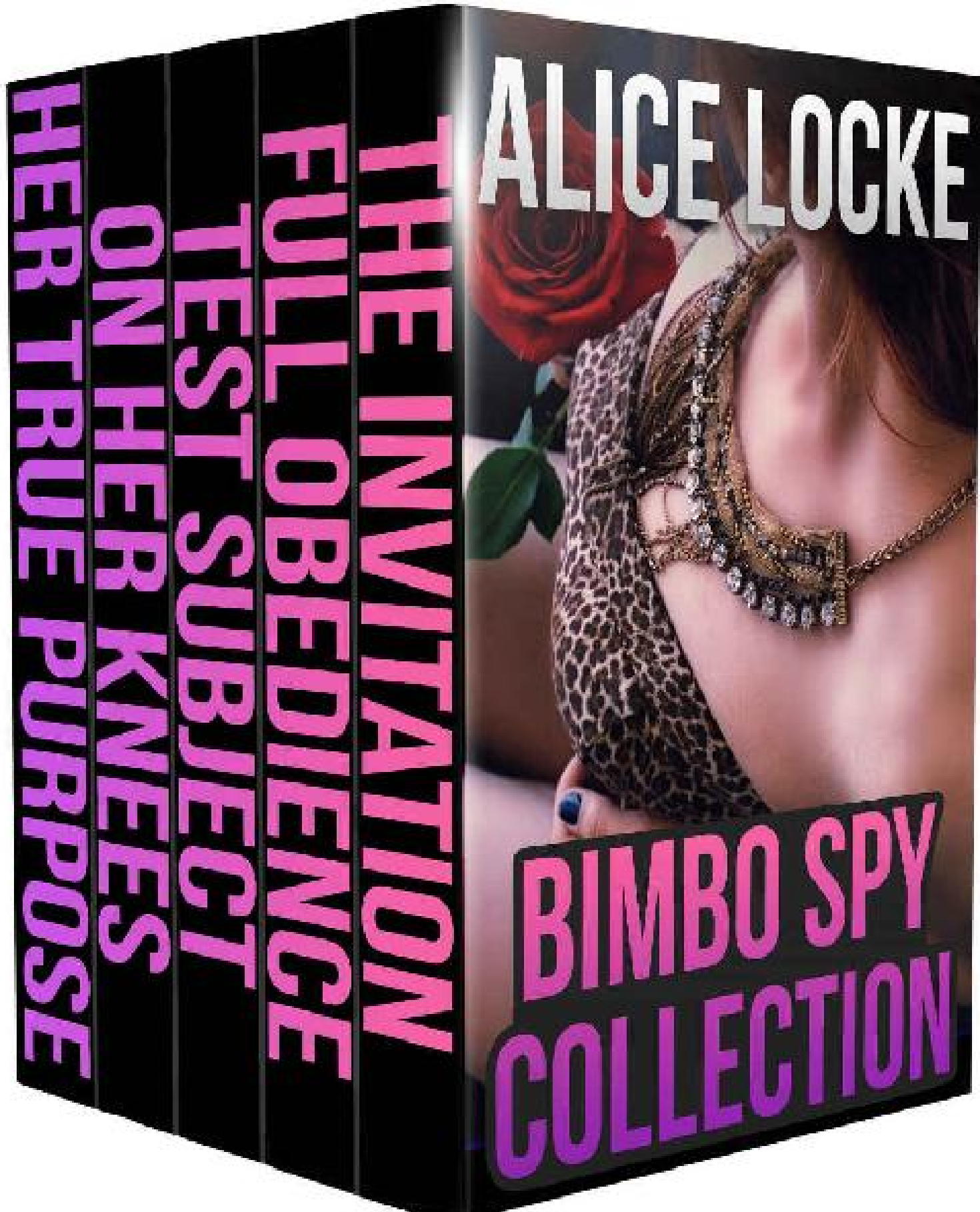


The book cover features a woman with dark hair wearing a leopard-print top and a chunky, ornate necklace. A large red rose is visible in the background. The author's name 'ALICE LOCKE' is at the top in white. The title 'THE INVITATION' is on the spine in pink. The series name 'BIMBO SPY COLLECTION' is at the bottom in pink and purple.

ALICE LOCKE

THE INVITATION
FULL OBEDIENCE
TEST SUBJECT
ON HER KNEES
HER TRUE PURPOSE

BIMBO SPY
COLLECTION

Before We Begin

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THE INVITATION

Alexandra Miller, **codename “Vegas”** is a **spy** that used to work for a *world class secret spy agency*. One day she receives a **party invitation** from **world renowned Doctor Johan Lindholm**, who is just a **lab accident away from becoming a mad scientist**. Knowing the agency wants him dead, she decides to **take matters into her own hands**. Will she finish her job or will she end up *full of the Doctor’s cream*?

Chapter One

An isolated manor out in the middle of nowhere might not be the most suitable location for a party, but when the organizer is none other than Doctor Johan Lindholm, people would scramble from all corners of the world just to be able to say “I was there”. Always on the news somewhere in the world, the doctor was the type of man to be one bad day away from turning into a full blown mad scientist, at least behind closed doors. His public persona was fairly eccentric to say the least, almost able to give Willy Wonka a run for his money. Some loved him for his contributions to the medical world, others hated him with a burning passion that would outshine the sun.

The Doctor’s wit was unrivaled, and that alone had him featured in most secret agencies’ watch lists. People didn’t know much about him, as Lindholm tended to keep to himself whenever cameras weren’t rolling. No one outside of his inner circle knew what he was really capable of, and even those he considered friends or allies were sometimes kept in the dark. He was turning into a problem, one that most governments would rather not deal with. Eliminating him would be a great loss for mankind, but could very well also mean its ultimate salvation. World leaders weren’t new to silencing problematic people, but Lindholm was a special case. His name carried far too much weight, and the hushed consensus was to simply wait and see what the man would create and then act accordingly.

The party was the perfect occasion to scout his manor. Aside from satellite footage Lindholm’s residence and whatever it could contain, remained a mystery. The sun slowly setting on the horizon cast long shadows on the guests as they made their way to the manor’s gates. Among them was Alexandra Miller, codename “Vegas”. Her long black dress like a second skin to her well toned body, she walked slowly and deliberately towards the entrance of Lindholm’s property. She wasn’t alone, quite the opposite in fact. The swarm of people that surrounded her was varied enough, a sign that Lindholm had invited people from all over the world. His motives were unclear, and the fact that there weren’t any camera crews around made it seem all the more important. Alexandra kept scanning those around her, looking for anything out of the ordinary. It was obvious that most men there were carrying guns even if they were trying their best to hide it. They were spies, just like her. The only thing she didn’t know was who they worked for, be it a private corporation like Alexandra’s employers or a government branch.

Either way, they wouldn’t be a problem. That event would probably just be a showcase for some product not meant for the public eye and nothing more,

though it would still be valuable in terms of information gathered. Alexandra crossed the threshold into the manor, carefully scanning the main hall to gain insight. At a first glance nothing stuck out, aside from Lindholm's apparent love for minimalism. A large staircase sat in the middle of the hall leading to the second floor, empty in the middle to overlook the hall. Once the doors closed and everyone had gathered inside, people began wondering when Lindholm would show up. Thankfully they didn't have to wait much longer, as the Doctor appeared on the second floor looking dashing as usual. Leaning on the railing and looking down at his guests, he spoke. "Welcome, welcome everybody!" He began, his cheery voice oozing honey with every syllable he spoke. "I'm so glad you all could make it! I trust the voyage hasn't been too tiresome, aye?" Nervous laughter was heard here and there, but for the most part people kept silent, waiting for Lindholm to continue. "Now that the formalities are done, let's get to the point. I know who you work for," He declared, his voice suddenly turning cold. The guests acted surprised, but most of them knew he had no reason to lie. Alexandra kept a calm demeanor, though she was sure there wouldn't be a happy ending to that event.

"Regardless, I have an offer for you and your masters. I hid my new prototype somewhere around the house. Find it, and whoever you work for will be grateful they spared me." Alexandra looked around and saw some eyes shift to either left or right, signaling that some of the guests were being fed information through an earpiece. She smiled, and calmly made her way to a door behind the staircase. "See, that one in the red dress is smart!" Lindholm chuckled, and added "Go now, you have until midnight." He retreated in his chambers, leaving the guests to figure out what they were supposed to do. Most of them ran, and only four others stayed. They all parted ways, following the orders they were given. Oddly enough no one began shooting - all of them belonged to different countries, but there was no need to start an international crisis.

Alexandra blocked the door behind her with a nearby chair. It wouldn't hold much, though she didn't have access to anything else. She found herself in a dimly lit corridor, a singular door waiting for her at the end of it. She cautiously made her way towards it, hoping not to trigger any defense mechanisms that may or may not even be there. Lindholm was hard to read - for all she knew the manor could be one giant death trap ready to kill at any given time. That didn't seem the case of the corridor. Alexandra stood in front of the black door and after a few seconds decided to turn the knob. Nothing happened, and the door led to a well lit room with what looked like a safe resting on a pillar in the middle of the room.

Chapter Two

“Remarkable...” That’s the first thing Alexandra heard when she woke up. Her eyes fluttered open and she found herself in what looked like a bedroom, Lindholm staring at her from across the room. She laid on a rather large bed, but didn’t have any idea of how much time had passed. “Do you remember who you are, young lady?” He asked, looking up from the notebook he held in his hands. “I...Alexandra Miller, Sir,” She replied, her voice shaky. “Well Miss Miller, how are you feeling?” She didn’t know how to respond to that. On top of that, Alexandra didn’t remember anything past the safe.

