, my cum still coating her face.

I couldn't wait to have the others ready to be used. The more I was around any to them, the more I craved their bodies. The more I wanted to pound their holes like there was no tomorrow.

A photograph of a person from the waist down, wearing black fishnet stockings and black lace underwear. The person is standing with their back to the camera, and their right hand is resting on their left hip. The background is a blurred indoor setting with a yellow chair and a desk.

ALICE LOCKE

OBEY ME

OBEY ME

Chapter One

Brightwater was a special place, there's no denying that. As time went on I began to feel more at home in that little town, though I'll admit the way people looked at me made me slightly paranoid. I was a new face, a some random man that replaced the one who was caught having sex with the cheerleading team. I could almost feel them silently judging me, probably thinking I would end up following the former coach's footsteps. Unbeknownst to them, I had already lapped him twice.

Life was pretty sweet in Brightwater. Leaving behind the chaos of the big city I used to live in felt liberating, and even though I did miss a few things from the city, I would not have gone back.

Who would, honestly?

Granted, there were both ups and downs. For the most part, things were perfect. Yet at the back of my mind, the little voice of doubt and paranoia kept bugging me.

I could easily ignore it, though it definitely voiced some serious concerns.

What I had gotten involved with wasn't the most morally sound of college activities, yet I couldn't seem to turn my back to the girls.

On a cold Saturday evening, after coming home from work, I found myself overwhelmed by boredom. Small towns aren't notorious for their nightlife, and Brightwater felt like a desert after nightfall.

There was nothing on television, nothing interesting on the internet.

I still hadn't had the time to meet new people, and going out of the house was pretty much the only thing I could do to keep myself busy.

Begrudgingly I stood up from my couch, threw on a jacket and ventured out.

The cold, I was used to. The wind, not so much - but what can you

do. Wandering aimlessly through the town, taking in the sights did seem to have a relaxing effect on me.

I felt better than before, the boredom vanished to leave behind a comforting warmth.

Alas, the clock was about to strike midnight and I decided to head home.

As I was making my way back, I heard a voice behind me, calling my name. A familiar voice at that. I turned around, squinting to see who had spotted me.

She waved at me, but being far I couldn't recognize her or the other woman she was with. They walked over to me, and as they closed the gap and passed under a streetlight, I realized I had stumbled upon Jessica and presumably a friend of hers.

My gaze darted to Jessica's companion. Anyone could see she took great care of her body, though her figure was more shapely than the her friends. Her breasts looked like they were about to burst out of her blouse, and the skin tight jeans she wore didn't leave much to the imagination. All of that, coupled with dark brown hair and matching eyes combined to create a package I wanted to unwrap right then and there.

"Hey coach!" She greeted me, and turning towards her friend, she added "This is Vanessa!"

The new girl smiled at me and I extended my hand. She shook it and said "Nice to meet you, coach. Jessi told me so many things about you..."

"Oh did she?" I replied, slightly concerned after hearing her words.

"Don't worry, she's part of the team." Jessica reassured me, and I sighed in relief.

"Good, just making sure. What are you girls doing out so late?"

I tried not to sound too paternal, but even I knew I had missed my mark.

"We were just looking for some fun..." Jessica trailed off.

"And we found it," Vanessa finished.

Chapter Two

Thankfully the streets of Brightwater were deserted. Jessica and Vanessa positioned themselves at my sides as we walked over to my house. In truth, I felt like a pimp - and I loved it. They kept exchanging glances and caressing my body, and at one point I'm fairly sure one of them even pinched my ass - I wasn't sure who did it, but they were both going to get punished either way.

Their demeanor kept getting more aggressive the more we kept on walking. At times it almost felt like they were playfully fighting for me, and I let them.

I unlocked the door to my house and ushered them in. My place wasn't a mansion by any stretch of the imagination, but I liked to keep it clean.

As soon as they entered they flung their jackets on the couch and sat on it.

"Do you girls want anything?"

"I'm fine, thanks," Jessica said, and Vanessa nodded in agreement.

I sat down on the armchair, right in front of them.

"Amy told us you had fun with her the other day..." Vanessa piped up.

"Oh? What did she say?" I grinned as I spoke.

"Doesn't matter. But we're jealous," Jessica replied.

I chuckled. If the whores wanted to get pounded until they couldn't walk anymore, they wouldn't have to wait long.

"Jealous?"

"You can't reserve the best for her, coach."

"Ah but you're forgetting one key detail, Jessica..." I said as I stood up.

"You're not in charge, I am." I added.

Jessica's gaze rose up to meet mine, but quickly lowered it.

"Fair enough, coach."

"Good girl."

Vanessa had been quiet throughout the whole exchange, and the curiosity in me kept building up alongside my desire to fuck her.

"Now, if you behave maybe I'll give you the same treatment I gave

Amy," I declared.

"What to we have to do, coach?" Jessica asked, uncrossing her legs.

"Well first things first, let's see how good our new friend is at sucking cock. Come here, Vanessa."

She stood up and walked over to me, a sly grin on her plump lips. After she had positioned herself between my legs she looked up at me, maybe waiting for my signal to start.

I nodded and her hands crept up my body, stopping at my belt and quickly unbuckling it. In a flash my cock was out, hard and aching, ready for Vanessa to swallow it.

