

ALICE LOCKE

**BRAINLESS
BIMBOS
COLLECTION**

FIXING THE BRAT

FIXING THE NURSE

FIXING THE MILF

FIXING THE MODEL

FIXING THE MAID

Before We Begin

This story will be told in a serialized fashion, but every chapter can be enjoyed individually.

You can find all of them in my [Author Central profile page](#).

In this bundle, you'll find the first five books.

Table of Content

Fixing The Brat

Brianna is a rebel, a brat who does not want to obey her parents. She wants to live her life in her own way, and **can't wait to go to college** to be free.

Before she can go, however, she is told she has to **meet a man from the university** she will be attending - **doctor Montague**.

The doctor's sweet words and alpha demeanor will soon make Brianna realize that in the end, **being an obedient bimbo** is far better than being a rebel. The doctor's **special treatment** and his **hot cream** will change her *mind* forever.

Fixing The Nurse

Sarah is a nurse fresh out of school. She feels **alone in this big city**, and her colleagues at the hospital aren't making her life any easier.

She falls for the advances of doctor Jameson, but once his wife discovers their affair **she sends Sarah off** to a friend of hers, **doctor Montague**, to **make sure she learns her place**. Montague knows how to **turn girls into mindless bimbos**, and **Sarah will be begging for his cream in no time**.

Fixing The Frigid Milf

Johnathan and his wife have **bedroom issues**. She **doesn't want to have fun with him**, and the last option they have is to seek out **professional help**.

They settle on a **therapy session**, which Johnathan's wife attends **all by herself**.

Doctor Montague knows she simply **needs her rear door filled**

with his alpha cream to turn her into an **obedient bimbo** that only wants to **please her master**. *Johnathan will never know.*

Fixing The Model

Marianne got into modeling right after high school. She wasn't a good student, but loved the attention she received from people. One day her agent tells her a **famous brand** is interested in her, but **only if she can pass a test** to see if she can handle the pressure. **The doctor will make her obey orders and do what she's told.**

First **he gives her a toy to play with**, but **stops her before she finishes**. After that it's time for him to **take her and fill her up with his hot alpha cream**.

Fixing The Maid

Diana is doctor Montague's **live-in maid**. She has been working at his manor for months, but nothing ever happened.

The doctor is almost never in the manor, but when he decides to spend a month there, **Diana has to make sure everything is in order**.

On the second day of his stay, the doctor decides to **test just how obedient his maid is**, and will have her **filled up with his Alpha cream as a result**.

A woman, Alice Locke, is shown from the waist up, wearing a dark red lace bra and matching high-cut underwear with horizontal stripes. She is standing in a bedroom, with her hands resting on her hips. The background is a softly blurred bedroom with a bed, a lamp, and a dresser.

ALICE LOCKE

**FIXING
THE BRAT**

FIXING THE BRAT

Chapter One

"Here we go again", I thought, rolling my eyes when I saw my phone light up and mom's face appear on the screen.

I rejected the call. The weekly lecture about respect and obligations and whatever else she wanted to pester me for. She tried calling again and I let it ring - I didn't exactly care.

My parents hoped I would grow up to be a little angel with perfect grades and whatnot, and despite their best efforts to force me into being what they wanted, they failed miserably.

I set my own pace, and for the most part it was fairly effective, but they wanted more. They wanted me to graduate, get all kinds of additional degrees and send me off to marry some random guy just so they could live their fantasy of having a model family.

I wasn't too keen on that. It's not that I rebelled or anything, it had to do with who I was as a person.

I was young, eighteen to be precise, and carefree. After a couple run ins with the cops - *oh no officer, I'm just holding this for a friend* - and the usual teenager issues, I barely got out of high school without getting pregnant.

I did have a scare though, but thankfully it was nothing. My dad was furious, my mom couldn't wrap her head around the fact that her little girl had pigtails not because they made me look cute but because my boyfriend wanted handlebars.

Grounding me worked for them, yet it only made me hate them more. Stuck inside my room all day long with nothing to do until they decided I could go back to being a normal teenager before they would punish me again.

All of that would end fairly soon considering I was going to college and there was nothing they could do to stop me from living my life the

way I wanted to.

I'm sure they knew how much I wanted to be as far away as I could from them, and the college I got in was on the other side of the country - absolutely perfect.