As she tried to sit up, she realized she was no longer wearing her dress. Strangely enough, Alexandra didn’t refrain from exposing her body, even if she was still wearing her bra. She’d always been a reserved girl, even after joining the agency. Her talents resided not in seduction, but in practical skills and ruthlessness. Regardless, she could make heads turn effortlessly. The training sculpted her body into that of a goddess. Her large breasts and ample posterior clashed with her lean body in a beautiful way, only enhanced by her fresh face and bright blue eyes. Her fair skin and dark brown hair were only the cherry on top of a gorgeous cake.

Aside from a slight headache, Alexandra was feeling better than ever. As her eyes adjusted to the bright room and focused on Lindholm, she felt as if a massive boulder had been lifted from her shoulders. The Doctor stood up and approached her, sitting at the foot of her bed. “Tell me, are you here to kill me?” He queried, his gaze fixated on hers. “I am here to serve,” Alexandra declared, flashing him a smile. She slowly removed the covers, feeling the satin rub against her soft skin. Lindholm’s eyes were glued on her body, and knowing that made Alexandra feel inexplicably overjoyed.

The doctor kept scribbling notes, but most of his focus was on his guest. It had become evident that something had changed inside of her, though nobody could tell why or how. He finally came to his senses. “Well, you seem fit enough to leave. Your dress is in that drawer,” he declared, pointing behind him, and added “Just keep going straight and you’ll be back in the hall.” “But I don’t...” She trailed off, seemingly saddened at the Doctor’s words. “Yes?” He asked, taking off his glasses. “I want to stay.” Lindholm chuckled. “And why’s that? So you can feed your handlers all manners of information about me?” “No, Sir. They don’t even know I am here and even if they did, who cares. I want to be with you.” Alexandra’s doe eyes were surely having a persuading effect on the Doctor, and both of them knew it.

He had never married, always too busy working or learning. His accomplishments were many, and would surely leave behind a long lasting

legacy, but his manor did feel empty. The doctor knew Alexandra couldn't be trusted, at least not for the time being. The flash of light was a defensive measure meant to stun people, but as it stood it appeared as if it had hit Alexandra a tad too hard. He had never tested it, after all. "I'm afraid this is a risk I can't take," Lindholm declared, pulling a handgun out of his pocket and lining its barrel right in from of Alexandra's face. She didn't flinch. Alexandra parted her red lips, and flicked her tongue on the underside of the gun's barrel.

The doctor stood up and put the gun away. Upon doing that, Alexandra clearly saw the bulge in his pants and her body seemed to react to it. A deep, warm sensation began spreading through her. Goosebumps rose on her silky skin and her legs instinctively began to part. The more she looked at him as he paced in front of her bed, the more the wet spot on her lace underwear seemed to grow. Alexandra's hand slid across her body to land between her legs and she audibly gasped when her fingers brushed her sex. The Doctor turned around to face her and finally understood what he had been missing his entire life.

With or without clothes on, Alexandra could easily be mistaken for a top model and the Doctor had her laying in front of him as she rubbed herself while staring at him. "Are you just going to look or will you help me, Sir?" She cooed, her hand never leaving her drenched panties. Lindholm took a few moments to process what was happening, as he had never seen a woman so eager to get physical unless she had been paid to do so. He didn't trust her but her offer was far, far too appealing to pass. "I know you want me, Sir..." She murmured between soft moans. The Doctor tried to resist but failed, and climbed on the bed to join his guest. Alexandra's hands reached for his belt and in a matter of seconds his pants were hanging around his knees, his cock straining against the fabric of his boxers. She began stroking over the cloth, as her other hand returned to her sex. "You're so hard for me..." She murmured, though her mouth was soon silence by the Doctor's.

Their tongues found each other and intertwined, starting a vicious battle that would soon leave both of them breathless. Alexandra slipped her hand under the Doctor's boxers and grasped his thick cock to pull it out of his boxers. She couldn't tell how long it was, but his girth would be enough to stretch her wide. She had to have him inside of her, no matter what. Both of them were softly groaning. Alexandra kept slowly stroking Lindholm's cock while he tentatively began running his hands up her thighs to finally reach her soaked panties. Pushing them to the side he ran his fingers along her slit and she moaned in his mouth, as the kiss kept getting more aggressive.

The Doctor buried two of his fingers deep within Alexandra's leaking pussy in one vigorous motion. It caught her by surprise, and she let out a loud moan

that forced her to break the kiss. Alexandra's juices coated his fingers as he began moving his fingers in a rhythmic motion. Her hole kept sucking him in, and the more he fucked her like that, the more he wished he was using his cock instead. Meanwhile, she had stopped stroking his cock when she felt his fingers invade her depths. All she could do is moan, inches away from his face, as the Doctor's fingers tirelessly. "Is this what you want, you little slut?" He asked, thrusting into her after every word. "I want your cock, Sir! Please just fuck me already..."

Throughout her life, Alexandra Miller had never uttered those words. Never, not even in jest. Yet, for some inexplicable reason she felt drawn to the Doctor. She wanted to please him, to be unquestionably his and no one else's. Even if it meant giving up on the rest of her life altogether, he had and will always have priority. Johan Lindholm was Alexandra's new reason to live, and she knew she would do anything to satisfy him.

The Doctor slid his fingers out of her hole, a thick string of her clear juices connecting them to her sex. Her sweet scent had him on the brink of turning into a lust driven beast, and it looked as if that was exactly what Alexandra wanted. "I want to be stretched Sir, please fuck me! I'll be a good girl for you, I swear!" She exclaimed, her hand still on his cock. He gave her a slight push and she fell backwards, again laying on the bed. Lindholm was beginning to enjoy the situation. Alexandra was truly beautiful, and he desperately wanted to relieve his stress using her body. She yanked her panties away and kicked them off, spreading her lips with her fingers to invite him in.

Despite his genius, he still couldn't understand the reasons that pushed her to act like that. He had seen her the previous night, she stood out like a sore thumb between all the others. They were trying to blend in with the crowd, but she wasn't. Alexandra knew why they were there, and figured there would be no point in hiding. Her gaze scanning the other guests for potential threats, her laser like focus shining bright behind her eyes. A woman trained to be a living weapon. Alas, that seemed to have vanished after she woke up. Anyone could see something was definitely different. The way she carried herself, her demeanor, were completely different.

She was nothing more than a horny bimbo rather than a world class spy.

Chapter Three

Lindholm crawled on top of her, but not before taking a good hard look at her pussy. Her red puffy lips, glistening with her juices seemed to call him in like a siren's song. He grabbed his cock and lined it in front of her hole. "I need it, Sir. Please!" She begged, as she unclasped her bra to free her large breasts. The way they bounced instantly captured the Doctor's attention and his mouth was soon on them, lightly biting her soft flesh as Alexandra moaned under his assault. Her turgid nipples, sensitive as always, sent shivers of pleasure throughout her body, and as much as she loved having her tits played with, she needed something more. She needed his thick cock to fuck her back to sleep, she needed to be filled with his cum. Alexandra craved him. Every inch of him, she wanted to worship.

Her once sharp mind clouded by desire, she couldn't overcome the overwhelming feeling of finally being herself. A set of holes to fuck, for a man like no other. As the Doctor played with her nipples, licking them and circling them with his tongue, Alexandra kept getting increasingly wet. Even if he had a sizable cock, largest than any other she had ever seen, she was sure he would slip right in.

"Fuck me, please just fuck me..." She begged again, as she grabbed his cock to line it in again. The Doctor could feel the heat coming out of her hole and pushed in. The head slipped past Alexandra's soaked lips and she yelped. Despite her juices, it would take some time before she could take him in his entirety. She didn't mind, all that mattered is that he finally was inside of her. He kept inching forward, pushing deeper into her as she winced in pain and pleasure. "You said you wanted my cock, whore. Does it hurt?" He asked, pushing harder than before. Alexandra yelped in pain, but quickly replied "Yes Sir... But I want it all! Please just fucking stretch me out..."

The Doctor was barely halfway into her impossibly tight pussy. Pushing into her was an arduous battle, one that he would ultimately win. Alexandra spread her legs even further to make more space for him as he relentlessly pushed deep into her, stretching her tight walls with every inch of his thick cock she took. Her hands slid down her body. With one she began rubbing her clit, and the other one went to Lindholm's ballsack. She massaged it ever so gently, but he clearly enjoyed it. Between his grunts as he pushed into her and her yelps and groans, that room could have easily belonged to any brothel. And yet Alexandra was still in the Doctor's manor, in which she hoped to stay for as long as he would allow her to.

With one final push he fully sank into her hungry hole. Alexandra's face was a mask of lust and pain, joy and pure unbridled desire. The way her walls

hugged his cock were almost painful to him, though in that moment nothing would have made him leave her hole. If Alexandra wanted to be a brainless bimbo and have her holes stretched by him multiple times a day, he would be sure to grant her wishes. "You're so fucking big..." She murmured between sharp breaths. "Get used to it," He replied as he moved backwards, her lips sticking to his cock as he did so.

Alexandra groaned as she felt every vein of Lindholm's large cock leave her tight hole, soon to storm back in and make her scream like the whore she so desperately wanted to be. "Give it to me Sir, hard!" He grunted and pushed into her depths again. The second time was easier, but sinking into her pussy brought waves upon waves of pleasure to both of them. She said she wanted it hard, so Lindholm didn't restrain himself anymore. He grabbed her throat and squeezed it, causing Alexandra to gasp for breath for a moment. She didn't have time to brace for the vigorous thrust the Doctor gave her. She cried out and arched her back, though the Doctor's body held her steady. "Just like that, just like that!" She screamed, feeling him impale her on his thick cock. "You want me to rip you apart, whore?" He queried, backing off once more before slamming himself into her again. Her entire body quaked every time he buried himself deep within her body. Her large tits bounced almost hitting Alexandra in her flustered face, and the strands of hair that covered her forehead were matted with sweat. "Yes! I'm yours Sir, use my body however you please!"

Lindholm didn't need to hear that twice and began thrusting even harder. Alexandra's fingers furiously rubbed her swollen clit. She was in a world of pure pleasure and bliss, and as she felt his cock ravage her tight hole she understood what her true purpose in life had been the whole time. Alexandra Miller was born to please him and only him.