She tentatively grabbed the shaft and moved it closer to her, planting a kiss on tip before flicking her tongue over it.

Vanessa began stroking my cock ever so slowly while her tongue moved downwards to play with my ballsack. The girl definitely knew what she was doing.

"Why don't you come here and help her, Jessica?" I asked, though it clearly sounded like an order.

Instead of walking, Jessica crawled up to me and nested herself next to Vanessa. Soon after, her warm wet mouth embraced the tip of my cock.

Having two young sluts sucking your cock is an experience that I will probably never forget.

Vanessa gently sucking on my balls as Jessica's head bobbed on my cock could easily replace the definition of Heaven, at least in my book.

They knew how to suck a cock and how to keep me on the edge. I assumed they didn't want me to cum yet given how they kept teasing me, but it was far too early for me to be able to read their actions.

The two whores switched spots: Vanessa let go of my balls and with one long lick, her tongue rose up to the tip of my veiny cock and a moment later I felt her plump lips engulf me again while Jessica began stroking my shaft.

They worked at a different rhythm yet I felt myself getting closer and closer to coating their pretty faces with my hot cum. They felt my cock twitch and instantly slowed down, pushing the orgasm back from where it came from.

Chapter Three

I pushed both of them away from my cock, a pouting expression shining briefly on their faces.

"Which one of us do you want to fuck first, sir?" Vanessa asked, wiping a string of saliva away from her lips.

"Start off by getting rid of your clothes before I tear them up," I replied, and both of them obeyed my order.

I found myself focusing on Vanessa more than her friend, though both of them had knockout figures.

I watched as Jessica took off her top and threw it on the ground, whereas Vanessa simply unbuttoned her blouse and gently set it on the couch.

Vanessa's breasts were decidedly bigger than both Jessica's and Amy's, and perhaps the bra she wore was too small to contain them. Either way they were mine to play with.

As Jessica slid her jeans down, followed by her friend, I could clearly see the wet spot on the thin fabric of their underwear.

The two whores hesitated before peeling their panties off and did so ever so slowly. I saw a string of clear liquid connecting the fabric to their hungry holes, and I felt myself beginning to give in to lust.

The girls stood in front of me, side by side, waiting for me to make the first move. I was too busy scanning every inch of their bodies, permanently engraving them in the back of my mind.

I took a step towards Vanessa and pushed her backwards, back on the couch. She instinctively spread her legs for me, and I could clearly see her pink pussy glistening with her juices.

Grabbing her legs I spun her so she would lay on the couch and climbed aboard it to position myself between her legs, my cock resting just an inch away from her opening.

Jessica joined us on the couch, sitting near Vanessa's head. Her gaze burned into mine as I watched her hands make their way across her body, ending up between her legs.

A sharp moan escaped her lips as she plunged her fingers deep inside of her, though I had other plans to make her scream.

I could feel the warmth of Vanessa's pussy on my cock, and looking down at her, she had a look in her eyes that screamed "fuck me". As she parted her lips I grabbed my cock and pushed it against her opening, feeling her pussy envelop the tip of my cock in its velvety embrace. I kept on pushing until I was fully buried within her. Vanessa's groans as she felt my large cock make its way inside of her only made me want to start pounding her tight hole as hard as I could. I pulled back and slowly sunk myself inside of her again. "Fuck me harder, sir..." She begged, and Jessica smiled. She had been in her exact situation just a few days before, after all. The slow rhythm I built up didn't seem to be enough for Vanessa, and her hands began to roam across her body. One of them squeezing her breasts and torturing her erect nipples, and the other trailed downwards to play with her swollen clit. As soon as she touched it, her soft groans grew in volume into small cries of pleasure, and I too began thrusting into her at an increased pace.

With every thrust her breasts bounced, our bodies synchronized, working together to lose ourselves in pure pleasure. Vanessa kept getting louder and louder - which I loved - yet I had to be careful not to wake the entire neighborhood up. "Jessica, keep this whore quiet," I ordered. She stopped fingering her soaked hole and got on her knees, still on the couch. Jessica crawled on top of Vanessa and lowered herself on her friend's face, smothering her with her soaked hole. Vanessa's moans were replaced by Jessica's as her friend began lapping away at her. I couldn't see very well, but Jessica's reactions were a clear sign that Vanessa's tongue was ravaging her hole.

The scene before me, the one I fantasized about countless times before, was almost enough to send me over the edge. Two gorgeous cheerleaders, ready willing to do anything I wanted, both moaning in pleasure as I fucked them. I increased my pace, but still sank into Vanessa's pussy to the hilt. The way her walls squeezed my cock, almost never wanting it to leave, felt like pure bliss. Their scents and the sights mixed with the feeling of these two whores

all mixed in to create a cocktail that affected all senses and could leave any man breathless. Yet, that cocktail was for me and me alone.

Jessica's moans turned into cries of pleasure and I saw her grinding her hips on her friend's face with increasing strength.

"Drench her face, whore," I ordered.

Jessica tried to keep quiet but ultimately failed when the orgasm shook her. She almost fell off of the couch, but thankfully I grabbed her. Her body still trembling under the aftershocks of the explosive orgasm that hit her.