In honesty I didn't even remember applying to Brightwater Institute, but the acceptance letter arrived either way. I was just happy to have a way out of my parent's grasp and didn't question it.

My mom called again and this time I picked up - I don't know why. After the usual tirade about responsibilities and behaving and all that stuff I learned to tune out, she mentioned something about me having to go see someone important.

"Wait can you repeat that, mom?" I asked.

"You have an appointment with a man from Brightwater Institute. Pay attention."

"Do I?"

"It's a simple evaluation, Brianna. Don't be late."

"Alright, Jesus..."

I didn't want to burn my chances of escaping this hellhole, so I came back home earlier than I usually do and even dressed modestly enough so my parents wouldn't scoff as they usually do.

Chapter Two

My father drove me downtown, never speaking throughout the entire trip. I didn't mind, in fact I preferred the silence to his endless lectures about why I wasn't a good daughter.

I got used to it, though naturally I couldn't wait for it to be over.

He parked the car in front of a rather normal-looking building, told me to have fun and drove off promising to be back in two hours. Slightly

puzzled yet determined to get the appointment over with, I approached the intercom panel and buzzed the office my father told me to.

The voice of a man came through the speakers alongside a great deal of static noise. I didn't understand what he said, but given how the door unlocked just a few seconds later, I simply walked in.

The elevator ride was fairly short even though the office was on the fifteenth floor.

I stepped out and calmly walked towards the open door right in front of me, after making sure it was my actual destination.

"Doctor Montague... What kind of doctor are you?" I thought to myself as I crossed the threshold into the office.

A handsome, somewhat old man came up to greet me.

"You must be Brianna. I'm doctor Montague, nice to meet you," He said, extending his hand.

I shook it and flashed him a brief smile. "Nice to meet you too, doctor."

He led me into another room, motioning for me to sit on the couch as he positioned himself on the armchair in front of it.

"I trust you already know why you're here, correct?" He asked.

"Honestly, I have no clue. But if we could get this over with as fast as possible..."

"I see."

I didn't know what he was getting at - maybe some sort of psychological trick to make me say things I shouldn't - after all, my parents set this up.

He began scribbling something on his notepad and I took a moment to look around me. His office seemed fairly professional, with a distinct classic look to it.

Mahogany furniture, polished hardwood floors and the work. That man was getting paid quite handsomely to do whatever it is he did, and it showed.

"So?" I asked, wondering why I had even bothered to come.

"I was contacted by your father, regarding your behavioral issues," He began, his face still buried in his notebook.

"Oh, so that's what this is all about. Of course," I replied.

"Case in point. But we can change that."

"Why would I want to change who I am to please you?"

I was about to stand up and walk away when he looked up from his notebook, directly into my eyes. I could almost feel him pierce me and stare straight into my soul.

"Not me, Brianna. Your parents and yourself as well. Don't you think this rebellious phase has been going on for too long now?"

His soothing voice seemed to drip honey with every word, it was strangely appealing.

"You lack obedience, Brianna. I'm here to take care of that issue," He said.

I found myself nodding in agreement - I don't know why - and felt myself slowly beginning to relax.

"See, you're already getting better."

The doctor's words felt distant, almost echoing through the room and into my head.

"You are a beautiful girl, Brianna. Why don't you take off your jacket?"

I stood up and did as doctor Montague instructed, throwing my black jacket on the couch only to sit back on it. My head spun briefly when I got up, but nothing to be worried about.

Besides, the doctor would take care of me.

"Good girl. See, isn't it easier to just do what you're told?" He queried, a sly grin on his face.

"Yes doctor," I promptly replied.

"Being a rebel is tiring, Brianna. Being an obedient bimbo is your true purpose."

I had never realized it before but he had a valid point. Why would I spend so much time and energy trying to run away from everything when I could just let someone else take over?

I was so tired. Tired of having to live a life people kept nagging me about, tired of hearing them, tired of everything. Doctor Montague understood that, and he understood me better than anyone else.

He stood up from his armchair and walked towards me. I hadn't stopped to really look at him yet, and in doing that I could clearly see he was fairly in shape for his age. Not an athlete, but he carried himself well enough to make me swoon.