The first orgasm shook her to the core. Her pussy clamped down on Lindholm's cock, making it even tighter than before. His loud grunts mixed in with her incessant screaming as she kept rubbing her clit to prolong the pleasure. Her mind went blank, and her vision black. Her ears rang, and nothing but pleasure mattered to her. Waves upon waves crashed through her toned body, making her thrash under the Doctor's weight as the massive orgasm swept through her. He held her steady and kept pounding her drenched hole throughout her orgasm, thrusting deep and hard despite the contractions. The Doctor's hard cock sunk into Alexandra filling her to the brim each time, just as she desired.

Alexandra screamed each time she felt his large cock stretch her, almost ripping her apart due to his size. Pain and pleasure mixed in to create a cocktail

designed to inebriate her, to give herself up to the lust she always suppressed. "Cum inside of me, Sir! Fill me up with your cum, I'm begging you!" Her sweet voice didn't match the words that came out of her mouth, but the Doctor didn't care. If anything, it only encouraged him to go harder. Soon enough Alexandra felt him stop deep within her and not a moment later, thick spurts of cum erupted from the swollen head of Lindholm's cock as a loud, prolonged grunt escaped his lips. "Yes, just like that, give it to me!" She shouted, locking her legs behind the Doctor's as not to allow him to back out. It was too late for that anyway, he had already unleashed all of his pent up stress inside of her tight hole. Lindholm kept thrusting for a bit more just to make sure his seed would coat her walls evenly. His erection gradually faded as he pulled out, and laid beside her. His cum leaked out of Alexandra's sore hole, red from the merciless pounding the Doctor had administered.

They both laid there in silence while trying to regain enough composure. "Thank you, Sir..." Alexandra purred as she rolled over to face him. "I still don't understand what you're trying to accomplish here, lady," He replied. "For some reason I feel like a new person, and it's all because you invited me here. I want to repay you, and I know it gets lonely up in this big manor..." She trailed off, just like she trailed her fingers on the Doctor's chest. "I invited you here because I know who you work for, miss Miller," He declared, pushing her hand away. "I kept it a secret, and I don't plan on going back. I'm yours, Sir."

The Doctor took a long, hard look at her. His gaze burning into hers, trying to see past the looks and into the soul. He usually could read people well, but in this case he was stumped. On one side, Alexandra could have killed him at any point after waking up, and on the other there was a real possibility she simply had a change of heart. Still, she had a point. The manor was big, and having someone to share it with - even if sharing only applied to the bedroom - was tempting. "Very well. You can stay, but one wrong move..." The Doctor didn't need to finish the sentence, Alexandra knew what he was capable of. "I will do anything for you, Sir! You can trust me!"

The seed of doubt still grew in the Doctor's mind, though Alexandra would soon eradicate it. The unlikely turn of event changed the Doctor's life more than he would be willing to admit, but he was simply too blind to see it at that time.



FULL OBEDIENCE

Lindholm, still unsure whether or not to trust Alexandra, decides to **put her to the test and see what *her body is capable of***. She has caused him a **great deal of stress** that he will **relieve in her, *but where?***

Chapter One

After leaving the guest room Alexandra occupied, Lindholm made his way back to his own chambers. Reflecting back on the events that transpired he found himself unsure about how what to do next, for seemingly the first time in his life. Alexandra was definitely dangerous - lethal, even. Her appearance was as deceiving as one could imagine, and despite her innocent looks she could easily take the Doctor's life in a heartbeat. People had tried to silence him before, even getting as far as sending men after him. Alexandra, however, was a first.

Lindholm knew the risk he had taken that night, though a beautiful woman spreading her legs in front of him was simply irresistible. It could have been a ploy to get him to lower his guard, but so many things didn't make sense. He had been watching the guests after he announced his little game, and Alexandra behaved like purpose. Cold, calculated and careful, at least before triggering the safe's security mechanism.

Lindholm had carried her to a guest room after she passed out, though she must have taken off her dress herself. The flashing light had an unusual effect on her, it seemed. In the tests the Doctor performed, it would simply stun people long enough for them not to become a threat. Alexandra, however, woke up and seemed completely different. The laser like focus behind her eyes faded, leaving behind the sense of tranquility she secretly craved.

The Doctor decided to simply get some rest. It had been a long, draining day after all, and Alexandra couldn't do much from the room she resided in - he'd made sure of that. Sleep came easy that night, for the first time in years. Lindholm woke up the following morning and fought the usual grogginess by following his morning routine. As much as he didn't want to admit it, he was curious to see what Alexandra had been up to.

Needless to say, Lindholm had eyes everywhere - including Alexandra's room. The security feed showed her practicing yoga in the middle of the room, wearing only her panties. Lindholm chuckled to himself, but he didn't know how to react to that. He felt bad for watching, though he could swear he saw her turn to face the hidden camera and wink at it just before a pose that had her assets on full display. Pacing back and forth towards the monitor, he pondered the situation. The normal thing to do would be releasing her, though she kept mentioning how she was his and only his. Doubts filled Lindholm's mind. Plenty of questions swirling about but no actual answers, at least not ones he could get to himself.

The best way to resolve the issue would be to talk to Alexandra and figure out what her end goal was. Lindholm made his way to her room and knocked

thrice on the wooden door. From the other side, a faint "Come in!" was heard, and the Doctor proceeded to open the door and cross the threshold into Alexandra's room. He found her sitting on her bed, beads of sweat covering her body even though she looked completely relaxed. "Good morning, Sir!" She chirped at him, a broad smile on her fresh face. "Let's skip the pleasantries and get to the point. What do you truly want?" "I want to serve you, Sir. Nothing else! I swear!" "Lies," He hissed at her. "I feel free with you, Sir! After I woke up I felt renewed, like I had a new purpose in life! I even crushed the cyanide capsule..." "Excuse me?" He queried, puzzled. "The capsule the agency gives us. If it breaks it sends them a signal telling them we're dead," She meekly replied. "So on top of them not knowing where you are, they also think you're dead." "Yes Sir. I did it for you, and if you don't believe me, just look!" She pointed at the nearby desk, and upon looking over it, Lindholm saw a white capsule broken in a few tiny shards, its contents slightly spread around it.

Lindholm sighed, stumped. On one side he wanted to keep Alexandra around, but on the other, she was a tremendous risk to take. "Very well. If you'd like to stay, you're welcome to. But before that, I need to test your obedience," Lindholm declared, a sly grin appearing on his mouth. "Anything for you, Sir! I'll be a good girl, you'll see!" Perhaps deep down, Alexandra was just a girl who had gone through too much in her young life. It would explain her sudden shift in personality, and why she felt so attracted to the Doctor. Either that, or the flash was far more powerful than intended.

The Doctor took a few moments to admire Alexandra's body. His gaze roamed on her smooth skin stopping, albeit briefly, on her curves and the growing dark spot on her underwear. Alexandra was fully aware of it and slowly shifted on the bed she sat on to reveal more and more. Granted, she was only wearing a pair of panties, but she was a natural born seductress just waiting to unleash her inner whore. Lindholm mumbled to himself, and Alexandra cocked her head to the side.

"What do you want me to do, Sir?" She asked, spreading her legs. "Do you want to fill me up like yesterday? Or will you let me taste that big cock of yours?" She continued. The bulge in the Doctor's pants steadily grew, and he didn't make the slightest effort to conceal it. She clearly wanted him and she would soon get the full extent of his sexual energy.

Chapter Two

The Doctor approached her and Alexandra already knew what was expected of her. Her hands reached for the Doctor's belt and expertly undid it, letting his pants fall to the floor. Alexandra's gaze snapped on Lindholm's cock, straining against the fabric of his boxers, almost begging to be freed. In one swift motion she pulled down his underwear, making his cock spring out and lightly smack her in the cheek.

Alexandra could now see the Doctor's veiny cock, the same one that almost ripped her apart the previous night. He was definitely bigger than any other she'd ever seen. Even though taking it would hurt, the pleasure and the sensation of being full, of reaching her true purpose as a bimbo, far outweighed the pain she felt. The mouth watering cock in front of her, its veins bulging and its purple head swollen, looked like a delicious meal that Alexandra desperately wanted to savor. Lindholm pushed forward, his cock resting against Alexandra's lips. She gave it a quick kiss right on the tip before parting her lips and thrusting her tongue out, inviting him in.

The Doctor had always been a patient man, but it was hard to resist something like that. Looking down he could see Alexandra sitting on her bed, mouth open and ready to taste him. Further down, her perky breasts hung, swaying and jiggling with every move she would make. Her legs, slightly spread, revealed a growing wet spot on her underwear. Alexandra was perhaps the perfect sex toy, her body seemingly designed to please a man to the best of its capabilities. Yet the more the Doctor looked at her, the more he felt he could improve her. Make her deepest wishes come true, and turn her into a mindless cock-addicted bimbo.

Snapping out of his trance, he moved forward ever so slowly. Alexandra's mouth, warm and slick with saliva - even though some of it was running down the corner of her lips - enveloped his cock and made him grunt in pleasure. She began lapping away at his cock, her hands roaming across his body. She wasn't in any rush, fully intending on tasting every inch of him. Alexandra's main focus was the engorged tip of her Master's cock, though she would alternate her motions just to keep him on his toes. Her tongue swirling around the head then flicking across his hole, always sucking on Lindholm's cock to draw his precious cum out. Alexandra backed off, releasing the cock she had been savoring from her hungry mouth. She didn't waste any second though, and she began licking the Doctor's veiny shaft from the tip, still slick with her saliva, down to his ballsack. The long strokes of her tongue soon coated Lindholm's entire cock with her saliva. Alexandra went back up and began bobbing her

head on it, making him groan in pleasure. Lindholm looked down at the whore, still busy sucking his cock while filling the room with filthy slurping noises. "You really are a whore, aren't you?" He queried, groaning as he finished the sentence. Alexandra let his cock go, looked up at him and breathed out a soft "Yes, Sir..." before diving right back on Lindholm's impossibly hard rod.