I caught a glimpse of Vanessa's face, completely covered in Jessica's juices - the whore was smiling, happy after a job well done.

I couldn't wait any longer and began pounding Vanessa's tight pussy. Her loud moans could still be heard, though muffled.

Once Jessica managed to regain control, she collapsed on top of us. Her face ended a few inches away from my cock as I fucked her friend.

Naturally, being the whore that she is, Jessica's began circling Vanessa's clit with her tongue, which sent her into overdrive.

Her cries got louder and louder still until they turned into one prolonged groan as her body quaked, waves upon waves of pleasure radiating from her pussy and crashing on her body one after another.

I was already at the breaking point, and Vanessa's pussy squeezing my hard cock was the last push I need to go over the edge.

With one last hard thrust I buried myself within her as the orgasm that built up inside of me exploded, cum shooting out in thick spurts to drench Vanessa's pussy. My mind went blank with pleasure, and I lost count of how many spurts of cum I released inside of her.

I didn't care, all I wanted was to claim these whores as mine. I only needed one more.

Pulling out as my erection began to fade, Jessica was quick to take me into her mouth to taste me and her friend's juices. She cleaned my cock of our juices in a matter of seconds, but she knew Vanessa also needed the same treatment.

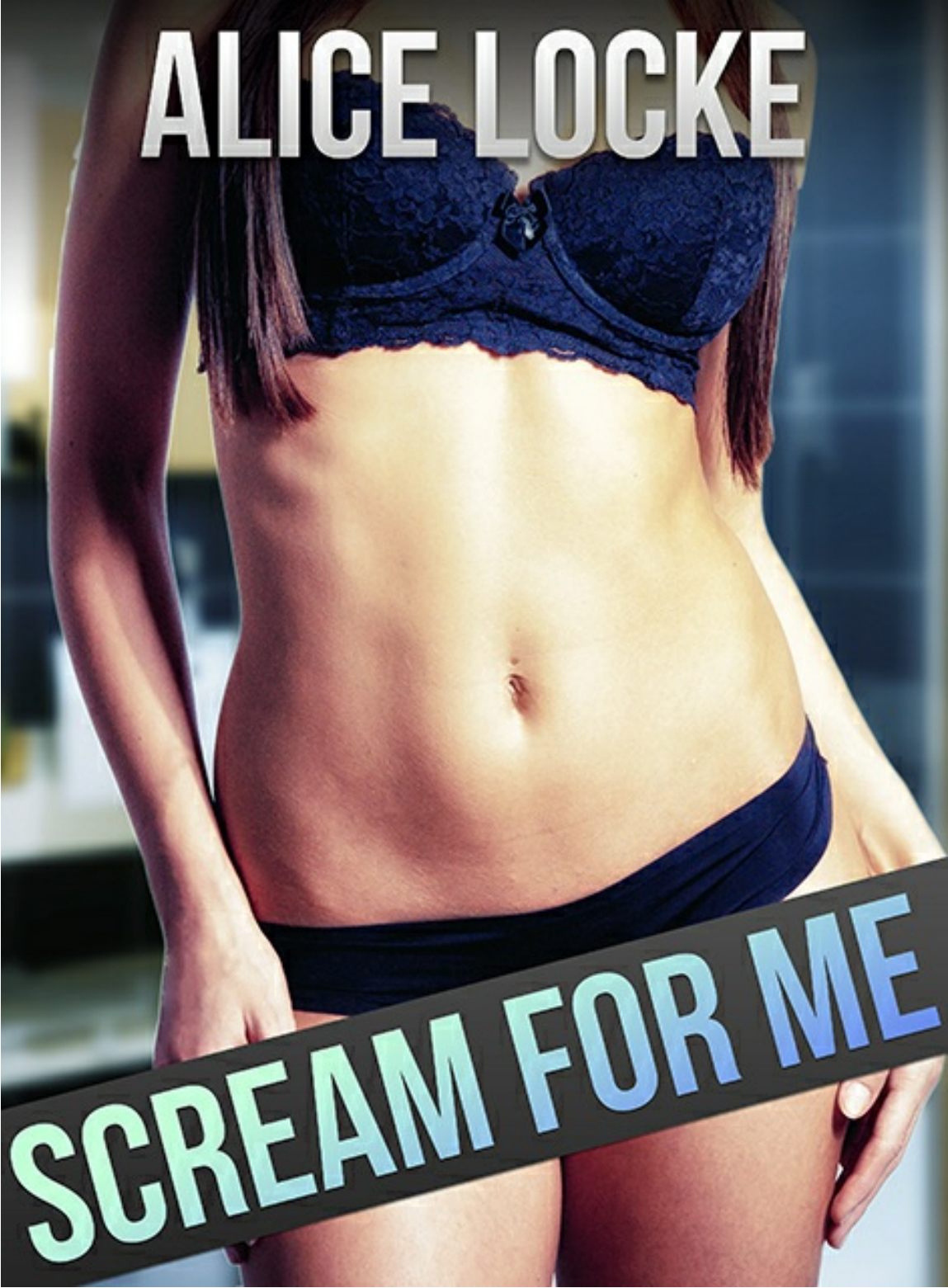
I sat back on my armchair and watched Jessica lap away at Vanessa's pussy, licking the cum I pumped into her as it leaked out.