My eyes darted across his body and landed on what looked like a

rather large bulge in his pants. I bit my lip reflexively - it had been so long, and I could already feel the lust begin to take over me.

"Let's see how good of a slut you are."

"Yes doctor, anything for you!"

The words just flew out of my mouth before I had a chance to realize what I was saying. He was right, obeying orders was so much easier!

My hands reached for his pants, finding the belt and swiftly undoing it. Next came the button and the zipper of his black slacks, and in a flash his pants fell down to his ankles.

The boxers he wore did a poor job at hiding the growing bulge of his cock, and the more I stared at it, the more I knew I wanted him.

I wasn't usually like this - sure I had been in a lot of wild adventures in my young life but I was always picky when it came down to sex. Doctor Montague fit my idea of a man, one that could get me wet and ready to fuck just by looking at me.

Chapter Three

I pulled his boxers down and his large cock sprung out, almost hitting me in the face.

Grabbing it with one hand I felt its warmth and girth - his cock was definitely bigger than anything I ever had before.

"May I suck your cock, doctor?" I asked, looking up at him. Montague nodded and I flashed him a smile before positioning the head of his rod in front of me.

Parting my lips ever so slightly I took him in my mouth. I felt his hard cock slide in, greeted by my waiting tongue.

I wasted no time: swirling my tongue around his engorged head I slid a hand up his thigh and reached his ballsack to gently squeeze them

and play with them to please his every need as the good little slut that I was.

I felt him plant a hand at the back of my head and push me towards him. I let him lead the games, I was just there to obey him and satisfy his every need. He started gently at first but he gradually applied more force to his movements, making me bob my head on his large cock. I couldn't take it fully down my throat, and I was sure he knew. His movements were shallow but vigorous enough for me to simply sit back and allow him to use my mouth as his own personal fuck hole. Soon enough I felt his other hand grab my head and hold it steady as he began thrusting his veiny cock into my mouth. As I kept swirling my tongue around its head, tasting the salty beads of precum, all I could think about was how stupid I had been not to do this sooner. It was so clear. I was born to be a fuck doll. My body's only purpose was to satisfy my master, whoever that was. I kept myself in shape and I could easily make heads turn without even putting on makeup, and I thought I was doing that because I myself wanted it. No, quite the opposite.

Doctor Montague made me realize that my body was meant to please men. My toned yet curvy form that had made plenty of men drool was the perfect toy for my master to dump his cum into - and I craved it.

I craved Montague's cum, in my mouth and in my pussy. In my ass, too, even if I hadn't had many experiences with that.

As the doctor kept fucking my face, I reached between my legs to feel just how wet I was. I slid my hands down my pants and panties to find them completely soaked.

Dragging my fingers along my slit sent sparks of pleasure throughout my body. I began rubbing my clit in slow circular motions, and even though my mouth was occupied, moans still escaped it.

The doctor noticed, and slid his saliva coated cock out of my mouth.

"Please oh please just fuck me, I need your cock inside of me!" I begged him, my hand still rubbing my clit.

"Take off your clothes, whore," He ordered, his stern tone making him sound more authoritative than ever before.

"Yes sir!" I replied and jumped up, taking my hand out of my panties to taste my juices on my slick fingers. Sweeter than ever.

Regardless, I had to obey the doctor. The green sweater I wore ended up on the ground right next to my jeans. I could feel his hungry gaze probe ever inch of me as I took my clothes off.

It made me feel special, if I have to be honest. His attention focused on me and nothing else further drove in the point that this is what I was born to be.

I turned around, away from him, and bent over. I was offering the doctor a full view of my plump ass and the large wet spot on my panties, but I didn't want to wait any longer.

Grabbing the fabric by the edges I peeled it off of me, letting my soaked panties fall on the ground and exposing both of my holes to him. I heard him grunt, and I smiled.

I wanted him inside of me, badly. As I was about to turn around to suck his beautiful cock some more, I felt his hands grab my hips and push me towards him.

His cock was barely an inch away from my pussy. I could feel his warmth and I'm sure he could feel mine. I pushed into him, feeling the head of his cock bump against my slit and slide alongside of it, my juices coating parts of his shaft.

"I need it, sir... I'm so wet for you..." I moaned, swaying my hips left and right and feeling his veiny cock pressed against me.