The young woman knew what she was doing, but the Doctor wanted more. He placed his hands on her head and pushed her towards him, his large cock sliding down her throat. Alexandra did not even flinch. She opened her mouth as wide as she could and let her Master use her like the toy she always wanted to be. A toy doesn't think, a toy is just there to be played with. Lindholm held her head steady as he sank his cock in Alexandra's throat, feeling the vibrations resonate through him whenever she would groan. He was slow at first, almost gentle, but as time went on his pace quickened. He's stop every once in a while to let his whore breathe, but would plunge right back in. Alexandra's teary eyes were a sight to behold for the Doctor, and at first he thought he could be hurting her. Upon not-so-close inspection, he realized she had been playing with herself ever since he started fucking her skull.

Alexandra gasped for breath at every chance Lindholm gave her, but most of the time his cock was plugging her throat as thick strings of saliva coated it, along with Alexandra's mouth. It even dripped down to her breasts, and Lindholm could've sworn he saw her scoop some of it up with her fingers before plunging them deep into her pussy. The incessant gagging noises paired well with the slurping, and the room soon filled with a cacophony of filthy sounds. Lindholm backed out of Alexandra's throat, a trail of saliva connecting his cock to her mouth. "See.. I told you I would be a good girl..." She declared as she gasped for breath, an audible raspiness to her voice. Looking down at her, the Doctor had made a mess of her face without even cumming on her. The make up she had been wearing from the previous night was smeared all over her face, her saliva coating half of it. Tears ran down her cheeks from her eyes, making her look like an extremely cheap whore. Still, a proud smile adorned her face, as she had taken her Sir's cock without even flinching. Alexandra knew her future was on her knees to worship him, perhaps under his desk late at night, when he would do his research.

Chapter Three

Alexandra's throat had been a nice appetizer, but Lindholm knew where he wanted to unload his cum. He pushed her backwards, just like the previous night, but this time he rolled her over instead. Alexandra let her Master handle her like the doll she was, even giggling a bit when his strong hands effortlessly propped her body on all fours, as if she weighted nothing.

Lindholm had a perfect view of Alexandra's ass, even if her soaked underwear was in the way. He yanked it away and her hands instantly shot up to her ass cheeks. Alexandra began spreading them and letting them go, making her glistening pussy open and close before her Master. Never before she had felt so comfortable with anyone - the Doctor was special, to the point in which she would allow him to do anything to her. She looked back at him and whispered, in a new found sultry voice "Fuck this whore, Master... Don't you see how wet I am for you?"

Alexandra soon felt the tip of Lindholm's cock slip past her lips to stretch her hole once again. Her pussy was still sore from the previous night, but none of them cared - the Doctor wanted to fuck even more obedience into his whore, and Alexandra wanted to feel his thick cock flood her walls with hot cum. His advance never stopped and after a moment his cock was filling her up to the brim. It still felt as if her pussy would tear apart with every inch of his large cock he stuffed into her, but the feeling was heavenly, far too good to pass up.

Slowly, ever so slowly Lindholm retreated. Alexandra groaned all the way through - she could feel the shape of his cock leave its imprint inside of her, and that alone almost sent her over the edge. Alas, her pleasure could wait. Lindholm sank into her again, vigorously this time. She yelped in pain and he grunted, feeling the friction even though her hole was slick with her juices. Soon enough they found a rhythm, and fucking her tight pussy gradually became easier. Alexandra began rubbing her clit her fingers often brushing against her Master's cock as it pounded her.

"You're so fucking big, Master..." She growled between labored breaths. "And you love it, don't you whore?" "Yes! Give it to me, Master!" Lindholm grabbed a handful of her brown locks and pulled her towards him before giving in to his desires. Lust took over and he began slamming his cock into her sore pussy as she screamed after every thrust. Alexandra's body thrashed around on her Master's cock as the orgasm sent waves upon waves of pleasure crashing through her, shaking her to the core while a high pitched scream came out of her lips. Her pussy clamped down on Lindholm, rhythmically contracting almost as if she wanted to suck the cum out of his cock. He kept on pushing into her, grunting as he did so. The Doctor's merciless pounding made

Alexandra's body tremble. He was fucking her harder than before, knowing she could take it and love it despite his size.

Lindholm looked down at the gorgeous woman he was relentlessly fucking. Her arched back made her look even more slutty than she already did. With every thrust her face seemed to sink further into the bed, but none of them cared. The only thing they had in common was the insatiable lust that pervaded them both. Alexandra's pussy was like heaven to him, but he wanted to try her asshole too.

He slid out of her after giving one last vigorous thrust. "But Master, I want your cum inside of me..." Alexandra cooed, looking back at him. Lindholm didn't reply, opting to align his cock against her asshole instead. Alexandra took a sharp breath, bracing for what was to come. The Doctor pushed into her, even though her muscles were putting up a fair fight. He won in the end, and as Alexandra winced in pain, the tip of Lindholm's cock sunk into her asshole. "Slowly Sir, please!" She begged, and the Doctor complied. His cock was slick with her juices, though penetrating her asshole was way more arduous than her pussy. He never relented, always pushing his cock deeper into Alexandra's guts until he was fully buried into her. He had been growling the whole time his cock was inside of her asshole, and Alexandra had been equally as vocal - only with yelps and groans.

Her asshole was tighter, gripping on Lindholm's large cock as if it was a vise. "No one's ever been there, Master..." She murmured between labored breaths. She kept rubbing her clit to ease the pain, and it had worked. The Doctor had claimed her asshole, and the more his cock remained inside of her the more he wanted to keep her around indefinitely. A whore to fuck in any hole, at any given time - those are rare, even when one has to pay for them. Alexandra wanted that to be her life, and Lindholm would surely help her. Backing out of her once virgin asshole, the Doctor stopped when only the tip of his cock was inside of her. Admiring her pained expression filled him with a new found energy, and he plunged deep within her again, his crotch slapping against her cheeks.

Slow and deep became the new rhythm, and despite it being Alexandra's first attempt at anal she had been handling surprisingly well, more or less. Her winces and cries of pain soon turned to groans and even moans of pleasure, though the Doctor couldn't tell if those were to be attributed to his cock ravaging her asshole or the fact that she had been playing with herself.

Lindholm's pace increased as he felt the orgasm rise from his depths. He grabbed her hips for support and began pounding her tight asshole harder and harder - making her cry both in pain and pleasure. That wasn't his concern, he wanted to cum and he was hell bent on filling up her tight asshole with his seed.

A few thrusts later he buried himself deep within her while cum erupted from the engorged tip of his cock. Spurt after spurt coating Alexandra's tight asshole as she moaned and begged him to fill her up even more. "Give me your cum, Sir! Give it to me!" She shouted, her sentence broken by Lindholm's grunts as he released all the stress Alexandra caused him deep inside of her. The orgasm drained him, and he collapsed on top of her. His cock still plugging her asshole, preventing his cum from leaking out onto the bed, to join Alexandra's juices.

In that moment, Alexandra realized that the path she took was the wrong one. Serving her Master, obeying his every wish and order - that's what she was born to do. And she wouldn't let anyone get in the way. As they both tried to regain their composure, the Doctor piped up. "Welcome to Lindholm Manor, miss Miller. Enjoy your indefinite stay."



TEST SUBJECT

Alexandra wants nothing more than to **please her Master**, and she is **willing to do anything for him**. The Doctor has *secretly developed a tool* to help **reshape one's body**, and Alexandra will soon **use it to become the perfect bimbo**. It takes time for it to work, and after **two long weeks** they are both ready to **give in to lust**.

Chapter One

Life at the Manor had always been quiet, especially above ground. It had been built with secrecy in mind, often to an unrealistic extend. Different contractors were hired to build parts of it and then let go, leaving others to finish what they had started. Nobody except for Lindholm knew how far down the Manor reached, or the secret its rooms and floors held. For the most part, the Doctor spent his days working on whatever new project his mind happened to birth. Alone, sure, but ultimately feeling fulfilled.

Alas, humans have needs and Lindholm was no stranger to them. Before the party that brought Alexandra into his Manor, the Doctor wouldn't think twice about taking matters into his own hands and relieving himself as any other man in history, but his new guest proved to be the perfect solution to his problem. Alexandra was given a private room next to Lindholm's, and unrestricted access to the above-ground part of the Manor. The Doctor didn't allow anyone to see what happened down below, and he surely wouldn't allow a woman who once belonged to a spy agency to snoop around.

Regardless, Alexandra was more than happy to take on the role of the dumb sex toy, one that she excelled at. It had been a week since the Doctor allowed her to stay, and she had been slowly adjusting to her new life in the Manor. Alexandra had never been too keen on big houses before, preferring cozy places instead. Yet walking through the halls of Lindholm's Manor made her realize how wrong she had been. Alexandra had been pursuing a goal she didn't properly realize she had, and reached it by pure chance. Even she could see it clearly in front of her, and she was determined to hang on to it no matter what.

The Doctor took a liking to her, though they both knew it was just because of her assets. Every morning Lindholm would enter her room to use her mouth, and every night he would use her other holes. Alexandra got used to the new routine fairly quickly, more so because the Doctor was always on time. The clock struck eight and the door would slide open, the light from the hallway shining on Alexandra's naked, kneeling body. Her mouth hung open, her tongue out and waiting to serve her Master as her saliva dripped from it and onto the bed. There were no greetings, the Doctor wasn't there to talk. She was simply a sentient set of holes to fuck.