I'll never forget that, and in truth I wish I had taken a picture.

Once the heat had gone down and the lust had been satiated, it was time for the girls to go home. We said our goodbyes as if nothing had happened, though both of them knew they would have to obey my orders if they wanted our deal to continue.

I closed the door, locked it, and took a moment to process what had happened. Thankfully I had nothing to do the following day, and I could focus on getting the rest I needed.

Yet the thought of those whores never left me. I wanted more, and I knew I would soon get what I was after.

A photograph of a woman from the waist up, wearing a blue lace bra and matching underwear. She is standing with her hands on her hips, showing her midriff. The background is blurred, suggesting an indoor setting.

ALICE LOCKE

SCREAM FOR ME

SCREAM FOR ME

Chapter One

Few things can beat waking up after a good night's sleep after a very sinful evening.

After Jessica and Vanessa had left my house I simply went to bed, drained and satisfied, still riding the high that came from our encounter - and how could I not?

It felt like I had crossed into some kind of alternate reality in which I was some sort of god, taking what I wanted when I wanted, without repercussions.

I knew that wasn't the case and I was probably getting too deep into this situation, yet the more I descended, the more I never wanted to go back up.

I laid in bed for a while, letting my mind wander and play back memories from the previous night. My house was certainly more suited for those kinds of activities than my office, there was no denying that.

I doubted I could get the girls to visit me at home though, that would raise plenty of suspicion we would be better off without. Either way, I was determined to keep the deal going for as long as possible.

Thinking back at it, I was slowly coming to the realization that more than wanting some free time, the girls probably just wanted to escape their college life for a while.

Give themselves up, even briefly. Abandon all responsibilities and let someone else take charge - and the pleasure added to the appeal.

As for me, I had nothing to lose from that except for my job if word got out - and I would make sure it wouldn't. The last guy got caught because he didn't think things through enough, but I would make sure nothing of the sort happened to me.

I got out of bed and began my usual morning routine, though this

time I wasn't in any rush. It was Sunday after all, and I had no plans for that day - except relaxing, that is.

I got out of the shower and put on some clothes before heading to the kitchen to eat breakfast. In doing so, I passed through the living room and noticed something black on the white cushions of my couch.

I approached it and realized it was a phone, probably left behind by one of the girls.

It had no password so I unlocked it and tried to figure out its owner. A few taps away and the screen flooded with pictures, most of them containing Vanessa in them.

I didn't snoop too much out of respect though I did send a message to Jessica, telling her to come retrieve her friend's phone.

After that was done, I set it on top of the kitchen counter and began to prepare myself something to eat.

The phone vibrated, signaling it had received a message.

Jessica had replied, saying she was on her way to my place and thanking me for letting her know.

I replied with a smiley face and went back to preparing breakfast.

Chapter Two

Jessica was on my doorstep an hour later.

I heard the doorbell ring and I made my way to the front door, opening it to let her in before people could see.

"Morning coach," She greeted me, winking.

"Hey. Phone's in the kitchen. Want some coffee?"

"Already had one on the way, but thanks!"

Jessica grabbed her friend's phone and pocketed it, shaking her

head as she did so.

"Is there anything wrong?" I asked.

"No, I was just thinking about that dumb ass..."

"Who?"

"Vanessa. She forgets things sometimes, and yesterday, well... The sex didn't help."

"What do you mean?"

She piqued my curiosity with that, I didn't exactly know what to expect.

"You fucked her silly, is what I'm saying. She wouldn't shut up about it when we were going back home."

I sighed in relief and promptly chuckled proudly.

"Hey, you wanted what Amy got..."

"Yeah, and I'm still waiting..." She trailed off, but approached me.

"Maybe you won't have to wait long," I replied.

Her face was about two inches away from mine, I could feel her breath on my face.

"Maybe?" She asked.

"You know the drill. If you behave, you get rewarded."

"Have I not been good enough, coach?" She asked, flashing me a sly grin.

"There's always room for improvement, but let's say yes."

Jessica let her body do the talking and bent over the kitchen table. Turning her head to look at me, she cooed "Can I have my reward then, please?"

Her ass looked incredible even if shielded by the black jeans she wore. I delivered a hard slap to it and she let out a yelp that turned into a mischievous giggle midway through.

"Please..." She begged, swaying her hips side to side. It was her signature move, and it worked perfectly.

I reached for her jeans and found out she had already unbuttoned them. Grabbing their edge I yanked them down to her knees, exposing her gorgeous ass and the light blue panties she wore.

A dark spot was already forming on them. Everything about her was inviting, and her ass just begged to be spanked.

Another swift slap, hard enough to leave a red hand print on her ass cheek, made her yelp and jump in surprise.

"Harder..." She moaned, thrusting her ass further out.

I was happy to oblige. Jessica wasn't a bad girl, but that morning she got a punishment fit for one.

She cried out after every spank, her flesh slowly turning as red as a tomato. Never once she asked me to stop, however.

Her panties were completely soaked. When I peeled them off I saw a thick string of fluid connecting her pussy to the fabric - Jessica was primed and ready to be fucked like the whore she was.

My cock had been aching ever since she bent over my table. I pulled it out and slapped it against the sore flesh of her ass, making Jessica groan.