I couldn't see what he was doing, but I soon felt the tip of his rod line up against my soaked pussy. Slowly he pushed into me as I moaned in pleasure, his thick cock stretching my tight pussy wide to accommodate his size.

The doctor didn't stop his advance until he was filling me to the brim. I could feel every inch of him stretch me, every vein leaving its imprint on the walls of my pussy.

"You are such a good little slut, Brianna," The doctor growled as he pulled back.

I stammered out a weak "Thank you, sir" and then I felt his large rod vigorously sink into me once more. I yelped in both pain and pleasure - his cock hurt me due to its size, but it was the best kind of pain I had ever felt.

I wanted more, I wanted him to dominate me. I wanted to be full of his cum until it leaked out of me.

The doctor began thrusting, gradually working up a rhythm that made me cry out every time he slammed thick cock inside of me.

At times it felt like I was going to break, but my body was meant to be used like this.

"Harder sir, please! Give me your cock!"

The more I begged him, the harder he pushed. My hand traveled down my body and found my aching clit, just begging to be ravaged. I began rubbing it, trying to synchronize my movement to the doctor's.

The doctor kept pounding my tight pussy and I knew I couldn't hold on much longer.

I gave myself up to lust. I was nothing more than a set of holes to fuck, an obedient living doll made to serve and nothing more.

Increasing the pressure I was putting on my clit sent jolts of pleasure throughout my entire body. I needed to cum and I felt the biggest orgasm of my life rising up within me.

As I got on the edge, I felt the doctor begin to pound my tight hole even harder than he already was - and I exploded.

My mind went blank and a croaky scream escaped my lips. My pussy clenching rhythmically on his cock as my whole body quaked under the waves of pleasure that kept crashing into one another - my legs almost gave out, but he kept me steady.

The doctor's strong arms held me up and he didn't even skip a beat. I knew he was getting close too, I felt his cock twitch inside of me as he kept mercilessly pounding me.

"Fill me up, sir... Give me your cum, all of it, all of it inside my tight pussy please..."

My voice sounded weak, as all the energy I had was depleted by that massive orgasm. Still, the doctor heard me and fulfilled my wish.

With one last thrust, strong enough to almost send me flying off towards the ground, he stopped deep inside of me as what felt like a bucket of cum exploded out of the tip of his cock.

With every spurt he grunted, gripping my ass tight as his cum coated my insides. That's what I had been missing out on, my true purpose.

We stood there, sweating and panting, for a couple minutes. We had to

regain a modicum of composure, even if his cock was still buried within me.

Feeling his erection slowly fade made me a bit sad, I'll admit. He made me realize who I truly was.

A bimbo, only useful when her legs are spread to take a cock as deep as it will go and worth as much as the cum my master would dump inside of me.

"You were born for this, Brianna. Aren't you happier now?" He asked, as he made his way to his desk.

"Yes sir, thank you!"

"Good girl. Now get dressed, your father will be here soon."

I did as instructed, even if his cum kept leaking out of my sore pussy. I didn't care, though I'll admit I did scoop some of it up with my fingers to taste it. Salty, but somehow heavenly at the same time.

The doctor and I said our goodbyes and he walked me out to the elevator.

"Will I see you again, doctor?" I asked, flashing him a coy smile.

He shook his head. "No, I don't think so. But you go and show the world how good of a whore you are, got it?"

"Yes sir!"

Daddy was waiting for me outside, right where he had parked when we got here. He had a relaxed look on his face, far different than what it used to be whenever he was around me.

"Are we going home, daddy?" I queried as I closed the car door.

He smiled at me as we drove off, doctor Montague's office fading in the distance.

A close-up photograph of a person's torso, specifically the midsection, with their arms crossed over their chest. A red medical bag with a white cross is hanging from their waist. The text 'ALICE LOCKE' is overlaid at the top in white, and 'FIXING THE NURSE' is overlaid at the bottom in white and yellow.

ALICE LOCKE

**FIXING
THE NURSE**

FIXING THE NURSE

Chapter One

It was a cold February morning like many others, and I was on my way to the hospital to begin my first shift of the day. I was - and still am - a nurse and if you ask me, we're the ones doing most of the work when it comes to patients.

That opinion was shared between all my colleagues who had been working for much longer than me - I was the new one, fresh out of school.