At night, things were different. If at the start of the day Lindholm seemed distant, at the end of it he was quite the opposite. Given his field, Lindholm could either be ecstatic or downright furious, both of which fueled his sexual might. Alexandra's body seemed to be his only source of relief, and she loved every second of it. She loved how he would slam her pussy mercilessly after a

bad day or torture her swollen clit after a good one. Lindholm had his quirks, but he would always leave Alexandra shaking and gasping for air while his cum dripped from one - or sometimes more - of her holes.

As if following a tried and tested script, Alexandra woke up at seven o'clock and promptly began her morning routine. Showering always took her time, but she knew the Doctor would soon arrive to feed her his cum. Just thinking about his hard cock and the load she would swallow was enough for her to get wet, even though she knew Lindholm wouldn't fuck her until the end of the day. Alexandra's hands roamed across her toned body to lather it with soap, and as her fingers brushed her mouth a soft moan escaped her lips. She tried her best not to give in to lust and somehow managed - the Doctor's cock always had priority. Stepping out of the shower, she quickly dried herself up just as the clock was nearing eight. Alexandra climbed on top of her bed and kneeled on it, wearing nothing but the scent of the body wash she used.

She laid there in wait, and exactly as her clock struck eight the Doctor walked in. Alexandra was ready to please her Master, as any other morning. She saw the bulge in his pants and her hands soon took care of his belt and zipper. Lindholm's hard cock sprung out and landed right in front of Alexandra's lips. Looking up at him she slowly took it in and savored every inch of his cock, making him grunt in pleasure. He would usually just tilt his head back and let Alexandra do everything, but this time it felt different. Lindholm's eyes were fixated on her body as her head bobbed up and down his hard cock, seemingly studying her forms. Alexandra didn't question it - her mouth was more than full, after all - and simply focused on her Master's rod.

Her tongue gliding over the large tip of the Doctor's cock and her hands slowly jerking the saliva coated shaft - that's how Alexandra's days all started, and both parties involved wouldn't have it any other way. She released his cock from her warm, wet prison only to rub her lips across the shaft while gently massaging Lindholm's balls. That move always seemed to work on him - Alexandra was slowly learning how to be the perfect little whore for her Master. She heard him grunt and took his hard cock in her mouth again, furiously bobbing her head over it as she stroked the his hard shaft. The Doctor placed a hand on her head and began rhythmically pressing down on it to help her movements, though in reality all he wanted was to cum. Alexandra felt his cock twitch and she tried taking him deep in her throat. She had been training, so his cock slid in effortlessly as thick spurts of cum erupted from it. She kept playing with his balls and playing with her head after backing up throughout his whole orgasm, ropes of cum landing both inside her mouth and on her lips as the Doctor growled in pleasure.

Both of them gradually stopped moving, and soon after his erection faded. Alexandra, not wanting to waste even a drop of her Master's cum, cleaned his cock and made sure to lap up every single bit of cum until his shaft was nothing less than spotless. "Thank you, Master!" She cooed, looking up at him. He nodded, though it was evident his mind was busy. That's how he always behaved, though that day felt somewhat different. Lindholm hadn't taken his eyes off of Alexandra's body throughout the entire blowjob, whereas usually he would just focus on himself. Either way he left the room satisfied and Alexandra continued her morning routine, happy to have pleased her Master one more time.

Chapter Two

Alexandra would spend her days around the Manor, often experiencing things she had to stay away from in her past life. Social media, for example. She enjoyed posting pictures of herself on the internet, feeling admired by hordes of strangers. That admiration was justified, Alexandra had always worked hard to stay in shape. Even in the Manor, she would always make use of the private gym Lindholm had or simply swim in the large pool out back.

She enjoyed it, and she wasn't the only one to do so. Lindholm would never admit it publicly, though deep down he knew her body was what drove him to her. Regardless, Alexandra's figure could always be improved and Lindholm had been thinking about it for a couple of days at that point. Plenty of the projects he worked on weren't fit for public release, but were rather just toys he would amuse himself with. He had the means to augment the human body with reliable results, but chose not to share that tool with anyone. The prospects were not appealing, even though he knew it couldn't fail. That was due to the fact that he had tested it on himself, time and time again. Lindholm's body was toned, but he was stronger than he appeared. All of that was a result of his experiments, and his manhood benefited from them as well. His plan was to morph Alexandra's body into that of a perfect sex toy. Larger breasts and backside, full lips ready to suck him dry and not a hair on her body below the neck.

He figured it was a win-win situation for him, as he didn't completely trust Alexandra yet. If she truly meant what she said, that she only wanted to worship him and nothing more, she would accept his offer. If not, it meant she was still working for the agency. Either way, Lindholm would walk away as the victor.

The Doctor calmly made his way to Alexandra's room and let himself in, catching her by surprise. She cocked her head to the side and greeted him before kneeling down in front of him, ready to take him in. "Stand up, we have to discuss an important matter," He declared. Alexandra obeyed. "What is it, Master?" She queried. The Doctor explained his plan and how the procedure would work. Alexandra wasn't the sharpest tool in the shed, especially after the incident, but Lindholm felt like she understood enough. It was fairly simple: go to sleep looking normal and wake up some time later with a body that most people would dream of and kill for. "Is it going to hurt?" She asked, doubtfully. "Not at all. My body underwent the same procedures and here I am." "I trust you, Master..."

Lindholm lead her to the underground portion of the Manor after having blindfolded her. His old rules still applied, after all. The grey hallways were smaller compared to the ones above ground, and lacked any and all

decorations save for identification tags on the many doors. After a few minutes, they reached their destination. Alexandra couldn't see anything and the only distinct feature about the room she could feel was an evident change in temperature. Goosebumps rose on her pale skin as Lindholm lead her to what felt like a bed. "Are you ready?" He asked after she laid down. "Yes Master!" She cheerfully replied.

The Doctor put a mask over her face and instructed her to count backwards. A few seconds later the gas had Alexandra out like a light, and Lindholm could begin augmenting her body to fulfill his desires.

Chapter Three

Alexandra woke up in a daze, but didn't feel any difference. She didn't know how much time had passed, though the curiosity was strong. Even if the light was almost blinding she realized she was in her bedroom, tucked under the satin sheets of her bed. She brought her hands up to touch her face, feeling her smooth skin - almost fearing something bad had happened. Nothing. Her hands began roaming across her body and soon enough a surprised gasp escaped her lips as she felt her breasts. They were definitely plump before, but now they were easily twice their original size. Just brushing her fingers on them sent shivers down her spine, more so when she began squeezing them and playing with her nipples. Alexandra was in no pain whatsoever just as Lindholm promised, though her body felt way more sensitive than before.

The door to her room opened and Lindholm walked in. "I see you're enjoying your new assets, Alexandra," He declared, staring at her. "Yes Master...Thank you..." She murmured, her voice still groggy. "Good. Get some more rest, you'll need plenty of energy tonight," He declared. Before Alexandra had a chance to reply, Lindholm was gone. She did as instructed and closed her eyes, soon enough drifting back into unconsciousness while still holding her large breasts.

Alexandra woke up again later that day, just as the sun was about to set. Heading out to her bathroom to take a shower she took a moment to admire her new body in the large mirror that stood near her wardrobe. The difference was astounding. Whatever the Doctor had done turned her body into that of a goddess, even more than it already was. Just her front side would be enough to make heads turn, and her ass looked like she had spent years in the gym doing only squats. She almost couldn't stop staring at herself but alas, she had to. Nothing helped her wake up better than a shower, and she felt in dire need of one.

As the water ran across her body, Alexandra felt better than ever before. Her hands exploring her new body kept sending shivers of pleasure through her, almost as if she had never been touched before. As much as the urge to fuck herself to exhaustion right then and there was extremely powerful, she knew her job was to please her Master first. Her pleasure was always second to his, no matter the circumstances. It was a small price to pay, but Alexandra could easily deal with it.

After the shower, Alexandra glanced up at the clock and realized Lindholm would be there soon to claim what was his. She couldn't wait, and found herself already getting wet just thinking about the Doctor's hard cock ravaging her. The door swung open as she was still daydreaming about her Master, and there he was. The look on his face suggested it had been a good day, but the hunger in

his eyes made Alexandra feel like a prey being stalked by an all powerful predator.

Alexandra was wearing only her bathrobe and nothing else, as she hadn't had time to pick an outfit. It wasn't an issue, considering the Doctor looked like he was ready to rip her clothes apart. The more he stared at her, the more the bulge in his pants grew, aided by Alexandra's position. Laying on her bed, legs slightly spread to reveal her smooth pussy. The bathrobe was far too tiny to cover her properly, and as a result her curves were in almost full display. Lindholm approached her slowly causing her to part her legs even more, her pussy beginning to leak her juices. She felt incredibly horny, though she couldn't tell whether or not it was due to how much time the procedure had taken. All Alexandra knew was that she needed to be fucked hard and soon.

She untied the know of her bathrobe and opened it to reveal her body, spreading her legs even further to invite Lindholm in. It worked like a charm and in a flash he was on her, pinning her against the bed. They soon began kissing, their tongues intertwining as the Doctor's hands roamed across her body, inching ever so downward to find her glistening hole. He thrust two fingers in, feeling her warmth and wetness coat him while she moaned in pleasure. It had definitely been a while for Alexandra, and she felt like she could cum just from that. Yet she knew she could hold on. Lindholm began fucking her tight hole with his fingers, going slow but deep. Alexandra's moans were muffled by the ongoing kissing, or at least they were until he began applying more force in his thrusts.

Her soft moans turned to cries in a heartbeat, and Lindholm suddenly stopped. His fingers slid out of her, covered in her juices, and he raised them in front of her face. Her eyes lit up and she enveloped them in her warm mouth, cleaning them and tasting her sweetness on them. Alexandra kept lapping away at them until the Doctor retreated to take off his shirt. She instead took care of his pants as she normally did and a few seconds later Lindholm's hard cock was free. Alexandra bit her lower lip when she saw it. She needed it, deep inside of her. She wanted her Master's cock to rip her apart and make her feel like a woman.

