

CINDY'S DREAM  
HARDER, MASTER!  
THE NEW SECRETARY

EVE'S NEW BODY

THE RED ROOM

TAKE ME, MASTER!

BAD GIRL, GOOD GIRL

DEEPER, MASTER!

PUSHED TO HER LIMITS

DOMINATING THEM

AGAIN, MASTER!

GIVE IT TO ME

FILL ME UP!

THANK YOU, MASTER!

MAKE ME SCREAM

ALICE LOCKE

BIMBO

HAREM

COMPLETE  
COLLECTION

# Table of Content

## *Cindy's Dream*

Cindy wants to change her life, and what's better than having a **cosmetic surgeon give her the body she always wanted?**

Alas, her new appearance doesn't match her personality, so it's back to square one until **the doctor gives her something to help her unlock her true nature...**

## **Harder, Master!**

**The Master** gives his first **bimbo** a task: find other girls to expand his **harem**.

Later that day Cindy brings home a new girl, who will soon **become just like her**: a **hot bimbo** who just **wants to please her master**.

## ***The New Secretary***

The Master's old **secretary** resigns and it's time to hire a new one, perhaps one that would also be **interested in joining the harem**.

The Master hires Samantha, a **fiery redhead with curves in all the right places**, and a **rebel attitude** that the he would soon take care of.

**Will Samantha submit to the Master** like Cindy and Kate?

## **Eve's New Body**

Eve is a normal **christian** girl whose life is controlled by her **strict parents**. She wants it to stop and **be herself**, so she asks the Master to **turn her** from a plain looking woman to a **smoking hot bimbo that craves her Master's cream**. Will the Master convince her to **join his harem**?

## **The Red Room**

The **Master** is living a life most men would only dream of and yet he wants more. He needs a ***sound proof dungeon*** to **take his girls however and whenever he wanted**. He decides to convert an unused guest room to a **play room** where **depravity and filth would be the norm**, where **no moans would escape its walls**. Thus **the Red Room** came to be. ***The girls are in for a long, hot day that will leave them exhausted and filled with cream.***

## **Take Me, Master!**

**An unexpected visit** sets off what could be the beginning of the end for **the Master and his *filthy* harem**. **Emily, a friend of Cindy's**, decides to show up to the clinic to **check in on her friend** and see first hand **what happened to her**. At first she is **determined to put a stop to the games**, but **the Master is far too smart for Emily to defeat**. *Will she join their depraved games, or be their end?* Can Emily resist her *urges* or will she end up *submitting* like the others?

## **Bad Girl, Good Girl**

**Emily, the last girl to join the harem** doesn't fully understand what happens when ***she doesn't obey the Master.***

**Locked in the dungeon** with Cindy, they're both in for a ***hot, hard, time*** that will leave them **breathless and leaking cream** once the **Master is done with them.**



## *Deeper, Master!*

**The Master** wakes up to find Emily and Cindy **exhausted and drained**. Obviously the others need to be **put in place**, so that they finally **learn who makes the rules**. **Confronting Sam**, the Master ends up **teaching her a lesson** that will have her **full of cream** by the end of it. After that, **Kate and Eve** are next on the list. Their **tight bottoms** will soon be **full** too, leaving them **craving for more**.

## **Pushed To Her Limits**

Stress is building up, and after a **week without relief** the Master just wants to **relieve his frustrations using his girls**.

**Emily is in the Red Room**, unaware that her Master is out **looking for a toy to fill up with his cream multiple times and in *multiple places***...

Once the Master has Emily turn into a ***whimpering mess***, it's time for Eve to **finish the job**. *Who will please the Master better?*

## **Dominating Them**

When the **Master** sees Kate and Cindy wearing **just an apron**, *he can't control himself* and **fills them with his alpha cream**.

Afterwards it's time to go back **to planning the next chapter of his life**, but not before **turning Sam into a whimpering mess**.

Moving to a new house can be **stressful**, but the **girls will always be by their Master's side**.

## **Again, Master!**

**The Master and his bimbos** move to a villa near the beach while the **clinic** is being renovated. Moving can be tiring, and after dozing off the **Master** gets woken up by **Eve's hungry mouth**. The **girl** needs to be **punished**, and the **Master** knows just how to do it - **taking her hard and deep**, and leaving her **full of his alpha cream**.

## **Give It To Me**

Life at the villa couldn't be better. **The Master watches his girls** enjoy the sun in his pool and decides to **join them to relax**. **Emily has other plans**, however. She is **hungry for her Master's cream**, and **will do whatever it takes** to get it while ***the others watch...***

## *Fill Me Up*

**The Master** wants to have more girls in his **Harem**, so he sends Cindy out to find another **bimbo** to have fun with. She comes back with Margot, a ***french exchange student*** with a **tiny frame** but **curves in all the right places**, just waiting to be **covered by the Master's *alpha cream***.

## **Thank You, Master!**

A rainy day prevents the girls from going outside as they normally do. Margot's gone, and **the Master is in dire need of something special**. The Master takes Kate to a **special room** he set up, full of toys to use on her. Soon enough she'll be **screaming for more as the Master takes her rear door *deep and hard* to fill it with his *alpha cream***.

## **Make Me Scream**

Fall comes and it's time to go back to the former clinic, but not before **the Master teaches his *bimbos* Cindy and Emily a lesson**. It will leave both of them **screaming in pleasure and full of his *alpha* cream**, right before they have to depart to go where **the Harem first started**.



# **CINDY'S DREAM**

# Chapter One

There comes a point in any man's life in which he wants nothing more than to spend his days having mindless sex without a care in the world. That point, at least for me, came early.

At forty-five years of age, after having spent most of my life in operating rooms, I had enough. I was a cosmetic surgeon - and I still am - but even if my bank account kept getting fatter, I felt myself slowly lose sanity.

People of all ages, colors and sizes would come to me, asking me to fix what Mother Nature had screwed up and I would comply, my name rising up so high that even celebrities had started to ask for my services.

They loved me. My clinic was a private business located in a building my family had owned since the roaring twenties - plenty of privacy to be had, and often times that was the main appeal.

In time I became an expert at my craft. People would enter the building with zero confidence and come out feeling like they owned the world. All of that because of me and my knife.

Work consumed my life. I never married or had lasting relationships, but I didn't mind. I saw, more than most, how fake people can be - regardless of the fact that I was adding to that factor.

I would limit myself to perusing the services of a certain agency, which specialized in "companionship". It would take a phone call and a few hundred dollars, but a few hours later I would have an attractive girl in her early twenties at my complete disposal. Young enough to be my daughter,

and willing to put up with any and all requests I had.

It was a tried and tested approach, my desires would be satisfied and the girl could afford to pay her student loans. A fair exchange if you ask me.

In truth, I did wish there was a better way. Dating seemed like a huge waste of time, even if I knew I'd be successful. Come on, a rugged looking plastic surgeon loaded with money would have people lining up to wait for their turn.

I brushed those thoughts aside as the doorbell rang. My partner for the night had arrived, and I had plenty of stress to unload in her tight body.

The following day began as usual. Shower, coffee, then off to work. The first order of business was to interview a patient - she'd booked an appointment to discuss the procedure, but she didn't want to disclose exactly what she wanted.

I made my way to my office and sat down at my desk. That office was probably my favorite room of the entire building. Sure, in time I associated it with work but at the same time, I was the one calling the shots so long as I was sitting in that black leather chair.

The mahogany furniture gave it an antique look that blended well enough with the paintings on the walls. Some of them by famous artists, and a couple of portraits of long gone ancestors.

My mind began to wander, already giving in to boredom, when a knock at my door brought me back to reality.

"Come in," I said, my voice loud enough to penetrate the thick walls.

The door timidly swung open and in came a young woman, her long blonde hair swaying as she approached my desk. Not a day older than nineteen, I assumed.

She introduced herself as Cindy Merret, but other than that

it felt like I had to pry the words right out of her mouth.

"So miss Merret, what did you want to discuss?" I asked, trying to look her in the eyes.

She avoided my gaze as if I was Medusa, but eventually gathered enough courage to speak.

"I..." She stammered, rummaging through her bag.

I nodded, crossing my arms above my chest. Cindy took a deep sigh and finally met my gaze, determination in her eyes.

"I want to look like her! Every tiny detail has to be like this!" She exclaimed as she slid a picture across the desk.

It wasn't the first time a potential patient had used pictures to describe how they wanted the procedures to end up, but so far none of them had shown me a picture of a busty girl pleasuring what appeared to be two men at the same time.

I remained professional. Nudity didn't faze me, as you'd imagine.

"Very well. I can't say much about the men, but the rest is definitely possible," I replied with a smirk.

"Sorry, it was the only picture that really showed what I want."

"Why do you want to go through with this?"

We have to ask every patient and sit through their boring explanation. This time it felt different, there was something peculiar about Cindy.

"I.. Try, so hard. In college, with my friends, family... And I'm tired. I'm tired of looking like this, I'm tired of people ignoring me, and then..." She trailed off.

Well, I didn't expect that turn of events. To be completely honest, she didn't need my help. Sure she was a bit plain, but that's not a good enough reason to radically change the way you look. Still, her story was interesting enough to hold my attention.

"Yes?" I queried, to see if she'd continue.

"My roommate. She's the complete opposite of me and she's always so happy. Always surrounded by men. That's when I decided, that's how my life should be!" She exclaimed, her face lighting up with excitement.

I accepted it and accompanied her to the examination room to plan the various procedures.

Cindy timidly took off her clothes, baring her body to me. I took my time to take in the sights, though admittedly there wasn't much - not yet, at least.

Explaining everything took at least one more hour, but at the end of it she seemed happy - and covered in ink.

She kept shivering even though the room wasn't cold, though given how hesitant she was when she first approached me, it's not surprising.

Cindy essentially wanted a new body. I could do it, but it would require time. We settled on a series of surgeries in succession, to avoid putting too much of a strain on her body.

I escorted her out of the building after planning the first one for the following day - our schedule was empty, and she wanted it done as soon as possible.

She clearly desired a different life, and she definitely came to the right guy.

# Chapter Two

Throughout the following month I began working on Cindy's body to turn her into the bimbo she so desperately wanted to be.

I understood her, to a certain extent. A sex toy has no worries, no troubles. It exists to please, and sometimes be pleased.

That's what Cindy wanted, deep down. By her own admission, no less - I never assume the reasons behind my patients' choices.

Week after week her body morphed into the perfect shape.

Her face didn't need much work save for her lips - I pumped those - but the rest of her, well...

It looked like I had transplanted her head on a lifelike sex doll. Her breasts were easily four times the size they used to be, and her plump bottom would ensure that no matter where she sat, she'd always be comfortable.

Cindy came to me, plain as a lukewarm glass of water and walked out hotter than hell itself. She was and still is, my masterpiece.

During her stay at my clinic she seemed to grow fond of me. I maintained my professional demeanor as I always do - she was a patient at that time, nothing more.

When the time came for the last interview, she looked ecstatic. Her mood kept improving day after day, so much so that it was starting to rub off on me as well.

"Ready to leave, Cindy?" I asked, sitting on the chair in her room.

"Yes! I can't wait to start my new life..." She declared, biting her lower lip.

"I see, I see," I chuckled, and added "However, should you

need anything, you're welcome to call."

"Alright doc, I will!"

A few days later she came back, sporting a new haircut and enough makeup to last a normal girl a lifetime. Regardless, even through all the products she put on her face it was evident she wasn't too happy.

We walked silently to my office and she sat down in one of the chairs in front of my desk. Slumping down on it, her short blouse riding up and covering her breasts.

"What's wrong, Cindy?" I asked.

"I can't do it..." She meekly replied.

"You can't do what?"

"I look different but deep down I'm still the same! Can you help me, doc?" She asked, clearly exasperated.

I specialized in fixing the shell and not the soul - she knew that. There was nothing I could do, I thought. Yet a devious idea dawned on me, thought it would require bold moves.

"You need to give in to your new self, Cindy," I declared, my gaze burning into hers.

"I tried, at a bar. Some guy started flirting with me but I ran away when he started getting handsy..."

"Isn't that what you wanted though?"

"Yes."

"Well then, maybe I can help."

Her eyes darted up to stare at me, as hope dawned on her face. I opened my desk's right drawer and pulled out a prescription bottle that bore no label. Inside, there must have been about a hundred pills, all white and perfectly round.

Cindy's face took on a worried look, but it quickly faded as I began explaining what the pills were for.

"It's easy," I declared, and added "All you have to do is take one of these a day, and your new self will shine. You won't be a shy bookworm anymore, I guarantee it."

"Are there side effects?" She hungrily queried, staring at the bottle.

"Soreness in... *Certain* areas of your body," I replied with a wink.

"Alright. But are you sure this will work?"

"Positive. Here, swallow one now and take a nap on the couch. You'll feel the effects when you wake up, I promise."

Cindy complied and took one of the pill from the bottle. Having done that she walked up to the couch to lay on it, her plump ass barely covered by the short skirt she wore.

She fell asleep soon after, and while I had work to do I still caught myself throwing glances at her. Watching her chest rise and fall with every breath, it felt hypnotic.

The plan was to wake her up in a couple of hours and direct her to a professional, someone who could fix her mind like I fixed her body.

Making her take that pill had been just an excuse - it was no magic cure, but rather a bland multivitamin.

I'm not proud of what happened next, but this singular event ended up reshaping the life I had been living up to that point in ways I never thought could happen.

Cindy woke up on her own about an hour after falling asleep. She blinked a couple of times in rapid succession, looking around to remember where she was. She saw me and her eyes opened wide as her lips curled into a smile.

"Doc! It worked!" She exclaimed, jumping up from the couch. Her voice sounded higher than it used to be and her demeanor seemed far more hyper than before.

"No, hold on there. What I ga--" She cut me off and quickly approached me, leaning on my desk.

I had a direct line of sight with the breasts I gave her, those gravity-defying firm tits that seemed to scream "Touch me!" every time I looked in her general direction.

"I don't know what you did, but it definitely worked! How



can I repay you? Oh wait, I know..."

Before I could get a word in she had circled the desk and tried to reach for my belt. I managed to stop her by standing up, fully prepared to knock some sense into her seemingly empty head.

"What do you think you're doing?! This has to stop!" I yelled. I wasn't too angry, I'll admit. The confusion got to me, I'm only human.

Cindy backed off, but didn't even attempt to apologize. In fact, she looked mildly annoyed.

"I wanted to thank you and I know you want to fuck me, so what's the big deal?" She giggled.

"Cindy, you better stop th--" Once more she cut me off.

"Give me your cock, master. Please?"

The puppy eyes she gave me didn't exactly work, but the way she pressed her arms together to make her tits jump out surely did.

Cindy was probably just playing dumb or maybe she considered this a training course, but I decided to go along with it and sat back down on my chair.

"Come and get it then, slut." I ordered.

A very excited "Yay!" escaped her lips and she jumped up and down, her body jiggling along. Cindy sunk to the ground and crawled to me, her ass swaying while she did so.

Her hands quickly found my belt and unbuckled it. The outline of my hardening cock was showing through the fabric of my pants and Cindy began caressing it.

"Oh, what do we have here?" She giggled while her other hand tried to undo my pants.

I still couldn't believe the turn of events, but it was far too late now to back out. I sent a message to my secretary, instructing her to reschedule all the planned events for that day.

If Cindy wanted to do this, she would have to play by my rules.

She didn't lack in the determination department. My cock quickly sprung free but Cindy's soft hands grabbed it before it could smack her in the face. In truth, she probably would've loved it.

Cindy took the tip of my cock in her mouth caressing it with her tongue as she pressed on, trying to fit all of it in her throat. Tried she did, but succeed she did not.

Still her effort were not in vain, she managed to coat most of the shaft with her saliva. Not one to get discouraged by this kind of failure, Cindy giggled and took my cock in her mouth again. This time she focused on the head while she stroked the veiny shaft, twisting both of her hands as she did so.

She began bobbing her head and I felt her plump lips caress my cock. The same lips I fixed for her, the ones I had imagined wrapping around my rod as I performed the surgeries.

And now it was real.

Her skills were comparable to those of the escorts I hired on a weekly basis, though this week they wouldn't hear from me. The obscene slurping noises she made turned into a fitting soundtrack for the whole experience.

It was a sight to behold: this beautiful young woman worshiping my lipstick-stained cock, saliva strings dripping from her mouth. Looking beyond her, I could see the thong she was wearing under the mini skirt, and in that moment I knew I had to fuck her like the cheap whore she wanted to be.

I grabbed her by the throat and she gasped, but I had no time to be gentle. Thankfully she understood what I was aiming for and she stood up while I guided her on my desk. Cindy jumped on it and her hands instantly went down to

her soaked thong, peeling it away.

My hand still on her throat, she gave me a smile and asked "Are you going to fuck your slut, Master? Please, say yes..." Her voice seemed to turn more and more vapid as time passed. I didn't mind, her voice was the last thing I was interested in.

Without a reply I sunk my large cock deep into her wet hole, filling her to the brim. Her tightness and warmth outmatched any other girl I fucked ever since, and the way she gasped when she felt my cock ram her only made me want to go harder.

I began pounding her tight pussy with everything I had, squeezing her throat while doing so.

"Is this what you wanted, whore? Is it?" I snarled at her.

Cindy's "Yes" sounded fractured, she would lose her voice every time I plunged into her. I didn't care; she wanted to play the game, but she should have checked the rules first. I kept a steady pace, always sinking deep and retreating to slam myself into her hole. Soon enough her cries of pleasure turned into screams as she begged me.

"Please Master, let me cum! Please, I need it!" She pleaded, her teary eyes fixated on mine.

"Yes whore, cum for me. Hard."

One of her hands shot down to her clit and began furiously rubbing it in circular motions.

Not long after, Cindy's eyes rolled to the back of her head. Her mouth agape, tongue sticking out to the side and a string of saliva dripping from it.

A sharp shriek filled the room and almost pierced my eardrums. I felt her pussy throb, pulsing around my cock in a desperate attempt to suck the cum out of it while the earth shattering orgasm ravaged her body, shaking her to her very core.

"Thank you, thank you Master!" Cindy whispered between

labored breaths and moans, my cock still mercilessly hammering her hole.

I was getting close too, and I'm sure she felt my cock twitch inside of her.

"Cum inside of me, Master! Feed me your cum! All of it, to the last drop!" She cried, right into my ear.

I let go of her throat and grabbed her hips for support before pushing her down on my desk. It felt like an animalistic fury pervaded me, and all I could think about was how much I wanted and needed to annihilate this young woman's pussy, and coat her insides with my seed.

I didn't keep that rhythm up for long. Cindy's moans and cries coupled with my grunts and her pleading words to fill her pussy up had me on a hair trigger.

I waited until the last possible moment and plunged deep inside of her, the tip of my cock almost hitting her cervix while it unleashed rope after rope of thick hot cum, enough to overflow and leak onto the hardwood floors of my office.

We were both panting and trying to regain our composure when Cindy piped up.

"When are we scheduling another visit, doctor? I *really* enjoyed this one!" She queried, her words like honey on our sweaty bodies.

"Soon. You'll be my little whore from now on, understood?" I snarled.

"Yes, Master!" She giggled, fluttering her eyelashes as if she wanted them to take off like butterflies.

"Good whore."

The next days felt surreal. Cindy began showing up every day, her only purpose being to satisfy my needs and her reward would be what she called a "magic pill".

I wasn't sure if she truly believed it or if she was just playing along but either way I wasn't going to try and antagonize her.

As time went on, I gave her assignments to fulfill. Small things at first, that mostly had to do with her whorish tendencies.

One day I had an epiphany: what if I sent her around the city to find more dumb whores to train? I'm sure she wasn't the only one that wanted a new life, and I'd be there to provide what those girls oh-so-desperately needed.

Little did I know, Cindy turned out to be *very* proficient at her job. Back then I didn't know that the clinic would slowly turning into a harem full of women who wanted nothing more than to be used, but looking back at it, those were the best days of my life.

**HARDER, MASTER!**

# Chapter One

Work ethic be damned.

I knew I had to put a stop to the frequent encounters I had with Cindy, but no reasonable man would say no to a young woman spreading her legs for him on command.

And reasonable, that I was - or I thought, at least. I wasn't supposed to have that kind of relationship with a patient, and the offer was simply too good to pass.

Every morning she would show up to the clinic and ride the elevator up to my office, raising quite a lot of suspicions from the rest of the staff.

I didn't address their concerns and eventually they either stopped caring or got used to her - I didn't care which.

As the owner of the clinic and the building that housed it, I had full control over everything. I could have easily turned the place into a circus if I wanted, but decided to keep the clinic running.

Cindy would always leave after getting her daily dose of semen. Her skills were steadily improving, and even if she was by all accounts nothing more than a set of holes, she knew how to work her body to its limits.

As for me, I didn't mind. In fact I quite enjoyed relieving myself using her, it always improved even the worst of days. Our arrangement worked like a well oiled machine, the only downside was having to clean my office after every session. That's when I began to think about expanding on this turn of events, to make the most out of it for as long as possible.

While Cindy may have been just an oddball, I was sure there were more people like her. Young, dumb, hot and just waiting for somebody to say "it's alright, be the little whore

you always wanted to be".

That apparently had been the case for Cindy. All the work I did to her body was enough to change how she looked but not how her mind behaved. All she needed was a little push, one that I mistakenly provided but never regretted.

She became my own personal stress reliever, available on command. After a while, however, I began feeling the boredom rise. Sure, her bratty demeanor always lead to me having to put her in her place and admittedly, that was enormously enjoyable.

Yet, I found myself in need for more.

Not more sex, but rather more control over her. The clothes she wore, what she was and was not allowed to do and the likes. I wasn't sure she would accept the deal, I would essentially become her god if she said yes.

I explained her the idea I had, making sure to avoid speaking too fast in case her empty head couldn't keep up.

"You will move to one of the rooms we have here and work as a cleaning lady. You will wear what I tell you to and obey my every order, no matter what. Understood?"

She gave a hearty nod. "Anything you say, Master!" She squealed.

I wasn't expecting her to be this obedient, and in the following days I actively tried to make her yield.

Nothing seemed to work.

I invested some money into a set of toys - whips, handcuffs and a selection of vibrators of various sizes.

Every morning we would meet in her room. Cindy knew I would use her, so she usually didn't bother wearing anything on most days. Instead she chose to get on all fours on top of her bed, presenting her goods to the world.

Most of the times I didn't even acknowledge her as a human. She was my toy, and toys are to be played with.

The only thing I hadn't done to her was use her asshole.



Every time I tried she would beg and plead for me not to, though I was still determined to break her.

On a cold Friday night, I decided to finally take her asshole and claim it as mine, just like the rest of her body was.

I could feel my cock hardening as I approached her room. The door swung open after I unlocked it with the master key I carried - appropriate, I know - and as soon as I rounded the corner that lead to the main area, I saw Cindy in her usual position.

Ass up in the air, head down. Two fingers spreading her pussy open, and a trail of juice leaking out. I had become used to it, and the next step up to that point simply had me pulling out my hard cock and shoving it inside of her hungry hole. But that day, the plans differed.

"Good morning, Master!" She greeted me with her trademark ditzy voice.

I didn't bother replying and instead grabbed a hold of her hips. She squealed, and took in a sharp breath when she felt my large cock forcing its way into her wet hole.

Thrusting deep and forcefully, my ballsack kept hitting her clit making her quiver under my assault. Cindy didn't know how to limit herself, and soon enough the room filled with her cries of pleasure and her vast collection of expletives.

"Fuck my cunt, Master! Harder, please!"

She always asked me to go harder despite the fact that she could hardly walk normally after our sessions. The air in her head must have been getting stale, I thought.

I was feeling rather magnanimous today and gave in to her request. Pounding her tight hole as fast as my body would go proved to be quite the workout in the end.

It didn't take long for the vapid whore to cum on my cock. Her screams almost deafened me, and in truth I almost considered putting a gag on her to shut her up once and for

all.

After she finished quivering and trembling, she feebly piped up.

"Thank you, Master. Are you going to fill my little pussy up today?" She asked as she slowly rubbed her clit.

"No," I sternly replied as I slid my cock out of her now gaping pussy before lining it up to her puckered asshole, but not before plugging her other hole with the largest dildo I had.

"Master, wa--" She tried to plead again, a script I had seen far too many times.

"Silence! You agreed to become my toy, remember?" I asked, delivering a hard slap on one of her ass cheeks.

"Y..Yes. Alright. Please Master, go slow!"

She almost sounded like her old self there, but that was none of my concerns. I pressed the tip of my cock against her opening and began to push, feeling her muscles put up a hard fight against me.

The head of my cock eventually slipped in, aided by the juices that coated my cock. She shrieked when she felt me fill her asshole up, but her cries of pain quickly turned to pleasure the more I moved in and out of her.

Her virgin ass obviously couldn't take the full range of my sexual attention, though I was fully set on changing that.

I plunged into her to the hilt, feeling her walls strangle my cock with their tightness. She was fully mine, in that moment. I grabbed a handful of her long, bleached hair and pulled her head towards me.

I didn't want to hurt her too much, so I started moving at a slow pace to let her get used to the new treatment she would be getting each morning. Cindy groaned with every thrust yet gradually she seemed to get into it, far more than I thought she would.

Just a few minutes later I was slamming my cock into her harder than ever before, without worrying about hitting her

cervix. Her tight asshole could accommodate my length without issue, though my girth could be a problem if she refused to train her hole.

My grunts mixed in with the moans that escaped her lips between her usual pleading cries and encouragements.

"Fill me, fill me please! Shoot your cum inside my asshole!" She cried, and I couldn't contain myself.

I must have unleashed what felt like a torrent of hot cum deep inside her guts, rope after rope. She felt it, I know she did. Cindy kept moaning throughout even if I had stopped moving - the little whore kept pleasuring herself and reached another orgasm.

Screaming and thrashing about on her bed, I held her in place while seemingly every muscle in her body spasmed - some of those even trying to milk my cock further.

I let her catch her breath, and God knows I needed to do that as well. My erection faded, and I backed out from her sore asshole.

My cum leaked out in small rivulets as she pushed it out, though I'm sure some of it was still coating her guts where it should be.

"Thank you, Master..." She moaned, collapsing on the bed.

"Get used to this, whore. I intend to use all of your holes, so keep them trained." I replied while putting my slacks back on.

"And also, pass by my office later today. I have a task for you," I added.

"Understood, sir. Have a nice day!" She giggled, staring at me as I exited her room.



# Chapter Two

It's amazing how the human mind can trick itself. Cindy came to me as a respectable member of society and now she was busy learning how to walk straight again after my cock had left its imprint in her guts.

Most of the work I had to do that day revolved around paperwork. It was as dull and boring as one would expect, so much so that my mind would actively wanted as I filled form after form.

I still managed to correct any and all mistakes I made due to it, though lately I noticed my mind tended to replay the encounters I had with Cindy instead of its usual random nonsequiturs.

That day, it felt even more intense than usual. I still had her scent on me, and just thinking back about what happened just a few hours before was already arousing me.

I forced myself out of that trance. Work had priority, and in case I could always call Cindy up to my office and use her holes to relieve myself.

Shortly thereafter I heard a knock at my door.

"Come in, it's unlocked!" I shouted.

Cindy waltzed in wearing a short black dress that left nothing to the imagination. Her heels made her look way taller than she actually was, and for a moment I was impressed at her ability to walk in those shoes.

She made her way to me swaying her ass left and right and sat in front of me on the desk, a small groan escaping her lips. On the very same desk in which I claimed her for the first time not so long ago.

"What can I do for you, Master?" She asked, her voice sounding happy as it always did. Well, except for that

morning.

"Ah, yes. I have a very important job for you," I declared.

When she heard those words her hands slid down her dress and began pulling it up.

"Wait, wait."

Cindy looked at me, a confused expression on her face.

"I want you to find more girls that were in your same situation. We can help them, Cindy! We can make them see how much fun they can have!" I said, nodding.

She mimicked my lip movements, as if her brain needed help processing the words that came out of my mouth.

"Girls in my situation, Master?" She asked, cocking her head sideways.

"Yes. Remember when you first came here? Your life was not what you wanted and I helped you change it. We can do that again, for others! Don't you want to help other girls just like you?"

I was sugar coating it to extreme levels, but the truth was simple: I wanted more holes to use. I was sure Cindy understood as much.

"Alright Master, I'll do my best!"

"Good girl. Now go."

Cindy hopped off my desk, causing her breasts to almost fall out of her dress and walked out of my office. Her outfit wouldn't go unnoticed, and she would most definitely attract a fair bit of attention.

I watched her from the security camera feed on my computer. Cindy made her way back to her room and closed the door behind her.

Keeping the feed running, I returned to my paperwork and lost myself in it as I normally did.

The day was winding down, and looking at the clock I saw it nearing seven. Most of the staff had already clocked out save for the essential personnel.

As for me, my apartment was next door to my office. I could

go home whenever I wanted, though I chose to stay for a little bit longer to deal with leftover work.

I lost track of time. As I finished filling the last form my gaze darted on the clock - nine. I figured I had nothing better to do than go home and relax, considering it had been a long day.

I turned off my computer and shut the lights off, heading for my apartment after making sure that everything was in order.

Hunger eluded me and I decided to skip dinner. Not that I needed to lose weight, I kept myself in top shape. I was simply too tired to cook or order food.

The mind numbing effect of the paper stacks was still clouding my mind, and trying to relax in my usual ways - old western movies and whiskey, for your information - wasn't doing the trick.

After turning off my home theater I headed for the bathroom to take a shower and brush my teeth. Not long after I came out of the bathroom followed by a cloud of steam and wearing nothing but a tired look on my rugged face.

Sleep came easy, I was out mere minutes after laying down on my bed.

I was, and still am a light sleeper - which meant I often woke up in the middle of the night for no apparent reason. That night, however, the quiet buzzing of my phone on the nightstand was the culprit.

Somebody was calling me, and after clearing the fog from my eyes I saw it was Cindy. I answered, out of curiosity and anger. She clearly needed more rules and a set of appropriate punishments if she broke them.

"Master, I did what you asked!" She giggled excitedly.

My lips instinctively curled up in a smile. "Did you?" I asked. It hadn't dawned on me that the plan could've backfired and caused immense damage, especially since Cindy was the

one in charge of doing most of the scouting.

"Yes! My friend Kate really wants to meet you!"

"Fair enough. Get back to the clinic then, and don't be late."

I hung up and sighed. On one side I wanted to get rest, but on the other I was curious to see what the cat dragged in.

The clock struck two, and I was busy warding off sleep with the aid of caffeine and some random talk show playing on my TV.

I heard the intercom buzz, signaling Cindy's arrival - I didn't know for sure, but who else would try to enter my clinic that late at night?

Groaning I rose from the couch and opened the doors after making sure it was her. A few minutes later, I heard the familiar "ding" of the elevator reaching my floor.

The doors opened and the two girls stepped out, holding hands. Cindy still had her black dress on, and the other one wasn't wearing anything too outrageous - just a sweater and a pair of jeans.

As Cindy saw me she greeted me by gently rubbing my crotch right in front of the new girl, making her blush. She definitely needed boundaries, but that would be a job for another day.

"Hi Master! This is Kate! Say hi, come on!" She encouraged her.

The new girl looked up at me and smiled, before greeting me. Her voice had a decidedly smoky tone to it, providing a stark contrast against Cindy's.

I let both of them in my apartment, ordering Cindy to pour some coffee for us. Any discussion can be improved with caffeine, or that's what my father used to say. Either that, or brandy, I can't remember.



"So, Kate. What brings you here?" I asked, my gaze burning into hers.

"Well," She began, after taking a sip of coffee, "Cindy told me her story and how you helped her... I wanted a new life, but..."

Ah, the age-old tale of reality brutally dashing a young woman's expectations. Tragic, I know, but also extremely overdone.

"But you realized it's not as easy as it seems." I finished the sentence for her.

"Yes. Take my sister, for example. She's an escort, people pay to fuck her! Why did she have to be the one with a perfect body?"

As Kate spoke, I realized that I probably had already fucked her sister a while back. I'd been a client of that agency for years, and Kate did resemble another girl I hired.

Envy can be an ugly beast. Kate's looked good, and even as a surgeon I would hesitate before working on her. Slim figure with a good set of curves, green eyes and jet black hair. All Kate truly needed is confidence.

"To me," I spoke, setting down the cup of coffee I held in my hands, "It seems like you simply need a push in the right direction."

Cindy had been silent throughout the entire discussion, too busy playing with her hair or looking at her nails to check for damage. Yet, she piped up after I finished talking.

"Give her the pill, doc!"