Growing up I wanted to be a doctor, to help people. Alas, the costs were far too prohibitive and thus I became a nurse. Some would say "just" a nurse, but they don't know much about what we have to do.

Let me tell you, this life is not how they portray it in all those television shows. I can't fault them for it though, everything needs to be embellished to draw audience.

The way things worked, at least in my hospital, were more or less normal if you don't take into account all the backstabbing and downright clique-y mentality. It seemed as if I had gotten back to high school.

Despite being told I would get used to it, that situation just loaded more stress onto my back.

I could easily handle the pressure, or so I thought. Things seemed to pile on and while I knew it would be like this I had still hoped people wouldn't turn out to be petty jerks.

It was contagious, too. I found myself thinking foul things about my colleagues on more than one occasion, though luckily I caught myself in time and nothing happened - that is until doctor Jameson began flirting with me.

At that point I didn't know who he was, or that his wife also happened to work in that hospital.

I was young, clueless and all alone in a sprawling city, under enough stress to border a mental breakdown - I gave in to his advances.

They were subtle at first, just little smiles or nods here and there. Nothing out of the ordinary, but the music quickly changed.

He started getting friendlier and friendlier still, and I fell for it. His charm and handsome looks got me, and as much as I didn't want to admit I wanted that man, I clearly did.

I got him, eventually - and that brought me to where I am today.

All it took was twenty minutes in a supply closet. Cliche, I know, but I couldn't wait any longer.

Late night shift, hardly anyone around. We were both on call, and I paged him. A minute later he appeared and smiled when he saw me, greeting me as if we hadn't seen each other just an hour before.

I shoved him in the closet, closing the door behind me and got on my knees right then and there. The look on his face showed a hint of surprise but also relief - he wanted me, that I knew for sure.

Everything was blur, though I can remember certain fragments of our encounter as if I had taken pictures of them.

His cock, his beautiful cock hardened in my mouth while I massaged his aching balls. He grabbed me by the shoulders and made me stand up, turning me around so I could lean against a shelf full of medical supplies.

I felt his hands yank my pants down and my soaked panties follow soon after, exposing my pussy to his gaze. He hesitated for a moment, maybe wondering what to do.

He could have tasted me, fucked me with his fingers, but no. He went straight in for the kill and pressed his thick cock against my opening and pushing it deep within me.

It took all I had not to scream in delight while he rammed me, giving me no mercy. He knew I was desperately trying to be quiet, and admittedly I did a great job at that even when the orgasmic waves rippled through me and shook me to my core.

Matthew on the other hand only grunted once - when he came and doused my face with his cum despite me whispering him to aim his cock elsewhere.

Thankfully none of it ended up in my hair, though it was close.

When we got out of the closet, I went first to check if anyone was around. Everything seemed clear, though we both looked guilty as hell. My legs felt wobbly and he had a huge grin plastered on his face, an image that soon enough became the norm for us.

Naturally, rumors started spreading and it wasn't long until his wife caught wind of what was happening. She didn't seem too upset at first, at least not towards him - but I saw nothing but rage and hate in her eyes when she looked at me.

I could understand why, and I was ready to deal with the consequences - or so I thought.

Chapter Two

Jameson's wife apparently had connections to the higher ups. Everybody knew yet no one told me I was playing with fire - though in hindsight I should have known.

His wife, I forget her name, pretty much forced me to attend a few in-house therapy sessions with a doctor I had never heard of. His name sounded vaguely french in origin, but I didn't care much.

I had to attend and I was the only one there, just to make matters worse.

Nothing weird happened in the first session, though I do remember leaving the doctor's office with a slight headache, feeling vaguely dizzy even though all we did was talk.

Pleasantries and whatnot aside, it was nice to have a break from the regular hospital business. Too nice, even, and I began wondering what motives Jameson's wife could have.

"Sarah, punctual as usual I see," The doctor greeted me as I walked into his office.

"I have to," I replied, slightly cranky. I could feel another headache coming, and the day had barely started.

"Regardless, it makes me happy to see you take these sessions so seriously."

"It would help if I knew the point of all this, doctor."

He flashed me a sardonic smile and sighed. "You lack obedience, Sarah. That's why Martha Jameson called me," He declared.

"What do you mean by that?" I asked, cocking my head to the side. I wasn't a dog, and I didn't need to obey anyone for that matter.