"Fuck me, Master... I need your cock..." She murmured, though the Doctor didn't need suggestions. He took her hands and pinned them above her head as he climbed on top of her, using his other hand to rub the engorged tip of his hard cock along her slit. "Please..." She begged, just as Lindholm slapped her clit with his cock. Alexandra yelped, but the sharp breath she took when she felt the Doctor's veiny cock enter her silenced all the sounds she made. All she could do was stand there, slack jawed and silently screaming as the thick rod pushed into her. Alexandra felt every inch of him reach her depths, parting her

walls to stretch her tight pussy. It felt as if he'd never stop, but eventually he did. She was filled to the brim with his manhood, and her body was already being rocked by waves upon waves of pleasure.

He began moving backwards and Alexandra cried out in pleasure. His cock seemed larger than ever, and she loved how it felt like she would be torn apart by it. Given it had been a while since her last orgasm, she was already getting close. Lindholm began thrusting into her, slowly but steadily at first just to see how Alexandra would react. Needless to say she loved having his thick cock inside of her, so much so that she began begging for more far sooner than usual. His whore wanted to cum all over his cock, and he would make sure she would.

The Doctor's pace increased, though he decided to mix things up as well. At random times we would break the rhythm to deliver a vigorous thrust that made Alexandra scream every time she would feel his hard cock reach her depths. Lindholm made sure she wouldn't play with herself by pinning her arms above her head, so it took her a while for the orgasm to rise. Yet when he slammed himself into her once more, Alexandra's mind went completely blank. The earth shattering orgasm shook her to the core, making her thrash around the bed. Her legs tried to snap shut, but the Doctor made sure she would stay in place and spread for him to enjoy. He fucked her through the orgasm to extend the pleasure even further. She hadn't stopped screaming ever since she came at first, and the vast array of filth that came out of her mouth only made him go harder.

The second orgasm hit her and it felt like an atomic bomb had gone off inside of her. A white hot wave of pure bliss spread through her body as it quaked and quivered under Lindholm's unrelenting assault. His grunts were barely audible given Alexandra's sustained screams of pleasure, but no one was around to hear them. They could be as loud as they wanted, and she never held back. She wanted to tell the world how good her Master's large cock felt as it stretched her tight hole wide, how savory his cum tasted and how badly her body craved it. Her cries were somewhat silenced when Lindholm squeezed her throat tight while simultaneously picking up the pace once more.

The way Alexandra's pussy pulsed when she came made it harder for him to contain himself. The procedure had taken two weeks, in which he purposefully avoided masturbating just so her could fill her pussy up like never before. The orgasm was fast approaching, and the Doctor couldn't hold back anymore. With one last thrust and a loud grunt he emptied his balls deep within her drenched pussy. A seemingly endless torrent of cum erupted from his cock and coated her insides as she locked her legs behind him, pushing him further in and ensuring he wouldn't back out. He filled her tight pussy to the brim, though his

cock acted as a plug and kept his seed sealed within its rightful place. As Lindholm let go of her throat he collapsed on top of her, both of them panting and their bodies coated in sweat.

The experiment had worked just as intended, not that the Doctor had any doubts about it. Alexandra's body had been modified to fit Lindholm's desires - he had molded her into his personal fuck doll. In truth he had always toyed with the idea, but never had the possibility of actually doing it until Alexandra showed up. Lindholm knew she fully belonged to him, more than ever.



ON HER KNEES

After Alexandra's **bimbofication**, she was **ready to please her Master** in any way he wanted. Still, **he wanted more**. He wanted to **dominate her** in every way possible, and that when he **brought her to the dungeon...**

Chapter One

The Doctor had been absent from the public eye for about a month, and the speculations began to run rampant. It was fairly uncharacteristic of him, and naturally the most widespread theory about his sudden disappearance involved his death. In truth, Doctor Lindholm had just been spending his days working on new ways to help - or destroy, depending on one's outlook - humanity. That, and putting Alexandra's new body to the test every single day, sometimes in multiple occasions.

A single look was enough to make him begin to lose control. Her body had been augmented with the sole purpose of creating a perfect sex goddess, and the fact that Alexandra was always willing and able to satisfy any and all desires the Doctor had only added to her character. Alexandra wasn't the kind of woman one would remember for her wits, at least not anymore. Alexandra willingly bit more than she could chew with the agency, and her life changed as a result.

Anyone who believed she hadn't been trained to use her body as a weapon, especially in sexual situations, would be considered far too naive to live on this planet. She knew how to please a man, how to find what made them squirm and use that knowledge to her advantage. That seemed to be the only parts of her training that still lingered in her mind, as the rest of it was filled with whatever meaningless things she happened to focus on.

Her job at the Manor was to please the Doctor, and luckily she did a great job at that. Alas, the Doctor found himself wanting more and more. The Doctor's lack of public appearances extended to another month, though admittedly he hadn't been working on much during that time. On the contrary, he decided to give himself a vacation for all his hard work - a vacation that would start and end in his Manor, away from prying eyes and curious ears.

His encounters with Alexandra became rougher and more frequent. At the end of the day both of them would be exhausted and drained, and sore more often than not. Lindholm appeared to be in a sexual frenzy, and Alexandra loved being his prime and only target. As much as the Doctor kept relieving his stress in her body, he would ultimately leave her room feeling hardly satisfied. In the heat of the action they both were in bliss, and Alexandra could barely string together a coherent sentence after getting thoroughly pounded into the mattress by him but the Doctor wanted to step things up.

It started with Lindholm getting more aggressive towards her, taking what was rightfully his without paying much attention to her needs. Her pleasure was second to his after all, and they both knew it. Alexandra kept doing all she could to ensure her Master's satisfaction, always asking for more instead of begging

for mercy. She could never have enough of him or his cock, even when Lindholm fucked her so vigorously she thought her body would split in two. Her battered pussy and bruised asshole would always be sore at the end of the day, but yet ready to start all over again after some rest.

In return, Alexandra didn't ask for much. The unspoken agreement was that she could make full use of the above-ground portion of the Manor and all of its contents. Alexandra was never partial to the life style that most women her age would lead. She much preferred to stay indoors, and the Manor suited her needs to perfection. Granted, when the Doctor was around there was always a concrete chance he would show up and take her mercilessly without warning, but that only made living there way more appealing than it would otherwise be.

The bimbo life was perfect for Alexandra, even more than she realized.

Chapter Two

Despite the vacation, Lindholm's mood didn't seem to improve. On the contrary, he appeared frustrated rather than relaxed. Alexandra did her best to provide the relief he needed. The Doctor kept filling her holes up with his hot cum multiple times a day and yet it still didn't seem to do the trick. The frustration grew each passing day, and it reflected in the way he would fuck her. At first the Doctor was considerate enough to care about her needs to an extent, but the more time went on, the more he would simply use her like the mindless fuck toy she wanted to be. He would grab her, bend her over and proceed to stretch her holes wide only to dump a hot load deep within her. That's the script that kept repeating, after which he would simply leave her to clean herself up.

They both needed change, and that came shortly after. Alexandra hadn't seen Lindholm yet that morning - weird, considering that usually by that time she would already have his cum on her tongue. Regardless, he made the rules and she was there just to obey so she patiently sat on her bed, waiting for her Master to feed her the first load of the day. Naturally, Alexandra got bored after waiting for what felt like forever. In reality it had barely been an hour.

Her phone rang, bringing her back to reality. "Third floor, now," Lindholm ordered before hanging up. He didn't give Alexandra time to answer, though given how his voice sounded she knew she had to hurry or face the consequences. She quickly made her way up the stairs and found the Doctor standing in front of a room she had never been in. Throughout her stay she had explored most of the Manor - save for the portions of it she wasn't allowed in - but somehow always managed to miss that one room. Alexandra may have been a mindless bimbo, but at least she had enough curiosity in her to at least scout her new living arrangements.

That same curiosity turned out to be what turned her day from an uneventful one to something she would always remember. "You wanted to see me, Master?" She asked, approaching him. Lindholm nodded, hunger behind his eyes. He turned around and opened the door, which lead to a dark room Alexandra couldn't see the contents of. The Doctor crossed the threshold into it, and she followed suit.

As the door shut behind them, the lights came on all at the same time. Alexandra's head spun around to take in the contents of the room. Ropes, a vast collection of toys and a cross-shaped structure standing in one of the corners. She smiled coily. Even if she had never done anything too out of the ordinary, Alexandra was curious to see where this would take her.

The Doctor's hands began exploring her body, as they had done many times before. This time, however, she could sense there was a renewed vigor to

Lindholm's motions. He wanted her, and he didn't want to waste time playing games. The Doctor yanked Alexandra's tanktop downwards, exposing the white lacy bra she wore underneath. A few seconds later, that same bra was thrown on the floor as her large breasts were freed from its grasp. The sudden aggressiveness had caught her by surprise, but she wasn't about to back out of it. Her head tilted back as she felt Lindholm's tongue circle her turgid nipples while his hands pressed downwards.

The shorts she wore, along with her underwear, soon dropped down to her ankles. She kicked them away while Lindholm's fingers rubbed against her mound. She moaned in pleasure, though she couldn't help but wonder if he would use the contents of his sex dungeon to torture her. Naturally that was Lindholm's end goal, and he couldn't wait to reach it.

He turned Alexandra around to face the cross and delivered a swift slap to her ass cheek. She yelped but got the message, and hurried to the direction her Master had indicated. Lindholm retrieved a few pairs of handcuffs from a nearby drawer and approached her, fire in his eyes and a large bulge in his pants. "Are you going to tie me up, Master?" "Shut up, whore," He replied, and added "Today you are nothing but holes to fuck, understood?" "Yes Master, I am all yours to use!"