Ah, right. The multivitamin that apparently turned Cindy from a normal member of society to a dumb bimbo.

"Drugs? I'm not sure I..." Kate looked worried, though of course she had no idea what Cindy was referring to.

"Oh don't worry, silly! It'll make you feel better..." Cindy whispered in Kate's ear, making her shudder. I saw goosebumps rise on her skin, and the softest groan escaped her lips.

"Alright, alright. Do you promise it'll work?" Kate asked, her hungry eyes fixated on Cindy.

"Well duh!"

I sighed, slightly shaking my head. Standing up, I told the girls to stay put as I would go and fetch the "magic" pill.

I'm not proud of it, tricking women into believing I was some kind of savior. Still, Kate made a conscious choice just like Cindy, and I didn't have the heart to break the spell.

About five minutes later I returned to my apartment carrying the bottle of pills. Upon entering my apartment I found the girls quietly chatting and giggling on the couch, as if they were the closest of friends.

I handed Kate the pill and Cindy encouraged her to take it. She hesitated at first but downed it with a glass of water without issues, as Cindy cheered.

"What happens now?" Kate asked, a hint of fear in her eyes.

"Nothing, you'll just wake up feeling like all the weight you carried has been lifted." I said, with an evident sarcastic tone to my voice.

"It's the best thing ever, you'll see!" Cindy added.

"Well I'd better get going, then..." Kate's voice still had a tinge of uncertainty to it, as I'd expected.

"But honey, you can sleep here! I'm sure Master doesn't mind you staying..."

Cindy's eyes flashed with hunger as she spoke, winking at me. I smiled and nodded.

"You're welcome to stay, Kate," I declared, predicting how the night would go.

"I'll take the couch then."

Cindy slid a hand down Kate's pants, making her freeze.

"Master's bed is big enough for all of us..." She whispered in her ear, as Kate whimpered.

"O...Okay..."



# Chapter Three

The clock was nearing three in the morning, and by some inexplicable turn of events I was laying in my bed with two beautiful women at my sides.

Kate's shyness seemed to melt away once we got there, and I even caught her licking her lips when Cindy took off her dress.

I would need to reward Cindy in some way, she had done a great job. I couldn't tell how or why, but she managed to convince Kate in no time and there we were - almost naked, aroused and just waiting for someone to make a move.

That task was mine, as I was the one in charge.

"Cindy, why don't you show Kate how good you are at sucking my cock?" I asked, my stern tone indicating that after all it was an order and not a simple request.

She complied without saying a word, and Kate's gaze followed her as she repositioned herself between my legs.

Cindy's hands slide under my boxers and yanked them off, exposing my hardening cock.

Without hesitation she took it in her mouth, her silky tongue gliding across my shaft. Kate licked her lips, her eyes still glued to my crotch.

As my cock became fully erected showing its true size, Cindy began flicking her tongue over the tip.

"Help her, Kate."

It felt as though she had been waiting for me to tell her what to do - which I didn't mind in the slightest. More obedient sluts meant more fun for me, after all.

Kate positioned herself next to Cindy, who was still completely focusing on my cock. Stroking the shaft and massaging the tip with her soft lips, she seemed to get

better day after day.

Cindy was born to be a whore, there was no denying it, but what about Kate? She stared intently at my cock, waiting for Cindy to release it from the warm and wet prison that was her mouth.

When she did so, Kate started lapping at it, while Cindy continued to work my shaft with her hands and directed her tongue to my balls.

The feeling of two women sucking your cock is my personal definition of heaven, or at least it was up until that point. I groaned in pleasure, and I heard Cindy giggle as she massaged my balls with her mouth.

Soon after they found their rhythm, almost working in unison. I felt myself getting close, more so when they held my cock between them and lapped away at it as if it was a lollipop.

Seeing those two hungry whores slobber all over my cock like it was their last meal truly was a sight to behold, one that I'll treasure forever.

"Alright, that's enough for now."

They both stopped and looked up at me, slightly disappointed.

"But Master, we want your cum!" Cindy exclaimed, a pouting expression on her face.

"You will get your filling if you behave. "

"But Master, we're hungry!" Kate piped up, her shyness fading the more time went on.

"You did a great job today, Cindy," I declared, and added "Are you ready for your reward?"

She giggled in excitement and replied with a hearty "Yes!".

"Good. Both of you, naked. Now," I ordered.

They swiftly complied and began disrobing. Well, Cindy was only wearing her underwear where as Kate still had most of her clothes on.

When they were done, I took a moment to admire their bodies, focusing especially on Kate's. Her forms were more prominent now that they were exposed, and the little slut had been enjoying servicing my cock judging by the clear strings of fluid that connected her sex to her panties when she took them off.

I motioned Cindy to lay down on the bed and she complied, spreading her legs in anticipation. I stood up and pushed Kate down on the bed, gently but firmly enough to make her understand who was pulling the strings.

She didn't object to my actions. I put my hand behind her neck and pushed it between Cindy's legs, only stopping when Kate's lips met Cindy's.

Both of them groaned, but deep down they knew this would happen. All the subtle hints that Cindy gave out and Kate's reactions to her touches all lead me to believe that my whores weren't hungry just for my cock.

"You said you were hungry. Eat."

Kate began lapping away at Cindy's drenched hole, sending her into overdrive. No one eats pussy better than a woman, or at least that's the general consensus.

That seemed to ring true in Kate's case, seeing how Cindy reacted to the treatment she was receiving. The soft moans that escaped her lips between labored breaths kept rising in volume and frequency. Cindy knew she could be as loud as she wanted unless told otherwise, and knowing nobody else would hear her, she gave herself up to lust completely.

"Make this whore cum." I ordered as I leaned in, inhaling her scent.

Kate wasted no time and shoved two of her fingers inside Cindy's soaked hole, rapidly moving them while circling her swollen clit with her tongue.

Seeing the enthusiasm Kate was putting into it, I almost pushed her aside to replace her. I didn't though, she seemed

to be doing a great job and besides, I could always taste Kate instead of Cindy.

I repositioned myself behind her, seeing her perfectly smooth lips leaking her juices in the form of a thick string that almost touched the sheets. I couldn't contain myself and dove for it, my tongue lapping away at Kate's sweet pussy.

She yelped in surprise and it threw her rhythm off for a couple of seconds, yet it didn't matter.

"I'm cumming! I'm cumming!" Cindy shrieked before going completely silent after a sharp breath. Her legs snapped shut like a bear trap around Kate's head, yet she mercilessly kept going.

As for me, my tongue had been probing Kate's hole to taste her sweetness and as a result, her juices were all over my mouth and throat. I didn't care, not one bit.

Still, that tight hole had to be mine. I rubbed the tip of my cock across her slit, even smacking it against her clit a few times just to hear her yelp. Hearing her wasn't easy though, not with Cindy's cries.

Kate didn't stop for anything, and she simply kept eating out Cindy's pussy like it was her last meal. I was impressed, not expecting that level of obedience just yet.

Yet when I sunk my hard cock into her tight hole she audibly gasped, throwing her head back and away from Cindy's hole.

I wasn't one for slow and caring lovemaking. I sank into her fully, in one vigorous thrust after grabbing her ass for support. Her juices had me sliding into her like a hot knife through butter, though she was definitely tight enough for her lips to stick to my cock when I pulled back.

Kate began moaning, completely forgetting about the order I gave her, though Cindy didn't seem to care much. She'd already had her orgasm, and even though she probably

wanted more she understood that I made the rules.

I kept slamming myself into Kate's tight hole, grunting as I did so and letting my ballsack slap her swollen clit with every thrust. She seemed to pull me back in every time I would back off, and in truth I never wanted to leave her pussy.

The pause helped push my orgasm back, and even though my cock had been leaking precum while watching my two whores go at it I still had enough energy to spend.

Cindy had been watching both me and Kate's flustered face while playing with herself, now that no one was giving her pussy the attention it needed.

She took matters into her own hands, and turned around before laying under Kate. Their bodies touching in a sixty-nine-like position, Cindy could now reach both my cock and Kate's drenched pussy.

Cindy had these sporadic bursts of genius, especially when she wanted some cock. From her position she began lapping away at Kate's pussy, though she could only flick her tongue over her clit and occasionally my shaft as I fucked the shyness out of Kate.

"Harder, Master! Give it to me, please!"

Just an hour before she was almost too reserved to talk to me and there she was now, asking me to pound her tight hole even harder than I already was.

"Come on Master, fuck that pussy!" Cindy joined in too, just in case I needed more reminders of what I was supposed to do.

I felt the orgasm rise once more, and I knew I couldn't last much longer. Being a benevolent Master, I wanted Kate to cum at least once before filling her up to claim her as mine.

I didn't have to hold back for long. My relentless thrusts



coupled with Cindy's tongue on her clit soon had formerly shy Kate turn into a vulgar, quivering mess.

"Cum in my cunt, Master! Fuck me, fuck me!" The last syllable came out as a prolonged scream, her body quaking under our combined assault while her pussy leaked her juices all around her. The wet spot on the sheets was already huge, so it wasn't that big of a deal.

The orgasm seemed massive, but I didn't stop and neither did Cindy. I could finally let go however.

I gave it my everything, thrusting deep into Kate's tight pussy as the contractions kept pulling me back to milk me.

My balls tightened and I stopped deep inside of her, thick ropes of cum coating her walls. I gave a few more thrusts so that the orgasm could last more, though the sensation was unbearably good. My legs almost gave out, though Kate's ass provided enough support for me to hang on.

"That's a lot of cum, Master!" Cindy piped up.

All three of us out of breath we stood there for a while, trying to regain composure. I pulled out of Kate and my cum leaked out and into Cindy's waiting tongue. The lengths that whore will go are impressive, I must say.

She pushed Kate's ass downwards so that she'd sit on her face and began lapping away at her creamy hole to clean it up. Moments later I saw her slide out and give a passionate kiss to Kate, who had been groaning as her muscles still twitched due to the previous orgasm. Their tongues intertwined and I could clearly see my cum sloshing between their hungry mouths.

"You're both filthy whores, you know that?"

They broke the kiss and turned around to look at me, a mixture of cum and saliva leaking out of their mouths. That was their response, no need to formally admit it.

There was no doubt, not even a sliver of it. They were filthy sluts down to their very core and I was their one and

only Master.

# **THE NEW SECRETARY**

# Chapter One

My escapades with Cindy and Kate were starting to get out of hand and even though I was fully conscious of that I did not intend to stop.

Granted, no one would if they were in my position.

My life had been rather stable before Cindy made her appearance. Stable yes, but also terribly boring. What she provided was the very same thing I always missed: the ability to satisfy my every primal urge and wanton need.

Kate only added to it, and ever since she decided to join us in our little harem I felt like I had crossed into an alternate reality.

Every morning I would wake up to the smell of freshly brewed coffee, feeling a hot and wet hug smother my crotch while the girls would compete on who got to taste me first.

At times, I couldn't believe it. Either I was going mad or I really did have two dumb bimbos who wanted nothing more than to fulfill my desires, and being a person of sound mind and body I was sure the former couldn't be true.

One additional confirmation came when my old secretary resigned. Martha, she had been working for me for ten years at that point. She delivered her resignation letter and I simply never saw her again.

At first I was somewhat confused by that, but the letter did explain her motivations. She wasn't too comfortable with the way Cindy and Kate acted around her, or in general for that matter.

I could see her point. The girls weren't exactly the pinnacle of intelligence and the only thing on their mind resided in my pants.

Sighing, I trashed the letter. Good secretaries are hard to come by, in this day and age. However, this situation did give me an idea, which would be right on the edge between genius and utterly stupid.

At the root of it I didn't need a secretary, I could easily manage everything by myself. That meant I could hire someone like Cindy and Kate without issues.

Technically they both worked for me as part of the cleaning crew but they hardly did anything, though in the eyes of the law we were model citizens.

The clinic had been losing business due to unrelated events, and I'd be lying if I said it didn't put a good deal of stress on my shoulders. Regardless, stress wasn't too much of an issue considering I could snap my fingers and watch my two whores spread their legs before the sound even reached them.

Aside from that, I was worrying for nothing. My bank account had enough figures in it to allow me to live a very comfortable life twice over thanks to my family's long history.

The thought of closing the clinic did cross my mind a few times, though I always pushed it far back. I knew that things were headed in that direction, but it would take time before they would hit rock bottom.

On a particularly slow day with just a few appointments, I was once more buried in paperwork while waiting for the first applicant to arrive for the interview. It was in moments like that, dull and seemingly never ending, that I most wanted to shut the whole circus down. I often daydreamed about it: spending my days relaxing on a tropical beach while my girls did their best to please me. That was my end goal, and I knew that if I set my mind to it, I could one day achieve it.

I called the girls and ordered them to come to my office. Not

a minute later the door swung open and they walked in hand in hand, hotter than hell in august.

They were little brats, I'll admit. Though that made punishing them all the more fun. It was an interesting study on stubbornness: they acted in a way that they knew would get them punished but never once changed their ways. They loved it, those whores, and I loved being their master.

"Here!" They said in unison as they crossed the threshold to my office.

"Does Master want to fuck us again?" Kate asked, batting her eyelashes to try and seduce me. Nice attempt, I'll admit. What I found more enticing was the fact that she somehow gave in to her inner whore so much she seemed another person. I'm not one to shun depravity, though Kate seemed to be the poster child for it.

"Later," I declared, and added "For now, I want you two to tidy up the apartment. We may have a new guest tonight."

"But Master, that's boring!" They whined, puffing their cheeks.

"It's not a request. Now go, I have work to do."

"Yes Master."

They closed the door behind them and went straight for my apartment. I could see everything through the security cameras, and for once I was pleased to see them doing what I asked them. Sure enough they did stop a few times to play with themselves, but they knew the rules: no orgasms unless Master says so.

Adding to that, they also knew the punishment for it. If they wanted orgasm, I would take care of that and torture them with pleasure until they were nothing but a screaming mess. Our contract stated they could leave at any time and they hadn't even said anything on the matter, which to me meant they loved those punishments or were at least willing

to go through those sessions every once in a while even if they didn't enjoy them.

The intercom buzzed, snatching my attention away from my computer. The first candidate for the secretary job had arrived, and I had a good feeling about her.

I only posted the adverts on certain places to narrow down the possible candidate pool and ensure that only a certain few would see it. Lady luck was on my side, and I soon began receiving resumes from people who were terribly under qualified but had other assets instead.

Opening the door, I prepared myself for the interview.

Mistakes were made, that I'll freely admit. The first applicant hadn't made a good impression, and to be quite honest she didn't even look attractive enough for me to overlook her military-grade stupidity.

The second one, however, was much better. Samantha, Sam for short. Her fiery hair matched her personality and while she wasn't a champion of brightness, she was more than good enough for the position.

I hired her on the spot and gave her a tour of the building so that she could feel somewhat at home, and I secretly hoped she would soon join Cindy and Kate to be part of my own personal harem.

## Chapter Two

The first week was nothing more than a trial, and while Sam didn't have experience in the field she managed to surpass my expectations. She would definitely be welcome to work here permanently, though certain girls seemed to want to stay here forever. Happened with Cindy first and then Kate, and I sure hoped history would strike a hat trick with Sam.

The way she carried herself made her seem like the type of woman who didn't want to err too far from the beaten path she walked. Yet, this clinic served that exact purpose and moreover, my girls served as living proof.

Sam had met them and they seemed to hit it off. She would fit right in with them, at least appearance-wise. Her curves, especially her breasts made me wonder if somebody hadn't worked on her already, but I have an eye for that. Sam didn't have an ounce of silicone in her body, though her lips could use a pump or two.

Those same lips that would soon be around my cock, along with Kate's and Cindy's.

I was determined to have Sam join us, though I couldn't seem to find a way to approach the subject. I couldn't be too direct either, which didn't help at all.

The last resort was to use the girls' influence on her. Cindy convinced Kate and the rest was history, but I can't say how she managed to pull that off.

I called the girls to my office again, ready to assign them their tasks for the day. Nothing too complicated, but then again they couldn't really accomplish much on their own.

As they arrived, I couldn't help but notice the criminally



small dress Kate was wearing. Cut so low it ended midway through her crotch, it left the bottom part of it completely exposed - and to top it off, she wasn't wearing any underwear.

Cindy was on a similar wavelength, but opted instead for a fully white outfit. There was some humor to it, Cindy was pretty much the opposite of purity.

"Alright, first things first..." I began. "Kate, come beside me and bend over my desk."

She complied without a word and once she did so I pushed my chair backwards to take a look at her exposed pussy and to check if she was wearing the butt plug I bought her as punishment for misbehaving a few days before.

She was, and I must say that the gemstones on the flared base fit her quite well. Pretty, but not that precious.

I began playing with Kate's pussy, ordering her to stay in complete silence or there would be hell to pay. I knew she would fail, but a man has to have fun every once in a while.

As I sank my fingers into Kate's moist hole, I turned to face Cindy and saw her biting her lip as she intently stared at her friend, desperately trying not to make a noise.

"Cindy, I have another task for you," I declared.

Upon hearing those words she started taking her shirt off, and I stopped her.

"No, not today. I want you to go out with Sam and work your magic."

"What do you mean, Master?" She queried, cocking her head to the side.

"I want Sam to be like you and Kate, here," I declared, stopping to deliver a hard slap on Kate's exposed ass cheek. She yelped, but caught herself soon enough and went back to being silent even though my fingers were still working her hole. I smiled, knowing I'd be having some fun later that day.

Cindy seemed to understand what I was referring to,

thankfully.

"Yes Master, I promise I'll make you proud!" She giggled as she stood up, her breasts bouncing in synchronization.

"Good girl. Now go, Kate and I have important matters to address..."

Cindy nodded and waltzed away after grabbing one of the pills she believed to be magical. I waited for her to close the office door before dedicating my attention towards Kate.

"What did I say about silence?" I snarled, spanking her once more.

She yelped again but didn't dare utter a single word out of fear. I loved using that setup - it always confuses them to no end.

I circled my desk and placed the fingers I was using to tease her right in front of her mouth. She got the hint and began cleaning them, her silky tongue gliding across them to lap away at her juices.

"Good girl. Follow me."

I closed my office for the night and headed to my apartment, Kate in tow. Playing with her pussy made me hard and I wasn't one to waste an erection, especially when I had someone's body to use freely.

I brought her to my bedroom and pushed her on the bed. She smiled, knowing she would soon be in a world of pleasure and pain, mixing together to form a mind shattering cocktail.

Her instincts kicked in and she spread her legs when she hit the bed. I chuckled, though I would be lying if I said my gaze didn't linger on her glistening lips.

I opened the drawer in which I kept the toys and various accessories I routinely used on my girls. I settled on handcuffs and a blindfold just to make my pet wonder what I would do next. No gag either, I wanted to hear her scream like she always did.

She hadn't said a word, but I knew she would crack soon enough. The filth that came out of her mouth was unparalleled, and it only made me want to go harder.

Speaking of harder, my cock was straining against the fabric of my clothes, and Kate's eyes were glued to the bulge in my pants. She wasn't even trying to hide it, the little whore.

I threw the handcuffs and blindfold on the bed and approached it. She sat up, waiting for the instruction she knew I would give her.

"Open your mouth."

She complied and stuck out her tongue, waiting for me to feed her. I had her full obedience, though sometimes both Kate and Cindy struggled to complete certain tasks.

Kate, for example, could not resist the urge to swirl her tongue around my cock even when told her not to. The poor girl was hungry for me, but her behavior only gave me more reasons to punish her.

My pants hit the floor and so did my boxers, letting my hard cock spring free. A bead of precum sat on the tip like a crown, and I knew Kate was desperately waiting to get a taste of it.

I approached her, putting my cock just an inch away from her tongue. I could feel her breath on it, though she dared not move.

My hands went to the back of her head and I pushed her into me, her welcoming mouth embracing my veiny cock like an old friend.

I kept pushing until her nose was on my crotch and my rod was completely lodged in her throat. The vibrations felt good, but watching her squirm was even better.

After a few seconds - though I'm sure it felt longer for her - I pulled my cock out of her throat to let her breathe. She gasped for air, breaking some of the saliva strings that connected her hungry mouth to me.

My hands were still holding her head in place and I pushed

her into me once more. Her gasps were cut short, my cock was more important than her oxygen. Still, being the generous master that I am, I began slowly pushing in and out of her throat to allow her to get used to this new treatment.

Her throat felt good, sure, but it didn't compare to her pussy. The whore had been playing with herself as I fucked her face, and looking down I saw a large wet spot forming below her as she rubbed her clit.

I pushed her head away from me and gave her enough time to catch her breath as I retrieved the handcuffs.

"Turn around and get on all fours, slut." I sternly commanded and Kate complied, giving me a full view of her soaked pussy. It gave me an idea, which would make her scream even louder than usual.

Going back to the drawer I picked a large vibrator designed to hit every nerve cluster once inserted. I made sure Kate didn't see it, though she would soon feel it.

The blindfold was the next step and as I got close to her face to put it on Kate looked up at me, her piercing green eyes locked on mine. She bit her lower lip, but I showed no emotion.

She was a set of holes to fuck, after all. I secured her wrists to the bed using the handcuffs and kneeled on the bed behind her. No need to hold her legs open, she was already doing a great job at that herself.

My cock was so close to her pussy that I felt the heat radiating from it and I must say, the urge to hold her down and fuck a Kate-shaped hole into my bed was extremely hard to resist.

The little whore even swayed her hips to tease me, but she regretted that when she felt my hand come down on her plump ass cheek. She yelped in pain, but didn't learn the lesson.

Either way, I wanted to release my pent up stress and her holes were aching to be filled.

I grabbed the vibrator and shoved it inside of her without notice or warning. A shrill squeal escaped her lips as she felt the bumps and ridges of the toy spread her walls open, taking her by surprise.

I removed the jeweled plug from her asshole making her groan as her muscles slowly retracted to close the gaping hole. I didn't give them time to and buried my cock deep in her guts, to the hilt.

Kate yelped again due to the size difference. Her hole hadn't been stretched enough, but I would surely take care of that.

I turned on the vibrator and set it to the highest strength. It buzzed to life and even though it was buried deep within Kate I could still hear it, and standing still I almost felt the vibrations on my cock.

Kate soon began moaning, though I wasn't too sure if those noises were born out of pain, pleasure or a mixture of the two. I didn't just penetrate her asshole to see how deep I could go, I wanted to fill it up with my cum even though she didn't deserve it.

Yet, I am a generous master.

I began moving, slowly enough at first but gradually increasing my pace. She knew I wouldn't hold back even if it was her first time getting a real cock in her asshole, and I'm sure she didn't even want me to go easy on her.

Her hole was impossibly tight, and that only made me want to thrust harder and harder still. To break her, to have her fully submitted to me.

Kate's moans turned to cries of pleasure mixed with her usual slew of filthy words.

"I'm cumming, Master! Fuck me harder, fill my virgin ass!"

She was dumb, sure, but at least she was sure about what she wanted in life.

With one last gasp she froze and immediately thereafter her

body began quivering, rocked by a waves upon waves of pleasure that kept crashing over her due to the vibrator and my cock working all of her holes.

In honesty, hearing her speak those words triggered some kind of primal instinct in me. I was slamming my cock deep inside of her guts as she screamed between harsh breaths.

"Fuck this whore, Master! Give me your cum, all of it!"

I felt the orgasm rise in me, and I hadn't even realized how loud I had been grunting. It didn't matter, all I wanted in that moment was to paint her insides in my own personal shade of white.

I kept fucking her with such vigor I was actually impressed she managed to maintain her position without collapsing on the bed. Every thrust had my crotch hit hers, as the room filled with a cacophony of noises.

The slapping of our sweaty bodies when they touched, the buzzing of the vibrator in her pussy and most importantly the cries of pleasure that came out of her mouth.

And admittedly, mine too.

I felt the floodgates open and released what must have been a torrent of hot cum in her tight asshole. One more officially claimed as mine, but the official side could wait.

I enjoyed the moment and even gave out a few more thrusts to push my cum deeper in, if that was even possible.

Still buried within her, my eyes darted to the plug and I grabbed it, while still trying to catch my breath. I placed a hand on Kate's back and shoved her on the bed, my cock exiting her tight hole as a result.

I would make her clean it soon, but first I had to seal my cum inside of her asshole. The plug slid in easily, and Kate didn't even react to it. Her hole must have been somewhat numb from the action.

Amidst that, I hadn't realized that the vibrator had fallen out of her pussy, so I turned it off. She had had enough orgasms

already, and it's always a good idea to keep one's fucktoys hungry for more.

I circled her and positioned myself in front of her face. I took out the blindfold and she looked up at me, or at least tried to. Her eyes weren't adjusted to the light yet, though she didn't need eyes for her next task.

"Clean my cock, slut." I ordered.

Kate tentatively opened her mouth and her tongue soon found my shaft. She lapped away at it, making sure not to waste even a drop of the same cum that I unloaded in her asshole.

"Good girl. And make sure you don't spill that cum, understood?"

"Yes Master, and thank you." She meekly replied, her throat still sore from all the screaming and partially due to the rough treatment that started that night.

I was tempted to leave her cuffed to the bed but decided against it. After all she behaved well enough, even during her punishment.

We sat in silence for a few minutes, trying to regain our composure.

I ordered some food and went to take a shower, leaving Kate in charge for the time being. We took turns, she went after me and she did try to lure me in with her but to no avail.

Shower sex is nice on paper and in movies but when it comes down to it, it's not all that's cracked up to be. And besides, I wanted to save the rest of my stamina for Sam in case Cindy's task was successful.





# Chapter Three

My phone rang a couple of hours later that day. I picked it up and noticed it was a text, from Cindy out of all people.

I opened it and only saw cryptic smiley face, possibly indicating she had succeeded in her task to convince Sam to join our harem. I would honestly be impressed if she did, Sam could easily outsmart them both without even breaking a sweat.

I wondered what she meant for a good amount of time before giving up and directing my attention to a novel I had started reading before all of this started but never managed to continue.

Thinking back, I never actually got to the end of that particular book. The intercom rang after I managed to get through only a couple of chapters, and I motioned Kate to answer.

"It's Cindy, should I open?" She asked, and I just noticed the way she was holding the receiver, careful not to stain it with the nail polish she was applying.

"Yes, yes." I said as I got up from my favorite armchair to put the book back on the shelf where it still resides to this day.

I waited, feeling the anticipation slowly build up. I wasn't too sure Cindy had succeeded, but she knew better than to disappoint me.

The moment of truth arrived later that night when the intercom rang. There's nothing quite like the thrill a man feels when he gets close enough to a new prey to be able to smell it.

Answering it, I heard two familiar voices. Cindy did the trick once more, it seemed.

A few minutes later I saw her and Sam walk out of the elevator, barely able to keep their hands off of each other. My lips curled up in a smile, knowing I would get a new bimbo to play with.

Cindy greeted me in her usual way by gently squeezing my crotch.

"She's all yours, Master," She whispered, and I felt my cock twitch. She didn't tell me what happened or how she managed to get Sam on board, but in truth I didn't care at all.

"Good girl," I replied and added "I left you a reward in Kate's asshole."

"Thank you Master!"

I turned to face Sam and took a moment to admire her curves. I circled around her as a predator would his prey, and she simply stood there silently, waiting for me to say anything.

She had a sly smirk plastered on her face though I couldn't tell why - not that it mattered, my cock would soon wipe that away.

"Find anything funny, Samantha?" I snarled, gripping her throat tight with my hand.

"No, Master..." She meekly replied, her feeble voice barely making it out of her. I lessened my grip, but didn't let her go.

"Good. You are a set of holes for me to cum into, and that is all you will ever be for as long as you are under this roof. Understood?"

"Yes, Master."

Kate and Cindy knew what their place was and aside from minor acts of disobedience they never went too far from their set path. Sam on the other hand, was the rebel. Even as my hand was squeezing her throat she never lowered her gaze, not even for a second. I like that aspect of

her personality, though I wanted to fuck it right out of her. I began to lead Sam to my bedroom, passing in front of the couch on which Cindy and Kate were making out on. The whores had impulses they couldn't control, and after all Cindy hadn't had any orgasms that day, almost breaking her long streak.

I let them have their fun.

"Cindy, Kate is yours to play with until I am back. Consider that the other half of your reward," I declared before opening the bedroom door.

"Thank you Master!" Cindy squealed, breaking the kiss only for a brief second. The hunger in her was palpable, though she would get her fix soon enough.

I closed the door behind us and promptly pushed Sam against it, using my body to pin hers in place.

Her smirk returned. That slut probably got off on this and if that was the case, I would make sure she learned her lesson.

"What are you going to do, Master, fuck me like those other two whores? You know I'm be--" She piped up, her defiant tone sounding like music to my ears. Still, I cut her off by gripping her throat once more.

"You are exactly like *those other two whores*, I just need to fuck some obedience into you!" I snarled at her, my face inches away from hers.

Sam smiled again and her hand slid under my pants to find my now erected cock. She gave it a couple strokes, all the while never breaking eye contact.

In that moment it seemed like I had found a worthy match, and not just some ditzy slut who would bend to my will after nothing more than a word. Sam was different, but she would fall in line by the end of the night.

Being stronger than her, it was extremely easy to shove her on the bed. I could swear I heard her chuckle when she

hit the bed. It didn't matter, shortly after her mouth was busy being on mine.

Our tongues danced and battled as my hands tore away at her top, ripping it to expose the white bra she wore underneath. Moments later her breasts swung free and I promptly began squeezing them as she moaned.

Sam was clearly into it, she just liked to test how far into the fire she could walk before she would go up in flames. Granted, back then we didn't know each other all too well.

I broke the kiss and traveled downwards on her pale body to torture her large breasts with my mouth. Taking her nipples between my lips and often nibbling them worked fairly well, as indicated by the steadily increasing volume of her moans and groans.

I didn't linger on her tits as much as I wanted to, I had to make her mine.

Peeling off her jeans was a bit of a struggle, I'll admit. They were probably too small for her, but in turn they showed off every curve in her body. I carelessly threw them on the ground and took a good hard look at her soaked panties.

"All tough and defiant but your body betrays you, slut," I said, yanking off her underwear.

Her scent was strong and sweet, and looking down at her drenched lips I felt my cock strain against my clothes even more.

"So? Are you going to give me that cock or do you just want to stare at me?" She asked while spreading her lips to reveal her pink, glistening hole.

I chuckled, and opened the door to the bedroom to call Cindy and Kate. I interrupted them as they were pleasuring each other, but they know that my cock has priority over them.

They hurried to me and their eyes instantly went to Sam's naked figure, laying on my bed waiting for something to

happen.

"You see girls, our new friend thinks she's in charge! Why don't we show her how things actually work here?"

"Yes Master!" They both replied in unison before climbing on the bed.

Cindy straddled Sam's face and began grinding her hips, soon to start moaning. Cindy on the other hand simply laid down beside her and held Sam's arms in place while simultaneously rubbing her clit in a slow, circular motion.

I saw Sam's eyes shut tight as her muffled moans filled the room to join Kate's. I had trained my girls well enough, it seemed.

Regardless, I didn't want to miss out on the fun.

I took off my pants and boxers - I wasn't too sure why I had been wearing that outfit in the first place, I could have just worn a bathrobe ala Hugh Hefner.

Without much preparation, I lined my cock up in front of her hole. Cindy noticed and dragged her fingers across the tip, coating it with Sam's sweet juices.

I buried myself deep within her in one long thrust, my large cock spreading her tight walls to accommodate my size. I felt her shudder, and I did need a couple of seconds to take in just how tight and wet she was.

Alas, I had no time to spare and I backed out of her almost completely, before vigorously plunging back in. Deep and hard, though slowly at first.

Looking over Kate, I saw Cindy's whisper into Sam's ears. I could barely make out what she was saying.

"See, it's just like I told you. Don't you love Master's cock? Don't you want his cum in all of your holes? Yes you do..."

Sam had been moaning the entire time, but Kate's body muffled the sounds. Still, I heard the yelp of pain she gave out when Cindy slapped her clit.

A muffled "Yes" came out from Sam's lips, and Cindy

giggled.

I smiled devilishly and upped the pace, working out a rhythm that soon had her quaking. Her muffled moans turned to cries and Kate joined in too, albeit to a lesser degree.

"Cum for us, come on..." Cindy whispered as she furiously rubbed Sam's clit, a primal lust in her eyes.

Sam cried out and tried to shut her legs tight but I blocked her, having no intention to stop. I kept on thrusting and Cindy never once stopped torturing Sam's swollen clit even when she bucked her hips as the pleasure shook her to the core.