"It's exactly how it sounds like. Your relationship with Matthew Jameson proved you don't know your place."

Granted, he wasn't wrong. I knew I should have rejected the doctor's advances, but instead I gave in like a sex-starved beast. It was a mistake, but a great way to end a dry spell.

"We'll work together until I deem you fit to rejoin the other nurses, agreed?"

"Yes, doctor," I nodded.

I didn't know what he meant by *working together* yet I trusted him enough to know I would be fine in the end. For some reason he made me feel safe and protected, and if it wasn't for the headache I would say those sessions were the highlight of my days.

The more I went, the more relaxed I became even around my colleagues. I couldn't understand why, but all the dread I had in me slowly vanished to leave a warm feeling of satisfaction and freedom.

The headaches subsided too - or maybe I just stopped noticing them. After a week of therapy, I was basically a different person altogether.

"You have made some great progress, Sarah," The doctor declared after I sat on his couch.

"Thank you! It's all because of you, doc!"

"Alas, we aren't done quite yet. You'll be fully reintegrated only when I can prove you truly learned how to obey your superiors."

"I'll do anything, doctor!" I enthusiastically nodded.

"Good girl. If you behave, I might even tell Jameson to pick you as his personal assistant."

"But I'm a nurse..."

"True. But you are better suited for... Other things."

I didn't know what he meant, but I trusted his every word.

"If you say so, doc. What do I need to do?" I asked, looking up at him as he made his way towards the couch I was sitting on.

"Well Sarah, for now I want you to get rid of your scrubs."

That request caught me by surprise, but I nodded and stood up almost instantly. The doctor grinned and his eyes never left my body while I got rid of the baggy clothes the hospital supplied.

They did a great job at hiding my figure, making me feel quite unattractive. Yet once I was left wearing only a bra and panties and I saw how hungrily the doctor was staring at me, I felt powerful like never before.

His eyes tracing the outline of my curves, from my plump breasts down to my flat navel and my long legs. My smooth skin covered in goosebumps just waiting for his next order.

"What now, doc?" I queried, resting my hands on my hips.

"Now we'll see how good of a girl you are, Sarah," He replied, pulling out what looked like a sizable red dildo from his desk drawer.

"Do you masturbate, Sarah?"

"Yes doctor, of course!"

"Show me how."

He approached me and handed me the toy before gently pushing me backwards on the couch. He sat in front of me, his gaze instantly focusing on the growing wet spot on my panties.

I began rubbing the toy over the fabric, feeling the pressure on my clit. It was already enough to send sparks of pleasure flying through me, but I wanted to put on a good show for him.

My pussy was aching to be filled already, and the toy he gave me would get the job done. I moved my panties to the side, exposing my drenched pussy to him for just a moment before I began dragging the tip of the toy along my slit.

"Good girl..." He commented, the bulge in his pants growing as he stared at me.

Upon hearing those words, especially given how hungry he

sounded - it felt like a switch flipped inside of my brain. I wanted to please him, just as much as I pleased Jameson.

I lined the toy up against my hole and pushed it in, feeling it deep within me. A loud moan escaped my lips - I knew I had no reason to be quiet.

I gradually worked up a rhythm, slow enough but deep and hard - Exactly how I loved it, and how Jameson used to fuck me in those supply closets I learnt to love so much.

"See Sarah, it looks like you are good at being a little whore, don't you think?"

"Oh yes," I said between moans, "I'm a good girl, I swear!"

"And a bad one, too. Show me."

"Give me your cock then, I know you want to fuck me..."

Lust had taken over me. Growing up I had been a shy girl, but after moving to this city I decided I would try new things. Regardless, I didn't think I would end up masturbating in a doctor's office while begging him to fuck me - and loving every second of it.

He stood up and his hands went to his belt, undoing it in a second before unbuttoning his pants. I could clearly see his cock straining against the fabric of his boxers even better now, and my mouth started watering at the thought of having that beast deep inside of me.

I pulled the toy out of me and began licking it clean, never breaking eye contact with the doctor as he approached me. Once he got close enough my hands rose to grab the fabric of his boxers to pull them down and reveal his veiny cock but instead he pushed me backwards, making me lie on the couch.