"Fuck me coach... I'm so wet for you..." She moaned, spreading her cheeks apart to reveal her glistening pink hole.

I lined my cock in front of her hole and plunged into her. Jessica's tight, velvety pussy enveloped my cock as I sunk into her to the hilt.

A long, drawn out moan echoed through the kitchen as she felt my hard cock bury itself deep within her, and in truth, I groaned in pleasure too.

I grabbed her hips for support and began thrusting, working out a slow rhythm that had the whore whimpering every time my cock stretched her walls wide.

Slow and steady might win races, but it hardly did anything for me. I wanted and needed more.

I picked up my pace and began fucking her tight pussy harder and harder still, her soft moans getting louder and almost drowning out the sound of our bodies colliding.

Looking down I could see her lips glued to my cock every time I pulled back. Her ass jiggled with each thrust, and while it was still red, Jessica surely didn't mind being spanked more.

Every slap had her yelping in both pain and pleasure, yet she kept asking for me to fuck her harder. Music to my ears.

Hoping the neighbors would be out of their houses and wouldn't hear the noise, I began pounding Jessica's hole with every ounce of

strength I had in me.

I felt like a beast in those moments, relying on instincts rather than logical thoughts and inevitably lost myself in that blissful abyss that's known as lust.

Jessica's cries were silenced all of a sudden, her body rocked by an earth shattering orgasm while her mind went blank, pleasure the only thing that mattered.

Her tight pussy clamped down on my cock like a vise yet I pushed through it albeit for just a few seconds. The animalistic raw pounding I gave her had me right on the edge, and the way her hole contracted was enough to send me over.

I grunted as I felt the cum explode out of my cock, my balls tightening with each spurt that landed deep within Jessica's hungry hole. Her pussy sucking the cum out of my cock with each contraction prolonged my pleasure, yet she had drained me.

I stopped my movements, still inside of her. We were both panting, exhausted and sore - though that had been the best weekend of my life up to that point.

"Thank you coach..." Jessica murmured between labored breaths.

I pulled out of her soaking hole, and the load I dumped into her began leaking out. She was quick to scoop it up and stick her fingers in her mouth however, wasting no drops.

We took a few minutes to regain our composure, and then she left. I wished she hadn't, just as much as I wished the others were available at any given time. Yet that wasn't the case and probably would never be, though I would make the most out of the situation.

Chapter Three

That Sunday went downhill fairly fast after Jessica left. Nothing bad happened, but pumping a cheerleader full of cum is not easy to top.

The following day I started like many others. Shower, breakfast and off to work. Well mostly it was just spending time doing nothing, though it did give me the option to do whatever I wanted in the privacy of my office.

Whatever, or whoever, rather.

It hadn't been much time since this whole ordeal started, but Brightwater felt more and more like home. There was a charm to it which I can't pinpoint, or maybe the sex was just clouding my mind.

Either way, I was slowly getting accustomed to it.

A few hours went by and none of the girls showed up. I sat in my office killing time until the allotted time for cheerleading practice had ended and then proceeded to close down my office to head back home for the day.

On the staircase that lead outside, I heard familiar voices below me. The girls were simply late to practice.

I kept descending the stairs and finally saw them. Jessica, Amy and Vanessa, casually chatting and giggling while making their way to my office.

"You're late, girls," I declared.

"Sorry sir, we lost track of time!" Vanessa chirped.

"We'll make it up to you!" Nodded Amy, and the others seemed to agree.

"Oh really?"

Jessica's hand gently grazed my cock and she gave it a little squeeze.

"Tonight, your place," She said.

I chuckled, nodding, and we parted ways.

I went home brimming with anticipation, and the following hours went by in a flash.

I made myself dinner and went back to killing time while waiting for the girls. I didn't know who would be there, but I surely knew they would have trouble walking back home.

The doorbell rang when the clock was about to hit ten. I opened the door to find Amy, Jessica and Vanessa staring at me, looking stunning

as usual.

"Good evening girls, come in," I greeted them, moving to the side to allow them passage.

We sat in the living room and made small talk for a bit, though I suddenly had a craving for alcohol.

"You girls want anything to drink?" I asked, and all of them replied negatively. I still went to the kitchen to fetch myself a beer, and spent a couple minutes there trying to find a bottle opener.

Not long after, I began hearing faint moans.

When I came back to the living room I found Jessica and Vanessa busy between Amy's legs, both of them lapping away at their friend's clean shaven pussy.

"You whores couldn't even wait a minute, huh?" I said, almost chuckling. Yet that scene almost had my cock burst out of my pants.

"They've been teasing me all day, daddy..." Amy said, her voice broken by the moans.

I sat on my armchair after letting my cock out, slowly jerking it as I watched the three whores in front of me.

Vanessa took a break from licking Amy's pussy to tie her hair in a ponytail and caught a glimpse of my cock, and instead of going back to her friend she crawled up to me.

Her lips were soon on the tip of my hard cock as her hand massaged my balls.

"Good girl," I grunted, making her giggle even though her mouth was full.

Amy's face contorted in a mask of pleasure while Jessica penetrated her hole with two of her fingers, her tongue still circling her clit. I could tell Jessica didn't want to make Amy cum just yet given how slow she was going, and I decided to sit back and enjoy the show.