"She wants your cum, Master! Fill her up!" Kate giggled, her hips still grinding on Sam's face.

Kate didn't have to tell me twice. Between the incredibly filthy display unfolding before my eyes and Sam's pussy gripping my cock like a vise, I knew I couldn't last long.

"He's going to fill you up, he's going to fill you up!" Cindy's declared in a sing song voice.

"Slap her clit, Cindy. I'm sure she loves it." I ordered and she complied, giggling as she did so.

Cindy synchronized her slaps with my thrusts and Sam went into overdrive. Even with Kate and Cindy keeping her still she almost made them fall out of the bed with her thrashing and trembling, but my girls held on.

Another orgasm washed over her, stronger than the first or so it seemed. Sam's body kept convulsing as she screaming under our combined efforts-

Her soaking hole kept drawing me in and with one last forceful thrust I released my boiling hot cum within her depths, grunting as I did so. I stayed inside of her for a minute to catch my breath, and my cock slowly softened. I pulled out, and a torrent of my cum came rushing out to leak onto the sheets.

Kate stood up and laid beside Sam. I could finally see her face now, completely covered in Kate's juices and beads of sweat. Flustered, out of breath and without a sliver of rebellion left inside of her.

"Say 'thank you, Master'!" Cindy ordered, delivering another swift slap to her clit.

Sam yelped but she did bend the knee in the end.

"Thank you, Master..." She feebly said, her coarse voice barely audible due to her sore throat.

I smiled again. Cindy could easily be my second in command given how she seemed to be able to find girls willing to submit to me, and the way she ordered Sam around only added extra shine to her.

Just like that, the harem grew in size once again.

The following day Sam approached me and thanked me for the previous night, talking about how she never found someone that had the balls to completely dominate her and ravage her body like as if she was cheap prostitute.

That, as it turns out, was my specialty. Sure, throughout most of my life I had only fucked expensive ones, but that agency hadn't heard from me in a while and hopefully they never would again.

These girls were mine to use, whenever and in whichever way I so desired, for as long as I wanted. Sure, they could leave whenever they wanted, but where else would they find a Master willing to take in somebody else's used whores?

They knew better than that, they knew I claimed all of them and that made them exclusively mine.





# **EVE'S NEW BODY**

# Chapter One

Only a lucky few can say they get woken up every morning not by an alarm, but rather the lips of a woman - or sometimes more - gently massaging one's most sensitive spots.

I was among those few, though I can't say whether or not I was to attribute it to luck or the result of my own actions.

Questioning it, I realized, wouldn't bring me any joy or have any sort of effect on my life. The reality of these facts spoke for itself: three women, their bodies worthy of the Greek Pantheon, decided to submit themselves to me.

They would listen and obey to my every order at the best of their capabilities. Often times their minds were too clouded by whatever vapid interests they had, but I didn't keep them around for conversation.

No, all they had was a limitless source of lust and the will to do whatever it took to satisfy themselves and me.

Aside from that, life went on as regularly scheduled. Having the girls around did improve everything though, I can't deny that.

Alas, they were also extremely distracting when they wanted to be. I kept an eye on them using the security network, and they knew that. It seemed that every time I would be talking to a patient in my office, like clockwork, those vixens would play with themselves.

It was like they could feel whenever somebody was in my office, and a few times I even caught them staring at the cameras as they put on their shows.

The reality of it was probably much simpler: Samantha would let them know about my scheduled events and they would react accordingly.

In one such occasion, I had been waiting for a patient to show up for the first interview. Nothing too special, just a simple list of questions to outline what they wanted.

The clock struck eleven and a message came through from the reception, stating that miss Becker was on her way to my office.

Not a minute later I see her walk in with the confidence of a depressed death row inmate.

"Miss Becker, good morning," I greeted her, extending my hand to shake hers.

She reciprocated, gently squeezing my hand with hers. "Call me Eve, please."

"Eve it is. What brings you here today then, Eve?" I asked as we both sat down.

I glanced at the screen, the security feed still playing. As I imagined, Cindy and Kate already took off their clothes.

"Well, it's easy. I don't like the way I look and I want to change that," She declared.

A common reason, sure. Eve was young, but old enough to make her own decisions. Yet, she didn't seem too convinced.

"Are there other reasons for this? Remember, this is strictly between us. Not a word will leave this room."

She sighed, which was enough to let me know I hit the right spot.

"My family wants me to be a paragon of virtue, but that's not what I want."

Eve threw her head back in exasperation, and in doing so she exposed the pendant she wore around her neck. A crucifix, which gave me more insight on the situation.

"Well Eve, what is it that you want instead?" I queried, staring right into her emerald eyes.

I didn't really need to know those details and to be frank, I did not care either. However, it usually helped the patients feel a little more comfortable with me.

"I want to be like the other girls I see in movies and television! I just want to live my life the way I want to, without my parents judging my every move!"

Her words sounded familiar; I had been in that exact same situation dozens of times before: a young woman wants to rebel and thinks they know better than everyone else.

So they take matters into their own hands - or simply bother their parents until they concede - and walk out of my clinic looking like one of the dolls they used to play with just a few years prior.

"Alright, that sounds fair. Shall we go over the procedures?" I asked, though in my mind I could already picture what she wanted.

"Breasts, lips, behind, everything," She declared, and added "Money isn't an issue."

The fire in her eyes gave her a new edge, though her requests could be more specific.

"Do you have any precise specifications? Or better yet, a reference picture?" I asked.

Eve nodded and pulled out her phone, giving me time to focus on the security feed.

I shook my head while staring at Kate's long legs, spread open to allow Cindy access to her pussy. My cock twitched, though I had to stay focused.

"Are nude pictures allowed?" Eve broke the silence.

I chuckled and replied "Encouraged!"

She flashed me a smile and handed me her phone, slightly blushing and looking away as she did so.

"Don't be shy, there's nothing wrong with nudity," I declared, my voice taking a paternal tone.

Looking at the screen I saw what looked like a cross between a woman and a balloon animal. Whoever worked on her did a terrible job on her. All the proportions were

wrong, though at least I had a mild understanding of what Eve wanted.

I handed her phone back to her.

"It's possible, but the end result will look much better than that," I declared.

Confidence comes from experience, after all. I had years of surgery under my belt, and unless Eve's body went through a meat grinder I was sure I could transform her into what she wanted.

Her eyes lit up with glee.

"Thank you, doctor! When can we start?"

I led her to the examination room after she filled the required paperwork.

I could see she wasn't comfortable with the preliminary exam before it even started. Fidgeting, hesitating before disrobing. Seen it before and will see it again, I simply waited and pretended to do something else while she searched for courage.

I let a few minutes pass but nothing happened.

"We can reschedule it if you don't feel comfortable right now," I declared, still keeping my gaze away from her.

"It's just... I have never been..." She stuttered.

"I imagined as much. Don't worry, it's understandable."

I tried to seem compassionate, but deep down my instincts were telling me to do the exact opposite. In that moment, I wanted her to be mine, I wanted to claim her like I claimed my other girls.

Eve would be a special case - she had never been with a man, and I would do my best to make sure that would change by the time she left the clinic.



# Chapter Two

Eve's mental block was perhaps too strong for her to fight. She apologized profusely, though I understood her situation.

Spending almost two decades living with strict religious parents will definitely affect the way one acts once crossed into adulthood, and Eve was a prime example of this.

"Are you sure this is what you want, Eve?"

"Yes, yes I am. And besides, what's the worst that could happen?" Her voice was feeble enough to barely be audible.

"You could turn into somebody you don't want to be. The human mind is peculiar--"

"With all due respect doctor, you don't know me."

She interrupted me, and her voice had a tinge of anger to it.

"No, but I've seen girls in your exact situation. After the procedures, they were completely different people."

"In a good way, I hope..." She trailed off, the anger fading into doubt.

"Follow me and I'll show you what will most likely happen to you."

"You won't dissuade me, but alright."

Eve's mind was set on changing the way she looked, and I didn't exactly want to refuse. Still I wanted to test her resolve to see if she truly had made a decision.

I led her back to my office, wanting to show her what Cindy and Kate were doing.

It was a bold move considering her background: Eve probably hadn't been exposed to a lot of pornography throughout her life, and seeing two gorgeous women go at it like their lives depended on it can be a bit of a shock for someone as sheltered as she was.

We sat down like we did when she first came into my office. "You may not like what I am about to show you, but believe me when I say that if you go through these procedures you'll end up just like them. Do you understand?" I asked, even slipping in my master voice towards the end of the sentence. Eve sighed and nodded.

I turned my computer monitor towards her while the security feed was playing across the entire screen. Eve's mouth dropped and she audibly gasped before closing her eyes and looking away, seemingly disgusted. "No, look. You see the blonde one, the one that's bouncing on that toy?" I asked, without going into specifics. One of her eyes opened as she peeked at the screen. "Y..Yes..." She said. "That's Cindy. She was unhappy just like you. I helped her come out of her shell, and that's who she is now," I declared. Eve's head turned to face the monitor, ever so slowly. It felt as if she was battling her core beliefs, but perhaps that's what she needed. "Why is she..." "Because that's what she wants. The other girl, you see her? That's Kate. Same thing happened to her. " "She looks... Happy." The pause before that last word gave her sentence the punch it needed. Had I been a compassionate person, it would have had an effect on me.

I kept my eyes glued on her to catch even the tiniest reaction. Eve's face slowly taking on a red connotation, her hungry eyes fixated on the monitor. The way she almost bit her lip but caught herself and stopped. "I know you like what you see. And this is happening now as we speak, just a few rooms away."



"Why are they here?" Eve asked, a flash of worry in her eyes.

"They chose to stay and serve me," I declared, sinking further down into my chair.

"Serve you... How?" She cocked her head to the side, and at that point I didn't know if she really was that naive or if she had been playing dumb the whole time.

"See that toy? Well, imagine that's me."

"Oh..."

Eve seemed to be lost in thought, even though her eyes were still glued to the monitor. In the silence I could almost hear the gears and cogs grinding in her brain, processing all the information I laid out before her.

"Are you ready for the examination now?"

"Yes."

She stopped just outside of my office and turned to face me.

"So... Do I have to do that too?" She asked, her eyes darting side to side in search of god knows what.

"Not unless you want to."

"What if I do?"

That surprised me, considering everything that happened. Her lack of confidence was understandable at first, but then again I would be staring at her naked body for hours.

Besides, I've seen everything the human body has to offer, and I'm sure she wasn't hiding anything too shocking.

"Well Eve, first we deal with the professional side of this. Then, we'll see."

I tried to remain professional, yet knowing how close I was to being able to claim her made me ecstatic.

On our way to the examination room we saw Samantha walking towards us. Eve smiled and waved at her briefly.

"Thank you again, by the way. It did calm me down!" Eve said, and while I wasn't exactly paying attention, that sentence caught my attention.

"Did you..." I began, but quickly stopped when Samantha winked at me.

I smiled and shook my head lightly. Cindy wasn't the only one who could pull girls into our harem, it seemed.

We continued on and finally reached the examination room.

Eve's outfit was very conservative, as one would imagine. She, however, seemed to be gradually losing what held her back.

"Disrobe at your convenience and we'll begin," I declared.

"Oh yes, I'm feeling quite hot anyway."

I chuckled, but for the time being I had to contain myself.

"Done!"

I turned around and saw her standing there wearing nothing but her crucifix. I'm sure she knew I was fucking her with my eyes but at that point I'm sure she would have been fine with it.

Scanning her body, I began explaining her the procedures and how her figure would change. As I got to her thighs, her scent filled my nostrils.

"Sit here and spread your legs for me, dear," I ordered, still not fully using my commanding voice.

Eve complied without questioning. She hopped on the bed and her legs sprung open to reveal her perfect pussy. Maybe her big secret consisted in the fact that she didn't have a single hair on her body below her neck, but at that point I didn't care anymore.

I saw a thick string of fluid connect her hole to her thighs, and it took all the willpower I had not to grab my cock and shove it in her pristine hole.

I ran my finger on her inner thigh to collect her juices and taste her. Eve had possibly the sweetest pussy I have ever had, and again I almost took her then and there.

"Doctor, that's..." She whispered, holding her breath.

My face was just inches away from her dripping lips. The

temptation was strong, so much more than I was.

The situation would have been more fitting only if a snake was whispering softly in her ears. I desperately wanted to be her Adam and take her right there on that medical bed.

I heard her hot breaths hit my face from above - she was looking at me. My gaze met hers, and I saw her for what she was.

An innocent young girl who had taken on the guise of a temptress. Her half open, her big emerald eyes slowly closing and her hands covering her small breasts.

I pushed her fully on the bed and spread her legs open. The only word that came out of her lips was a meek "Careful..." Spoken with anticipation and dripping with desire.

Her words weren't the only dripping thing, however. My hands traveled down her smooth body, drawing imaginary circles on her silky skin before reaching her mound.

Eve let out another audible gasp when I brushed her clit. I had to be careful not to be too aggressive with her, though it was harder than one could imagine.

I began rubbing her drenched pussy in slow, circular motions. I wasn't applying much pressure, but her body seemed to follow my every move.

Gradually I kept increasing the pressure, and her soft moans became louder. It was music to my ears but I had to suppress them in one way or another.

As much as I wanted her lips on my cock, it wasn't possible at that time. I instead pulled her head back a few inches and kissed her as I delivered a quick slap on her clit.

Eve's cry was muffled, but still loud enough to be a problem. Our tongues intertwined - at least she knew how to kiss - and she reciprocated the assault my tongue had been carrying out.

My cock was dangerously close to bursting from my pants, and it was getting quite painful. I took Eve's hand into mine

and placed it above my throbbing erection. At first she had no idea what to do and felt like a deer in the headlights, but thankfully she soon picked up on her task. Her tiny hand unbuckled my belt and undid the button on my pants. She didn't even wait for them to hit the floor before pulling my cock out of my boxers.

She began slowly massaging it, my precum coating her hand as she did so. Eve loved my touch, it seemed. From the way she moved her hips attempting to follow my fingers to her muffled cries of pleasure as our tongues battled.

I knew I had to claim this girl and keep her around.

As much as I wanted to completely ravage her virgin body, I realized that waiting would probably be a better solution. It would be hard, but thankfully I could dump my cum in my other girls. Still, I wanted to hear Eve scream at least once.

I broke off the kiss and looked her straight in the eyes.

"Have you have had an orgasm, Eve?" I asked, still rubbing her drenched sex.

"No, never..." She confessed amidst labored breaths.

I grabbed her legs and turned her body so that she was back in a seated position. Eve already knew where this was headed and spread her long legs for me, offering me a view that most men could only dream of.

I dove in.

Eve gasped when she felt my tongue on her most secret spot, the one she wanted to save for her future husband. She gave herself up to me, and I would make sure she would always remember her first orgasm.

I spread her lips to reveal her tight hole and I instantly began lapping away at her pussy, her juices coating my face as they leaked out of her. Her moans, loud enough to wake the dead, were of no concern to me at that time.

I needed to make her scream, and I needed to drink her nectar.

My tongue traveled across her soaked hole all the way up to her swollen clit. I flicked my tongue over it a few times before going back down to start the process again.

I never plunged into her, I wanted Eve to remain a virgin for the time being. Instead I took her clit between my lips and began circling it with the tip of my tongue.

That sent her into overdrive straight away. Her cries of pleasure turned into screams, and she wasn't calling out God this time. No, that was my name she was yelling - which, by the way, I won't mention for safety reasons.

With one final scream her legs snapped shut around and her juices soaked my face, trapping my head in the most perfect spot. I held her still and continued my assault for a while, gradually slowing down to a stop.

Eve yelped from time to time, my tongue on her sensitive clit must have done quite a number on her.

She slumped back on the bed, her naked body covered in sweat and a serene expression on her flustered face.

I left her there to regain composure since she clearly needed it, and went out of the examination room to do the same. I had forced my cock back into my pants, Eve was in no shape to please me just yet.

Samantha approached me noticed the beads of sweat on my forehead.

"How did it go, Master?" She whispered in my ear, her hot breath sending shivers down my spine.

"That's none of your concerns. However, you did a good job."

"Thank you, Master!" She exclaimed after flashing me a huge grin.

In truth I could have fucked Eve all I wanted, but this old fox would rather wait for the grapes to ripen first.

Samantha began walking away and bid me her own version of farewell by grabbing my crotch. She let out a soft

gasp when she felt my hard cock, and looked me right in the eyes.

I took her hand into mine and led her to an empty room which once was a closet.

My girls and I had this special connection - often times I didn't need to order them around, they would know what to do on their own despite their evident lack of intelligence.

Samantha had my pants and boxers hit the ground at record speed. It felt like a frenzy had taken hold of her, judging by how she handled my cock.

She was careful, sure, but also pervaded by a deep hunger that she could only satiate by drinking my cum.

Her soft tongue made its way from the base of my cock up to the tip where she flicked it against my frenulum. After the events of that day I was already close to bursting, and the way my cock twitched when Sam tried to take it in its entirety gave it away.

She massaged my ballsack as her tongue swirled over the tip of my cock, all the while applying suction to drain every drop of cum I had in my body.

I was extremely close already, and when she began using both of her hands to stroke my shaft as she bobbed her head on the tip I simply exploded.

The sudden release of my hot cum into her mouth, coupled with my admittedly loud grunt, caught her by surprise. She jerked her head backwards and my cock slipped out of her mouth causing a couple of strings of cum to land on her pale face.

Samantha quickly regained control of the situation and resumed her stroking motions, making sure to torture my head with her tongue to suck my cock dry like she was told to do plenty of times before.

She kept my cock in her mouth until it went soft. By the time she released it from her moist prison it was completely clean. Sam was a quick learner, after all.

"Clean yourself up and go back to work."

"Yes Master, and thank you for your cum!"

She waltzed out of the room, a smile on her partially cum covered face.

As for me, I took a moment to catch my breath before pulling my pants and boxers back up to check up on Eve.

The procedures would start the following day, and it would take at least a couple of weeks to get everything done safely and correctly.

# Chapter Three

A couple of weeks went by, during which Eve went through a massive transformation.

Her small breasts were now plump and firm just like her behind. The slew of other procedures added upon it to turn this once plain looking girl into a woman that oozed lust.

She still had her old clothes, though most of them didn't fit anymore. That was an issue she would fix on her own, maybe with the help of my girls.

Throughout her stay, much like Cindy, Eve's demeanor changed.

Her old conservative ways were still there, but her whorish side kept peeking through the cracks. It wouldn't be long until her facade would shatter to reveal her true inner self.

She had turned into a dumb bimbo just like her predecessors and much like them, she would soon fall in line and obey her master.

I kept checking in on her daily, and I always seemed to hear faint moaning coming from her room late at night. Samantha had done a good job with Eve, and I didn't even have to order her to do so.

I went into Eve's room to check in on her one last time. The recovery process was over, and typically that's when patients leave.

I found her standing in front of the mirror, completely naked. From my angle I could see the plump ass in all of its glory, and looking into the mirror I saw her eyes devouring herself.

"How do I look?" She asked, turning around.

Her large breasts jiggled when she did so, making her pendant bounce around.

"Wonderful, dear."



I had been professional enough despite Eve's descent into whorehood. My job came first, but now that she was no longer a patient I could make her pay for all the times she teased me during her stay.

I took a step forward, getting close to her. Eve knew what was coming, she could see it in my eyes and in the bulge in my pants.

Everything melts into a blur and my hand is gripping her soft neck, pushing her down on the bed.

Eve groaned in protest, but her body betrayed her more than she thought. Her turgid nipples gave her arousal away, and so did the fact that her legs sprung open as soon as her back hit the bed.

Eve would definitely make a fine addition to my harem, but she would require more training than the other girls due to never having been with a man before. Regardless, that was about to change.

I let my hands explore her curves, my fingertips slowly tracing the outline of her body.

I wasn't paying too much attention to her face but when I looked up I noticed she covered her eyes with her forearm, possibly out of shame. Shame that would soon wash away the more my fingers crawled up and down her smooth body.

Playing with her breasts was definitely having an effect on her. Eve's body felt like putty in my hands - though I had already molded her to my liking.

The more I squeezed her firm breasts or tortured her erected nipples, the more she moaned. I was curious to see how loud she would be, though I was sure I would find out later on that day.

I leaned in to take her nipple between my lips and flick my tongue over it just like I did to her clit when we first met. My touches sent shocks of pleasure throughout Eve's entire body.

As much as her tits were fun to play with, they didn't have any specific taste. Looking up at her face I noticed those full lips of hers and I dove in. She reciprocated the kiss, this time with a decidedly primal energy behind it. Her soft lips added to the experience making it a thousand times better, but given the way she moved her tongue it felt as if I was kissing a completely different person. I broke the kiss and she pouted briefly, though her expression changed when she realized that I had freed her mouth only to occupy it again with my veiny cock. Eve eagerly grabbed it and lined it up with her mouth. There was a bit of hesitance within her though she swept it aside and planted a kiss right on the top of my cock. She kept kissing it along the shaft, gradually moving down to my aching balls to take them in her mouth, circling them with her tongue. Without warning she came back up and took me in her mouth making me audibly groan. She needed practice, but the spirit was definitely there and I could already see the girls teaching her how to suck her master's cock effectively. I pulled out of her mouth even though my new whore wanted to keep tasting me. I had another target in my sights, and just by glancing at it I could see it was glistening wet and ready for me.

I climbed on the bed and positioned myself between her legs and spread her pussy open. "Careful, Master..." She cooed, though the look on her face screamed "*fuck me*". My self control reserves were empty, I had to take her. I had to make her mine. I rubbed my cock up and down her slit, slapping it on her clit just to hear her yelps. Her juices steadily flowing out of her soon coated my rod and I would be lying if I said they weren't mixed with a great deal of precum. "Be gentle with me, Master..."

I lined it up against her hole and pushed in, gently but steadily sinking into her. Eve fell silent, and looking up at her face I could see a couple teardrops flowing on her red cheeks.

Eve only let out a noise when she felt me reach her depths - a long groan that seemed born more out of pain than pleasure.

My natural instincts were telling me to slam myself into her tight hole and make her scream, to fuck her mercilessly until she was nothing more than a sobbing pile of meat full of my cum.

I must admit it was hard to resist those urges, especially when my cock was buried to the hilt of a young woman with a perfect body that had never been touched by another man.

Alas I did not give in to those feelings, mostly because I was afraid I could hurt her too much. Eve would definitely join my harem, but it would take a while before she would be able to take the same treatment I gave to my other whores.

I moved backwards ever so slowly and pushed back inside again. Her hole was so tight it felt like it would strangle my cock, but I kept pushing. The sensation was insane, at least for me.

I began playing with her engorged clit to ease in the pressure on her virgin pussy. Her grip on my rod lessened ever so slightly, and her juices allowed me to slide into her hole without feeling like I was fucking a vise.

Eve's cries and her facial expression morphed. It was pain at first, but pleasure was slowly taking over. Her entire body seemed to move alongside me, her hips pushing against mine filling the room with filthy noise.

Considering how tight she was and how much time I had been waiting to fuck her, it's a miracle I hadn't filled her up

yet. Though I was getting dangerously close, and the more I felt the orgasm rise up, the rougher my thrusts became.

Eve kept rhythmically screaming every time my cock sank into her now stretched hole, her juices leaking down on the bed mixed with a few drops of blood. I didn't care, all I had on my mind was the overwhelming desire to cum inside this little whore.

I upped my pace and my thrusts became more forceful than before, enough to make her entire body jump.

"I'm cumming, I'm cumming!" She screamed while her body quaked, shocked by the massive orgasm that washed over her gorgeous body.

Her pussy squeezed me so tight it almost hurt, but I kept fucking her like there was no tomorrow.

"Fill my cunt up, master! Do it, do it!"

A few moments later her request was granted. My mind went blank, it felt like nothing existed but my cock and her tight hole, sucking my seed out after every twitch and pulse. Grunting I released what felt like a full cup of cum into her sore pussy while she moaned, feeling my hot seed fill her insides to the brim.

Still inside of her we both stood there panting. Eve's eyes were scrunched up together, though her lips were curled up in a serene smile. The mark of a true slut.

"Master..." She whispered.

"Yes?"

"Thank you."

She was already learning the ropes, it seemed. I left her there, leaking a mixture of my cum and her juices and ordered to come up to see me after she cleaned herself up.

I considered her part of my harem like the other girls, even if she had a lot to learn.

Later on I saw her make her way up to my floor. The way she walked made it obvious she just had the fucking of a

lifetime, and I chuckled to myself.

The doors swung open and she pranced in seemingly full of energy.

"Well you certainly made a full recovery" I said, after taking a moment to look at her outfit. She was in desperate need of a new wardrobe.

"All thanks to you, Master! Oh, and one more thing..." She trailed off.

"Yes?"

Eve grabbed her pendant and gave it a firm tug, snapping the thing silver chain that held it together.

She threw it on my desk, looked at me deep in the eyes, and whispered "I belong to you now."

I grinned. How appropriate that a woman named Eve would give in to temptation that easily. Yet, I didn't complain.

"Go see the others, they'll teach you how things work around here. And welcome."

"Yes! See you later, Master!"

She blew me a kiss and walked away, closing the doors behind her.

I simply sat there, relaxing. It had been a long day, one that I would certainly never forget.

# THE RED ROOM

# Chapter One

After Eve joined the harem, things around the clinic seemed to improve. She joined Cindy and Kate as part of the clean up crew, though we all knew they didn't really do anything.

Regardless, the clinic was always spotless, though mostly because I hired professionals to take care of that.

My girls spent their time in a few different ways, though none of them actually stimulated their minds. Social media took up most of their time, and if their faces weren't glued to some kind of electronic device one could be sure to find them playing with one another - which, I'll admit, was always a welcome sight.

They would still drop everything at my command, obviously. Still, I found this situation to be a slippery slope.

Once one gets used to a certain routine, life can begin to seem dull even when most men would only dream about this lifestyle. I wanted more, though I had to be careful not to bite off more than I could chew.

The idea came to me one day as I was buried deep within a stack of paperwork. God knows it was the last thing I wanted to be buried in, but duty comes first.

Up until that point, I had used my girls in most rooms of my private floor, taking them whenever and however I wanted without caring much at all.

I stood up and walked down the hallway, stopping in front of a door that led to the unused guest room on my floor. Upon unlocking the door and stepping in, the air felt musty, and clouds of dust covered everything the room contained.

I smiled, already envisioning how this room would look like once it had been remodeled. Racks full of toys, a king size

bed and every device one could use to deliver pleasure to another.

I wanted this guest room to be my very own sex dungeon.

Hiring the contractors was by far the easiest part. A friend of mine had a company that specialized in building things without asking too many questions. Risky for him, but I was perfectly safe.

My only concern was making sure the girls wouldn't know what was happening, and to some degree I failed. Samantha overheard a conversation and she approached me soon after to inquire about the specifics of this room.

My girls weren't bright, but Sam had the uncanny ability to always be at the right place and at the right time. She wasn't the smartest person, but she could easily toy with the other girls without them even realizing it.

"You'll see if when it's ready. Be patient, or else," I scolded her.

She pouted briefly, even though she knew it wouldn't work on me.

"It'll take roughly a week. Don't let the others know or you won't walk straight for a month. Understood?"

"Yes, Master."

I overshot the estimate, or maybe just underestimated the contractors I hired. The room was done in about four days, even if it needed to be soundproof.

My girls would get loud, unless ordered not to. Yet even then, they could hardly contain themselves.

Moving in all the furniture and the other necessities only took a few hours. As it stood, the workers had no idea what they were building. I wanted to keep it a secret from everybody except the ones who already knew.

Keeping the girls away from my floor had been an ordeal. They didn't ask questions and Sam didn't spill the beans, fearing the punishment that she knew I would lay on her.



They lived in the floor below mine, in repurposed patient rooms. The clinic used to be bigger back in the day when my father worked here, but he was a normal surgeon. Cosmetic ones such as myself make way more money, and my bank account was the first and only witness I needed to back such a claim.

I ordered the girls to relax for the time being, since they usually would wake me up with their services. I still used their bodies to satisfy my needs each and every day, but I made sure they wouldn't reach my floor for the entire duration of the building process.

Once cleaned, the room truly felt like it had been ripped straight out of a brothel.

Red walls lined with black, Victorian-era styled floral patterns. A black carpet covered the hardwood floor and on the ceiling hung a chandelier that cast its white light on the filthy acts that would soon take place below it.

A few LED strips hidden in the furniture gave them a slightly eerie glow, enough to cast the shadow of uncertainty and fear, even, into my willing prisoners.

Despite not having built it myself, I took pride in it. Alas it still needed to be filled with all the toys and devices I had ordered, but I could easily do that myself in no time.

A couple hours later, the dungeon was complete. I took a brief moment to admire my work, a sly grin making an appearance on my lips.

The racks installed by the workers were now full of toys I was eager to try on my whores. Between dildos and vibrators, gags, whips and plugs and all manners of harnesses, I had amassed quite a collection that would impress even the most seasoned of sluts.

My mind went to Eve, and I chuckled as I imagined the shocked expression on her face as she entered the room for the first time to see its walls full of toys.

Her innocence, that her parents tried so very hard to protect, lost.

My cock was hardening at the thoughts, but alas I had to wait.

The girls took Eve shopping as she was in desperate need of a new wardrobe. Her old modest clothes looked as out of place on her as a hooker in a church, though the resulting view was fairly amusing.

# Chapter Two

The girls came back late in the afternoon, laughing and joking amongst themselves. As for me, I had been relaxing in my apartment by myself - which was now a rare occurrence.

It was my own fault though - the girls wanted to be around me and I let them, yet if I ordered to leave me alone they would comply.

I liked the company, especially considering the benefits it brought.

They all piled up in Eve's room, which sadly did not have a camera installed in it yet. Groaning I stood up from the couch and made my way out of the apartment to go check on them.

I could hear them giggling and talking from the hallway, though I couldn't make out what they were discussing. It didn't matter, soon enough their words would turn to incoherent noises anyway.

I knocked on the door and seconds later Cindy opened it, smiling when she saw me.

"Master's here!" She announced to the others before letting me in the room.

"Just you wait until you see Eve's new outfits, you're gonna love them!" Kate exclaimed.

I believed her. They had a great sense of fashion despite everything, my girls would always look like top tier escorts.

Eve blushed when she heard Kate's remark but didn't disagree, she simply giggled and threw a pillow at her, which missed its mark miserably.

"Alright, alright. Clothes aside, follow me," I ordered and left the room without so much as looking behind me to see if

they actually were following.

They knew better than to disobey me, the fear of being punished grounded them and. They also got off on it, the feeling that a powerful man had their life in the palm of his hand and controlled every aspect of it.

Everyone got what they needed out of it. They lived carelessly happy lives and in return I got to use them whenever and however I wanted.

I led my merry band of vapid whores to the "Red Room" as one of the contractors dubbed it. It did have a better ring to it than "sex dungeon", I'll admit. I was never too creative with names, and always found naming something to be a chore I'd rather not do.

The girls entered before me, and I shut the door behind me before flipping the switch to turn on the lights. Eve gasped, though the others were just taking in the details of their soon to be new favorite room of the building.

"Let's play, whores."

I could see the anticipation mixing with fear and lust in their eyes.

They took off their clothes without me even having to say a word. It felt like as soon as they disrobed they got dumber. They relied mostly on instincts, and needless to say their primary one was to serve their only purpose in life and please me.

They lined up before me, head hanging low with their gaze pointing towards the ground. I scanned their bodies, noticing their turgid nipples. These whores were already starting to get aroused, and nothing had even happened yet.

Deciding which one to start with proved to be an arduous task. They were behaving like I told them to as of late, and I couldn't remember anything worth punishing them over.

Regardless, I could easily make something up. I was their

master, after all.

I went up to one of the racks and picked four large vibrating anal plugs.

"Get these nice and wet and insert them. Last one to do so will be punished." I declared.

The girls all rushed to grab the plugs and slather them with their saliva. Cindy and Kate didn't even bother coating theirs too much and just shoved them in, and Sam had her eyes on Eve to check how she was doing.

She saw her struggle and instead of helping her, she slowly inserted the plug into her tight hole. Eve came in last, which meant she would be the first one to test some of the room's devices.

She squealed as I approached her. I grabbed her throat and squeezed it gently, my gaze burning into hers.

"Girls, help your friend."

Sam swiftly took the plug off of Eve's hands and slathered it with her saliva before attempting to push it in. Eve bucked her hips, crying out in pain, but Sam kept on going. Finally the plug went past Eve's tight hole, and Sam stood right up again.

"Oh you never took anything there, did you Evie?" I said, my voice dripping honey.