His tone was stern enough but somehow Alexandra didn't seem as intimidated as she should. Regardless, Lindholm would soon pound her into full submission. He secured her wrists and ankles to the cross, leaving her defenseless against him. It was a new experience for her but so far she had been enjoying it. Giving herself up completely, allowing her Master to do anything he wanted to her thus submitting fully to him. That's what Alexandra had always wanted, and what she now had. Her pussy was already leaking her juices, preparing her hole for the rough fucking she was about to receive.

Lindholm seemed calmer than usual, even if Alexandra could clearly see he couldn't wait to destroy her holes. He took off his clothes, and her eyes instantly focused on his toned body. Most of all, Alexandra kept staring at his large cock, thinking about how badly she wanted it inside of her.

Chapter Three

The Doctor approached her slowly, his cock pointing straight towards her. Alexandra licked her lips in anticipation, though she had no idea how Lindholm would take her. He placed what looked like an anal plug just inches away from her mouth, without saying a word. Alexandra knew exactly what to do, her tongue sliding outwards to coat the toy with her saliva. Lindholm's gaze burned into hers while she kept seductively lapping away at the toy, making sure to cover every inch of it to allow it to slide in as effortlessly as possible.

Knowing how Lindholm had been acting recently, Alexandra wondered how long he could resist before ravaging her. It wouldn't be long, considering she could clearly see a bead of precum on the engorged tip of his cock. The Doctor moved the plug away from her tongue, making her pout. It wasn't his cock, but she could have pretended it was for a bit more. Instead, Lindholm kneeled in front of her, his face merely an inch away from her leaking pussy. He rubbed the toy along her slit just to tease her and she moaned softly, feeling the plug part her soaked lips. Her moans were cut short when the Doctor abruptly lined the plug in front of her asshole and pushed in.

Alexandra's muscles gave out while she yelped and the plug slid in quite easily, even though her sphincter was still fighting it. Lindholm hadn't used her asshole much, preferring to dump his loads in her pussy or throat instead. Regardless, Alexandra's holes were trained to accommodate his large cock, so the plug wasn't too painful for her. The plug locked into position once it fully slid in, and Alexandra was already loving the change of pace. From forceful, fast pounding to slow torture involving all of her holes. That room may have been her version of heaven, though Lindholm could easily turn it into her own personal hell.

He had been staring at her pussy the entire time, and Alexandra could feel his hot breath on her clit. Her scent was intoxicating, more so since her juices were steadily flowing out of her to form a small puddle on the floor. Lindholm couldn't resist and spread her lips with his fingers only to run his tongue around her opening ever so gently. Alexandra cried out in pleasure when she felt it, even if she wanted him to end the games already and fuck her like the whore she knew she was. Lindholm's self control reached new heights. His cock hurt, and his face was practically buried in Alexandra's leaking pussy and yet his tongue never once plunged inside of her.

As much as he wanted to make her squirm, he desperately wanted to dominate his whore like he never had before. He stood up, Alexandra's juices coating his face, and went to retrieve another item from the drawer. "Master, please..." She called out to him, and added "I need you cock, give it to me!"

She didn't have to spell it out, anyone could've seen she was in dire need of a rough pounding. Lindholm turned around, a wand vibrator in his hand and a gag in the other, along with something that resembled duct tape.

The gag turned Alexandra's moans and cries into unintelligible muffled sounds, and given what Lindholm wanted to do to her, it was for the best. Without warning he pressed the toy into her clit, and that was enough to make her almost jump back in surprise. What Alexandra wasn't expecting was Lindholm to tape the wand in such a way that the vibrating head would always dig into her mound and clit. Her eyes flashed with fear as she knew how powerful those vibrators were, and just then she realized she wouldn't be able to walk straight for a long time after that day.

Lindholm turned on the wand and set it to medium strength. The toy buzzed to life and instantly Alexandra began thrashing against her bindings, her eyes rolled to the back of her head as the waves of pleasure spread throughout her body. She could still handle it, though she didn't know for how long. The puddle under her leaking pussy had been growing in size as her pussy never once stopped leaking her juices. The gag muffled the sounds she made, and while Lindholm usually loved hearing her scream and beg, he knew she would get impossibly loud that day. He didn't care, all he wanted was to completely and utterly dominate his dumb bimbo whore.

The Doctor walked behind her without Alexandra even realizing where he went. Grabbing his cock, the tip now drenched in precum, he lined it up against her glistening pussy and pushed in. One long thrust, slow by unrelenting, filled her hole all the way to the brim. Alexandra's muffled moans turned into one prolonged scream as the first orgasm ravaged her gorgeous body, and Lindholm wasted no time. He began slamming his cock into her right after raising the toy's strength to the maximum level, causing Alexandra to go into overdrive. She kept thrashing against the cross, seemingly wanting to break it down and flee from the overwhelming amount of pleasure she was being dealt. Her mind couldn't focus on anything but the massive waves of pleasure radiating from her pussy. The wand kept torturing her clit as Lindholm's large cock stretched her walls - Alexandra was tight, so much so that the Doctor could feel the vibration on one side and the plug on the other.

The whore in front of him deserved the treatment she was getting, and the way she moved, sounded and looked only made Lindholm want to go harder. Like a beast pervaded by pure, unbridled lust he kept pounding her pussy hard and fast, not even trying to contain himself anymore. He had been waiting for this, for the chance to claim Alexandra as his whore. To make her understand she only had one Master, that she would only take and please his cock only. The more his large rod pushed into her, feeling her tight walls strangle it, the

more he wanted to go harder and harder still - almost to fuse their bodies together in a never ending state of orgasmic bliss.

The Doctor kept thrusting with enough force to make her entire body quake. The orgasm had been rapidly building up and he knew he couldn't hold back much longer if at all. As for Alexandra, her battered pussy kept sucking him in every time he would pull away from her, and her muscles spasming made her feel even tighter than she was. Lindholm grunted and with one last powerful thrust, he flooded Alexandra's pussy with his huge load of hot cum. Feeling that warmth spread inside of her pushed her over the edge and another orgasm shook her to the core like an earthquake. Both of them connected in the most intimate way possible, trying not to fall over as cum kept spurting out of Lindholm's cock only to be sucked out by Alexandra's hungry pussy.

He turned off the wand after a couple more minutes. They both tried to regain their composure, but it was evident it would take far more time than that. Alexandra's legs gave out and she almost fell over if it hadn't been for the cross and the Doctor holding her up. He slid his cock out of her gaping pussy, a river of cum flowing out of it and joining their juices on the floor. Lindholm took a moment to admire his handiwork, and Alexandra's ravaged body. Her pussy, swollen and red, still glistening from his cum and her juices combined almost made him hard again. The Doctor freed her wrists and Alexandra collapsed to the floor, on her knees above the puddle they had made. Next up was the gag, which was coated with his whore's saliva.

She looked up at him and stammered out a meek "Thank you..." with her croaky voice due to her throat being sore before letting go, her head falling to her chest. Lindholm grabbed her by the hair and made her look up at him once more, meeting her empty gaze with his. "Who do you belong to, whore?" He asked, sternly. "You, Master... Only you..." Lindholm let her hair go and freed her ankles. Alexandra slumped to the side, still catching her breath after the first BDSM session she had ever endured. Even though it was the first, both of them knew it surely would not be the last.



HER TRUE PURPOSE

Alexandra decides to brighten up her **Master's** day by **teasing him** with her **hungry mouth**, but **he wants more**. He lets her **lead the games** for a while, but soon after **the roles switch**. After getting **filled with his hot cream**, Alexandra realizes how much she **loves** being his **Bimbo**.

Chapter One

Throughout her entire life, Alexandra had always been under constant pressure. Between school, her family and then her career, her nerves were under a never ending assault born out of stress and the fear to disappoint. She wasn't the only one, and she never will be, though that hardly made a difference for her. Alexandra was, by all accounts, a people pleaser. Her former friends in college would wholeheartedly agree she was a saint, always there to help and make sure people were on the right path.

All of that took a big toll on her, more than she would admit. It's a story old as time itself, people who have been dealt a rough hand eventually break. Alexandra's breaking point was the sudden realization that she could just give everything up and hope her life would be alright. That point came during her self assigned mission at Lindholm's Manor. The security system that was meant to kill her simply stunned her, and in that moment she felt powerless. Powerless like she had been before, but with one way out. Letting go of her past life to become the polar opposite of what she was. From an intelligent, deadly woman capable of anything to a mindless bimbo whose only worth lied between her legs.

It felt comforting, in a way. Lindholm would take care of her and in return all she had to do was make sure his sexual wishes were fulfilled. She never thought about her life ending up like that, but the more time went on, the more Alexandra realized how well it suited her. They didn't converse much, partially because Alexandra's mind just couldn't measure up against the Doctor's. Not many could, after all. Yet, communicating wasn't an issue. Alexandra could follow orders, and that was pretty much what Lindholm wanted.

She took initiative, too. Lindholm would spend most of his days underground working on his secret projects, and Alexandra would patiently wait for him in front of the elevator. On her knees, mouth open, ready to service him. She didn't do it because she felt forced to, however. Something deep within her kept telling her to. A voice, her own voice, kept weaving tales of pleasure and bliss right into her mind. Naturally she would listen, much to Lindholm's happiness. Alexandra wanted nothing more than to be his slut, to be owned by him in every way possible. That was her true purpose, the only reason she was alive was to please him.

The Doctor on the other hand, didn't mind having her around. Alexandra's presence somewhat brightened up the Manor, though he didn't care much for that. He wanted her for her body, and the fact that she provided some company could easily be overlooked. Lindholm had always preferred being on his own, though certain activities required another person. Alexandra came at the right

time, and seemed intentioned to stay indefinitely. The Doctor thought long and hard about that, evaluating the risks and the potential rewards. Ultimately, he allowed her to stay as long as she would take care of his cock at any given time.

After the vacation, life at the Manor returned to normal. The media craze about his disappearance ended after he attended a charity fundraiser, by himself. Alexandra stayed at the Manor, even though she wanted to accompany him. Regardless, Lindholm didn't want people digging too deep into his date's life. Besides, she was nothing more than a set of holes he would dump his cum into.