Vanessa's head bobbing on my cock while her hands roamed on my body felt relaxing, though I already wanted to hold her down and fuck a load of cum into her pussy.

"Let's take this somewhere more comfortable," I declared.

Vanessa looked up at me and I pushed her head away from my cock before standing up, followed by the girls, and headed towards my bedroom.

As soon as we got there, Jessica and Vanessa proceeded to take off their pants and underwear. Amy was already naked from the waist down, so she just waited.

Once done, they all climbed on top of the bed and got on all fours, side to side, offering me their glistening holes.

"We're all yours, sir..." Vanessa cooed.

I wanted to fuck all of them, and choosing was always hard. I picked Amy, since it had been a while since I had a chance to pound her tight hole.

She was in the middle of the trio. I grabbed my cock and pushed it inside her soaked pussy, her warmth and tightness enveloping me in a velvety embrace.

The other two didn't stay still, however.

Vanessa slid under Amy, her head between her legs, to continue torturing her clit like Jessica had been doing. And Jessica herself stayed on the sidelines, forcing Amy's head down on Vanessa's pussy while playing with herself.

Between the three whores, the scent of their juices and Amy's tight pussy strangling my cock, I thought I died and went to heaven. But no, I was still alive, and more than ever.

I began pounding Amy, her body jiggling after each thrust. The room filled with a symphony of desire. The girls began moaning and groaning, at different paces and volumes.

Every voice melded into one, and its volume steadily rose.

Amy's muffled cries ramped up in intensity when I began fucking her harder, her lips glued to my cock every time I pulled back.

A prolonged scream erupted from her, though Jessica made sure she wouldn't make too much noise by pressing her mouth into Vanessa's pussy. Amy's body quaked, the massive orgasm shaking her down to her very core. The combined assault of my cock and Vanessa's tongue of her clit had her spasming in no time.

I pulled my cock out of Amy's pussy and Vanessa's eager mouth was ready to take it, savoring Amy's juices that coated it. She gave it a few licks before stopping to groan, as Amy had regained enough composure after the orgasm subsided and went back to work on her pussy.

I slid my cock out of Vanessa's mouth and sunk it back into Amy's pussy. She yelped, but didn't stop lapping away at Vanessa.

Picking up my rhythm, the cacophony of moans began again, with no signs of stopping. Vanessa kept getting louder and louder still, and Jessica followed her steps soon after.

I wanted to dominate all of them, to fill them up with my cum every day, and I would make sure I did so as much as possible.

That day, the load went straight into Amy's tight hole.

"Fill her up, coach," Jessica whispered between groans, her voice just barely audible over the other two girls.

I couldn't hold on any longer, I was so close to getting my release that one more thrust would make me explode.

With a satisfied, loud grunt, I stopped thrusting only to release what felt like a torrent of cum deep within Amy. The orgasm was powerful, and the spurts of cum kept flowing every time my cock would twitch.

Panting, I almost collapsed on top of Amy and Vanessa but I managed to steady myself. I took a moment to regain my breath, and pulling out my cock I had the pleasure of watching my cum leak out of Amy, dripping down below to coat Vanessa's face.

She opened her mouth and managed to catch some, but by the end of it, her face was drenched.

I laid beside them and watched as my cheerleaders played with each other's bodies for what felt like forever. I was almost sure we kept the entire neighborhood from sleeping, but neither of us cared.

That night, I will always remember. And how could I not? Brightwater had truly been a revelation, and possibly the best time of my entire life.

A photograph of a woman from the back, wearing a yellow bikini. The top has a tie at the back, and the bottom is a simple thong. She is standing outdoors, and the background is slightly blurred, showing what might be a pool or a beach setting. The lighting is bright, suggesting a sunny day.

ALICE LOCKE

DOMINATE ME

DOMINATE ME

Chapter One

Most men live their life in search of wealth and power, and I can understand why. It all boils down to lust, albeit not necessarily sexual in origin.

Every desire breeds motivation when combined with enough willpower, yet most people will inevitably fail in their quest for success. It's the natural order, a great biased equalizer that only allows certain people to pass through.

I used to be in such a position too, once, but quickly gave up when I realized how futile of a pursuit it would be. I didn't have the requirements to be someone people will remember, and while I certainly could have aspired for more, I stayed in my lane.

Given the coach job I had, I was doing my absolute best to ensure nothing would slip by and that people wouldn't remember me.

The other guy, the old coach that got caught with the girls - people still talk about him and I know they're drawing parallels with me. If only they knew, if only they knew how both right and wrong they are.

I had done far more than he ever got a chance to.

Be it due to a dumb stroke of luck that kept my actions shrouded from the peering eyes of the public or due to my paranoia, no one knew what the cheerleaders and their coach were up to.

I intended for things to stay this way. I didn't need or much less want my name tied to a scandal. Thankfully the girls were smart enough to cover their tracks, and I made it clear that if I were to go down, they would follow right after.

Aside from all the paranoia and stress, Brightwater was truly a pleasant place to live in. Granted, I could always relieve my stress by calling the girls whenever I wanted.

Jessica, Amy and Vanessa. Three out of the four remaining

members of the cheerleading team. Good girls in public, and depraved whores as soon as they saw me.

The fourth one, Maggie, was still missing. The others mentioned she was simply too busy with college life and waved it off as a non-issue.