Eve shook her head.

"Of course, you used to be such a good girl. And look at you now." I pushed her towards the wall behind her, my hand still gripping her throat. My other one went to her pussy, finding it wet with her juices.

I vigorously sank two fingers inside and she yelped, in pleasure and a fair bit of pain.

"Look at how wet you are. Do you want me to fuck your pretty little cunt like your first time? Do you?" I kept asking her questions as I fucked her with my fingers, but between her moans and cries she didn't have time to respond.

My fingers slid out and I shoved them inside of her mouth.

"Taste yourself, you filthy whore."

Her smooth tongue lapped away at me, cleaning her juices off of my fingers in record time.

The others had been watching silently, knowing that they could very well be next.

I, however, had other plans.

The walls had two rows of steel rings sprouting from them. Rings that served to make sure people couldn't escape once they had been tied to them.

Eve gasped for air when I let her go to grab some satin ropes. Fear flashed in her eyes as she saw me head back to her again, she froze.

She didn't have the experience the other girls had, but soon enough she would become a filthy slut just like her companions.

I secured her limbs to the rings, leaving her unable to move. Her legs spread open, giving me and anyone else full access to her drenched hole.

# Chapter Three

My cock had been straining against the fabric of my clothes, yearning for the velvety warm hug that only a woman could provide.

"Kate."

"Yes, Master?"

"Make her scream," I ordered, my voice cold as ice.

Kate nodded and approached the toy rack to find something to use on Eve. After a brief pause she settled on a rather large massage wand. I saw her devilish smirk as she moved towards Eve.

"You two, on your knees," I said, pointing at Cindy and Samantha.

They complied without question, though I saw a shred of curiosity in their eyes. I simply sat on the bed and motioned them to crawl to me.

Upon reaching my position they realized what I wanted them to do and began fiddling with my pants.

My cock sprung out when they yanked my boxers away and their hungry tongues were instantly on it. They had different styles, but combined they were a force to be reckoned with.

Sam loved teasing me, holding my cock in place as she flicked her tongue over the tip and massaged my ballsack. Cindy, on the other hand, was only focused on getting me off as fast as possible.

Both of them wanted to drain me, and I couldn't deny them the opportunity.

I sat there, my cock sending waves of pleasure through me every time the girls would switch up their rhythm to get me to spray my seed on their pretty faces. I kept getting close and they would bring me down, locking me in an

endless loop of pleasure.

I let them think they had control for a while before suddenly flipping on the switch that activated the plugs they wore.

In unison, all four of my whores froze as the vibrations rippled through their bodies. Well, all of them except Eve.

The poor, not-so-innocent-anymore girl had been mercilessly tortured by Kate and the wand she wielded like a weapon. I wasn't sure how many orgasms Eve had, but after a while her begging and pleading turned into incoherent sentences and guttural noises.

Kate was having the time of her life torturing her companion, only stopping to lap at her leaking hole after the umpteenth orgasm she gave her. It was mesmerizing, I must say.

Eve's once pink pussy was now red as a tomato due to all the attention it had been given. Kate would hold the wand up to her clit until she saw her victim shudder only to pull it away.

She kept repeating this process driving Eve insane, with the sole intent of breaking her. When she gave her a release, she simply pressed the wand against Eve's swollen clit and kept it there, at full strength, despite Eve's thrashing and screaming.

Kate would giggle as she watched her friend suffer, though it was probably time to put an end to her reign.

"That's enough, Kate," I declared as I pushed away Sam and Cindy.

"But Master!" She whined while turning off the toy.

"Lay on the bed."

Kate complied, though I could see she wanted to keep toying with Eve. Understandable, sure, but they still answered to me.

Eve's scent filled the room ever since her torture began, intoxicating all of us. I don't know what manner of witchcraft



these whores held between their legs, but just being near them made me want to do unholy things to their holes.

I handed a few pairs of handcuffs to Cindy and Sam and motioned them to restrain Kate.

She'd had her fun, perhaps too much, and she had to get adequately punished for it.

"Haven't I been a good girl, Master?" Kate queried trying to sound upset. I could hear the smile on her lips even if I wasn't looking at her.

I went to check on Eve instead. She had been given enough orgasms to last a month, and she didn't see to be too happy about it - at least judging from the hue of her sore pussy.

Her head hung low on her chest as she slumped, straining against the ropes that held her against the wall. I leaned in and freed her, carrying her small figure over to an armchair that stood in one of the corners.

I leaned in after placing her on the chair and whispered "You've been a good girl. This is for you."

She thanked me feebly, and found enough energy to focus her gaze on the bed.

Kate had been restrained, tied to the bed with no way out. Cindy and Sam acted as her captors, but so far they hadn't done anything of significance.

They used her body as a canvas to paint invisible landscapes on it, their fingers acting as brushes.

The room soon filled with soft giggles as the girls began getting more daring with their touches, though it was time to make Kate squirm and scream just like Eve.

I took off the rest of my clothes and joined the trio on the bed, but not before picking up the same wand Kate had been using, still slick with Eve's nectar.

A roll of tape caught my eyes, and gave me an idea that would test just how soundproof the room actually was.

"Clean it, whore," I ordered as I placed the wand in front of

Kate's mouth. She began licking it as instructed, savoring every drop of the sweet juices that she herself forced out of her once innocent companion.

I let her polish the wand for a few seconds before retracting my arm.

Spreading her legs, it was evident she had been having quite a lot of fun - I couldn't fault her for that, it was exactly what I wanted to accomplish.

The more Kate got into it, the more she would receive back, plain and simple.

Using the tape I secured the wand to her body, in such a way that no matter how much she squirmed, she still wouldn't be able to get away from it. The head pressed right into her clit, ready to devastate Kate's body with endless waves of pleasure.

Obviously I couldn't leave the other two girls with nothing - they did a good job with their mouths, after all.

I ordered Sam to climb on top of Kate and when she did so, I pulled her body towards me so that her clit would also line up with the wand. The two whores began kissing despite nobody ordering them to do so - one more thing to punish them for.

Cindy had been silent save for a few giggles here and there.

"Kate and Sam look hungry, why don't you feed them?"

She grinned and nodded at me before straddling Kate's face. Cindy soon began moaning as Kate's tongue found its way inside of her while Sam tried her best to work on her clit.

The positioning was somewhat awkward, but I'll be damned if it wasn't the most beautiful sight I had ever seen.

My cock had been impossibly hard for a while, and with two drenched holes right in front of me I didn't know which

one to pick first.

I settled on Sam's for the time being and spread her moist lips with my thumbs. Her perfect pink pussy had her nectar leaking out and onto the wand, only to mix with Kate's and ultimately form a most delicious pool on the bed.

I would usually rub my cock up and down their slits, or just line it up against their hole and apply the most minute amount of pressure to tease them.

Not this time. I buried myself in Sam's tight hole, filling her to the brim. She gave out a harsh gasp as she felt me stretch her walls, but she soon began enjoying the way I kept slamming myself into her.

I held onto her plump ass for support and because in honesty, I loved spanking my girls. There was something primal to it, and admittedly the power it gave me over them was addicting.

Kate had been neglected so far, but I hadn't forgotten about her.

In one swift move I turned on the wand to its highest setting and simultaneously pushed Sam's body downwards. Her weight on the wand not only ensured she would feel the full brunt of its vibrating assault, but it would also press it into Kate.

Both girls cried out at the sudden sensation, though both of their noises were muffled by Cindy's body.

I looked up at her and she smiled at me before grabbing Sam's head and pushing it into her so that she could better reach her clit while grinding on Kate's face.

As for me, I simply began pounding Sam's tight hole like she had wronged me and this was my only shot at revenge.

The vibration were working wonders for them, more so due to the fact that these whores had been playing with themselves while sucking my cock earlier. I felt Sam tighten around me as she yelped, rocked by a massive orgasm.

I kept fucking her throughout it, finding it a bit hard to keep

her still. I could feel the wand's vibrations from inside her hole, so I had imagined how strong it felt for them.

Not long after, Kate began convulsing too. Her muffled screams joined Sam's moans as both of them quaked and thrashed about trying to escape the relentless vibrations but ultimately realizing how powerless they were against them.

Cindy and I held them steadily enough, they simply had to take whatever I dished out.

My crotch was drenched in their juices, and so were the sheets. Their nectar and sweat mixed in to form a cocktail which would send any man into overdrive.

It worked on me, at least.

I pulled out of Sam's hole and sank myself into Kate. They felt different, but their warmth and tightness were comparable. I gave Kate's hole the same treatment I reserved for Sam, though I still kept fingering her and bringing my hand up to my mouth to taste her.

Her sweetness was overwhelming, so much so that I kept going back to scoop up her juices, often sticking my fingers in Cindy's mouth so that she could taste her as well.

"You're so sweet, Sammie..." She cooed, forcing her friend's head deeper into her crotch.

I chuckled. All of these girls would dominate each other at the drop of a hat if I just ordered them to, and just knowing that added a new powerful weapon to my arsenal.

My gaze fell on Eve, still sitting in the armchair where I left them. A sly grin on her lips, her head cocked to the side and her long fingers softly rubbing her sore hole.

No trace of innocence left, just as planned.

That room was a nuclear bomb on the senses. The smells and tastes were enough on their own, but the looks of ecstasy on my girls' faces coupled with their intertwined bodies sealed the deal.

I felt Kate's walls pulse around me and she quivered,

shocked by another powerful orgasm. Waves upon waves washed over all of my pets, and hearing all of them moan created a symphony that resonated deep within me.

The orgasm almost hit me by surprise, I didn't have time to slow down and prolong the merciless pounding I had been giving to the girls.

Cum erupted from my cock, buried deep within Kate's sopping wet hole, and I kept thrusting just to push my seed deeper in, pervaded by an animalistic rage that had me grunting like a beast.

She yelped at every hit, but stopped once Cindy's grinding motions became more intense.

"Fill both of them up, Master!"

Cindy had finally said something that made sense, though I had no time to be surprised.

I pulled out from Kate, cum still flowing out of my cock in thick spurts, and pushed into Sam's battered hole to dump the rest of my cum inside of her hungry pussy.

Drained, I held onto Sam to avoid collapsing over them. I pulled my cock out and watched my cum leak out of her hole to join the rest of it on the sheets after it leaked out of Kate's pussy.

"Clean these whores. And if waste even one drop of cum, your punishment will make today's session will seem like foreplay. Understood?"

Eve stood up on wobbly legs and climbed on the bed next to me only to take my softening cock in her mouth to suck out the last droplets of cum.

She was making progress faster than I had imagined, and soon enough she would be a depraved little slut just like her friends.

I backed out to give them space and turned off the wand, making both Sam and Kate sigh in relief. Cindy's pussy had completely drenched Kate's face, but Sam quickly took care

of that after rolling to her side.

I watched as the other two whores positioned themselves between their friends' legs and sucked my cum out of their still leaking holes, moaning as they did so.

Eve didn't miss the chance to toy with Kate a bit, and hearing her giggle after she delivered a swift slap to Kate's clit gave her a devilish aura that one wouldn't expect to see from someone like her.

I stood there and watched my sluts complete their give orders before laying on the bed, exhausted after a day filled with pleasure and depravity.

Admittedly I was tired too so I headed back to my apartment, knowing that the large sum of money I dropped to build that room had been one of the best investments of my life.

**TAKE ME, MASTER!**

# Chapter One

The Red Room had improved the quality of my life tenfold.

Having the girls around was always a pleasure - figuratively and literally - though sometimes they could get far too distracting for me to accomplish anything of significance.

Ball gags worked at first. It would render them somewhat silent, though their voices were all but one of their weapon of mass annoyance.

Once silenced they would adapt to the situation and put on a show for my eyes only, as they grew accustomed to. I won't lie and say I didn't appreciate it - their bodies and will to use them were the only reasons I kept them around - though I was a busy man with schedules to follow.

Their presence didn't bother me when they behaved, but that was a rare occurrence.

After the dungeon was built, I decided to keep them there for a few hours a day, just to further drill into their empty skulls that I was the one in charge, and failure to fall in line would result in punishments that would leave them walking funny for a week straight.

They knew I could be ruthless yet they still persisted.

Hence why as soon as one of them stepped out of line I'd take all of them to the Red Room and tie them to the wall for a few hours, after securing toys to their bodies so that they wouldn't just stand there.

No. I wanted to come back to the room to find them reduced to making noises that once were words, standing on top of a pool of their own juices. Their bodies sore all over, and their minds a blank slate due to all the orgasms they received.

It worked, albeit too much. They couldn't handle hours upon



hours of that, so I had to test for how long I could leave them there.

Too short of a punishment and they would begin annoying me again, too long and they would be reduced to glorified sex dolls.

In truth, that's what they were. They committed their life to serve me in any way I wanted. Sure, I couldn't expect them to carry on a conversation about important matters, but what they lacked in brains they made up for with their bodies.

It was a situation that worked for me, all things considered. I tended to prefer the peace and quiet that only loneliness could provide, despite being told numerous times I had a way with words.

That may have been the truth, it's not for me to judge. Yet, throughout the years I found myself caring not for the emotional benefits that companionship brought, but rather for the physical side. Touch, taste, feel.

I craved that, and it eventually led me to hiring people from that agency I talked about in the past. God knows some of those girls paid their college tuition in full thanks to me.

It all changed when Cindy, and then the other girls, showed up. I didn't have to hire anyone, I didn't have to wait. If I wanted anything I could simply press a button and choose which one of my girls would be lucky enough to be picked for that occasion.

I felt powerful, more than I ever had up to that point. I could easily give in to my most depraved instincts without worry too much - if at all - about the consequences.

Every fantasy I had, I could turn into reality. Starting from those born when I first discovered sex, up to the darker ones that form at the back of one's mind. Lurking in wait, enticing you with the scenarios that could play out if you just gave in to depravity.

My girls would happily and enthusiastically fulfill my every request and desire, no questions asked. Everyone had hard limits, however, and my most important rule was to never cross those.

Limits aside, my girls were different when it came to acts they were comfortable with or not yet they would always be willing to try anything once to see how it felt.

That's how I found out that Samantha loved being dominated, even if she acted like she owned the world when my cock wasn't plugging one of her holes.

The more time I spent around and inside of them, the more I discovered what exactly they were into.

It gave this peculiar arrangement a sense of mystery and discovery that made them a little more interesting than your average submissive girl.

Finding these details always included my input in the beginning. I would try something and judging by their reactions I would either continue or stop. Standard operating procedure if you ask me.

All of that changed when Emily showed up.

I received a call from her just a month after setting up the dungeon and scheduled an appointment. A week later she arrived just as the clock struck nine.

I'll admit I stared at her when she entered my office and made her way to my desk to shake my hand. Gorgeous wasn't enough to describe her, she was far beyond that.

Her hourglass figure, coupled with the confidence in her stride surely made her a force to be reckoned with.

"I heard so many great things about you, doctor," She said after sitting down and crossing her long legs.

"May I ask where you heard about me?"

I was curious to say the least. Usually people, especially the celebrities I have worked on, tend to keep their surgeries a

secret.

"A friend of mine. Cindy Merret, to be precise. We've been talking and..."

"What did she say?" I interrupted her before she could end the sentence.

Cindy, of course. Out of all the others, she was the one I explicitly ordered to go and seek more girls. I didn't know what Emily wanted or what Cindy told her, though I knew this situation could easily go south.

"She said meeting you was the best thing that ever happened to her. I haven't heard from her in a while, though..."

I was still on the edge, but I breathed half a sigh of relief.

My eyes went to my computer, the feed from the Red Room occupying the entire screen. Cindy stood between Kate and Eve, all of them secured to the wall with satin ropes.

I cleared my throat.

"Cindy works here, and I'm guessing she has just been tied up lately. I'll tell her to give you a call when I see her, though." Professional as always, though I couldn't resist sneaking that innuendo in.

"I know what she does," She declared, her voice cold as ice.

I froze, even though I had no reason to. All of the girls had signed contracts that ensured I wouldn't be held accountable for anything should they decide to leave and wise up.

"Relax, it's alright. I know she's happy, I'm not here to crash the party," She continued.

"What do you want, then?" I asked, slightly confused at the unfolding situation.

"Well you see doctor," She began, taking off her thick-rimmed glasses "I study psychology, and I would like to spend some time with the girls for my thesis," She added.

I surely wasn't expecting that turn of events. It could have easily been a trap, and right off the bat I was leaning

towards declining her request.

Still, if she did in fact know what had been going on she could simply blackmail me. I gave in and granted her wish, though a plan was already forming in the back of my mind.

# Chapter Two

Having Emily around definitely complicated everything. She spent most of her time with the girls, trying to understand what made them act the way they did and most importantly why. I must say I was curious too, but never cared much about it.

I had holes to fill and I wasn't going to ask them questions. Emily's interviews would last for hours. I could see her talk to the girls through the cameras and I would use them to follow her around the clinic.

I kept staring at her plump ass swaying left and right, jiggling as her body moved, and I knew I had to have it.

The plan I came up with was rather simple and had worked in the past with the other girls: get Emily to swallow one of those "magic" pills and hope the placebo effect worked on her too.

Naturally I couldn't just force her to, but I hoped the girls would tell her about the pills and in turn she would ask me about it. It was a risky move, considering she had no idea what the pills actually contained.

I watched her day after day as she buzzed from girl to girl to gather some insights on what made them tick. Once she was done with Eve, after approximately a week, she decided it would be my turn.

Emily looked different that day. I could clearly see she wore more makeup than normal, and the way she carried herself gave her a devilish aura.

"I have to say, doc, I'm stumped," She declared after sitting on the chair in front of my desk.

I grinned. "How so?"

"I spent a week trying to get inside of their minds. To

understand why they worship the ground you walk on. Nothing came up, nothing that made sense at least."

Her head hung low and I can't blame her - Emily's breasts were impressive.

"Well I am not too sure myself, to be honest," I replied, shrugging. I wasn't lying, it didn't exactly make sense to me either.

"Unless you drugged them."

Her head snapped back up to look at me when she said that, but I kept my composure.

"I did no such thing, please."

"And what about the pills they took?"

She fell right where I wanted her to, and I didn't even have to do much work.

I pulled out the prescription bottle from my desk drawer, took out two pills and handed them to her.

"Here," I said crossing my arms, "This is what the girls are talking about," I added.

"So you admit it!" She exclaimed, slamming her hand on my desk.

"Have it analyzed. I can give you the full bottle if you want and you can ask the girls for confirmation. They're just vitamins," I said, making sure not to raise my voice.

She stormed out of my office and then the clinic, but not before grabbing the pills I gave her.

I grinned and sunk back into my chair. Hopefully she would come back to demand an explanation that made sense, and that's when the girls will come into play.

Alas, that bridge would be crossed in the future and for the time being the situation returned to normal.

I gave myself a few minutes to relax in the complete silence of my office, the same office that had been the point of origin of my new life. Right under my ancestor's eyes, no less.

Shame was not that big of a deal to me, especially since I dealt with naked people for years. Hardly anything could faze me at that point.

I had nothing planned for that day, just paperwork that could wait until the will to work spontaneously came to me. Alas instead of will I had boredom, and plenty of it.

And what's the best way to deal with boredom when there are four hungry whores ready to obey your every command? I went down to Cindy's room after making sure she was occupying it and let myself in, finding her half asleep on her bed. Interesting, considering she hadn't done anything that day.

"Hey there, Master!" She happily greeted me while sitting up, even though my face showed no signs of happiness whatsoever.

From my position I could see her perfectly shaved pussy, and when she noticed my eyes fixated on it she made it even easier for me to take in the sights.

Cindy spread her legs and flashed me a sly grin. "See something you like, Master?" She giggled, biting her lower lip.

Inviting, sure. Yet I first wanted to teach her a lesson, so that she would learn to keep her mouth shut.

I pushed her backwards, making her land on the soft bed as a groan escaped her lips.

"Why did you tell Emily about this? I underestimated how stupid you actually are!" I snarled at her.

Cindy stammered out a weak apology, but it was nowhere near enough.

"Silence!"

I led her to the dungeon and ordered to take off her clothes. She quickly complied, and even though her face had a sad expression on it I could see her grin every time she thought I wasn't looking.

There she stood, naked in the middle of a room that smelled of depravity and lust. And I circled her, my eyes locked on her body as my cock gradually hardened.

She didn't make a sound and neither did I, though the tension was evident. Her breathing slowed every time I walked behind her.

Cindy was waiting for me to make a move, and she knew she would regret her careless behavior.

I let the tension build up even more before reaching over to one of the racks to grab a riding crop. Her gaze fixated on it, though she quickly looked away when she noticed I was staring right at her.

"Eyes down, whore," I growled, my voice harsh enough to make her obey instantly.

"See, you're smart enough to follow basic orders. Go lay on the bed. Face up, sideways," I continued.

Cindy hurried to the bed, and executed the order I gave her, leaving her head to hang to the side of the bed.

I approached while undoing my belt, letting my pants fall to the floor. My cock sprung out, free from its prison and landed a mere inch above her face.

Upon seeing it, her mouth opened and her tongue shot out to savor it. I had gotten used to that, but there would be a time for everything.

I teased her, lowering my cock so close to her tongue that I could feel her hot breath on it. Cindy dared not speak, but limited herself to groaning softly whenever I pulled away from her waiting mouth.

She still had to be punished, though I liked to take my time.

I grabbed my veiny cock and aimed it towards her mouth, sinking into it. I would guess Cindy expected me to stop after the tip and part of the shaft were in her wet prison, but I didn't.

I kept advancing until her nose was pressed against my



ballsack. She squirmed, but didn't push me away despite the fact that I had never been that deep into her throat.

Cindy knew when to behave, especially since her master was wielding a riding crop.

Watching her body squirm as my cock was firmly lodged in her throat was a mesmerizing experience.

Tiny beads of sweat coated her toned body, goosebumps rose on her skin, her legs spread to reveal a soaked hole that begged for attention.

I backed out of her throat and she gasped for air, thick strings of saliva connecting my cock to her mouth. I gave her no quarter and pushed back inside, feeling her warm throat envelop my hard rod.

Cindy couldn't see anything from her position. She didn't see me extending my arm so that the crop could reach her most sensitive spots.

She didn't see it, but she certainly felt it when I flicked the leather tip on her clit.

Cindy's muffled yelp only made me harder. The whore had to be punished appropriately, after all.

Her legs snapped shut when she felt the first hit.

"Spread your legs or I'll do it for you and whip your pussy raw," I snarled after taking my cock out of her throat once more.

Cindy obeyed, albeit almost trembling when doing so. I didn't care, she was fully mine to use.

I buried myself deep into her throat again and flicked the crop on her clit once again causing her legs to snap shut. She caught herself and didn't close them fully, fearing I'd go through with my threat.

I gradually formed a rhythm, fucking her throat and whipping her clit and pussy until the skin was red. She would have trouble sitting, but actions have consequences and she clearly didn't think things through.

Cindy's yelps and gagging noises, coupled with the

squelching sound that came from her throat were nothing new for that room, yet hearing my whores in pain or pleasure always had a stimulating effect on me.

I began going faster and deeper and with one last thrust I emptied myself right into her stomach as she gurgled, bubbles of saliva coating her face and most of my damp crotch.

Looking down at her I could still see the outline of my cock in her throat, and as much as the sight was new for me, I had to back out.

Cindy rolled over while gasping for air. Saliva leaked out of her gaping mouth mixing with some of my cum, her makeup smeared due to the tears she shed when my cock ravaged her throat.

In that moment she truly looked like a cheap, one-time-use whore ready to be discarded.

"Thank you Master..." She whispered, her voice having a radically different tone.

I nodded, pulled my pants back up and left her there to regain composure. She would be out of commission for a while, or at least most of her holes would be.

# Chapter Three

I was expecting to hear back from Emily sooner or later. She didn't wait much, it seemed. Just a couple weeks after storming out of my office claiming I had been drugging my girls she called me back, her tone completely different.

"I'm sorry about the way I acted, doctor," She apologized, her voice muddled by the phone.

"It's fine, I understand your concerns," I replied, taking on a fatherly tone. My plan was almost complete.

"I looked like an idiot at the lab, barging in with a multivitamin thinking it was some kind of psychoactive drug. Half of the staff laughed at me..."

"Everybody makes mistakes. Now let's put this behind us, shall we?"

"Yes, absolutely. Sorry I bothered you."

"Don't worry about it. Oh, and one doctor to the soon-to-be other, remember to take your vitamins!" I joked, hoping she hadn't thrown the pill away.

"I will, I will. Goodbye, doctor."

Emily hung up before I could reply, though she didn't seem too upset by the time the call ended.

Regardless, I now had one more confirmation that the pills were in fact nothing more than vitamin supplements - so why were the girls behaving like that? Gifted horse aside, it was an interesting situation.

At that point I also realized there would be no possible way that Emily could join the girls in the harem, seeing how she knew it was just the girl's inner self coming out to play without consequences.

I'll admit I was disappointed, as I wanted to fuck her to hell and back with no breaks. Her body had the kind of curves

that would make any man turn their heads and stare in wonder.

The following day started out like any other. A pair of lips on my cock as my alarm, followed by a shower and coffee. Checking my schedule I noticed it to be free, so I simply sat in my office to wake up properly before burying myself in paperwork.

A couple hours later the intercom rang and upon answering, Sam informed me that Emily wanted to see me.

"Send her up, Sam."

In that moment I didn't know how to feel. Delighted, confused, and most of all excited. Emily had no reason to show up here unless the pill had worked its magic, and I couldn't wait to see if that was the case.

The elevator's "ding" gave away her arrival, and I walked up to my office door to open it for her.

Emily walked out of it, the confidence in her stride seemingly gone. Still impeccably dressed, however. She would make a decidedly fine addition to my harem.

I had to try really hard not to grin or say anything inappropriate, but I somehow managed.

"Emily, what brings you here today?" I queried after ushering her in, closing the door behind us.

Needless to say I took a good hard look at her ass while she made her way to the chair in front of my desk.

We both sat down and began to talk.

"After what happened at the lab, I felt so humiliated..."

"I see, I see." In honesty I didn't care at all, but her body was all I needed to keep my interest piqued.

"I figured that if I couldn't understand what happened to Cindy, there would be no way I could be a..." She trailed off, looking for the word.

"Psychologist?"

"Yes, yes, that," She nodded.

I still wasn't too sure about her intentions, I needed to question her more.

"So what do you want to do?" I queried, shifting in my chair.

"Well Cindy seems happy here..." She trailed off again, her finger curling up around a strand of her dirty-blond hair.

That meant my plan had worked, or at least it progressed far enough to convince her to take Cindy's lifestyle into consideration.

"The way she talks about you... The things you do to her..."

Emily blushed ever so faintly, almost as if she wanted to give out a "pure" vibe.

"And tell me Emily, do those things excite you?"

"Yes."

"Do they make you feel hot and tingly, deep down?"

"Yes..."

Her voice slowly losing the last shred of determination it once had.

"Did you take the vitamins like I asked you, dear?"

"Yes doctor, of course."

That sealed it. I stood up and circled around the desk to lean on it. I lifted her chin with my hand so that she would look at me, my eyes fixated on hers.

"You are mine now, understood?"

"Yes..." She cooed.

"Yes what?"

"Yes Master."

I let her chin go and grabbed her hand instead, to lead her to my apartment. I would have happily used the Red Room, but it was currently occupied and I would rather claim Emily in the privacy of my bedroom.

She followed me silently, all the way to my apartment and into the bedroom.

I turned to face her and saw her standing there, seemingly

happy but not overly so. i didn't mind, most of the other girls were just a tiny bit too bubbly for me, though I still enjoyed their services.

Emily appeared to be very submissive in nature even if it didn't seem like that at first. Regardless, it was exactly what my harem needed.

"Are you sure you want to be like Cindy and the others?" I asked her, just to be sure.

"Yes Master! I want to be your whore!" She replied, nodding heartily.

"See, you are good for something then!"

I could see her from the reflection in the balcony door. The city always looked the same to me, though admittedly I had that view in front of my eyes for years. It gets stale after a while.

Emily on the other hand seemed captivated by it. She approached the door and opened it, stepping out onto my balcony.

I followed her, my eyes glued to her ass.

"It's windy up there...I like it..." She said, taking in the sights after leaning on the railing.

I wasn't in the mood to talk about the landscape, all I wanted was to finally take her. We both knew it, though I'm assuming she didn't expect me to yank off her pants.

Emily gasped, but spread her legs anyway. I looked up and noticed her blue G-string was completely soaked - Emily loved the attention she received from me, it seemed.

I ripped it apart and dove straight for her pussy, inhaling her scent.

Emily groaned when she felt my tongue slid across her folds, her nectar drenching my face and shirt the more I licked her dripping hole. I sank a couple of fingers inside of her, making sure to hit all the spots she never could reach on her own.

I could tell she was trying to keep quiet, and I could respect that. At the same time, I wanted to make her scream, to make her announce to the world how much of a whore she was.

Alas, my mouth could only do one thing at a time, and as much as Emily's pussy was as delicious as I had imagined, I wanted to make sure she would understand how the games are played around these parts.

I stopped eating her pussy and stood back up, pressing my body against hers. My hands traveled to her blouse and ripped it open only to grab her large breasts and squeeze them as if I wanted to milk her.

I leaned into her ear and whispered "Tell the world how much of a slut you are! Tell them how much you love your Master's cock ravaging your insides! Tell them!"

By the end of that sentence I wasn't whispering anymore, and Emily was in my complete control.

"Yes Master, I will!"

My pants hit the floor, followed immediately after by my boxers. I spread Emily's voluptuous ass to line my aching cock in front of her hole and pushed into her, stopping only when our bodies were touching and I couldn't advance anymore.

She cried out at the sudden invasion, and I'll admit I sighed too. Her pussy was unbearably tight, it seemed to suck me deeper in with every thrust.

I grabbed a handful of her blonde locks and pulled them, so that she would have to look me in the eyes while I ravaged her. Naturally my other hand went to her throat, squeezing it firmly enough to restrict the airflow to her sad excuse of a brain.

"Do you like this cock, whore?" I snarled, my face a mask of lust.

"Yes..." She cooed. I barely heard her over the noises coming from our bodies slapping together.

"Louder!"

"Yes Master!"

"I said louder!" As I said those words I let go of her throat and slapped her clit once before rubbing it furiously.

Emily let out a shrill scream as her hole tightened around my cock, seemingly wanting to strangle it. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head and had it not been for me holding her in place she would have fallen to her untimely death.

The orgasm that shook her seemed massive, and I kept feeling her muscles twitch as I mercilessly fucked her tight pussy. She recovered quickly enough however, and like the whore she is, began screaming at the top of her lungs all the filth she kept inside.

"Fuck my cunt Master! Just like that! Do you like how tight this pussy is? It's all for you!"

Her words, belted out for the world to hear, were often interrupted by loud moans or grunts. The headstrong girl that threatened to end my life was gone, replaced by a lascivious whore of a woman who wasn't afraid to profess her love for my manhood.

I have to say the situation was charged with raw sexual energy. I felt the orgasm rise, and I was dead set on unloading my cum deep inside of her tight hole.

"Are you going to cum, Master? Do it inside of me, do it! Please! Fill my pussy up, fill it!"

My balls tightened, I began pounding her with every ounce of strength in my body.

She got on her tip toes, her mouth touching my ear and whispered "Please Master I need your cum so bad..."

Upon hearing those words, I lost any and all control. I only managed to hold Emily onto my body as her pussy drained my cock. Strings after strings of thick cum sprayed her insides, painting them with my own personal shade of white. My legs almost gave out, but I managed not to fall.

"Thank you, Master..." She whispered again, swaying her hips. Not long after her tongue found mine and they



intertwined, her lower body still moving side to side ever so gently.

She waited for my cock to begin losing its erection and when it slipped out, her hand instantly went down to catch the cum that would leak out of her hole. I watched her push it out and lick her fingers clean - a sight that almost made me hard again.

Once she finished lapping up my cum from her fingers, Emily took my cock into her hungry mouth in its entirety, stopping once her nose reached my crotch.

I felt her lips locked around my shaft as she pulled back, reaching the tip only to swirl her tongue over it.

She eagerly swallowed the mixture of my cum and her juices, and bobbing her head one last time she let my cock fall out of her mouth.

"I'm yours to use, Master. Yours only."

Oh, how the mighty had fallen.

# **BAD GIRL, GOOD GIRL**

## **Chapter One**

After all was said and done, Emily decided to stay with us.

Needless to say Cindy was ecstatic when I told her the news and begged her friend to be her roommate, to which Emily happily said yes.