Chapter Two

After a particularly cold day, Alexandra noticed the Doctor had been acting somewhat strangely. "Is everything alright, Master?" She asked, cocking her head to the side. "Yes, yes..." He replied, absent mindedly. Lindholm seemed lost in thought, a scene Alexandra had seen plenty of times before. Usually that meant he didn't want to be bothered, but that time his face had a worried look on it. Alexandra decided she would make him feel better, one way or another.

Sitting on the black leather couch in the middle of the living room, the Doctor didn't even notice the fact that Alexandra stood up and left. Too engrossed in his own mind, he was. All of that changed when she returned to the room just a few minutes later, wearing only a choker and her makeup. Alexandra calmly walked up to him and his eyes instantly darted across her silky skin. She had his full attention, and all it took was getting naked. No one could blame Lindholm, Alexandra's body was worthy of a goddess.

"Let me help you, Master..." She murmured as she kneeled between his legs, her hands roaming across his thighs and abdomen. The Doctor let her proceed, knowing that taking a break would probably clear his mind. Alexandra's skilled hands made short work of the Doctor's pants, and his hardening cock was soon freed from its prison. She gently took it into her hands, lining it up in front of her lips. Alexandra looked up, her gaze fixated on the Doctor's, and gave his cock a wet kiss right on its tip. Lindholm grunted, tilting his head back. Alexandra smiled to herself and began licking his cock, from the ballsack all the way up to its tip. She could feel it harden in her hands, growing and growing until the large cock she knew and loved was hard enough for her to bounce on.

As much as she wanted to feel it ravage her insides like so many times before, she wanted to take her time and make sure her Master was thoroughly drained by the end of their session. Her hands gliding on his veiny cock in a slow but rhythmic manner didn't do much for him - the pressure was beginning to build up, sure, but Lindholm was more on the fast and rough side. Regardless, he had always lead the games up to that point, and for once let his whore decide where things were headed.

He felt the familiar wet embrace of Alexandra's warm mouth on the tip of his cock. Her tongue tentatively circling his head while her tiny hands held the Doctor's cock in place, as if it was an ice cream cone. Alexandra moved one of her hands away from Lindholm's cock and went instead to play with her soaked pussy. Her fingers rubbing her aching hole made her moan, though Lindholm's large cock muffled most of her sounds. He knew what his whore was doing, there was no mistaking the sounds coming from down below. Alexandra would

always get wet when sucking her Master's cock, enough to form a puddle beneath her. That time, however, Alexandra had different plans. She could easily spend hours playing with herself, torturing her sore pussy with endless orgasms, but she instead decided to focus entirely on the Doctor.

Her mouth let the head of his cock go and it slumped backwards, resting on his shirt. A few seconds later, Alexandra grabbed it again and began to jerk it, this time with less friction. She had been playing with her hole just to get her juices flowing and coat her hand in them, in a rare bout of devilish intelligence. The lubrication made everything easier, and Alexandra soon resumed sucking the large cock she had been jerking off. Her saliva dripped down, mixing with the juices that were slowly drying on his cock.

Alexandra wasn't that smart, but she surely knew how to make her Master relax and forget about his worries. Lindholm finally relaxed and she could swear she even heard him moan once. That could have been her imagination, but it gave her an even bigger incentive to keep going. Her head bobbing on the tip of his cock, filling the room with gagging noises and the ever present slurping of her tongue. Alexandra knew he wouldn't cum anytime soon, yet she was fully determined to drag the blowjob on as much as she could. Waiting meant a stronger orgasm, and more importantly, more cum for her.

A few more minutes passed, and suddenly Alexandra felt Lindholm's hand grip her head. She expected him to push her down, forcing his veiny cock down her throat as he had done plenty of times before, but nothing of the sort happened. He instead lifted her head up, his cock sliding out of her mouth. Their gaze met, and the hunger behind Lindholm's was enough for Alexandra to understand what she was meant to do.

Chapter Three

The Doctor's hand switched from Alexandra's head to her throat. He squeezed it, gently but firmly, as he guided her body onto his. She followed the instructions and climbed on top of him, his large cock resting on her navel. Alexandra grabbed it and lifted her hips above it, never breaking eye contact. She lined Lindholm's large cock in front of her opening and lowered herself on it. She moved slowly enough to feel every inch of him as it parted her walls, his vein seemingly leaving an imprint on her insides. A long, drawn out moan escaped Alexandra's lips, cut by a sharp breath when Lindholm's cock buried into her to the hilt.

The Doctor could clearly see the lust in his whore's eyes, the desperate need to be full of his cum. Goosebumps rose on her skin when she felt his hand squeeze her throat once more, slightly pushing her upwards. Alexandra got the hint and raised her body, quivering as the large cock inside of her almost slid out. Moving back down, it was like he had entered her for the first time again. Lindholm's cock reached spots Alexandra didn't even know she had, and the pleasure would soon cloud her already foggy mind.

Lindholm let go of her throat to place his hands on her hips. Alexandra kept bouncing on his cock rather gently, as if to delay the inevitable orgasm that was building up inside of him. Alas, her time to lead the games had run out. His grip on her hips tightened and he waited for her to rise. Only the tip of his cock remained inside Alexandra's tight hole, her lips stretching on his rod due to its size. Lindholm held her there for a second, and she wondered what he wanted to do. As the realization hit her, the Doctor vigorously pushed her hips downward, his cock sinking into her in a split second.

Alexandra screamed in pain, though the pleasure of having her Master's large cock stretching her pussy wide canceled it out. It became their rhythm: Alexandra would raise her hips and Lindholm would slam her body back down over and over again. That's how he liked to fuck her, hard and rough. Luckily she loved getting her holes destroyed by his veiny cock. Alexandra's hands were free, and like the whore she was she decided to play with herself as her Master relentlessly slammed her sore pussy.

Grabbing her breasts first, squeezing them so tight they felt like they would explode, then focusing on her turgid nipples. Her fingertips circling them slowly only to begin torturing herself by twisting them. Alexandra let her carnal desires take over. In that moment she was nothing but a living doll to use and abuse. One of her hands moved downwards to rub her clit. Lindholm was still busy pounding her hole and while his large cock sent bolts of pleasure shooting

throughout her body every time he would push her down, the slut needed more. Her touch was gentle at first, but she knew it wouldn't get the job done.

What Alexandra needed, wanted and craved was the mind shattering pleasure she would only get from the combined effort of her Master's cock and her nimble fingers. She began rubbing her clit applying more pressure, often breaking the rhythm due to her juices making her fingers slip. Alexandra didn't mind, she was standing on the edge of what felt like the most powerful orgasm she had ever felt. As Lindholm slammed her hips down again, Alexandra's mind went blank. She screamed, a white hot wave of pleasure radiating from her pussy spread throughout her body as the massive orgasm rocked shook her to the core. Despite her thrashing and flailing, Lindholm kept her steady despite not being able to continue pounding her.

Alexandra's body went limp. Her pussy was still convulsing over Lindholm's cock, and every tiny movement he would make felt like an impossibly powerful thrust. Still, the Doctor wanted to fill his whore up. He grabbed her by the hips again and pushed her away from him, his cock flopping out of her pussy making a squelching noise. He propped her up on the couch and positioned himself behind her, pushing his thick cock back into her drenched pussy.

Alexandra could still feel the aftershocks, but she knew her Master wouldn't let her go without filling her pussy up. Her back arched as Lindholm buried his thick cock into her. Her throat sore from all the screaming, all Alexandra could do was let out a croaky cry, her voice breaking with every thrust. The Doctor didn't want to waste time or let the orgasm fade - it had been a stressful day, and Alexandra's wet hole was just what he needed to turn it around.

Once more grabbing her hips for support, Lindholm began mercilessly pounding Alexandra's leaking hole. Despite the copious amount of juices, they could still feel the friction. The Doctor's labored breaths as he slammed his large rod into his whore were drowned by the sound of his ballsack slapping against Alexandra's pussy, often hitting her clit and sending small bolts of pleasure throughout her gorgeous body. Looking down at her, at her pale skin and the plump ass that kept quaking after each thrust, Lindholm realized he had been missing something like that his entire life. His personal whore, his own fuck doll to use at his leisure. A hard spank made Alexandra yelp in pain, though she would gladly take anything her Master would dish out for her. She was his whore, that was her true purpose. It always had been and always will be.

Lindholm felt the orgasm rise. Another spank, hard enough to leave a red hand print on Alexandra's pale ass cheek, was his way of signaling her that she would soon be full of his cum. She knew, even if her pussy was sore and mildly numb she could still feel his large cock twitch. Increasing his pace and force did

the trick. Thick strings of hot cum erupted from his cock as he kept thrusting, almost wanting to fuck his cum deeper inside Alexandra's wet hole. Lindholm's face contorted in a mask of pleasure as he grunted, slamming his cock as cum kept spurting from it to coat his whore's insides.

As the orgasmic bliss subsided, so did Lindholm's erection. His cock was still inside Alexandra's pussy, plugging her hole to trap his cum inside where it belonged. Alas, as the blood left his cock and it began shrinking, the load he dumped into her pussy slowly leaked out of her and onto the couch. He took a second to admire his handiwork: his hand prints on Alexandra's ass and her red gaping pussy, wet from her juices and his cum, truly were a sight to behold.

As for Alexandra, she would need more than a minute to recover from the hard pounding she had just received. In a rare moment of clarity, her mind went back to her old life. To her problems, the worries that kept her awake at night. All of that was in the past, her new life couldn't even compare to her old one. Another slap, this time on her leaking pussy, brought her back to reality. She yelped, but let out a feeble "Thank you..."

Alexandra belonged to Johan Lindholm. She was his whore, his bimbo, and she would make sure he would always end the day by filling her pussy up with his cum.

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