We weren't exactly doing anything remotely affiliated with Brightwater's college anyway and the trio was more than enough to keep me happy and drained that I didn't exactly care about Maggie's whereabouts.

Our encounters started out in the most awkward of ways, but they quickly evolved to be somewhat of a second nature to us. It wouldn't be uncommon for us to sit in my office and chat while one of them was busy under my desk, making me feel quite presidential.

As time went on, it became more and more evident that the girls didn't just want to "feel free to do what they pleased for a few hours" during practice. At first that did seem to be the case but later on they would always stay with me.

That bit of freedom and most importantly my presence, those were the actual reasons. I didn't mind, in fact it made me feel further in control.

Chapter Two

My phone vibrated and woke me up. The short tone meant I had received a message, and despite the fact that I wasn't fully awake yet I still was curious to find out who sent it.

Looking at the clock it was almost nine o'clock in the morning, on a Saturday I planned on spending alone in complete relaxation.

Apparently, Amy had other plans.

"Are you awake?" Her message read.

I replied positively, and got out of bed. I knew I wouldn't fall asleep

again either way, so there was no point in staying there.

I received another message.

"Can we come over? Maggie wants to meet you!"

"Sure thing," I replied, heading towards my bathroom to take a shower.

Maggie. I remember Amy saying something about her, some time ago. She was apparently the most depraved of the group, according to them.

I'll admit I was curious to test if their claims held any water, and I doubted Amy would have contacted me if they didn't want to have fun. I took a quick shower and completed the rest of my morning routine before sitting on my couch to watch television while waiting for the girls to arrive.

A couple hours later, as I was absent-mindedly following the news, the doorbell rang. It brought me back to reality, away from my thoughts and daydreams.

Turning off the television, I stood up and stretched as I calmly walked towards the door.

Upon opening it, I found myself staring into the deep blue eyes of a girl I hadn't had the pleasure of meeting yet, standing next to Amy. I let both of them in, taking my sweet time to admire Maggie's body as she walked past me.

She was tall and slender, yet mother nature had been generous in giving her curves. Even though the sweater she wore did a decent job at covering her forms, I could tell Maggie's body was easily comparable to that of a model.

All of that combined with a cute face and framed by her long, platinum blonde hair and thick rimmed glasses made her look extremely attractive, though anyone could tell she tried to appear as if she was an innocent young woman.

The pleasantries went by fast enough, and we found ourselves sitting in my living room.

"The girls told me so much about you," Maggie said.

"I'm sure they did, but they hardly mentioned anything about you," I retorted with a grin.

That line started a rather normal and tame conversation, just so that Maggie and I could get to know each other. Yet the tension steadily rose, everyone in the room could feel it.

It wasn't too prominent however, but it was definitely noticeable enough.

We talked for a while, though eventually we ran out of argument. Thankfully, Amy came up with a solution.

I watched her stand up and make her way to me, the look on her face signaling she was up to no good. Maggie's gaze followed her friend across the room as she kneeled between my legs.

"You see, daddy..." Amy piped up as her hands reached for my belt.

"Maggie's is a very shy kind of girl, she needs someone else to start things off," She added.

"Oh does she?" I replied, my gaze rising to meet Maggie's. She lowered hers briefly but met mine again just a few seconds later.

I felt Amy's hands on my cock as it gradually hardened. She pulled it out of my boxers and I saw Maggie's eyes fixate on it. She bit her lower lip as Amy slowly jerked me to get my cock to stand at full attention, and admittedly that didn't take long at all.

"See anything you like, Maggie?" Amy giggled while holding my throbbing cock in her tiny hands.

I felt her tongue swiftly flick over the tip as she ran one of her fingers up and down my shaft, from my ballsack all the way up to the head. I threw my head back and let Amy do what she did best, though I was curious as to how Maggie would react.

Amy began to bob her head on my cock ever so slowly while gently playing with my balls. She wasn't trying to make me cum, but from what I could understand she simply wanted Maggie to show her true colors.

I figured she would simply let go of her inhibitions once she felt safe enough, and I could wait. Maggie would obey my orders anyway, but there was no rush.

Amy's warm tongue slowly swirling around the tip of my cock felt good, but we both knew it wouldn't get me off. I needed more, though I was sure I wouldn't have to wait long.

Maggie had been silent though after a while I began hearing soft moans, almost inaudible over Amy's slurping noises.

Raising my head back up I saw Maggie was busy playing with herself right in front of me. Her hand down her pants, moving at a steady pace as her gaze was still locked on my cock.

Our eyes met and I grinned.

"Amy, go help Maggie out of her clothes," I ordered.

My cock slid out of her mouth and she winked at me, before standing up to face her friend.

Chapter Three

"I told you, she just needed some time..." Amy said as she approached Maggie.

She took her friend's hand out of her pants and licked her fingers clean. I saw a sly grin shine on Maggie's face, and I barely contained a chuckle.

These two whores could act innocent all the wanted, but deep down - and not even that deep, honestly - all they wanted was to be used like the sluts they truly were.

Maggie stood up and began taking off her pants as Amy made her turn around to give me a full view of her backside.

She slid her pants down and once they reached her knees, Amy pushed her on the couch.