I allowed it, it would save me the pain of installing a new camera. Besides, who knew what those two could do together? Surely nothing angelic, let me say.

As I had imagined, they didn't even pretend to behave like normal people. If they were together, chances are the two of them still had the other's taste on their lips.

The other girls began to notice too. Cindy and Emily were inseparable, though most of that could be attributed to the fact that they had known each other before joining my harem.

Still, I could see things heading south without my intervention. I even caught Sam and Kate talking about how they planned on getting their revenge, a plan that included using Eve as living bait to lure the two into the dungeon.

Eve herself didn't mind Emily's arrival. She mostly kept to herself anyway, and would rarely initiate contact with the other girls. More often than not she was simply a casualty, but she loved it.

They all loved the attention they received from me and each other, and as time went on they all became experts orgasm-delivering machines.

Each and every single one of them had their style, and I'll admit watching them did not fail to make me harden.

Cindy would go all out from the start, turning into a sex-crazed degenerate whose only goal was to make people scream.

Kate and Sam were fairly similar. in that they both liked to tease a lot. The only exception was that Sam loved to continue stimulating her victim past the point of pleasure to reach pain.

Eve was the most submissive of the group, closely followed by Emily - which I still needed to claim fully.

I let some time pass so that the new arrival would get accustomed to living with the rest of the girls, though she seemed focused only on Cindy.

I wondered if Kate and Sam really wanted to put their plan in motion and if so, I could have plenty of fun with it.

Those days went by pretty quickly, I must say. Time seems to speed up as the years go by, but I still had plenty of time left to have fun with my girls.

I called Sam to my office and a couple minutes later she strolled in.

"What do you need, Master?" She chirped, chewing a gum as usual.

"Your revenge plan. What does it entail?"

"Oh, that. We wanted to tie them up in the dungeon, stick vibrators in all of their holes and leave them there overnight. Nothing too bad, really!"

I shook my head. As much as Cindy and Emily were unapologetic whores, a night like that could easily render them useless for too much time. Besides, their bodies belonged to me.

"That will not do. Let me handle this," I sternly declared causing Sam to pout.

She didn't object, knowing who made the rules and whatnot. I waved her off shortly after, as I had work to take care of.

I couldn't focus all too well. The image Sam planted in my mind kept reappearing, almost begging me to drop everything and devise a plan of my own - one that would keep me happy most of all.

I wrestled the thoughts for a while and eventually gave up the fight, turning off my computer and heading towards room 15 - where Cindy and Emily resided.

As they heard the door unlock they already knew who it was. My footsteps had a certain cadence, and adding to that, I was the only one with a master key that could open every door in the building.

They both stood up to greet me, in unison. Sure, their personalities differed, but they could easily pass for sisters.

"Hi Master!"

"On your knees," I commanded. I wasn't in the mood for conversation and even if that had been the case, they didn't have a full brain between the two of them.

Regardless, they were smart enough to obey and promptly kneeled in front of me. The script was tried and tested, and Cindy reached for my belt.

I let her. She had been there so many times before it was more of a matter of reflexes and muscle memory rather than a normal decision. Still, not my problem.

Their eyes fixated on my hardening cock as Emily bit her lips in anticipation. Giggling, Cindy took grabbed it ever so gently and moved it in front of Emily's mouth as she licked her lips.

Emily tentatively stuck out her tongue and opened her mouth to take my cock. I could feel her hot breath on it but before she could taste it, Cindy swiftly moved it away and swallowed it in its entirety.

"Bitch!" Emily squealed, watching her friend's head bob on my increasingly hard cock, to which Cindy replied with muffled laughter.

Cindy didn't want to let it go, it seems, so Emily began massaging my balls with her soft hands, only stopping to plant kisses on them. The combined efforts had me hard as diamonds soon after, and Cindy freed my cock to admire her saliva coated handiwork.

As much as I wanted to jam my rod into their holes, there was a time and a place for everything and their room sadly wasn't it.

"Follow me," I ordered as I made my way out of their room after pulling my pants back up.

I led them to the dungeon, without letting the other girls know. I wanted to use them first and have them finish the job.

# Chapter Two

I closed the door behind us after we entered the dungeon.

"Take off your clothes if you want to wear them again."

Upon hearing those words they hurried to get naked. These whores valued objects above anything, and usually any threat involving that worked like a charm.

Once done, both of them stood in front of me with their heads down, arms resting at their sides. I walked up to Emily and lifted her chin so that she would look me in the eyes.

"Are you ready to have your asshole destroyed, whore?" I asked.

"But Master, I..." She cooed, her gaze moving away from mine.

The secret was simple in nature. All of my girls would prepare their bodies for any and all acts I might feel like performing during their morning routine.

Not a hair on them below the neck, and holes always ready to take a hard pounding.

"You what?" I snarled.

"I didn't have time to prepare for that, Master..."

"Then it's time you learn what happens when you disobey."

Emily's head dropped down, but she still replied with a weak "Yes, Master."

Cindy had been silent the whole time, possibly because she didn't want to get punished. However, she was smart enough to realize that she would be caught in the crossfire.

I got even closer to Emily, forcing her to take a step backwards. I didn't stop, and she soon found herself pinned

against the wall with no way out.

The satin wraps still hung from their rings since the last time the girls had been there, so I simply took the chance and bound Emily's arms to them.

Her legs were still shut tight, and when I spread them open I saw the reason: the whore was leaking, though her hole would soon be plugged.

I took her left leg and tied the satin rope around it, but before securing it to the rings, I had a different idea.

Emily mentioned her love for yoga a few days back, so I decided to test just how flexible she was. I lifted her leg high, and tied the satin rope to the same ring that held her arm in place.

She didn't wince or object, though naturally it wasn't the most comfortable position for her - which is exactly what I wanted. Emily could only rely on her right leg for support, and the way I tied her up granted me free reign on her puffy pussy.

I gave it a slap and Emily yelped, though I didn't want to use her just yet. Cindy was still behind us, waiting in silence.

I turned to face her. "And what about you, whore? Is your ass ready?"

"Yes, Master," She replied with a slight nod.

"See Emily, your friend here knows that she's only worth something if I can fuck her holes whenever I damn well please. Why am I keeping you around?" I snarled at her.

Emily didn't reply.

"Answer me!"

She jolted, not expecting me to yell at her. "I don't know, Master..." She cooed.

I got close to her. "You don't know?"

"My holes are yours to fuck, Master. I'll be a good girl, I promise!"

The tone of her voice made her sound truly sorry, and I grinned.

I ordered Cindy to position herself next to Emily albeit facing the wall. After she had done so, I bound her as well. She wasn't as flexible as her friend, sadly, but I still had access to her holes.

I walked up to one of the racks and scanned the items on display. The punishment I had in mind was easy to accomplish, I just needed the right tools. I settled on two wands, which I would then tape to their bodies, and a couple pairs of clamps.

I secured them so that the large vibrating head would press into their clit. The smallest movement would send shocks of pleasure through their bodies. The clamps went on their erected nipples and they both yelped when they felt them close on them.

For a brief second I toyed with the idea of clamping their swollen clits, but that would have been too cruel. Maybe some other day, I thought.

Without any warnings I turned on both wands remotely, at their highest setting. The room instantly filled with the whores' yelps and cries as the vibrations rippled through their bodies, waves of pleasure washing over them.

I grabbed Emily by the throat, forcing her to look at me again.

"If you cum even once while I am in this room I will make sure you'll need a wheelchair for the next month," I growled. Emily nodded and I let her go, leaving her to focus on her task.

By then my cock was aching to be freed. A few seconds later, once my clothes weren't bothering me anymore, I was ready to take what was rightfully mine, even if as a replacement - Cindy's tight asshole.

After applying some lubrication to both my cock and her hole, I lined up against her and pushed the tip of my cock



inside of her. Her muscles fought me for a while but gave out in the end as she cried out.

I sunk into her tight hole, never stopping until she was full. I waited a moment to take in the feeling of her walls clamping down on my veiny shaft before pulling back.

Glancing at Emily I saw her trying desperately to contain herself. Her breathing increased, her chest rose and fell at an increasing pace as her moans became louder and louder still.

"Master I..."

I turned off her wand, right before she could cum. Grinning, I saw a mixture of relief and disappointment wash over her face, and just before she could catch her breath I turned the wand on again, this time at the lowest setting.

I also lowered Cindy's. The vibration felt good to me too, but I didn't want my whores to cum just yet. Or maybe not at all.

Both of them needed to be punished. Emily for not obeying me, and Cindy for not making sure her friend followed my orders. Then again I could just make anything up and use it to justify the punishments I dished out. Alternatively, I could simply use their holes without explanation.

I buried myself deep into Cindy again and soon found a rhythm. Slow, but deep and forceful.

Meanwhile, the wands had been stimulating their swollen clits without stopping, and I felt Cindy getting close to cumming. I took the chance, grabbed her ass cheeks for stability and began fucking her tight hole faster than she'd ever experienced.

Her moans turned into cries as my cock stretched her, she was on the brink of a massive orgasm.

I turned off the wand and stopped thrusting, making her groan in exasperation. Exiting her asshole, I looked down at the large hole that once was a tight orifice. I turned her towards Emily and turned her wand to the highest setting.

"See this, slut? This is how your asshole will look for the next month," I snarled.

Emily nodded, but I could tell she was getting close again. Her face contorted in a mask of pleasure - eyes shut tight and teeth bared, every muscle in her body tensed up.

She was trying to hard not to cum as I instructed her, but the wand was far too strong for her. Still, I turned it off just in time and she sighed, her body relaxing for a brief moment as she took in deep breaths.

I scooped up some of Emily's juices as they ran down her leg with two of my fingers and tasted them, before shoving them into her mouth. She eagerly licked them clean, just as I was expecting.

These whores knew only one thing, and that was how to please me. Sure, Emily was new to it, but I would make sure she would learn the ropes lest she wanted said ropes to hold her in place as I ravaged her body to punish her.

# Chapter Three

I left Cindy alone to focus on Emily, but not after jamming a plug in her tight asshole. I had to keep those holes trained, after all.

The wand was still pressed against her clit, so I tore the tape away and held it in front of her mouth. She lapped away at her juices, moaning as she did so.

I looked down at her pussy and found her skin to be red as a tomato due to the wand's relentless assault, but we all knew I wasn't done with them.

Looking her in the eyes I shoved my large cock into her pussy in one swift motion. Her walls stretched to accommodate my size and she yelped at the sudden invasion, though the same juices she had tasted, the same one that kept oozing out of the hole I just plugged, allowed me to slide my cock in effortlessly.

I turned on the toys to keep Cindy busy and squirming before I began slamming my cock into Emily's tight pussy, holding onto her raised leg for support. Their combined moans filled the room, blending in with the buzzing of the toys and my grunts.

The wand had already brought her to the edge a few times, and my relentless pounding was having the same effect on her. Her cries mixed in with pleading, Emily desperately wanted the orgasms she had been chasing but knew she couldn't get.

"Do you want to cum, whore?" I asked, firmly squeezing her throat with my hand.

"Yes Master, please! Make this whore cum on your cock!" She pleaded, her voice breaking in sync with my thrusts.

"You should have obeyed my orders," I snarled back.

She flashed me a pouting face for about half a second before the pleasure took over again, and her face contorted in a mask of lust.

Cindy on the other hand had been moaning loudly as her body trembled under the wand's vibrations.

I must say, I love hearing my whores beg, regardless of the reason why.

"Can... Can I cum, Master? I'm so close, please..." Cindy's voice barely rose above Emily's and the slapping noises our bodies made.

I grabbed Emily's hair and turned her head to face her friend.

"Yes, Cindy. Cum for your Master, and cum hard!" I ordered, and turned to whisper into Emily's ears.

"Watch, whore."

It looked like Cindy had been possessed by a banshee that was desperately trying to come out of her body. She screamed as the orgasm sent waves upon waves of pleasure crashing on her, shocking her body to the core.

Thrashing and straining against her binding, the pleasure didn't stop. The wand was still firmly pressed against her sore clit, vibrating away at the highest setting.

The aftershocks kept making her twitch and quiver, but after a while her screams turned into groans and the only words she uttered were "Thank you, Master..." between labored breaths and soft gasps.

I turned Emily's face towards mine.

"That could have been you, Emily. But you just had to be a bad girl." I kept thrusting into her with every word, harder and harder still.

"I'm sorry Master, please let me cum..."

"No," I growled into her ear.

One way or another she would understand who was in charge and what was expected from her.

Her tight pussy kept reeling me in after every thrust, her lips sticking to my cock whenever I would pull back only to bury myself deep in her, with enough force to make her entire body tremble.

That was all she was - a hole to fuck and fill with my cum. Granted, the other girls weren't too special either, but at least they knew better than to disobey orders.

I felt the orgasm rise, and my cock began to twitch. My grip on her throat tightened and I increased the speed of my movements, ravaging her hole.

At that point I was treating her like the living sex doll she was, without any concern for her pleasure.

I kept fucking her through my orgasm, grunting as I choked her even harder. Rope after rope of hot semen filled her stretched pussy to the brim, and I didn't stop until I felt every drop leave my cock aided by her hungry hole.

Emily gasped for breath when I let her throat go, but I was still buried deep within her.

"You should be grateful, slut," I said as I slid my cock out of her drenched hole.

"Thank you...Master..." She murmured back.

My cum leaked out of her pussy and onto her leg, traveling downwards to join her juices and the sweat that covered her body.

I sat on the bed to catch my breath and turned off the toys. All of us were panting, though the reasons varied.

I called the others up to the room.

The door opened about a minute later and Kate, Sam and Eve walked in. They all focused their gaze on Cindy and Emily, still bound to the walls looking like they had just taken a stroll through hell.

Sam stepped towards me and asked "What do you need, Master?"

"Those two are all yours," I said, looking at Cindy and Emily. Kate and Sam grinned, thanking me for the gift. Eve wasn't

too sure what to do, it seemed. In the original plan she was to be the bait, after all.

"Eve, on your knees," I commanded, and she quickly complied.

I motioned her to get between my legs and she understood what her job was.

Eve's soft lips enveloped my cock to clean it, and I sat back to admire the group of beautiful women before me.

All of them ready to do my bidding, all of them stunning. All of them were nothing more than holes to dump my cum into, but I wouldn't have it any other way.

**DEEPER, MASTER!**

# Chapter One

Kate and Sam did a real number on Cindy and Emily. After leaving the girls alone in the dungeon I simply went back to my apartment and relaxed, checking in on them through the security cameras every once in a while. Eventually I stopped, but Sam and Kate surely didn't. When the next day I went to check the dungeon to see if they had made a mess, I found the answer to be a resounding yes, written in bold capital letters.

Opening the door I saw Cindy and Emily bound together, laying on the bed facing each other. I'll admit it took me a moment to process what the others had done, but it truly was a work of filthy art. A double ended toy had been shoved down their throats, probably to shut them up once they got too rowdy. Both of them were still awake despite all the hours that passed, their saliva leaking onto the bed to form a rather large puddle. Plugs had been inserted in their assholes, and judging from the faint buzzing I could hear, nobody bothered to turn them off. Both of them had a rather large toy buried deep within them, secured by the same ropes that bound them together. Their bodies were covered in words written with one of the permanent markers I kept in the dungeon. I could see three different styles, meaning all of them took part in this. The words on them resembled what a sailor would yell on a bad day, just to add to it.

Emily and Cindy had been reduced to barely sentient holes to fuck, and as much as they were mine to use I



decide to give them some time off to recover.

I untied them and ordered them to go to their room to rest and eat something. They gave me a weak nod and walked off, without bothering to put clothes on.

Cleaning the dungeon would take a fair bit of effort, but then again the others could certainly handle it - after a much needed talk about limits.

I went down to Sam's room first, considering she had been the one most likely to call the shots between the three of them.

I let myself in, taking care not to make much noise considering it was still early in the morning.

Sam laid in her bed, a calm expression on her face. Her bare, pale chest rising and falling with every breath she took.

The sheets barely covered her shapely body, but everything made her look like she was a pure young woman who could do no wrong.

Yet we both knew the seed of depravity had been planted deep within her - and soon enough it wouldn't be the only one.

I considered all the unholy things I could do to her. I'll be honest, resisting that temptation was an arduous task.

Grabbing a hold of the covers to pull them away, I was greeted with the sight of her pale skin as goosebumps rose on it. Sam slept naked, and the sudden shift made her shiver a bit.

Her eyes slowly fluttered open, filled with the usual haze that comes in the morning. My presence startled her, however, and I almost felt bad because of it.

"Good morning, Master..." She yawned, covering her mouth.

"What happened yesterday?" I queried, sitting on her bed.

"We just had some fun, nothing more..."

Sam's raspy voice was slowly clearing up, though it would

take a while for her normal one to appear. She was fully awake, but interestingly enough didn't even try to cover herself.

Not even once, not even as a reflex.

"Some fun? They were barely able to speak when I found them!"

"Well maybe we went too far, but Master! They wanted it!"

Sam sounded like she was trying to sway me into agreeing with her rather than apologizing as she should have done already. Either way, they were all going to get punished.

Even if she still was half asleep, Sam never missed an opportunity to try and seduce me. I watched her as she brushed her fiery hair away from her breasts, her other hand making an agonizingly slow downward journey to her sex.

A raspy groan escaped her when she timidly spread her lips, revealing her pink hole to me.

That was part of her signature move: sly smile, head slightly cocked to the side as she bit her lip, her fingers gently playing with her pussy.

I had seen that move plenty of times before, but I can't say it ever lost its effectiveness. My cock stirred, and I had to readjust myself.

"Is everything alright, Master?" She cooed, her smile widening.

I grinned and sat closer to her. In a flash her hand reached for my cock, as the bulge was now visible under the fabric.

"I want you and the others to clean the mess you've made in the Red Room, understood?"

Sam nodded, but her hand kept massaging my cock. "Yes, Master, we'll take care of it..."

"You know what will happen if you don't."

"Master, I'm hungry..." Her voice was almost back to her

usual tone, though it still carried some raspiness to it.

Sam began fidgeting with my pants and soon enough her soft hand was wrapped around my hard cock, slowly jerking it. The grin on her face showed she got what she wanted, though we were not done yet.

"Hungry, I see," I said, climbing on top of her. Sam's hands didn't leave my cock throughout the entire motion, as if she had been holding onto me for safety or vice versa.

"Are you going to feed me?"

I towered over her. Positioning myself between her legs, she had already lined my cock up to her pussy, and kept sliding the tip across her moist slit.

She was gorgeous, and I'm confident that no man of sound mind would refuse such an opportunity.

Her quivering lips as the tip of my cock brushed on her clit, her erected nipples covered by a few strands of red hair and her pale skin which seemed to almost glow in the faint light coming from the windows. Sam looked like a goddess, yet inside she was nothing but a whore.

Up to that moment I had been somewhat kneeling on the bed, but I wanted to feel those tits on my body.

I crawled further onto her, my face now inches away from hers.

"Give it to me Master, I'm so wet...Please..." She whispered, still trying to push my cock into her hole.

"Do you think you deserve it?" I replied while putting pressure against her sex.

Sam's soft groans only made me harder, and I wanted nothing more than to take her right then and there. I could have slid into her effortlessly, judging by the amount of juices that coated the tip of my cock.

"Yes Master! I'm your favorite, aren't I?"

I hadn't thought about that, in honesty. They all had one special element that made them worth keeping. Sam's was her attitude, and my endless quest to fuck it out of her.

"You are my whore. A set of holes to fill with cum and nothing more."

I slapped her clit and she yelped, but before she could react I shoved my veiny cock inside of her. Sam gasped and threw her head back on her pillow. I took my chance and bit her neck, the same one my hands gripped tight in quite a few occasions.

"Thank you Master..." She panted, even though I hadn't moved an inch after entering her.

"Fuck me, please. Give me that cock, I need it deep!" She pleaded, bucking her hips.

I couldn't resist anymore and I began moving, pulling back until only the tip of my cock was inside of her. My thrusts were slow but forceful, enough to send ripples through her body and make her cry out after each one - directly into my ear, no less.

"Just like that, just like that! Deeper Master, please!"

"Oh does my little slut want more?"

"Yes! Yes! Fill my fucking pussy up! Please!"

Sam had always been very vocal, and I loved it. The more I heard her beg the harder I wanted to ravage her tight hole, and I could tell we were both getting close.

"Master, I'm going to cum..." She panted between moans and yelps.

"Don't you fucking dare," I growled, and added "You will cum when and if I say so!"

"But I'm so close Master, please!"

"Beg."

Just one word, an order as simple to issue as it was to obey. She fell silent for a few moments. I had been pounding her tight hole mercilessly, and I was just about ready to paint her insides white.

"Please Master, make your whore cum! I promise I'll be good, I promise I'll behave! Just let me cum, please!" Her

face scrunched up, holding back the orgasm as I kept trying to force it out of her.

"You can fuck me anytime you like, even if I'm sleeping! Just fucking let me cum please!"

It was the sweetest music to my ears, and as an added benefit it reinforced the idea that I ruled their lives.

"Cum for me then, hard!"

When she heard those words a look of relief briefly flashed on her flustered face before swiftly disappearing moments later. She almost looked in pain, but the way she screamed and writhed under me only meant that an earth shattering orgasm was rocking her body.

My weight held her steady, even if I kept on pounding her hole as it strangled my cock with every contraction. I reached the point of no return as Sam's body kept quaking due to the aftershocks.

In a moment of clarity she locked her legs behind me, thus cutting any way of pulling out I would use. Not that I wanted to, I was fully set on cumming inside of her.

"Give me your cum, Master! Fill my tight pussy up, drench this slut! Please!"

Sam definitely knew how to push my buttons when it came to dirty talk.

My mind went blank and I grunted "Take it you filthy whore, and don't you dare waste a single fucking drop!"

As my balls tightened, I stopped deep inside of her. A familiar warmth exploded out of the tip of my cock, unloading string after string of cum deep inside her tight wet hole.

"Feed my cunt, yes! Thank you Master! Give me more, please!"

It kept spurting out in thick strings, coating Sam's insides as she moaned like a bitch in heat, joining my growls and grunts of pleasure.

"Thank you, Master..." She cooed, flicking her tongue over my lower lip.

We both collapsed, panting but ultimately satisfied. My erection gradually fading, still inside of my whore, made way for my cum to drip out of her.

I pulled out completely, my cum flowing freely out of her red hole to end up on the sheets.

Crawling up to her face, Sam opened her mouth and took my cock to the hilt, cleaning every inch of it from our combined fluids.

"Clean this mess. And I want the Red Room spotless by tonight."

"Yes Master!"

# Chapter Two

I left Sam's room shortly after, and headed back to my apartment. It was a Saturday anyway, so the clinic was closed and empty.

Walking through those hallways had a soothing effect on me, for reasons I can't explain. The clinic was my only source of income, but throughout the years I had amassed so much money I could easily close up shop and dedicate my life to having all the fun I couldn't have while working.

Those thoughts were vicious, and no matter how hard I kept them at bay they would always resurface, stronger than ever. From a financial standpoint, closing the clinic made absolutely no sense, but I was smart enough to manage my finances to live a great life until the very last day - and leave plenty behind.

That prospect was inviting to say the least, so much so that I actually seriously considered it. Still, a decision of that magnitude would require careful planning, but thankfully I wasn't in a rush.

Come what may, that decision would be mine and mine alone to take.

I spent that day relaxing in my apartment, and eventually I even fell asleep for a few hours. Sam drained me, but that nap made me recover enough energy not to feel like an old man.

I hadn't seen or heard the girls, nor had I checked on them throughout the day. I turned on my computer and accessed the security feed, scanning every room they had access to. Cindy and Emily were still out cold, sleeping soundly in their room to regain the strength the others sapped from them.

As for Eve, Kate and Sam, their rooms were empty. The only one left to check was the dungeon, which I hoped they were cleaning as I instructed them to.

Switching to the camera in the Red Room, I saw them lazily execute the order I gave them. Sure, they didn't seem too happy to be stuck in a sex dungeon to clean it, but they knew they'd better obey.

Regardless, they were still going to be punished. I just waited for them to finish their duties before heading to the dungeon.

I opened the door and the trio greeted me with their cheerful voices.

"We did what you asked, Master!" Eve proudly declared, a wide smile on her fresh face.

I walked around the room in silence, looking around for spots they might have missed but not finding any.

"Good job, I'm surprised," I said. I had to give credit when it was due, after all.

I walked up to the bed and laid on it, the girls following me but stopping at the foot of it, like well behaved dogs.

Motioning for them to join me, they swiftly jumped on and began crawling up to me. I stopped them when they were on my cock, and they realized what I wanted.

Eve's hands went to my pants as Kate undid my belt - my cock was out in the open in just a few seconds.

"Suck this cock like the whores you are." I commanded, and before I even finished the sentence their hungry mouths were already on it.

Muffled "Yes, Master" were heard, but I couldn't tell who they were coming from.

Eve held my cock in her tiny hand as she dragged her tongue from the base up to the tip, coating my shaft with her saliva.

The other two were just as busy: Kate gently massaged my balls with her mouth as her hands caressed my abdominal



muscles, and Sam kept flicking her tongue over the head of my cock.

Precum was already leaking out of it, but I knew I could last for a while.

Eve and Sam would often stop paying attention to me to share sloppy kisses that only made me want to jam my cock deep within their throats, but I had to be patient. At least they had the decency to jerk it while they made out.

Kate on the other hand, was completely in love with my balls. Taking one in her mouth and swirling her tongue around it only to switch to the other one, her massage was one of the most gentle yet arousing experiences I have ever been through.

I placed a hand on Eve's head and forced her back on my cock, breaking the kiss. Sam pouted but followed Eve's lead, her lips landing on the tip of my cock just opposite of Eve's.

They seemed determined to keep the kiss going, even if their saliva kept leaking onto me and Kate. Nobody cared, Eve and Sam simply kept going, their tongues battling and dancing around my diamond-hard cock.

That sight alone was enough to almost make me burst, and Eve noticed my cock twitching in her hand. Kate went back up to join her friends while they both focused on the tip of my cock.

Feeling all three of them lap away at me was too much to bear, the orgasm rose up and before I could try to stop myself it was already too late.

My body tensed up, and cum erupted from the tip of my cock in thick spurts that traveled upwards before falling down on the whores' faces. They were still mercilessly sucking and lapping away at my cock while cum kept spurting out and coating their faces as they cheerfully giggled.

They kept going at it until I went soft, and after that they simply began cleaning each other's faces. It almost got me hard again, I'll admit. Three beautiful women making out with faces full of cum, their tongues often erring out of their mouths to catch my seed and bring it back so they could play with it and drink it.

I watched the entire process with a wide grin on my face, knowing I possibly had the most depraved whores in the entire city at my disposal.

I let them have their fun for a while, but they were still supposed to get their punishment - and my cum was a reward.

"Sam, show me what you all did to Cindy and Emily yesterday. Kate will be our test subject, right Kate?" I queried, looking straight into her eyes.

I saw a tinge of fear flash behind them, but Kate nodded after bushing away a few strands of her black hair.

Kate walked up to the walls after disrobing and Sam bound her to the rings, making sure she had full access to all of her holes.

Sam taped bullet vibrators to Kate's nipples, but chose a wand for her clit. Learning from the best, I suppose.

The last part of the setup included a ball gag to curb the screaming, as I had imagined. The depravity shown was already impressive, though I wanted to see where it would lead.

Eve had been staring at her friends without saying much, and I wanted her to be useful.

I pushed her head down on my cock again, but not before ordering her to get naked. She complied in record time - then again, she wasn't wearing much. None of them were, the rules had to be respected.

Eve's mouth enveloped my cock again just as Sam took a rather large dildo, one that I hadn't used on them yet. As it

turned out they could display more cruelty than me, though admittedly I held back not to hurt them too much.

Sam slathered the toy with copious amounts of lubricant - which explained the large wet spots I found that morning - and proceeded to shove it inside Kate's asshole rather unceremoniously.

Kate winced and a muffled scream came out of her mouth, but she looked like she could take it.

"What did you say, you wanted more? Sure thing!" Sam cheerfully said, before thrusting the toy further inside of Kate's asshole.

The poor girl yelped again, but everyone in the room could see the trail of juices leaking out her. Her cries and whimpers mixed with moans when Sam turned on all of the toys she had taped to her body at once.

"See Master, we were just playing like this!" Sam said after turning around to face me.

Eve nodded in agreement, despite my cock being firmly lodged in her throat.

"Did you take part in this too, Eve?" I asked, looking down at her.

"Oh the large dildo was actually her idea!"

Eve blushed when she heard Sam's words, but didn't have the courage to deny anything. It looked like the shy and innocent christian girl guise vanished, leaving behind a whore like her friends.

I moved her head away from my cock, and ordered her to turn around.

When she did, she also got down on all fours. I lined my cock up to her asshole and pushed - Her muscles resisted for a bit and Eve yelped in pain at the sudden invasion, but eventually I managed to bury myself in her fully.

"You're lucky this isn't something bigger, Eve. Do you want to be in Kate's place?" I asked, slapping her ass.

"No..." She timidly replied.

"Then take this cock and don't complain, you filthy slut."

"Sam, make that whore cum." I ordered, to which she enthusiastically nodded.

I began thrusting into Eve's tight asshole - to my knowledge, she hadn't had anything in there for a while. Her tightness damn near cut my cock off, but it was worth it.

Eve began rubbing her clit as I fucked her asshole, leaving my cock's imprint into her walls. The whores were mine, after all.

Meanwhile, Sam went back to work on Kate.

The toys buzzed at full strength and Sam kept kept shoving the large toy in and out of Kate's sore asshole, taunting her as she did so.

"Oh you said you wanted it harder, baby? Don't worry, Sammie's here for you!"

The devilish smile on her face flashed with rage as she stuffed Kate, harder and harder still. Kate let out a shrill scream and began thrashing around, straining against the ropes that bound her.

The orgasm seemed massive. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head and her legs gave out, but Sam kept on relentlessly fucking Kate's asshole with that large dildo. She pounded all through her orgasm, leaving Kate slumped on the floor, hanging half upright due to the ropes that secured her wrists to the walls.

She was nothing more than a whimpering mess, her juices forming a puddle on the ground, mixing with the sweat that coated her toned body.

"After this we tied them up together and that's how you found them, Master. That's all, nothing more."

I nodded, but I was hardly paying attention. Eve's cries of pleasure became louder at once when she too came, though surprisingly enough she managed to stay relatively still.

I took that chance to grab her hips for support and began pounding her impossibly tight asshole even harder than before.

Not being one to show mercy, I didn't stop railing her until I filled her asshole up. I knew I was getting close, and the way her muscles strangled my cock felt like they were made to suck the cum out of me.

"Fill her asshole up, Master! She wants it, look at her!" Sam encouraged me, with her usual sly grin that meant no good. I couldn't resist even if I wanted. With one last forceful thrust I sunk into her to the hilt as cum erupted from the engorged head of my hard cock for the third time that day. I growled as the pleasure and lust took over me. In that moment I existed only to feel the tightness enveloping my rod as I filled Eve up to the brim with my seed.

I collapsed onto her as the orgasm subsided, but didn't leave her hole.

We all needed to regain some modicum of composure.

I let a few minutes pass, basking in the afterglow that comes with an orgasm of that magnitude. I lived for those moments.

Pulling out, Sam was already diving for my cock to clean it just like she had done that morning. That little whore could never have enough, but then again that also applied to the others.

Once my cock was clean of my cum, I stood up and freed Kate, stopping to take a look at her gaping asshole once I removed the toy. She seemed to have enough energy left in her.

I placed the toy in her hands and pushed Sam to the same spot Kate was just a minute before. Sam's eyes flashed with fear, but she knew this would happen.

Securing her body to the rings with the same satin wraps she used for Kate, I yanked off the skirt and ridiculously tiny panties she wore to expose her drenched sex.

"She's all yours, Kate. Just don't break her." I said, and saw her smile faintly.

Pulling my pants back up, I headed back to my apartment. It had been a long day, that left me decidedly drained.

Sleep was definitely in order, but first I had to decide whether or not to keep the clinic running.

That ended up being a long, long night. Yet as the sun timidly poked out behind the clouds the following morning, I had my answer.

**PUSHED TO HER LIMITS**

# Chapter One

Years of work and dedication, time, effort and energy all for the simple goal of making people happy whenever they would look into the mirror.

Years spent being a hermit of sorts, but in honesty I enjoyed that kind of life. No one to worry about, just myself and my job.

Alas, all good things must come to an end. After toying with the idea of closing down the clinic to live the rest of my days in bliss I eventually found the courage to actually go through with it.

I don't have fond memories of that period of time, however. My phone was constantly glued to my ears, I had to juggle paperwork and emails like a circus performer and last, but most definitely not least, I also had to let my employees know.

Nearly all of them walked out with a recommendation letter that would secure them a spot in any medical facility in the country - my signature bore a fair deal of significance.

The whole process lasted about a week. I had prepared most of the documents I knew I would need ahead of time, but those things still end up taking way more time than necessary.

During that week, I barely had time to play with my girls. I would stay up late and wake up earlier than them, negating our morning adventures.

By the end of it I was torn between a peaceful sense of relief, considering I had just retired, and the overwhelming need to relieve a week's worth of pressure.



I'll admit I was worried the girls would leave, but a quick talk with them made me realize they were there to stay. Sure, they lived to serve me, but the money I had surely was a big factor.

My lifestyle was not at stake, by any stretch of the imagination. Even taking into account their shopping sprees, the costs of maintaining the building and everything else anyone has to pay to simply live, it would take decades before my finances would run dry.

The more time passed, the more I found myself getting excited about retiring. I would have never dreamt of such a turn of events, but life comes at you fast.

Most people are obsessed with legacy, yet only some of them will leave behind something that will last through time immemorial.

As for me, my work will hide in plain sight for years to come - the girls were a separate case, they wanted to look like living dolls - but the celebrities that people gawk at every day? I made that possible.

The general public would suspect but nobody would dare confirm their theories - it made my retirement somewhat bittersweet but to be frank my tears, had I shed any, would have fallen on a bed of gold.

Looking back at it, I was happy I no longer had to deal with that horde of stuck up people who could attribute their success to my knife and not much else.

Retirement meant freedom, in every sense.

The last rope that bound me had been severed and I was free to explore any and all interests I had to set aside to focus on my job.

Sure enough, that also meant that the building would need a fair amount of work to remodel it into the mansion I always wanted, but there was time for that. I could have simply bought one in some exotic location, though I was never too fond of traveling.

All in all, I don't regret retiring. Never have, in fact, and probably never will.

After signing the last document I felt like a massive boulder had been lifted off of my shoulders. One may say that cosmetic surgeries aren't as important as the regular kind and in truth, one would be right. Yet, there's pressure in cosmetic work too, pressure that needs to be let out for the sake of everyone involved.

Sex always worked for me, as I'm sure it does for others, too. The escorts first - and yes, I did hire Kate's sister once or twice, I later found out - and then my girls.

I still wasn't sure how or why things had turned out that way, but I was surely not one to question it as I never had.

I used to allow my life to control me and that ended with the last drop of ink that came out of my fountain pen, opening the door to the next chapter of my life.

That day had been slow and tiring, though that was a fair price to pay for freedom. I instructed the girls not to disturb me the following morning and locked myself in my apartment.

I didn't have any wild plans to celebrate, at least for the time being. Sleep was the only thing in my sights, and while I still had plenty of things to take care of before finally being able to just sit back and relax, I knew I had all the time in the world.

Sleep came easy, and it didn't leave me until two in the afternoon the following day. Looking at the clock I almost had a panic attack, but I quickly remembered I had no reason to worry.

All the obligations I had were gone, after all.

I made myself a quick breakfast - or lunch, given the time - and took a long shower.

I came out of my apartment at three, and headed towards

the Red Room to check if anyone had been using it. I didn't care which girl I would find first, all I wanted was to relieve the unbearable amount of stress I had accumulated during that week.

I opened the door and found Emily inside, lazily cleaning the toy rack.

"How are you, Master? I missed you!" She greeted me, a wide smile shining on her pale face.

"Better than ever, Emily. And God knows I missed you too."

The way I spoke sent a clear message to her, one that she seemed to receive instantly: the Master wanted to play.

## Chapter Two

Just looking at her was enough to get my blood flowing down south.

Her blonde locks resting on her shoulders and falling down her back, swaying as she tentatively approached me.

The way her breasts pushed up against a bra that clearly couldn't contain them, covered by a tight top that maybe would fit a girl half her age.

She wore stockings on her long, toned legs. I couldn't wait to rip them apart.

Emily let the duster she was using fall to the ground. Her interest in keeping the room clean evaporated as soon as I entered. In truth I couldn't see dust anywhere, but admittedly I wasn't really looking.

My eyes were fixated on Emily, and while my brain wasn't getting too much blood I could still picture all the things I wanted to do to her in my mind.

As she got within reach I could feel the heat radiating from her, I needed to take her as soon as possible.

I was on a hair trigger. Emily hot breath on my ear when she whispered "I missed your cock, Master..." was the straw that broke the camel's back.

I took a step forward forcing her to retreat as I kissed her with all the passion I could muster. Our tongues battled and danced, albeit not for long. I kept moving towards the bed, pushing her along with me.

We reached it and I broke the kiss, pushing her onto the bed gently but firmly enough to remind her I was in charge.

Her back hit the sheets and she squealed, but I could see the devilish look in her face. Her legs spread open to reveal

her red thong, the fabric damp from the arousal that already coursed through her veins.

"Are you going to fuck your whore, Master?" She asked, though the answer was obvious.

I took off her stockings in one smooth motion and grabbed her left arm to secure it to the bedpost. Once the knot had been tied I did the same to the other side - there was no way she could leave now.

"I'll take that as a yes, then!" She giggled when she saw me undo my belt.

I could see her biting her lip, her eyes glued to my cock and the wet spot on her panties getting bigger the more she stared.

I dove on top of her. The primal urges I felt took over, and I could feel myself get more aggressive than usual. I didn't care, not even for a split second. I yanked her top upwards, to get access to her fantastic breasts. Her bra was indeed too small - not that it mattered, I tore it apart to free her plump tits.

Emily had been softly groaning, and I only after realized it had been due to the fact that my cock kept poking her mound with every movement I would make, no matter how small.

The noises continued steadily, even increasing in volume when I began playing with her nipples. I took one of them between my lips as my hands pawed away at her soft breasts, squeezing them like stress balls.

I kept alternating to give enough attention to both of her glorious tits, but I wanted more. I left a trail of saliva on her body as I moved downward, finally reaching her soaked panties.

A firm tug was enough to peel her thong away, and in doing so I saw the thick strings of fluid connecting it to her hole. Her scent was intoxicating and the more it filled my lungs the more I wanted to fuck Emily until we both passed out.

"I need your cock, Master..." She cooed, spreading her legs even more to make more room for me.

Without hesitation I plunged deep into her, feeling her tight walls stretch to welcome my hard cock. I let out a grunt and Emily responded in kind with her high-pitched moans, and soon enough every sound our bodies made would melt into a cacophony I had been waiting far too long to hear.

I pulled back, at a snail's pace. I usually would give my whores a rough fucking and Emily was surely in for it, but I wanted to enjoy the moment.

Emily's incredibly wet pussy kept sucking me in after every thrust, no matter how hard I went at it. She would yelp and scream but always encourage me.

"Fuck me harder, Master! Give it to me! Give me that cock!"

Emily didn't exactly have to ask, she had no say in it. I almost reminded her that she was nothing but a pair of holes to fuck, but I decided instead to focus on myself.

I grabbed her soaked panties and stuffed them in her mouth to shut her up. I loved it when they screamed and begged me, yet every once in a while a man just wants to focus on himself.

I took a hold of her legs and pushed them together, holding them in front of my chest. The added pressure made her hole even tighter than it already was, and I could easily grab onto her for support.

Pushing her legs towards her face and bending her back, I had full access to all of her holes. In time, she would be leaking cum out of every single one of them - but her sweet pussy would get the first round.

I buried myself inside of her once more, pushing against her walls as to reach her depths. After getting accustomed to her warmth, I pulled back and slammed myself back in, adding my weight to the thrust.

It felt like I could leave her imprint on the bed by how hard I

was pounding her tight hole. It didn't matter, I had to cum and I was determined to doing so inside of her even if it meant destroying her hole.

An animalistic frenzy took over me, or at least it felt like. I could hear myself grunt and growl with every thrust, and soon enough muscle memory took over. I was in a world of pleasure, ravaging Emily's tight pussy like there was no tomorrow.

I'm not too sure she even came, though I am fairly sure I felt her tighten around me a few times. She would usually announce it and beg me to let her have her orgasm, but she couldn't quite do that due to her panties occupying her mouth.

The orgasm rose through me quickly, both due to Emily's hole, my own pace and the fact that I hadn't used my cock for anything even remotely related to sex in a week.

I knew I would fill her up, more than ever before. I knew my cum would overflow even if my cock sealed her hole shut. Nothing mattered.

I increased my pace and kept fucking her as a wave of white-hot pleasure washed over me, radiating from the tip of my cock. Rope after rope of cum shot out and coated her soaked walls, while I kept pushing it deeper and deeper in with every thrust.

Most men would stop right after, but I kept going, slowly decreasing my pace even though my erection showed no signs of quitting.

Panting, I pulled out. As I had imagine, my cum leaked out and landed right on her puckered asshole before leaking onto the bed to stain the sheets.

I took a moment to catch my breath and admire Emily's sore hole as my cum kept dripping out of it. I was proud of my handiwork, but a week without sex is a long time.

A sudden realization hit me: I had never used her asshole - and it was time for that to change.





# Chapter Three

Panting as we tried to catch our breaths, I leaned in and took out the panties I stuffed in Emily's mouth.

"Thank you, Master," she murmured, her voice dry unlike the rest of her body.

Both of our bodies were covered in sweat, though I have to admit it was a fairly erotic sight. I couldn't take my eyes away from her, and for good reason.

Emily was a gorgeous woman, and her body seemed built exactly for the sole purpose of providing pleasure and I was the only beneficiary.

Her face still contorted in a mask of pleasure as she squirmed, still shaken by the vigorous pounding I gave her.

"Turn around, whore," I ordered.

Emily lazily complied, groaning while she did so. The poor girl wouldn't walk straight for a while after what I was about to do to her, but deep down she loved it.

Even after recovering from what Kate and Sam put her and Cindy through, the first thing Emily did was thank them for it.

They were doing it to take their revenge, but I'm sure it ended up strengthening their friendship. The girls were inseparable, but still obeyed my every command.

Emily's ass was inches away from my cock. She swayed her hips left and right, almost like a happy dog would when its master would come home. It was a fair comparison, in my mind.

My cock was still coated in a mixture of cum and juices, but I couldn't resist plunging into her pussy once more. The warmth and slickness of it was pure bliss, and I could rail

her hole effortlessly despite her tightness. Like a hot knife through melted butter.

Regardless, her asshole had been waiting for me.

I pulled my cock out, slick with her juices and a few drops of cum that hadn't leaked out of her.

Rubbing the tip against her asshole made her inch away from me, but I quickly pulled her back by grabbing her hips and pulling her to me.

"Master be gentle, please..." She said, her voice faint as a whisper.

Slowly I began pushing against her. Emily's muscles put out a fair fight but ultimately my cock won, and its tip slipped inside.

She winced, despite the fact that I had been careful not to hurt her.

Despite that large toy having been there before me, I had been the first man to take her asshole. I kept pushing into her, ever so slowly.

Emily's asshole was tight, impossibly so even - every inch felt like a foot - but eventually I sunk myself fully into her.

She had never stopped her whimpering, but in truth all she needed was to get used to it. I could tell she hadn't been training her hole as I instructed, but at that point it was her problem and not mine.

Regardless, I'm sure she would learn the lesson.

When my crotch hit hers, I felt the familiar wetness of her pussy on my ballsack. The leaky whore loved having her asshole drilled, despite her reactions to it.

I retreated, almost pulling my cock out of her before slowly burying myself back in. Always to the hilt, always filling her to the brim.

Slow and steady might win the race, but it wouldn't work for me. I needed to fuck her hard and fast.

Grabbing her hips again for support I began moving faster,

applying more force to my thrusts. Emily went from hating it to professing her love for my cock, just as I had expected.

It takes a while to get used to something of that size, but so far the girls had managed. Emily was the last one to do so.

"Harder, Master! Fill me up with your cum!" Emily screamed as I ravaged her sore asshole, my ballsack slapping her leaking pussy after each hit.

She began contracting her muscles to match my rhythm as she pushed into me. I had been somewhat holding back not to hurt her, but it was clear she wanted to feel the full extent of my sexual prowess.

"Harder you say?" I snarled, grabbing a handful of her golden locks and pulling them towards me. One clutching her hair, the other one firmly on her ass cheek. That's what Emily wanted, that was what she had been in search of throughout her entire - albeit young - life.

I summoned all the strength I had and started pounding her little asshole like I wanted to murder her with my cock. I got lost in the moment, I'll admit. I just kept ravaging her battered hole, lust and primal desires clouding my mind.

Another orgasm hit her and she collapsed on the bed. My assault proceeded relentlessly, and even her orgasm or the change of position didn't affect me. It slowed me down for a moment, but I was back at full speed before she knew it.

"Give me your cum, Master! Feed my asshole!" She cried, her voice muffled by the pillow her face rested on.

I felt my balls tighten, the orgasm gradually rising through me until I exploded deep within Emily's guts with a deep grunt.

My strength was fading but I still managed to thrust into her a few more times, always maintaining the same amount of force. Every time I would push into her, jolts of pleasure originating from my cock would spread all over my body.

I must have pumped a torrent of cum in her asshole, and I wished another girl was there to clean up. They never

wasted a drop of my seed, and that time I had spilled enough to feed all of them.

My cock was still inside of her after I collapsed onto her. I rolled over, panting, and Emily turned to face me.

"That was a lot of cum, Master! I can feel it..." She groaned, a sly smile shining on her red lips.

I didn't bother replying, but limited myself to slapping her ass cheek once before closing my eyes to try and relax for a few moments.

# Chapter Four

I woke up a few hours later, famished.

After fucking the life out of Emily, the plan was to simply relax for a while and progress with my first day as a free man. The lack of sleep got to me, I thought.

Adding all the energy I spent making sure my whore wouldn't be able to sit without wincing in pain, it was obvious I had to ease into my new life rather than charging it head on.

I sat up and rubbed my eyes, hoping to get rid of the fog that clouded them.

Minutes later, after dressing back up, I decided to head back to my apartment to get my bearings.

Looking up at the clock, I realized I had slept for barely a couple of hours. Nothing too bad, there was enough time to spend doing pretty much anything I set my mind to.

I ordered food and went to take a shower - I had to wait for it to be delivered, after all.

About half an hour later I found myself sitting in my living room, enjoying a quiet dinner by myself as I watched a news broadcast.

The events that plagued the world weren't much of a concern to me, but I still kept myself up to date.

Sleep, food and that hot shower had a rejuvenating effect on me, I felt full of energy just like when I woke up that afternoon.

Alas, boredom was quickly setting in. In order to fight it, I began flipping through the security network to see what my girls were up to.

Cindy and Emily appeared to be browsing social media as

always, Sam was busy painting her nails as Kate gave her instructions, and Eve was holed up in her room under the covers.

That piqued my interests. At a glance everything seemed normal, but upon closer inspection it was clear that Eve was quietly masturbating.

A sly grin shone on my face as I headed to her room. I still had enough energy to take care of her, and it had been a while since I had a taste of her.

I let myself in and she froze, her flustered face indicating she had been caught.

"Keep going," I ordered, and she gave me a slight nod.

I sat on the bed next to her and pulled the covers away to reveal her pale, bare body. Her tiny hand furiously rubbing her clit while her hungry eyes were fixated on mine.

Her soft whimpers were slowly making my cock harden. In my mind, Eve was still an innocent christian girl even if it was evident she no longer fit that description.

Plump lips, breasts quadrupled in size just like her ass. A libido to match her companions and an endless thirst for her master's cum - truly a perfect example of a living sex doll.

"I'm about to cum, Master..." She murmured, scrunching her eyes together and throwing her head back with a sharp breath.

"Stop and slap you clit," I commanded, and she obeyed without hesitation.

The loud yelp that came out of her lips felt like music to my ears.

I dove between her legs and tasted her nectar - sweet, as always. My tongue slid across the folds of her perfect sex, exploring every bit of her and then some.

Her breathing became shallow the more I ate her pussy, but I was determined to make her cum. I shoved two of my fingers inside of her and curled them to make sure I would

hit every never cluster before moving my lips on her clit and sucking it between them.

That alone made her shiver, but when I began furiously jackhammering her pussy as I circled her clit with the tip of my tongue, Eve went into overdrive.

The orgasm hit her straight away, making her scream, but I gave her no quarter. She soaked my face with her sweet juices as I kept fingering her, making sure never to stop torturing her swollen clit with my tongue.

I kept at it until she was nothing more than a quivering mess and my face, throat and hands were slick with her nectar.

Moving away from her sex, I admired my work. Eve's red pussy was a stark contrast against her alabaster skin, though her face was almost of that same hue.

I placed the very same fingers that turned her into a writhing mess in front of her mouth and she hungrily licked them clean, even though she often had to open her mouth to breathe.

A few minutes later, she seemed to have regained enough composure to function as a normal human being.

"My turn now, Master..." She cooed, already moving towards my pants.

I let her unbuckle my belt and a few seconds later my cock sprung free, gently slapping Eve in the cheek.

She giggled, but wasted no time and enveloped my head in the warm, wet prison that was her soft mouth.

I allowed myself to relax as she massaged my cock with her velvety tongue, her hands slowly gliding over my shaft only to stop at the bottom to play with my ballsack.

That was the kind of life I had always wanted, and I finally reached my goals.

Eve sucked my cock with fervor and enthusiasm, but considering I filled up Emily twice just a few hours before, I wasn't exactly as sensitive as I usually was.

I could see she was slightly struggling as her jaw began to ache, and a few groans of pain indicated she wouldn't be able to finish me off with her mouth.

"Blame Emily, her holes sucked the cum out of me this morning..."

When she heard those words she resumed sucking with new found vigor, determination behind her eyes. She saw it as a competition, as I later found out.

Determined as she may have been, the pain was there and it wouldn't go away. Eve let my cock out of her mouth, a trail of saliva connecting it to her, and crawled on top of me.

Guiding my cock with her hand she lowered herself on it after rubbing it along her slit a few times.

My tip slid past her soaked entrance, and she let her body fall on me, impaling herself on my cock, crying out as her walls stretched to accommodate my girth.

"Emily's pussy is nothing compared to mine, Master..." She said, in a sultry voice I never heard from her.

I smiled, and replied "Show me then, whore."

Eve bounced on my cock with enough strength to make the bed creak - though that was due to the fact that she would always let herself fall down on me instead of controlling the speed of her descent.

My cock never left her tight hole, but her moves were surely having an effect on me. I grabbed her large tits and squeezed them, often stopping to bite them as I played with her nipples.

"You'll have to do more than that, whore." I declared as I slapped her ass cheek.

In reality, I was close to cumming deep inside of her. Yet, a bit of competition never hurt.

"Anything for you, Master! You'll see what this slut is



capable of, you'll see!" She moaned between labored breaths.

I was curious to see what tricks she would pull out her figurative hat, and before I could finish the thought she simply showed me.

Eve rose up and turned around, my cock never leaving her pussy. I had a full view of her plump ass - which I promptly squeezed with all my might - and began gyrating her hips on my cock.

"Cum inside of me, Master! Fill my fucking cunt up, I'll never waste a drop! You'll see, I'll fucking push it out and drink it!" I wasn't expecting that filth to come out of little innocent Eve's lips. Yet, I loved every depraved word she said.

I didn't warn her, though I'm sure she felt my cock twitch and leave the imprint of its veins in her pussy.

I held her hips high and began thrusting with every ounce of strength left in me, catching her by surprise.

Between our skin slapping together and the squelching noises coming from her juicy pussy, I had no idea how loud we were being - and again I had to remind myself that from that day forward I could make my whores scream all I wanted, no one would complain.

Her orgasm made her spray her juices across the bed, drenching the sheets and my pants hitting my legs. She screamed a slew of incoherent words and I simply kept pounding her tight pussy until I couldn't hold back anymore. Cum erupted out of the tip of my cock for the third time that day, filling Eve's hole to the brim as I growled, my face contorted into a mask of pure unbridled pleasure.

Despite the earth shattering orgasm I gave her, she stayed true to her words. As soon as my erection began fading, she made sure she collected all the cum I unloaded into her.

Eve kept scooping my seed up with her hands and licking them clean, even pushing it out deliberately. After that, she

simply went straight to the source and made sure my cock was spotless.

"See, I told you! And thank you for the cum, Master!" She giggled after pulling my cock out of her mouth.

Retirement was definitely going to be the best part of my life.

# **DOMINATING THEM**

# Chapter One

Freedom.

Most people crave it, others fought for it. In this day and age, especially where I lived, freedom was more of an abstract concept rather than a tangible reality.

As for me, well, life was different. I had signed enough documents to kill a small forest just in the prior week, ink on paper that would mean the end of a long and prestigious career as a cosmetic surgeon.

I lost count of how many people I operated on. Some were life changing procedures, others were simply born out of vanity. Either way, money was rolling in and I wasn't one to question it.

My mark on this world will live on through film, though legacy wasn't something that mattered much to me. I preferred focusing on the present and to an extent, the future.

The clinic occupied most of the building, save for the topmost floors. One was exclusive to me - apartment, office and dungeon - and the one below it housed a few guest rooms, which were occupied by my girls.

I wasn't sure about what to do next, I'll admit.

The clinic was of no use to me anymore, and the equipment had to go. The entire building needed a serious round of renovations, though that would take time and render the place impossible to live in.

I would need a temporary residence in which to live during the renovations, and thus I began searching for something that would suit my needs.

Fortunately it didn't take long. A villa near the beach caught

my attention, mostly due to its relatively low price. The girls seemed to love it as well - not that they had a say in that.

I exchanged a few emails with the owner and eventually I drove there by myself to take a look around. I could have taken the girls with me, but they would distract me way too much, and possibly ruin everything.

After a couple hours I arrived at the location and began my inspection. Everything seemed in order, though I did hire a professional too, just in case my untrained eye had missed something.

The house was in great condition, all there was left to do was the dreadful rest of the buying process.

Thankfully I could manage most of it back in my apartment, save for a couple occasional meetings.

All in all, it would take one more month before the house could be considered legally mine, though the owner made it clear he would sell it to me right away if only he could.

Bureaucracy will be the slow downfall of mankind. Either it'll bore us to death or we will kill each other due to the massive levels of frustration it can induce.

Luckily frustration and stress weren't much of a concern to me, considering I had five girls whose only job was to relieve said stress.

Two weeks in the buying process, I had already started making plans for the building I resided in.

Indoor pool and a sauna to start things off, followed by a gym and my own personal library. The architect kept nodding as I listed things, and at the end of the conversation he gave me an estimate of how much time it would take to transform this building into a dream house.

Six months, he said. Six months I would spend in the new house on the beach having the time of my life with my whores before returning to the city.

I didn't particularly love that city, it was simply a place like any other. Yet for some reason it kept drawing me back to it, possibly due to the memories I had.

Memories that fade gradually with every passing year. Some of them felt like they would never abandon me, however.

Meeting Cindy, the procedures, the pill... Everything went haywire after she came along, though I would never fault her for that. She was the catalyst that ignited the flame of change in my life, and the others simply added more wood to it.

Until that very flame turned into a raging inferno of passion.

I still couldn't explain what made them act the way they did. I sifted through Emily's notes, the ones she took when she first came to me, and found nothing that would realistically justify their behavior.

My best guess still stood - sometimes people want to let go and simply let someone else take the reins.

I was the closest jockey, it seemed, though I wasn't the one doing the riding.

The reasons didn't matter, in the end. The girls were mine and mine alone, and their purpose was clear.

The last week snuck up on me.

I woke up alone in my bed, the cold air pushing me to retreat further into the covers. Laziness wasn't one of the traits I possessed, and I began my morning routine shortly after.

Breakfast was the last part of it, right after the shower.

Cindy and Kate usually prepared it, and that day followed the same script I had gotten used to.

Entering the kitchen, most of my senses were engaged.

The smell of coffee filled my lungs, mixed with the scent of my whores' perfumes.

Their voices, laughing and giggling like schoolgirls on a field trip.

And most importantly, the way they wore an apron and not much else was a very stimulating sight.

# Chapter Two

"Good morning, Master! Are you hungry?" They chirped, turning around to face me.

Food could wait, my hunger could only be satiated by something else.

"Yes, as a matter of fact I am," I replied, heading towards the couch and sitting on it.

I motioned them to follow me and they did, after taking off their aprons.

They approached me slowly, swaying their hips as they walked up to the couch. My eyes were glued to them, mostly due to the fact that they were wearing practically nothing at all.

Their g-strings already gave me a full view of their assholes when I first walked into the kitchen, but I'll admit the view from the other side was just as appealing.

"Master is definitely hungry, right Cindy?"

"Oh yes, but I am too..."

Biting their lips they kneeled in front of me and patiently waited like trained dogs.

I untied the knot that held together the bathrobe I wore, and their faces lit up.

"We have to make Master feel good..."

"Mh-mhh..."

The bulge in my boxers grew while I felt their gaze on it. I wondered how long they would resist before reaching for it.

I didn't even have time to finish the thought before Kate yanked my boxers off, revealing my hardening cock. It still rested along my thigh, but I knew it would stand up at full attention soon enough.



Kate tentatively grabbed it and pushed it in front of Cindy's face. Her mouth opened and she moved in to envelop my cock in her warm wet prison, but Kate swiftly moved it away causing Cindy to end up with a mouth full of air instead of cock.

Kate laughed at her friend's pouting face, but couldn't resist planting a wet kiss on the tip of my cock. It kept growing in her hand, and when Cindy joined in the action the blood rush felt very, very intense.

I threw my head back and let my whores take control of the situation. They knew what to do, they had been in that position dozens of times before.

Kate kept toying with Cindy, teasing her with my cock before taking it away from her at the last possible second. Their playful fight was somewhat adorable, but they still had a task to fulfill.

Cindy finally managed to get her lips on my cock, and instantly began circling its head with her silky tongue.

"Oh you really are hungry..." Kate murmured, to which Cindy replied with a muffled moan.

"Take more, then..."

Kate planted one of her hands on the back of Cindy's head and pushed downward, forcing my cock down her friends' throat.

I groaned and Cindy gagged, but Kate seemed to be having quite a bit of fun. I didn't care how they did it, as long as they kept sucking on my cock like they were supposed to.

Kate bobbed her friend's head on my fully erected cock for a few minutes. After that I would need to take another shower, seeing how Cindy's saliva covered my entire crotch. The gagging stopped as my cock exited Cindy's throat. She gasped for air, but her hands were soon on me again while Kate took me in her mouth.

They worked in unison without much communication, these whores. It was impressive, to say the least.

Cindy began stroking my shaft as Kate rapidly flicked her tongue over the tip of my cock. The slurping noises that came from them were loud enough to drown out my grunts and groans, and I felt the orgasm rise within me.

Kate took the tip of my cock between her lips and bobbed her head on it while Cindy was still busy on the shaft and my ballsack.

My crotch and their hands were completely drenched in a mixture of their saliva, though I'm sure they had gotten used to it by then.

"Cum for us, Master! We're hungry..." Cindy begged, increasing her pace.

Kate gasped a "So hungry..." in the split-second long pause she took from stroking my cock with her luscious lips.

"We love your cock, Master..." Cindy whispered and leaned in to help Kate work on my cock.

Both of their tongues lapped away at it while they moaned, begging for my cum, begging to cover their faces with my seed.

I didn't even attempt to resist or postpone it, and just let go instead.

I placed my hands on their heads and pushed them closer to my cock, grunting as the pleasure took over my body and mind.

Cum erupted from the tip of my cock, comfortably residing between the whores' lips as they furiously stroked my shaft and rubbed their lips on the sides of the head.

The more they kept going, the more cum shot out. My cock resembled a fountain - thick spurts of cum leapt into the air and landed on my girls' faces and hair.

Some of it ended on their bodies, though I knew they would clean each others up as they always did. Not a drop would go to waste.

Their movement slowly came to a halt as they cleaned my cock and made sure I shot out all the cum I had in me.

Looking at them, I saw their faces were completely covered in white. My whores certainly knew how to suck me off, and the results proved it.

Obviously, being the filthy sluts that they were, they soon forgot about me and focused on each other. Both of them began planting kisses on the other's body, where my cum had fallen.

Cleaning didn't take long, yet they didn't seem to stop when they finished. They transitioned from the ground to the couch I had been sitting on, never taking their hands or lips off of each other.

I let them have some fun for the time being, stood up and went to eat my breakfast.

From my position I couldn't see the two whores that well, but Kate's smokey voice as she asked Cindy to go harder was unmistakeable. I took my time to finish the coffee they brewed for me, listening to both of them moan in ecstasy in the other room.

I hadn't even tied my bath robe back up, and my cock was hardening again the more I listened to them go at it.

I stepped back into the living room to find them laying side to side, their hands rubbing each other's pussy while they obscenely made out, saliva leaking from their mouths every time they let out a moan.

"I leave for ten minutes and this is what I come back to?" I queried, half sternly and half mockingly.

"We're sorry Master, you just make us so horny..." Cindy replied, panting as she did so.

I walked over to them and grabbed Kate, pushing her to lay on top of her friend. They groaned in protest, since they had to stop masturbating one another, but their hands soon found their way back to where they were.

My cock was back at full mast, and the two soaked holes in full display in front of me were begging for me to ravage

them.

Both of them understood what was about to happen and spread their lips for me, to welcome my cock into their drenched pussies.

I rubbed the engorged tip of my cock along both of their slits, coating it with their juices. Picking who to fuck first wasn't easy, but Kate did it for me.

When she felt my cock rub up against her lips she grabbed with the same fingers she was using to spread herself open, and gently aligned me in front of her hole.

I pushed forward, sinking my cock into her incredibly wet pussy.

Kate's moans were soon silenced by Cindy. Their faces were mere inches away from one another, I was surprised they hadn't started making out already. Cindy made sure Kate wouldn't scream her head off, simply by using her tongue skills on her.

I couldn't see exactly what Cindy was doing, but from the slurping noises I heard I had to assume she was treating Kate's tongue as if it was my cock, only kissing her when she would moan louder than usual.

That, she did fairly soon. I grabbed her hips for support and began thrusting, making sure to sink myself into her to the hilt. Cindy was lending me a helping hand, in the most literal of sense.

Her hand was wrapped around my shaft, jerking me off every time I pulled back from Kate's hungry pussy.

The way Cindy's hand stroked me and played with my ballsack added a layer of filth to our usual adventures, and I wondered how far I could take it before they would back out. Regardless, I would have plenty of time to test that.

Between Kate's pussy and Cindy's hand, I felt myself getting close.

I pulled out and shoved my hard cock into Cindy's leaking

hole - she yelped, not expecting the sudden assault, but Kate kept her quiet the same way she did to her.

Cindy's pussy felt like fucking an oven. Boiling hot and so tight her lips would stick to my cock every time I would back out of her.

Despite the fact that both of them had drained me of cum just a few minutes prior, the second orgasm was fast approaching. I tried to slow it down by switching holes, going from Kate to Cindy, but nothing seemed to work.

Their soaked holes, kept sucking me in every time I would back out to push into them again - and their moans certainly helped push me over the edge.

"Fill our cunts up, Master! We need more cum!" Kate begged, and Cindy echoed her right after. "Cum inside of us, please!" She cried out as I kept pounding her tight hole.

It was too late to stop at that point and I just gave it my everything, ravaging Cindy's pussy as she screamed in pleasure.

She'd gotten her orgasm, and Kate seemed close too judging by how loud she had been moaning. Cindy thrashed around but I held her there, her pussy clamping down on my cock like a vise.

I pulled out and slammed myself into Kate, determined to make her scream even louder than her friend. My thrusts and the way she ravaged her swollen clit with her hands had her spray her juices out of her hole and onto my legs in no time, as she cried out in pleasure.

I lost control right after and exploded deep within Kate's guts, filling her pussy up with my hot seed. Mid way through I pulled out, causing a couple ropes of cum to land on their slits, and buried myself in Cindy as well.

Both of their pussies were now leaking my cum mixed with their juices. The whores laid there on top of each other, panting and covered in sweat. I held onto them for stability, my cock still pumping the last drops of cum into Cindy's

hole.

I backed out, and watched as my cum leaked out of both of their holes, dropping onto Cindy's sore lips and then proceeding to the ground.

# Chapter Three

Just a few days later, the house was finally mine along with its furniture.

I paid a hefty sum for it, though my bank account was hardly affected by it. The renovations would start as soon as we moved to the new house, though we had a couple of weeks to prepare everything.

Having the girls around proved useful - they helped each other pack their stuff as if they were responsible adults.