Maggie's panties had a sizable wet spot on them, a sign she had been enjoying the show Amy was giving her.

Amy yanked her friend's panties down, allowing me to see her perfect pussy in all of it's glistening glory.

"She's all ready for you, daddy," Amy cooed as she ran one of her

fingers across Maggie's slit to collect her juices.

Maggie let out a soft moan, but other than that she had been fairly quiet throughout the entire ordeal.

I saw her hands rise to grab her ass cheeks and spread them, revealing the pink flesh of her pussy and her asshole.

"Pick a hole," She murmured, her voice barely audible.

"Louder," I commanded.

"Pick a hole, please!" She repeated, her voice now loud and clear.

"Good girl."

I had never taken any of the girl's assholes, and that was a good enough starting point.

"She goes crazy with a cock in her ass, you'll see!" Amy cheered, playfully slapping Maggie's cheeks.

I took a couple steps towards them, my hard cock bobbing along as Amy's saliva that still coated it dripped onto the floor.

On one hand, Maggie's leaking pussy was inviting, and I can freely say that anyone would have a hard time resisting such an offer.

Yet on the other, I also really wanted to fuck her asshole until she couldn't sit anymore.

I lined my cock up to her glistening pussy, feeling the warmth radiating from it.

"Fuck this whore, daddy!" Amy chimed in, once more slapping Maggie's ass. She let out a soft yelp, but it was clear it wasn't the first time they were in such a situation.

I sunk the tip of my cock in her wet hole, its tightness already gripping me.

Maggie groaned as she felt my cock make its way deep within her. The position she was in made her pussy feel even tighter than it already was, and every inch of my cock that rubbed against her walls felt like heaven.

I began moving ever so slowly but gradually picking up the speed. Maggie seemed to love it given how she moaned every time I buried myself within her, always to the hilt.

Her face was resting on the top of the couch she was kneeling on, and Amy saw the perfect chance to get her sweet pussy licked clean.

She hopped off of the couch and swiftly took her pants and underwear off as I stared at her. She noticed and flashed me a coy grin before plunging two fingers deep within her pussy to coat them with her juices only to pull them out and wave them in front of my mouth. I could smell her scent, and naturally I had to taste them - sweet as it always was.

She chuckled and climbed back on the couch, moving Maggie's head back to sit where it was resting. Maggie understood what Amy wanted and she began licking her friend's drenched hole from the bottom all the way to the top, stopping briefly to flick her tongue over Amy's clit.

Seeing that made my cock twitch, and filled me with a burning desire to destroy Maggie's holes with my throbbing cock.

I grabbed her hips for support and began thrusting more vigorously, making her body ripple after each hit. Her cries were muffled by Amy's pussy, but my living room quickly filled up with the sounds of our sin. Squelching noises coming from Maggie's hole as I fucked it mercilessly, coupled with our moans and grunts and labored breaths. Nothing else mattered but us in that moment.

I pulled my cock out of Maggie's pussy and lined it up in front of her asshole.

I didn't give her time to react, I just pushed it in. Her muscles put up a bit of a fight but quickly gave up and I buried my cock deep within her guts, all the way to the base, while Maggie's cried out in a mixture of pleasure and pain.

Her pussy was tight, but her asshole felt like it could rip my cock off if she so desired.

I worked up a rhythm and began thrusting with more force, each vigorous hit making my cock sink inside Maggie's asshole and filling it to the brim.

Balls deep in a gorgeous cheerleader's asshole while her tongue is busy ravaging the pussy of another cheerleader, just as beautiful as the one I was pounding.

If anyone had told me that this would eventually become my life I would've called them morons - yet there I was.

There I was, my cock probing Maggie's guts and pushing her body further into the couch, her head putting even more pressure on her friend's pussy.

Amy screamed and her legs tried to snap shut. It didn't work, Maggie held them spread as she kept torturing Amy's clit while her body quaked under the mind melting orgasm Maggie had given her.

I saw Amy's eyes roll to the back of her head as her cries turned to a croaky groans, her sharp breaths becoming more and more shallow.

Maggie kept on lapping away at Amy's pussy while she pressed her head against her pussy with her hands, her juices coating her pretty face.

I was getting close too, and dangerously so.

Maggie's hands began furiously rubbing her clit as she moaned directly into Amy's pussy, and I took it as a sign to go all out.

I began pounding her asshole with every ounce of strength I had in my body, and suddenly Maggie's muffled moan turned into one prolonged scream, still muffled by Amy's body.

Maggie's muscles convulsed on my cock with enough force to almost feel painful, but I kept on fucking her.

I kept on railing her tight asshole as she came and sprayed her juices over my couch and with a loud grunt, I unleashed more cum than I had ever thought I could hold in my body.

Amy's blowjob certainly helped build it up, but the spurts kept on coming out of my cock with each twitch to coat Maggie's guts.

I gave her one last thrust when I felt like my balls had completely drained, just to push my load deeper in.

Panting, I pulled out and stumbled on the couch to sit down. We were all breathless, the girls leaking and my cock slowly losing its erection, but we were all happy.

Brightwater was a peculiar place. Everyone kept trying to appear as if they were the most pious of people, yet some of its citizens were more depraved than the devil itself.

Living there was the highlight of my life, no doubts about that.

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