I was surprised to see them work that hard, though of course they had fun with it - plenty of teasing involved, though it was expected.

Moving can be an extremely annoying ordeal, but thankfully for us it wasn't as bad as most would think. Sure, the amount of items to transport required a few trucks, but most of those went to a private storage area I rented from an old friend.

The new house wouldn't need many things - just the necessities we'd need to maintain our current lifestyle.

Most of the stuff in my apartment stayed there, as the renovations wouldn't touch the topmost floors.

Time went on fairly rapidly, and before we all knew it we only had one more week to spend at the old building before having to relocate.

Between packing our stuff, buying the new house and discussing the renovations with the architect, most of my days went from pure relaxation to full on madness.

Issues seemed to pop up every two hours or so, and of course I was the one that had to deal with them. As a former

surgeon I worked well under pressure, but realizing that I didn't truly leave the stress behind - albeit for the time being - left a bitter taste in my mouth.

Normally I would simply grab the closest girl among my five whores and empty my frustrations inside of her, but even that became a rare occurrence. At the end of most days I was utterly exhausted, and while on one side I did want to fuck my sluts senseless I simply didn't have the energy to accomplish that feat.

On the last day we would spend in the old building, everything seemed to calm down. The air had a certain stillness to it, as if the city had been sleeping in late and missed the alarm to wake up.

I, however, didn't - and neither did my girls.

Despite having to go through a few last steps before departing, I still went through my morning routine as every other day.

That morning didn't include the usual sexual relief, sadly, though my cock was aching. Every erection seemed harder than its predecessor and I wanted nothing more than to put it to good use.

The girls still had to finish packing the last few items - all of them except for Sam.

I called her up to my floor, and naturally she knew what I wanted ahead of time. The little slut showed up wearing her semi transparent nightgown. Underneath, nothing.

Her curves filled the gown to perfection, and the longer my eyes scanned her figure, the harder my cock became.

"You wanted to see me, Master?" She asked, her eyelids fluttering as if I had been talking to a champion of innocence.

I motioned her to follow me, and she piped up again.

"Do I get a reward for having packed all my things before the others?" She giggled, flashing me a devilish grin.



"You could say that," I replied. My stern tone betrayed my frustration, which she always seemed to exacerbate - it was one of her most interesting characteristics. She would act all rebellious to rile me up and fuck her even harder than I had planned.

I unlocked the door to the dungeon and let her in before me.

In a flash I was on her, and she gasped in surprise. My hand went to her throat, gripping it tight, and the other restrained her arms.

"What makes you think you deserve a reward, whore?" I hissed, right into her ear.

"But Master, I..."

I squeezed her throat even tighter, albeit only for a split second.

"Do you want me to jam my cock in your ass, dry?"

"But Master, it'll hurt..."

"Then behave!"

I pushed her on the bed and went to close the door.

When I turned around I saw Sam laying on her back, her nightgown hiked up to her belly, spreading her legs to give me a clear view of her pussy as it began to glisten.

"You can fuck my little pussy, Master..." She murmured, biting her lip in such a way that made her usual grin shine brighter than ever on her fresh face.

She scooted up to the edge of the bed and spread her lips wide, her pink pussy a perfect target for my hard cock.

I took off my bathrobe, and I saw Sam's eyes instantly lock onto my rod. Her fingers weren't just spreading her open now, she began using them to rub herself as she stared at me.

As much as I wanted to pound her to oblivion and back again, I decided to tease her a bit first.

After getting close to her I slapped her clit with the tip of my

cock - her yelps and whimpers as I used my rod as a baseball bat to smack her swollen nub only made me harder.

"Please Master, I want you inside of me..." She begged, her voice broken by her whimpers.

I gave her one last smack, harder than its predecessors. She yelped, but before she opened her eyes back I was already buried into her tight pussy up to the hilt.

Her whimpers turned into moans as she felt my large cock stretch her walls. Her pussy gave me no resistance when I entered her - the little whore loved getting her clit smacked, it seemed.

Slowly I began thrusting into her. Deep and vigorous hits, our crotches hitting each other every time I sunk into her. My movements were forceful, so much so that her entire body would jiggle when I slammed her tight hole.

Needless to say, the little slut was loving every second of it. Her hand made its way to her clit, still aching from the treatment I gave it just a few minutes prior.

I saw her tentatively rub it with the tip of her index finger, possibly due to the fact that it still ached.

She flinched and tightened around me when she touched her clit, which drove me even wilder than I already was.

I began pounding her faster and harder, fucking the cockiness right out of her.

That's how it always worked with Sam. Rebellious until my cock was tearing her holes apart, then docile like a puppy.

She brushed her fiery hair away from her face and began pleading.

"Harder! Give me that fucking cock! Make this whore scream!"

Grunting, I gave in to her request and let go of any modicum of restraint I was applying to myself.

I grabbed her legs and crossed them, holding them against

my chest. That made her pussy even tighter, and every thrust felt like a battle despite the copious amount of juices her hole leaked.

I kept fucking her even during the massive orgasm that made her pussy grip me harder than it already was. She let out a loud scream as her hole kept trying to push me out but it couldn't win the fight against my cock.

The only thing on my mind was filling her pussy up. My cock twitched as the orgasm rose through me.

"Give me your cum, Master! All of it inside my pussy!" She moaned, her sore throat making her sound like a die hard smoker.

With a grunt I gave out the last few pumps that sparked my orgasm. A heat wave started at the tip of my cock and spread through my body - my mind went blank.

My cum kept shooting out of my cock as I almost collapsed on Sam, though I managed to stay upright.

"Fill me up, fill me up..." She kept begging me, feeling my hot semen coat her insides like many times before.

In the end I did almost collapse, but I caught myself standing face to face with Sam. Both of us coated in beads of sweat, panting, our crotches soaked with the other's fluids.

Sam's flustered face paired up well with her alabaster skin, even when the expression she wore was that of a whore who had just gone through the best orgasm of her life.

My erection gradually faded, and Sam soon cleaned it like I had instructed her once she had regained enough strength to move.

Her silky tongue gliding on my head and shaft to collect our fluids felt so good it almost made me want to hold her down to fuck her throat, but we had no time.

I sent her off to clean up and put on normal clothes, and I went to my apartment to do the same.

We were supposed to leave in just a couple of hours, after all.

Thankfully I am quite fast in the shower - when there's a need to, at least. I was in and out in less than twenty minutes, which left me plenty of time to dress myself.

I locked my apartment and headed towards the elevator, calling it to my floor. While waiting, I turned around to look at what I would be leaving behind if only for a few months, and I couldn't help but think back at everything that happened.

I chuckled to myself, shaking my head. The elevator arrived, its doors opened and I stepped into it.

Shortly after, the doors opened and I found myself in the lobby. The girls were already there, waiting for me.

"Ready to go, Master?" Said Eve, a broad smile on her lips.

I nodded, clutching the prescription bottle that started all of this madness I kept in my pocket.

God knows it could come in handy.

**AGAIN, MASTER!**

# Chapter One

Retirement, for some, is the sweet release that allows them to let go of their often dreadful jobs.

As a former cosmetic surgeon, one whose name was thrown around quite often around Hollywood, retiring simply meant I no longer had to deal with the pretentious people that would come to me asking me to fix them.

Granted, my bank account was extremely well fed - but I had to combat the urge to just throw them out of my clinic every time they opened their mouths.

What kept me sane towards the end of my professional journey, and what also turned out to be part of the reason why I decided to end it, was a client who turned out to be way more than that.

Cindy. She came to me wanting a new body, hoping to start a new life free from the burdens she had to carry.

She didn't have a rough life by any means, Cindy just decided to change everything about her. She had the money, I had the skills.

Cindy was a rather plain looking girl when she first entered my clinic -she came out of it hotter than hell itself, as she put it.

The problem with her resided elsewhere, in her head. Even with her new body she just couldn't adapt to the new life she so desperately wanted.

Cindy came back to my clinic, hoping I would help her deal with it without realizing that my specialty was the body and not the mind.

I had turned her into what she wanted, pretty much a lifelike sex doll. Her breasts quadrupled in size, gently framed by

her long blonde hair and her ass, so plump she could sit on broken glass and never feel it.

I wanted to take pity, I really did. Yet that day I had no time or patience - what I had, was a stack of paperwork to fill and a brat who needed mental help.

What followed kick started the next chapter of my life, and to this day I still can't find a reason as to why.

I gave her a pill, claiming it would help her deal with her issues.

"It will take a couple hours for it to work," I said, "Take a nap if you want."

She laid down on the couch in my office and fell asleep, seemingly calmer than before.

Now obviously I simply wanted to buy time and send her away when she woke up - her problems weren't mine to deal with and the pill was simply a bland multivitamin I kept around for no reason.

It wouldn't have been enough to even trigger a placebo effect, yet Cindy woke up completely different.

The bright spark behind her eyes vanished, leaving behind nothing but a vacuous gaze. Her demeanor shifted from that of a shy bookworm to the complete and polar opposite of that.

She began thanking me for what I did, verbally at first. I tried telling her I had nothing to do with her new personality, yet the message just wouldn't go through.

Cindy wanted to do more to show her appreciation, much more. Most men would say they would sternly refuse the advances and put an end to that charade as fast as possible.

Most men are liars.

I'll admit I was getting frustrated at the whole situation, and Cindy wanted to test her new body out. I didn't resist, and took her right there on my desk.

Her cries echoed throughout the entire floor, yet thankfully no one heard us.

When she went away I sat down to process everything that had happened, and thought that encounter to be the last I would see of her.

I was wrong.

Having Cindy around was beneficial, especially due to her tendencies. I didn't have to call escorts anymore since she was always more than willing and able to satisfy my needs at any given time.

I won't lie, it felt weird at first. As time went on, life seemed to stabilize, and I got used to this new situation.

I gave her a job as part of the cleaning crew, and she even got to stay in one of the guest rooms the clinic had. It was an enjoyable experience, which then obviously escalated.

Cindy wasn't enough. She could satisfy me, sure, but I wanted to add some variety so I sent her off to find people like her.

People who wanted to give up on their old lives and submit to someone else, having them control their life and worry about things instead of them.

Surprisingly enough - given how Cindy was not very bright - she managed to complete her assignments and brought Kate home.

Kate couldn't help but compare herself to her sister.

"Her life's so easy," She kept saying - her sister was an escort, one I actually had the pleasure to call a couple times.

Kate lacked confidence, but looks-wise she had nothing wrong. Slim yet curvy figure, jet black hair and green eyes, she could effortlessly make heads turn if she just believed in herself.



Cindy gave her the same multivitamin she took, and while I was skeptical, it turned out to have the same effect on Kate as well.

I was baffled. Our adventures became twice as depraved, yet I was confident nothing bad would happen to me - I had them sign papers stating they willingly consented to anything that would happen and had happened in the clinic. The mouth of these gifted horse would forever remain a mystery to me. I went along with it, stress now a thing of the past.

Granted, the staff was beginning to notice that something was off. My old secretary quit, and while I didn't exactly need a new one, I decided to try and see if I could find someone like Cindy and Kate.

I did. Sam was her name. She was a bit of a rebel, and perhaps the only one who didn't seem to fall under the fake influence of the pill. Still, she quickly joined the others. I had been building a harem without even realizing it. Each girl adding something new to it, and pushing me to find the next addition.

I built a dungeon right in front of my apartment just to have some more depraved fun with the girls, and I was happy to see they would often use it between themselves.

Sure, they knew their Master's pleasure always came first, but that didn't stop them from having fun on their own.

Even the new girl, Eve, was taking part in it occasionally. She wanted the same treatment Cindy received, and she got it in full.

She was a special case, however. A virgin christian girl who deep down simply wanted to be corrupted. That's what Eve was, and after her stay at the clinic she couldn't simply walk out.

The girls welcomed her warmly, but not before I got to take her and be her first.

Everything seemed to find its rhythm, all the gears in my filthy machine working tirelessly without a hitch. That is until Emily showed up, at least.

She was a friend of Cindy's, worried about her and curious to find out what happened.

I couldn't just shoo her away, though her presence meant trouble. Emily studied psychology, and tried to blackmail me into giving her free access to the living quarters where the girls resided in exchange for her silence.

Granted, she didn't put it that way - but the message was clear.

I still remember how big of a fuss she kicked up when the girls told her about the pills. I will admit I was worried, even though I knew I hadn't done anything wrong.

I gave her two, one for herself and one so she could have it analyzed in a lab.

The report showed nothing but the contents a normal multivitamin would have, and just like that, the power she held over me vanished.

I didn't think I would ever hear or see her again, yet something seemingly snapped inside of her. Not long after her laboratory fiasco she was at my clinic, no longer wanting to end my life but rather become a part of it like the other girls before her.

I allowed her in, still wary of her, and decided to test her servitude using the same dungeon I had used to make her companions scream in delight so many times before.

Being a cosmetic surgeon, especially a high profile one, comes with levels of stress so high they force many to quit prematurely - even though their pockets are more than full of cash.

I had been working for years and saved up enough money to last me a few lifetimes, even taking into account the girls

and their shopping sprees.

The next logical step was to retire, and after a forest worth of paperwork, I was finally free. The clinic closed down permanently, albeit only for professional purposes.

I sold the medical equipment and hired an army of contractors to renovate the entire building, save for the last floor where my apartment, office and dungeon resided.

It was a big job, one that would require time and would have the building swarming with people, full of dust and ear splitting noise.

To remedy this, I simply bought another house to use as a temporary residence for me and the girls. A nice villa near the beach, a stark contrast to the grey city I had grown to love over the years.

It would feel weird at first, getting used to the new surroundings and all, yet I wasn't too worried about it. My whores would keep me busy and happy until the renovations in the former clinic were done.

# Chapter Two

The villa didn't have enough rooms for all the girls, so they had to share. It didn't bother them, considering they had gotten used to sharing far, far more than just a place to sleep.

We arrived there after a couple hours, the sun still shining bright above us.

I was already familiar with the layout of the house but the girls weren't - I left them explore the place in peace while I went to my bedroom to settle down.

Moving can be stressful, though we didn't have to actually *move* anything. The villa was already furnished, and we only needed to carry our personal belongings. I did my part fairly swiftly, but the girls took what seemed like forever.

I should have known - their wardrobes were massive, after all. I allowed them some freedom for that day, considering they had to properly settle in. There would be time to have fun either way.

I heard delighted squeals when they found out we had a rather large pool in our garden - as if the ocean wasn't within walking distance.

"This place is amazing," Sam declared, and the others agreed.

"Once we go back home we could easily spend our weekends here, if you behave," I retorted.

It would take a while for this new arrangement to feel like home. I had lived in the clinic for most of my life, and I didn't mind it. Change was a double-edged sword, though everything was going rather well up to that point.

I told the girls to take the day off and relax. The beach was a stone's throw away, and I was sure they were all dying to get there considering how they had reacted to the pool.

I laid on my bed, staring at myself through the ceiling mirror. That day had been tiring even if I hadn't really done much. My eyes slowly closed and I drifted off to sleep.

I awoke to find a familiar warmth radiating from between my legs, and upon opening my eyes I was greeted by Eve's head gently bobbing on my cock, her eyes closed while she focused on it.

She noticed me stir and her eyes fluttered open.

"Slept well, sir?" She asked after taking my cock out of her mouth.

"Until you woke me up, yes," I replied, my voice slightly croaky.

"I'm sorry, it's just that the others went to the beach and I was bored..."

"Why didn't you go with them?"

"It's too hot outside, and then I saw you and..." She trailed off, her tiny hand beginning to glide across my shaft.

"You decided it would be a great idea to wake me up."

"I didn't mean to..."

Her pouting expression clashed with the fact that throughout the entire conversation she hadn't stopped jerking me off, not even for a moment. I had trained her well, it seemed.

"But you did."

"Am I gonna get punished?" She asked, already knowing the answer - all it took was a stern look.

Granted I didn't mind getting woken up like that, hardly anyone would, but I still had to keep the whores in check.

I planted a hand on her head and pushed it back down on my cock. Eve eagerly began sucking on its tip with renewed vigor, hoping not to disappoint her Master.

"Turn around," I ordered, and she complied without even taking my cock out of her mouth.

In doing so, she ended up straddling me. Her plump ass stood just a few inches away from my face, and the short skirt she wore gave me an unobstructed view of her panties and the wet spot on them.

Pulling the skirt up to expose her flesh, I couldn't help but deliver a quick slap to her cheeks. Eve yelped, though the sound she made was muffled by my cock and her tongue wrapping around its engorged head.

I moved her underwear aside and saw the strings of juice connecting her leaking hole to the fabric.

Eve could feel my breath on her exposed holes, and I could clearly tell she wanted me to use her. Her pussy was inviting, begging me to fill it up with *something*.

I shoved two of my fingers inside of her, feeling the warm juices coat them as they vigorously invaded Eve's pussy. She cried out in pleasure and surprise, too, leaving my cock unattended.

I retreated my fingers and pushed them back in, applying even more force than before. She was smart enough to focus on her duties instead of sitting back to enjoy the mixture of pain and pleasure I was giving her.

She had gotten way better at sucking cock ever since she decided to stay with me, to the point that she could have made me flood her mouth with hot cum if I hadn't broken her rhythm up.

I kept fingering her tight pussy, her juices leaking out of her and coating my entire hand. I knew she had gotten close to cumming at least twice - and I promptly stopped my movement.

The slut had to be punished after all, and denying her the orgasms she so desperately wanted was just the first part of the plan.

I took out one of the fingers from her pussy and began rubbing it in circles against her asshole. Eve jolted when she felt it, but soon began pushing her hips towards me. She wanted more, no doubts about that.

I pushed her off me, and she gave me a hungry yet puzzled look.

"Take those off or I'll rip them apart," I growled, nodding my chin towards her panties.

"Yes Master!" She replied before rolling over on her back and sliding off her drenched underwear along her smooth, long legs.

Eve threw her panties on the ground and spread her legs wide. The lips of her pussy were slick with her juices, and when she spread them to reveal her hungry hole I swear I saw a droplet leak out of her.

Flashing me a mischievous grin as she held her pussy open to invite me in, I could see her eyes were glued on my hard cock.

The same one she had been trying to drain with her mouth, she wanted to drain with her pussy. Fitting, for a whore like her.

"Turn around," I ordered.

Eve complied, getting down on all fours. I grabbed her by the thighs and dragged her towards the edge of the bed, as her holes were at the perfect height for me to reach while standing up.

Another quick smack to her cheeks made her yelp, though her noises were soon replaced by her loud cries of pleasure when my cock stormed the depths of her tight pussy.

One hard thrust and I sank myself in her, filling her to the brim. Stretching her tight walls to accommodate my size, I pulled back, slowly, to make Eve feel every inch of my cock as it left her hole.

"Fuck me Master, please..."

When only the tip was left inside of her, I grabbed her by the hips and pushed her towards me, impaling her on my cock once more. Her screams of pleasure and pain were like music to my ears, and I kept the rhythm going for a while. My ballsack hitting her clit every time I would slam my cock into her, my grunts and her croaky screams, all of those sounds mixed in together to create a cocktail that made me want to pound her even harder.

I slid my cock out of her pussy and she almost collapsed on the bed, despite the fact that I made sure she wouldn't cum.

"I'm not done with you, whore," I growled, and she pushed her hips back up.

My cock was standing right in front of her pussy, but I had other plans in mind. I grabbed it, still slick with her pussy juices, and pushed it against her puckered asshole.

"Be gentle..." She murmured, but she already knew I wouldn't be.

Eve flinched, but she stood her ground. When her muscles stopped struggling against the tip of my cock she let out a pained yelp, even though she had taken my cock in her asshole before.

The lubrication surely made sinking into her easier, but it was still an extremely pleasant struggle. I stopped moving once I was fully buried within her, just to feel her body clam down on me in the most tight embrace a man can feel.

I began thrusting, and Eve's cries of pain soon turned to loud moans of pleasure. As much as I wanted to fuck her senseless, I decided to start off slow and gradually build up a rhythm.

Eve's asshole seemed to suck me back in every time I would move back, driving me to thrust harder and harder still.

My cock ramming into her and pulling back, dragging the



skin of her orifice along with it, was a sight to behold. I was sure she could feel every vein and every inch of my shaft as it mercilessly pounded her tight asshole to remind her to obey her Master.

Tired as I was, the combination of Eve's mouth, pussy and ass had me on the brink of orgasm. One last thrust, forceful enough to make Eve's entire body tremble and almost fall flat on the bed, was all it took.

"Fill my asshole up, Master! Give me that fucking cum!" She pleaded, her voice breaking after each thrust.

What felt like a torrent of pent up cum exploded out of my cock and coated Eve's guts. With every twitch my cock would unleash spurt after spurt of hot cum directly into her tight asshole, and not a drop spilled out due to my cock acting as a plug.

We were both covered in beads of sweat despite the air conditioner going at full blast, thought a quick dip in the pool would cool us down right away.

I left Eve on my bed to catch her breath and went to take a shower.

As I stepped into the bathroom, I heard soft moans coming from my bedroom - Eve was playing with herself, since I hadn't allowed her to cum like she wanted.

I let her have her fun - after all, I could always find time to punish her again.

The villa turned out to be a great investment, and not just the time it took for the renovations to be done.

I still go there to this day, every weekend and every summer, like clockwork.

Looking back, the months we spent there were quite the experience.

The freedom, the sun - which I didn't particularly like, I'll admit - and the bimbos I brought along made it one of the best times of my life.



**GIVE IT TO ME**

# Chapter One

The first week at the villa went by quicker than I thought it would.

I was slowly getting used to the new scenery and as much as I didn't like admitting it, I could see why people loved the sea. I was a city boy, born and raised - never really felt the need to venture out much, though I did realize I missed out on a lot of what the world had to offer.

Granted, I could still go and experience everything I wanted even at my age - I just needed to find the will to.

I had it, that I'm sure of. Alas, the harem I built would keep me busy for a while.

It was hard to walk away from it all, even temporarily. Nothing comes even close to being able to have a group of gorgeous women obey one's every order.

I'll freely admit that at times I found myself wanting even more. Five girls were more than enough, but I had enough space and money to accommodate more if I wanted to.

Finding them and convincing them to stay proved not to be a problem already, though every new addition would be risky.

The possibilities were nigh endless. Greed and lust often go hand in hand, and in my case that couldn't be more true. Part of me didn't want to admit it, but it was hard to deny - not that I wanted to, in the end I barely cared.

I had money, that alone put me on top of the food chain. The whores in my harem just made it so I didn't have to move an inch from my spot.

After snapping out of my thoughts, I walked over to the balcony that overlooked the pool. Even with the windows closed I could hear the girls giggle and the water splashing around.

They decided to stay home that day rather than go to the beach as they would usually do - I didn't mind, they would always come back happy and ready to be used.

I opened the door and leaned against the railing, looking down at them - they hadn't noticed me, and I spent a few minutes just watching them play and relax.

Kate and Sam laid on the beds, soaking up the sun to tan their gorgeous bodies while Eve, Cindy and Emily were way too busy playing in the pool.

The more I watched them, the more I understood the appeal behind the life they chose to live. Giving up responsibilities and worries was way too tempting to pass out on.

The fence around the property - a wall, rather, given its size - made sure no outsiders could see what the girls were up to, and yet it took them a while before they understood that.

They insisted on wearing bikinis around the pool, but they could have simply taken them off. No one but me would see, and they wouldn't have to deal with tan lines.

It sounded like a win-win situation to me, but God knows what those whores think. Either way, I would still get to use their bodies whenever and however I wanted.

I decided to head downstairs. The sun was high up in the sky, shining directly above us - why not take the chance to cool down in the pool?

A couple minutes later I was slowly descending the staircase that connected the two floors of my villa, and I could already see the edge of the pool through the windows in the living room.

As I got out, the girls greeted me with a hail of "Hi, Master!" and whatnot, as usual. I approached the pool and sat down, soaking my feet in the warm water as Emily swam to me. She rested her elbows right beside me to keep herself afloat and looked up at me, a broad smile lighting up her fresh face.

"How are you today, Master?" She asked, cocking her head to the side.

"Never been better. You?"

"Bored... And a bit hungry,"

The devilish smirk she flashed me made her intentions even clearer than they already were. Regardless, seeing them try and act like innocent little girls was a rare occurrence.

"Oh, are you?" I replied, playing along.

"Maybe Master could feed me..."

Emily's hand crept up my thigh, gently squeezing it as it made its way to find my cock.

"Maybe, but you'll have to work for it," I declared.

Her gaze never left mine, even when she slid her hand under my swimming trunks.

"Anything for you, Master..." She murmured, positioning herself between my legs. She began massaging my slowly hardening cock, her head resting just above my knee. It seemed to relax her for whatever reason, and I wasn't going to disturb her for the time being.

Instead, I looked around me. Sam and Kate seemed to have dozed off, I could see their chests rising and falling rhythmically almost in sync.

Cindy and Eve were still playing in the water, though they hadn't realized what Emily was up to.



# Chapter Two

As Emily's soft hands kept pawing away at my cock, the fabric of my swimming trunks became too uncomfortable for my liking. The net was digging into my flesh as my erection grew, much to Emily's amusement.

I moved her hand away and she pouted, though her expression changed when she saw me stand up and pull the trunks down to my ankles. My cock sprung out, free from its prison.

As soon as I sat back down, Emily resumed her duty without even being ordered to.

She was the newest addition to my harem compared to the others, but she quickly learned how things work around these parts.

I still remember how she acted all high and mighty, thinking she could end my career because of Cindy's behavior - and I'll never forget just how good it felt to dominate her once she came crawling back to me.

I lost myself in my thoughts for a few moments, but Emily's warm tongue on the tip of my cock brought me back almost instantaneously.

Her movements were slow, methodical even. She started licking from my ballsack all the way to the tip, pressing my cock towards her tongue with her hand. She wanted me to feel her just as much as she felt every inch of me with her wet tongue.

A soft moan escaped her mouth even though it was full. Emily was definitely hungry for my cum, though she knew I would rather fill her other holes up than her mouth.

Regardless, I let her have her fun.



She began stroking my shaft as she took the tip of my cock between her plump lips and sucked on it. Her eyes locked on mine, lust and hunger behind them. She wanted to make me cum, drain my balls and drink everything down to the last drop, even though it would take more than that to send me over the edge.

She briefly took her mouth off of my cock to beg me.

"Come on Master, feed me..." Her sultry voice always had an effect on me, and while I did want to fill her up with my hot cum, she simply had to work harder for it.

"You'll have to do more than that, whore," I replied.

Eve and Cindy heard me and looked toward us to see Emily intent on worshiping my cock while begging for my cum. I saw both of them giggle and begin whispering to one another, though I had more pressing matters to attend to.

Emily pulled herself up and exited the pool after giving my cock one last kiss on the tip. In one swift motion she pulled the strings that held together her bikini, untying the knots and letting them fall to the ground rather unceremoniously.

I watched her, and so did Eve and Cindy who had also gotten out of the pool to rest on the other beds. All the eyes were on her, and I could swear I saw Eve bite her lip when she saw Emily's bare ass.

She positioned herself above me, her pussy just a mere inch away from my nose. I could smell her intoxicating scent, and while the water had washed away her juices I knew she was ready to be fucked like the little slut she was.

My hot breath on her clit made goosebumps rise on her skin, though it didn't last. Emily kneeled, straddling me, and lowered herself on me almost completely.

Her tight pussy hovered right above my cock. I teased her by giving her a small thrust upwards, poking her entrance with the head of my cock.

"Please Master..."

Hearing them beg was like music to my ears. I licked my thumb and placed on her clit. She whimpered, even though I hadn't done anything yet. "Please what?" I queried, pressing my thumb into her. She yelped, but quickly replied "Please give your big cock!" I released her and she took a sigh of relief, but cried out again when my thumb attacked her clit once more. "Give it to me Master, I'm begging you..."

I grabbed my shaft and slid it across her wet slit before lining it up against her hole. Emily didn't wait and impaled herself on me, her body shuddering with every inch of my cock she took.

Her tight pussy swallowed me whole, and with every inch she took her walls stretched to fit more of me as she cried out in pleasure.

Emily rose up until only the tip of my cock was inside of her and let herself drop down on me, letting out a croaky gasp when she felt my thick cock split her insides apart in a split second.

Her breathing pace quickened, her chest rising and falling right in front of me while she held on to me for dear life. It didn't stop her though, after she had recovered it became her rhythm. I let her set the pace - I liked to fuck my whores hard and deep, and this time Emily was doing most of the work for me.

I could simply lay down and relax, but her large breasts bouncing right in front of me were far too inviting.

I bit one as my hand found the other and squeezed it hard. I couldn't hold all of her, but I didn't care. I began circling my tongue around her turgid nipple as I kept squeezing and releasing her other breast, a combination that seemed to drive her crazy.

Emily never broke her stride, she simply kept on forcefully

impaling herself on my cock while furiously rubbing her clit with her free hand.

"Fuck me Master, I'm your whore, fill me up please..."

Her pace quickened, she was getting close. Alas I had other plans for her.

Emily's juices soaked my cock and balls, she would always get extremely wet in those situations. I loved it, and while it did help me fuck her even harder, I wanted her to beg.

I felt her reach the point of no return. Her face contorted in a mask of pleasure, just mere seconds before going over the edge as her hands furiously rubbed her clit.

I smacked her hand away and held her down, a grin on my face as I saw the confusion and disappointment on hers.

"But Master..."

"You didn't ask, whore," I replied.

She knew the rules, after all.

Once I stopped her movements, my gaze darted beyond Emily and onto Cindy and Eve. Sure enough they had been watching us as they played with themselves. I couldn't blame them, Emily had a gorgeous body and we all knew how much they loved my cock.

I laid on the ground and motioned for Emily to follow me.

She did, my cock still buried deep within her soaking pussy.

Grabbing her throat, I pulled her close to me.

"Please Master, make me cum..." She murmured, a tiny string of saliva dripping from her gaping mouth.

Squeezing her throat even tighter I began thrusting. Emily's croaky cries of pleasure were almost drowned by the sound of our bodies slapping against one another.

I imagined seeing her tight pussy clamp down on my cock, her lips gripping my shaft every time it left her sore hole only to reenter it mere moments later.

My steady pace had her screaming in my ear in no time.

"Master... Can I cum? Please, please, please!"

Emily was being loud enough to wake both Kate and Sam up, though I saw their knowing smirks as they too decided to enjoy the show.

"Not yet, slut."

She sighed, but soon went right back to moaning my ear off. I was getting fairly close too, but I wanted to test for how long I could deny her orgasm while still fucking her at the same pace.

Her pussy seemed to be made for my cock. Tight, hotter than hell and wetter than the ocean - especially when it was being pounded to oblivion. Her juices coated my crotch and I'm sure a puddle had formed under our bodies, though we didn't care.

All I wanted was to fill her hole up with my cum and watch it overflow as she begged me for more.

I increased my pace, determined to feel Emily squirm on me. Her body trembled every time my cock stormed her depths, making her cry out with every hit.

"Master, I can't hold it anymore..." She whispered between harsh breaths.

"Cum for me then, show me how much of a filthy whore you are!" I ordered, and her face lit up.

I squeezed her throat as I watched her eyes roll to the back of her head, her body tensing up while she let out a croaky scream. The radiating wave of pleasure turned her brain into mush as I kept pounding her tight pussy while it clamped on my cock almost as if it never wanted me to leave.

For a moment it felt like I truly was fucking a living sex doll - Emily collapsed on me even though I kept on pushing into her.

A set of holes to fuck, that's what she was. The same applied to the other whores too, still busy watching me destroy Emily's tight pussy as they jammed their fingers inside their drenched holes in search of pleasure.

I felt the orgasm rise up. The familiar warmth rose up my shaft and closed in on the head of my cock, I couldn't wait anymore.

With one last grunt I exploded, my hot cum splattering on Emily's battered walls as it coated her insides like so many times before.

I kept on thrusting for a while, pushing my cum deeper into her hungry pussy as it still convulsed, trying to suck me dry. I gradually slowed down to a stop, panting, yet I could clearly hear the faint moans coming from the other girls.

Emily was still on cloud nine, and I couldn't blame her. We laid there, catching our breaths, as the rest of my harem got off after having watched me fill up their friend's pussy with a torrent of hot cum.

I was living a dream, sure. Yet, I wanted more - and more I got.

**FILL ME UP**

# Chapter One

Greed and lust are reoccurring ingredients in the devil's cookbook, and I just so happened to have an autographed edition of it.

I had everything a man could want. Time, money, energy and a slew of girls ready to satisfy my needs at any given time and yet, the little voice in the back of my mind kept whispering "more".

Power corrupts people, that's a fact as old as time itself. I thought I was immune to its soothing voice, but alas, I couldn't have been more wrong.

In all fairness, however, I doubt many could resist - and I'm impressed I managed to even last that long.

Five girls who wanted nothing more than to make me happy. Five girls ready to follow my orders and bring more mindless dolls just like them home for me to fuck.

It had worked already, that's how my lovely Kate came along thanks to whatever it was that Cindy told her that night. She could have promised her the world or a pony, I didn't care - she was mine.

I was still debating whether or not to go through with it. Looking back, the risks were always lurking right behind the corner - especially when Emily tried to ruin me.

Tried as she did, Emily still ended up joining her friend in my harem - and I'll freely admit punishing her is a memory I'll always treasure.

Tangents aside, the dangers were real yet not too scary. If anything, they added a new layer to this hunt, a new shine if

you will.

It was exciting, even if I wouldn't be on the front lines. Should anything troublesome happen, the friends I made along the years would swipe it under one or two rugs.

I decided to test the waters first by only sending out one girl, Cindy. She had shown to be capable of handling those kind of assignments before, after all.

"I'll do my best, Master!" Cindy exclaimed after I had explained her what her assignment was.

"Good girl. You'll get your reward later tonight."

She held out her hand, waiting while looking at me, her head slightly cocked to the side as her vapid gaze focused on mine.

The pills, of course. Those vitamins the girls believed to be magic. I stood up from my chair and walked over the safe in which I kept my most valuable items and of course, the *magic* pills.

Unlocking it required both a code and my fingerprint, thus ensuring no one would accidentally gain access to it. I opened it, took what I needed and closed it back while she tried to take a look at its contents.

I gave Cindy two pills and she went on her way after thanking me and blowing me a kiss. Always happy, she was, though perhaps she was just too dumb to see how dark the world truly was.



## Chapter Two

That day felt extremely slow, and the heat surely contributed in making it even worse. The girls had all gone out - including Eve.

Usually she would stay home, as she wasn't exactly like the others. It played in my favor, I could always call her and have some fun to pass the time.

Alas, I was alone in the house. I made myself a drink, mixing the contents of a few bottles I kept in the mini bar - I liked experimenting, and it would keep me occupied for a while.

Boredom is one hell of a mighty beast, made even worse by the anticipation and curiosity I was feeling. I was sure Cindy wouldn't disappoint me.

The hours passed, and as I was almost dozing off under the sun I heard my phone vibrate. A message from Cindy, that I interpreted as some sort of positive sign considering it only contained a green check mark.

I grinned, the anticipation rising even more. A new toy, possibly one that would join the others, was always welcome.

The doorbell rang barely an hour after I received Cindy's message. I calmly made my way to open the door and when I did, I was pleased to see my whore had excellent taste in women.

Cindy was standing beside her, a broad smile on her face just like her new friend.

She introduced herself as Margot - she was a french exchange student, here to study something I honestly didn't pay attention to. Granted, I did want to get to know her, albeit on a more physical sense.

Margot was a tiny girl, yet she had curves in all the right places. That, coupled with her dark brown curly hair and her

accent almost caused me to take her right then and there before even approaching the subject.

We sat in the living room, just to chat and break the ice. "How did you and Cindy meet, doctor?" She asked, mispronouncing every "R" in a most adorable way. "She came to me because she needed help, and I was the only one who could provide it." "Sounds familiar..." She replied, lowering her gaze. "Does it? How so?" "People are far more friendly here than back home, but I still feel like I'm alone..." Cindy put an arm around her shoulders and pulled her into a slight hug. "There, you'll be just fine! Just like I told you!"

A brief smile flashed on Margot's face and her green eyes shifted to focus on me. "Can you really help me?" "Only if you want to be helped. Do you, Margot?" "Yes doctor. Even if it's just for a night." "Good girl!" Cindy chirped, her breasts jiggling following her movements.

I took a long, hard look at Margot. Call it professional deformation, but as a former surgeon I couldn't help but imagine how she would look like after I had worked on her to turn her into a fuck toy like the others. Pumped breasts, ass and lips which admittedly would look weird on her tiny frame, but serve their purpose nonetheless. No, Margot's body was perfect in its own way - like an unfinished painting by a world renowned artist. I poured the three of us drinks, and the mood in the living room seemed to gradually brighten up. The discussion kept going, becoming far more relaxed than it was at the start and touching rather interesting topics.

"You have really never been with a girl before?" Cindy asked, almost in shock.

"I never had the chance!" Margot giggled back, a hint of lust in her eyes.

Cindy peered at me and I gave a slight nod. I wouldn't pass a chance to see her make our new friend scream, even if that meant I would need to wait for my turn.

"I'm sure that will change soon..." Cindy whispered, right into Margot's ear.

That day would surely be one to remember.

# Chapter Three

Cindy grabbed Margot's hand and stood up, taking a step backwards. The new girl followed her, nervously giggling, as Cindy lead her to the upstairs bedroom.

I decided to sit in the armchair in front of my bed and watch them play, assuming they would even reach that point.

Cindy pushed Margot on the bed, almost making her bounce when she hit the mattress. Despite looking fairly innocent, the smirk on her face was enough to betray her true feelings.

Margot wasn't quite as innocent as she lead us to believe, yet watching her tentatively play with Cindy was extremely arousing.

Cindy followed her friend on the bed, laying on top of her as they both giggled, knowing they would not only get to have fun but also put on a show for me. It added some more spice to it, I assume.

They managed to resist the urge for a grand total of ten seconds before they began kissing. Gently at first, so that Margot could get used to it - yet it quickly escalated.

Their tongues intertwining as they danced and battled together, their eyes closed and their gorgeous bodies pressed against one another.

It wasn't long before Margot's hands began exploring Cindy's body. Her touch was slow and careful, showing her lack of experience, yet Cindy seemed to enjoy it.

Small, muffled moans escaped her mouth and I felt my cock begin to harden. Up to that point they had been playing fairly innocently, but I knew Cindy wouldn't stop at that.

She broke the kiss and stood on her knees, towering over Margot as she still laid on her back, biting her lower lip in anticipation.

Cindy made short work of the tanktop Margot wore, raising the fabric above her breasts and quickly doing the same to her bra.

I couldn't see very well from my position, but Cindy quickly laid beside her friend to give me a full view of Margot's perky breasts. Her pale skin contrasted with her blushing face, and it became even more evident when Cindy began kissing her again.

Just some gentle pecks, and her downward journey began. First her chin, then her throat and finally her breasts.

Margot groaned and shut her eyes tight when she felt Cindy's tongue circle her already turgid nipple. I watched as Cindy carefully explored her friend's body, caressing every inch of her as far as she could reach.

Goosebumps rose on Margot's skin, and her groans morphed into whimpers of pleasure.

Cindy turned to look at me when her hand landed between Margot's legs. I nodded ever so slightly and she smiled at me before turning back towards her friend.

The trail of kisses continued down Margot's chest and navel, ending up above the fabric of her jeans shorts. She raised her ass high to help Cindy slide them off and reveal the drenched panties she wore underneath.

I heard Cindy's giggle as she pressed her index finger right above Margot's clit, making her shudder. She untied the knot that held Margot's panties together and yanked them away, baring her perfect pink pussy. Wet as an ocean, and not a single hair in sight.

Margot's chest began rising and falling more rapidly, she could feel Cindy's breath on her mound. Silence seemed to fall in the room, but Margot's moans quickly filled it when

Cindy began lapping away at her friend's soaked pussy. My cock was now fully erect and straining against the fabric of the boxers I wore, and the more I watched Cindy savor Margot's juices, the more I wanted to make her mine. I stood up and approached the bed, the bulge in my pants giving my intentions away. Cindy heard me and stopped taking care of Margot to look me in the eyes.

"She's ready for you, Master..." She cooed, her hands reaching for my belt. In a flash my pants and boxers hit the ground and I kicked them away making my cock bounce, free from its prison.

I climbed on the bed and Margot's eyes were instantly on me - or, rather, on the cock that would soon tear her pussy apart.

Cindy grabbed it and swirled her warm tongue over the tip. It wasn't exactly necessary given how wet Margot was, but I'm sure she just wanted to taste me.

When she let it slide out of her mouth, Cindy slapped my cock directly onto Margot's swollen clit. She yelped, but Cindy did it again as she giggled in delight. After a couple more slaps, Cindy lined up my cock against Margot's opening, coating the tip with some of her leaking juices.

I could feel her warmth on my cock and despite Cindy wanting to tease her more, I couldn't wait any longer.

I waited for Cindy to line my cock in front of Margot's pussy and as soon as she did I pushed in, sinking into her to the hilt as she cried out in pleasure. I could feel her walls stretch and hug my cock, clearly not used to something that big.

I pulled back and pushed in again, watching her face contorting in a mask of pleasure as Cindy laid beside her to whisper whatever filth she could come up with directly into her ear.

"See how big he is? Imagine getting fucked by that cock... Every day..."

I could barely hear her voice, but Cindy's mischievous grin was enough to make me understand she was up to no good.

Working out a rhythm, my gaze kept bouncing between the two whores in front of me. Balls deep in Margot's tight pussy, my cock almost hitting her cervix every time I thrust into her as I watched Cindy's hand slide down her body to disappear under her pants.

Her voice soon joined Margot as they both moaned - one louder than the other, for obvious reasons.

We could be as loud as we desired, and despite no one letting Margot know she surely gave the soundproofing a run for its money when she came.

It was quick and unexpected, but I loved seeing the scene unfold.

Cindy's free hand crept up Margot's thigh, stopping above her mound. She pressed her palm down on it as she used her fingers to rub Margot's clit in fast circular motions. It seemed to work like a charm, as soon as she felt Cindy's fingers work on her clit Margot arched her back, almost causing my cock to slip out of her.

"Fuck this whore, Master, come on! Let's make her scream!" Cindy giggled, rubbing her friends' clit even harder.

A stream of expletives - at least, I think - all of them in french, erupted from Margot's mouth. I had studied it, but I was extremely rusty and barely recognized a word or two in there.

Either way, that signaled she was right on the edge. One more thrust sent her over and she screamed while her body trembled under our combined assault.

"Cum for Master, you little slut!" Cindy cheered, a devilish tone in her voice as she kept on rubbing Margot's clit while she screamed in pleasure.

Her pussy seemed to want to suck the cum right out of my

cock, the way it clenched on me with each wave of pleasure she felt brought me close too.

Cindy was unrelenting in prolonging Margot's pleasure, and I decided to give it my all. I increased my speed and force, grabbing her hips for support as I pounded her tight pussy into oblivion.

I wanted to make sure she would never forget this day, and the orgasms we gave her. I wanted to make sure she would always remember my cock, that she would feel it and miss how it stretched her tight pussy even back home.

I grunted and gave her one last thrust, hard enough to almost make the entire bed hit the wall. Hot cum exploded out of my cock, filling Margot's sore hole with spurt after spurt of my seed.

Spent, I pulled out of her and watched my cum leak out. Cindy was quick to lap it away, however, making sure not to waste even a single drop. I sat back in my armchair and watched her as her tongue explored her friend's hole, her juices and my cum mixing together to satiate Cindy's depraved hunger.

"Have fun with her," I said before gathering my clothes and leaving the two alone. Cindy needed to be rewarded after all, even if Margot probably wouldn't remain with us.

I wouldn't object to it, naturally. Nobody would.

I decided to head back down to the pool to cool off, closing the door to my bedroom behind me as the room once again filled with the sound and scent of their combined lust.





**THANK YOU, MASTER!**

# Chapter One

Margot left the morning after our encounter. Cindy had done it again, surprisingly enough. My whores weren't that smart, and in truth at times it felt like they would get dumber by the day. Regardless, even if the air inside their skulls got stale, they still obeyed my every order.

Alas, the boredom coma back roaring.

Sending Cindy out to find a new girl to fuck was a risky operation, one I would need to wait before trying again. In the meantime, I had to resort to what I had.

What I had, the five bimbos I had used in plenty of ways over the months. Granted, many men can only dream of a situation like this, and the fact that it was my reality was exhilarating.

I have always been a creature of habit, there's no denying that. Yet, the girls changed my life in more than one way.

Before they came along, I used to fill my days with work and occasionally call in an escort to get rid of the stress my job piled on my shoulders. I thought my career would go on for years and that eventually I would get to spend the money I earned and inherited, though I knew I probably wouldn't.

Cindy's arrival jump started my new life, and the other girls added to it. It made me realize I was wasting my time instead of enjoying life.

The rest is history, and the pages of that book are stuck together.

Thankfully I managed to avoid the public eye throughout my

entire life, though admittedly I wouldn't be in the spotlight even if I hadn't. I didn't want fame after all, just money. I would be lying if I said money wasn't a part of the reason why the whores decided to stay, but their expenses couldn't possibly make a dent in my bank account. In return, they fully submitted themselves to me - no one would pass on a deal like that.

My new way of life pushed me away from the routine and despite the fact that the girls were at my complete disposal, I wanted something new. Margot couldn't stay with us, I had to find something else. Someone or something new and exciting, or maybe even fall back into old habits left dormant for too long.

I realized I hadn't yet used the toys we brought along from the main apartment, and just thinking about them already had me coming up with ways of making my whores scream for more - or mercy.

The setup wasn't as visually striking as the red room I built back home, but it would still get the job done. It was a simple guest room at its core, but the inconspicuous trunk that sat at the foot of the bed contained most of the toys my girls loved and hated.

Usually the girls would spend their days outside - either at the beach or doing whatever it was that kept them busy. Stupid as they were, however, they still knew better than to leave the house when a storm was raging outside.

I have always loved rain, more so when nature stages a show of strength like that. Nothing dangerous, of course.

Regardless, the girls had to stay inside and anyone could tell they were visibly bored even though they tried to keep themselves busy with varying degrees of success.

Kate in particular kept sighing while scrolling through something on her phone as she laid sideways on an armchair. Even in that less than graceful position she still

looked amazing.

I approached her and her gaze shifted upwards to meet mine. She flashed me a sly smile and straightened up, sitting like a normal person.

I motioned her to come with me and she stood up, groaning softly, before following me to the guest room without making another sound.

The others didn't seem to notice or care, and that was perfectly fine for me - I wouldn't have to split my focus.

Kate closed the door behind her and leaned against it. "Is there something I can help you with, Master?" She cooed, batting her eyelashes at me.

I'll admit the fake ignorance was endearing, but the growing bulge in my pants didn't care for it. I saw her lower her gaze, and smile after she noticed it.

"Oh, I think there is..." She murmured, a coy smile on her plump lips.

# Chapter Two

Kate took a few steps towards me, her hands already reaching for my cock. I stopped her and grabbed her by the throat, squeezing it gently but firmly enough to remind her who was in charge.

I shoved her onto the bed, making her giggle when she bounced on it.

"Take off your clothes, whore," I hissed, and she swiftly obeyed me. Her shirt flew off and her bra followed right after, baring her plump breasts.

Kate slid off her jeans shorts after laying on the bed and raising her hips, her legs slightly parted. The panties she wore already had a wet spot on them, and once she yanked them away I saw her glistening pink lips just begging for me to use them.

The expression on her face was a mix of lust and anticipation. She loved being manhandled, and she had found her perfect match.

I opened the trunk and retrieved a few lengths of rope and a riding crop. When I raised my head again I saw Kate laying on the bed, spreading her lips as she bit her lower lip.

My cock was already hard as stone and straining against my clothes, though I knew I would have to wait a bit more before relieving myself.

"Turn around and get on your knees."

"Yes Master!"

Stupid as they were, they knew better than to disobey me - and I couldn't help but smile at Kate's expression when she noticed the riding crop in my hands.

I climbed on top of the bed and secured her wrists to the bed posts, making sure she wouldn't thrash around too much. I could have gagged her too, but I wanted to hear her moans and yelps.

Kate had been silent throughout, but her body betrayed her. Every time I touched her, goosebumps would erupt on her skin. That alone was enough to send a clear message, but her soaking wet pussy confirmed even more.

I rubbed the tip of the riding crop along her slit and she groaned ever so lightly, her juices coating the leather making it shine. I kept sliding it around her pussy, sometimes even flicking it over her asshole just to keep her on her toes.

From my position, I could see she was loving it. Her juices dripped down her thighs as she pushed her hips back every time she felt the crop on her hole. Kate was born to be a filthy whore.

"Fuck me, Master... I'm so wet for you..."

I grinned and hit her ass cheek with the tip of the riding crop - not too hard, but enough to make her jump and yelp.

"Please..." She begged again, and received another hit on the other cheek. Another yelp escaped her lips, but she didn't even try to move away from me.

"Do you think you deserve it?" I asked, rubbing the tip of the crop on her taint.

"I've been a good girl..." She murmured in response.

Kate and the other whores were the complete and polar opposite of that, anyone could see it. I moved the crop, rubbing it across the folds of her pussy and positioning it right on her clit.

A sharp breath signaled she felt it, and probably knew what was coming.

"That's a lie, Kate. And you know what happens to liars..." I trailed off. She didn't say anything, too busy preparing for the jolt of pain that would erupt from her clit.

I lifted the crop and saw her stiffen her body. Grinning, I flicked the tip of the crop barely above her clit - all she felt was the gust of air hitting her and nothing else. She drew a sigh of relief and began to relax, falling into the obvious trap I laid before her.

A loud yelp of pain escaped her lips when I flicked the riding crop on her clit, almost making me chuckle. Kate strained briefly against her bindings, but soon calmed down.

"I'm sorry Master, I..." I interrupted her.

"You should be thankful I didn't whip you harder, slut."

"Yes Master, thank you..."

"Louder," I hissed as I whipped her ass cheek once more.

"Thank you Master!" She cried out, her breathing still shallow.

Her ass cheeks took on a red hue thanks to the crop, making her all the more inviting. Her soaked pussy primed and ready to be filled seemed to call me, wanting to draw me in - but I had other plans.

I stepped off of the bed to retrieve some lubricant and a bullet vibrator from the trunk and took the chance to take my clothes off too. My cock sprung out free, precum leaking out of my engorged tip.

The vibrator was tied to a string for retrieval, but was otherwise controlled via a remote I also took with me. I positioned the toy in front of Kate's pussy and I heard her moan at the sudden feeling.

I pushed it past her opening and left it there before lining my cock in front of it.

"More, please..." She begged me again.

She didn't seem to learn her lesson, but a swift slap on her ass cheek set her straight. She yelped when the jolts of pain coming from her ass spread throughout her body, but she soon went back to moaning in pleasure when she felt me bury myself into her.



I pushed my cock inside her drenched pussy, feeling its velvety hot embrace smother my veiny rod as I kept on advancing, stretching her tight hole and pushing the bullet deep within her.

I backed out of her ever so slowly, making her feel every inch of me only to thrust back in again. All I wanted was to coat my cock with her juices. Pulling my cock out, I turned on the bullet and set it at its maximum strength. Instantly Kate began writhing in pleasure, though our games were not over yet.

I grabbed her hips, positioned my cock in front of her asshole and slowly pushed it in. She cried out, both in pleasure and pain, but her muscles quickly gave out.

Kate had taken my cock in all of her holes, she was more than used to having my veiny rod there. Regardless, making it fit at first was always a challenge - one that was fun for both of us.

Her tight ass enveloped my cock and she groaned with every inch of me I sank into her. Even with her juices coating my cock and my precum leaking out, filling her still took some effort. Regardless, I didn't stop until our bodies were touching.

I wanted Kate to feel full, dominated in every way and aspect. To remind her I owned her mind and soul, but most importantly her body.

I backed out until only the head of my cock was inside her asshole only to squirt some lube on the shaft of my cock and vigorously push back in again.

The scream that came out of her lips turned into a groan of pleasure halfway through. The lubricant made a world of difference, though I always take their holes without it at first.

I want to feel their full submission as they take my cock

wherever and whenever I wanted, in whichever way I preferred.

Her pussy had been steadily leaking juices onto her toned thighs, forming a trail that ended up making a mess on the sheets - A mess she would clean later on.

I began thrusting, giving her long and hard strokes to fill her hole up as much as I could. My cock stormed her depths at a steady pace, and Kate's groans soon turned into moans of pleasure.

Not only the toy embedded deep into her pussy was driving her crazy, she also loved having her tight asshole fucked by my large cock.

Even when it hurt, even after being punished for being a bad girl, Kate was a whore down to her very soul.

I picked up the pace and pushed her towards me with every thrust. I kept forcefully slamming my cock in her tight asshole and the harder I went, the more she pushed her hips backwards to match my rhythm.

"Harder, Master! Give me that cock!" She cried out, further arching her back to make her ass stick out more.

I obliged and began pounding her even harder. Her words turned into one long scream when the mind-shattering orgasm hit her and had her thrash against the binding that held her in place.

Her body convulsing as the shocks of pleasure turned her into a screaming banshee with no control over herself. She almost collapsed but I held her up by her hips while I kept on fucking her tight asshole, ravaging her hole like she wanted me to.

I could see she was resting her head on the pillows after the orgasm almost made her lose her mind. Her mouth hung open, drooling as her eyes rolled to the back of her head signaled she pleasure hadn't subsided yet.

Seeing her in that state gave me a jolt of energy. I felt my cock twitch and I let go of any inhibitions, slamming her so hard I almost pushed her body off of me.

My balls tightened, my cock twitched and I growled, releasing a stream of hot cum deep within Kate's guts. I kept on thrusting, pushing my cum deeper in almost as if I wanted to make sure it would never come out.

I grunted with every thrust, spurts of cum erupting from my cock as her tight hole drained me like it did plenty of times before.

I stayed inside of her for a minute, after turning off the bullet. I pulled out, though my cum didn't leak out of her due to her arched back.

"Thank... You.. Master..." She murmured, breathlessly.

I took a step back and circled around, positioning myself in front of her. Kate took my cock in her mouth and licked it clean of the cum that stuck to it.

Despite her warm, wet mouth, my erection still faded after the vigorous pounding I gave her.

I freed her from her bindings and she collapsed on the bed, looking as if a hurricane had devastated her.

The rain had stopped, but the girls decided to stay inside for the day. As for me, I retreated to my study to relax - it had been a long day, but a pleasant one nonetheless.



**MAKE ME SCREAM**

# Chapter One

Time, man's greatest enemy and ally, passed faster than a speeding bullet.

The sun kissed days we had gotten used to gradually turned grey as the sky filled with clouds, and orange as the leaves slowly fell.

I didn't mind, in fact I enjoyed fall far more than summer. I was a hermit at heart, and given the kind of company I surrounded myself with, it's easy to see why that hadn't changed.

Our vacation was coming to an end, and I decided to let the girls make themselves useful around the house. This was met with a few huffs and puffs, but nothing that a stern look couldn't fix.

They all got a list of chores and tasks to complete throughout the day - nothing too complicated, just house maintenance. It kept them busy and out of trouble, and that was more than good enough for me.

Naturally I still got to relieve myself with them whenever I wanted, and having them roam the house only made it easier. I even considered buying them maid outfits, but ultimately decided against it.

They weren't lazy, but they always tried to bargain their way out of their assigned tasks. I lost count of how many times I woke up to one or more of them sucking my cock, looking up at me all doe-eyed hoping I would spend the day fucking them instead of telling them what to do.

In truth, it often worked - though when one's genital are in someone else's mouth, being given the most pleasurable of care, it's hard to object to certain offers.

The renovation at my former clinic would soon be done - a week at most was left.

The morning in which we had to start packing began like many others - with a pleasant warm sensation coming from my crotch.

I opened my eyes and lifted the covers to find Sam gently bobbing her head on the tip of my cock, her eyes closed as he focused on the only thing that mattered to her.

She noticed I was awake and let my rod go only to begin jerking me off.

"Good morning, Master!" She greeted me, a sly smile flashing on her plump lips.

"Shouldn't you be packing?" I replied, my voice still groggy.

"But Master," she said, flicking her tongue over the head of my cock, "We want to stay here..."

I expected something along those lines to happen, but I hadn't prepared any plans for it. The girls had no say in the matter either way, so my word was final.

"That's not going to happen and you know it," I replied.

She tried to pout, but I didn't budge.

"Fine..." She murmured before welcoming my cock back into her warm mouth.

"Good whore."

Despite everything, Sam was still a bit of a rebel. She knew she wouldn't get what she wanted and couldn't resist the chance to take her revenge right then and there.

I allowed myself to relax a bit more - I didn't have many things to pack after all - and Sam's warm mouth on my cock was a more than welcome incentive to stay in bed.

Her motions were gentle, almost methodical - she knew how to please me, but she wanted to take her time before making me cum. I guess that was her way to get back at me, and in truth I didn't mind that much.

Sam's wet tongue gliding across my hard shaft, slowly savoring every inch of me as if my cock would be the last meal she would ever have. From the base all the way to the tip, her soft hands massaging my balls - it felt like bliss.

I lost track of time, and despite being fully relaxed I could feel the pressure building up. Sam's oral skills were undeniable, and I suspected she had been teaching the others, too.

She felt me twitch and began circling her tongue around the tip of my aching cock while simultaneously stroking my shaft. I didn't even pretend to try and last longer, I simply let myself go.

Sprits of hot cum erupted from my cock, spraying her mouth and throat while she relentlessly kept jerking me off to milk me dry. Sam was insatiable, but that morning I fed her enough cum to last her the entire day.

I looked down and saw drops of my seed on her lips, which she promptly licked clean once she made sure I had no more cum to give her.

"Thank you, Master!" She exclaimed, before leaving me to properly wake up.

I looked at the clock on the nightstand and realized I hadn't lost much time - barely an hour, and given what happened I wouldn't even consider it to be lost.

If anything, it was a great way to start a day.



# Chapter Two

After taking a shower and getting dressed, I headed downstairs to check up on the girls, and I was pleased to see they had been following their orders.

Most of them were still busy stuffing their suitcases with the myriad of clothing items they owned, but at least the house was spotless like the day I bought it.

I was sure I would miss that place, but I knew we would be back the following year - or maybe even sooner than that, as some sort of short vacation.

Regardless, I was and will always be a man of habit, and as such I couldn't wait to go back to my former clinic.

The architect kept sending progress pictures every week so I knew how the renovations had been progressing and I was pleased with the results - yet I was excited to see them in person.

"Do we really have to go, Master?" Eve piped up while folding a pair of jeans.

"Yes, we have to. Besides, there's no point in staying here with this weather," I replied, nodding my head towards the window.

The sky was a grey slate - typical for the season, though that day was even worse than usual.

"I know, I know... I just love it here!" She replied, smiling.

I could see the others nod in agreement, though as much as I wanted to keep my sluts happy, the decision had already been made.

"You'll love the other house even more. Besides, you're all getting your own room, so you won't have to share if you don't want to."

"Oh really? That's awesome!"

"And there will be space for your friends, if you want to invite them over."

I still wanted to get more girls to fuck. Greedy, I know, but what can a man do.

"So they can stay with us?" Emily asked as she walked over her closet.

"Not necessarily, though they're welcome to stay as long as they understand what is required of them."

My building wasn't a hotel, even if the thought of turning it into one did cross my mind a few times. A hotel that would cater to a very, very specific crowd.

Sadly, the concept I had in mind would not sit well with the law and thus I had to scrap it. Still, maybe it could happen further down the line, who knows.

"All done!" Cindy exclaimed from her room.

She peeked outside her room, locking eyes with me. "Do you need help with your stuff, Master?"

I chuckled. "I have everything ready, but I'm sure I can find something for you to do."

Cindy exited her room and walked towards me. I motioned her to follow me, and lead her to the guest room I kept the toys in.

"Oh yes we definitely need to pack those..." She giggled, closing the door behind her.

"You whores wouldn't want to go home without your toys, wouldn't you?"

"No! They're fun to play with when Master can't help us..." She murmured, lowering her eyes to the ground.

"Oh really? You can't wait for your turn, huh?"

I approached her, and I could already see the goosebumps rise on her skin even though I hadn't touched her yet. I raised my hands and gripped her throat.

"Answer me."

"No Master, I'm a filthy slut and I love getting fucked!"

My cock twitched when I heard those words, and the lust that dripped from every single one of them. I shoved Cindy on the bed and she squealed, though I could see she was already starting to enjoy herself.

The satin ropes I had used the last time I was here were still laying on the trunk so I grabbed them and climbed on top of the bed.

I bound her wrists together behind her back, but left her legs free. She knew better than to close them anyway.

I lifted her jeans miniskirt and instantly saw the damp fabric of the skimpy thong she wore. I pressed down on it with two fingers, right above her entrance.

"Who do you belong to, whore?" I snarled.

"You, Master! Only you!"

I gave her a slap on her plump ass cheek, the very same ass I had given her through surgery. She yelped, but deep down she loved it.

"Don't you ever forget that."

I felt an animalistic fury course through me, born out of pure unbridled lust. I needed to fuck Cindy, I needed to feel her wet pussy around my cock.

I yanked her thong away, almost ripping it apart, and exposed her holes. Both of them waiting for me, and all I had to do was pick one.

My pants hit the ground followed by my boxers. I positioned myself between Cindy's legs and grabbed my cock to guide it in her soaked pussy.

One long stroke, hard and deep, is all it took. Cindy yelped in both pain and pleasure as her walls stretched around my hard cock, and I didn't stop until I was balls deep in her tight hole.

Grunting, I pulled back and vigorously slammed myself back inside her as she cried out for me to fuck her even harder

between her screams of pleasure.

I obliged, working up a rhythm that made her juices drip out of her hole with every thrust I gave her. I felt as if I was in a trance, nothing mattered but me and her hole.

I didn't notice the door opening or Emily walking in until she was spreading her legs right in front of me, pushing Cindy's head down to feast on her gorgeous pussy.

The look on her face made me realize she probably announced herself and just went with the flow when I didn't answer her.

"Sorry Master, the others wanted me to make Cindy be quiet..." She said between heavy breaths due to her friend's tongue.

"You'll scream too," I replied as I grabbed Cindy's wrists for balance.

I began pounding Cindy's pussy even harder, her flesh gradually turning red. With every thrust, her entire body bounced towards Emily's pussy, and despite Cindy's incessant cries she was still doing a good job at eating Emily's pink hole.

I felt Cindy's body tremble under my merciless pounding and her pussy became even tighter as it clenched on my veiny cock, a massive orgasm tearing through her.

The shrill scream that escaped her lips was partially muffled by Emily when she pressed her friend's head down on her pussy in a vain attempt to silence the noise she made.

Despite the mind shattering orgasm, Cindy kept on licking Emily's pussy with the enthusiasm only a filthy whore like her could have.

I glanced down and I saw her lap away at it, stopping briefly to move her head side to side with her tongue out on Emily's swollen clit. It was driving her crazy, and in truth renewed my energy as well.

Emily's grip on Cindy's hair tightened as she bucked her

hips against her face, presumably close to an orgasm herself.

As for me, I kept on pounding Cindy's pussy. I wanted to fill her up with my cum, to make her unable to walk straight for a week and leak cum like a broken condom.

They were my whores, mine alone to use for whatever purpose I wanted, after all.

I lost myself in the primal lust that overcame me, both due to Cindy's pussy wanting to milk my cock dry and the beautiful sight in front of me.

What felt like a torrent of cum exploded out of the tip of my cock as I growled, still thrusting, and coated Cindy's walls with my hot seed. It already felt like plunging a hot knife through butter, but my cum made pounding her tight hole even easier. I kept on fucking her, cum spurting out of my cock every time I sank into her - some spilled out of her hole and onto the sheets, but I didn't care.

The primal lust subsided and I came to my senses, still buried to the hilt in Cindy's battered pussy. I pulled out, my erection fading, and watched as the cum I had unloaded deep within her oozed out of her opening as her muscles still contracted.

A man can get used to sights like that, and I surely did. Yet, it was time to head back to the place that changed my life forever.

After a few hours, when we had all regained enough composure and made sure everything was in order, we gathered in front of the house to get on the shuttle I rented. I caught the driver eying my girls and I couldn't help but chuckle, knowing two of them could hardly walk normally after what happened that day.

Life back at the former clinic would be different, but very enjoyable nonetheless.



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

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

The same happens to any other woman who sees it, including his ex girlfriend.

After some initial doubts, Michael soon realizes the power he holds - but will he use it responsibly or be corrupted by it?

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**Any woman who hears it suddenly can't control herself, turning into a sex crazed bimbo for him.**

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

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

Or alternatively, you can buy the complete collection:

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

# **Brainless Bimbos**

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

**Brainless Bimbos Collection - 1 to 5 -**  
**The first five stories all compiled into**  
**one book.**