I wanted to taste him, but at the end of the day he was the one in charge and I was simply there to be the obedient bimbo who would do what she's told without questioning it.

He climbed on the couch, settling between my legs. His large cock rested comfortably on my navel - the more I looked at it, the more I wanted it to tear me pussy up.

The fabric of my panties was dark and damp with my juices, but neither of us cared all that much. He simply moved them to the side to gain access to my hole and lined the tip of his cock directly in front of my opening.

He could feel the heat coming from me, and feeling his engorged tip touch my wetness was only making me more horny with every passing second.

"Give it to me, doctor..." I cooed, wiggling my hips to feel his hard rod against me.

He didn't make me wait, even for a split second. I felt the tip of his cock sink past my entrance, my pussy stretching wide to accommodate his size. It was like nothing I had ever felt before.

He kept going, unrelenting, splitting me apart and making me feel full like never before. He finally stop once he filled me up to the brim, and I was already breathless.

Pulling back, it felt like a part of me I always missed went away. I felt empty without his cock buried deep within me, but when he thrust again I almost screamed in delight.

I felt every vein, every inch of him pressing on my walls so hard I was sure I would feel him there even after he was done pounding my tight hole.

Every thrust he gave had me crying out in pleasure, and even though his cock was destroying me in ways I never thought possible, I wanted more.

I wanted to be his whore, I craved pleasure and I knew how insatiable I could be.

He increased his speed, pounding my tight pussy so hard I felt like I would become part of the couch. My lips followed his rod's every movement as they stuck to it due to his size.

I never knew I would be this crazy over a man or more specifically his cock, but I realized I would be more than fine with living life like that.

Laying back and letting my master fuck me senseless or bounce on his cock to drain his balls, it didn't matter. All I knew is that I could never go back to my old life.

The orgasm hit me like a truck and my mind went blank as a wave of radiating hot pleasure spread through my body making it tremble under the doctor's merciless pounding.

My pussy clenching his large cock making me feel it even better than before, that rock hard rod fucking me deep and hard as the orgasmic waves crashed one on top of the other.

He didn't stop, if anything he began pounding me even harder.

I lost track of how many orgasms the doctor gave me - it sent me into a pleasure induced trance, every thrust sending forth shocks of pure bliss from my pussy throughout my body.

I felt him twitch after God knows how long he had been pounding me. His strong hands grabbed my hips and with a low grunt I felt his cock release thick spurts of cum directly into my sore pussy, coating my insides.

He kept on thrusting for a while, pushing his cum deeper in, but we were both exhausted. I could barely string together a sentence after that treatment, and he simply sat there panting once his cock was out of me.

I don't know how long it took me to regain enough composure to talk, but when I did, the doctor was back behind his desk.

"Jameson will pick you up soon, Sarah. Are you ready to start the next chapter of your life as his assistant?" He asked.

His words sounded distant, I was still recovering from the merciless fucking he gave me.

I nodded, and flashed him a weak smile. I didn't know what Jameson would want from me, but I would be insanely happy to just be his little bimbo whore.

A woman with long blonde hair, Alice Locke, is shown from the back, leaning forward. She is wearing a pink lace bodysuit with thin straps. Her hands are resting on a black leather surface. The background is a textured, metallic wall.

ALICE LOCKE

**FIXING
THE FRIGID MILF**

FIXING THE FRIGID MILF

Chapter One

I don't know why I gave in. I don't know why I said yes to this charade, though I guess the endless nagging played a big role in it.

Couple's therapy, sure. As if that's ever helped anybody.

Johnathan, my dear husband. When will you understand that there's nothing wrong with our marriage? I simply don't feel like having sex nearly as much as you do - and constantly bringing it up won't change my mind.

I keep telling you, and you keep insisting. Therapy's your latest resort, the one you hope would magically make me want to start drooling at the mere sight of you.

You're not a bad looking man, and honestly there is nothing wrong with you. I just... Don't want to have sex.

I know things used to be different. I remember when we couldn't keep our hands off of each other back before Andrew was born. He's off to college now, and even with the freedom we gained, I feel like nothing has changed.

We are still the same couple, I still love you yet at times you make it hard for me to keep living beside you.

We both have changed over the years, God knows pregnancy and twenty years of office surely affected the way I look. Yet I still see your hungry eyes on me, and I know your pants get tighter every time you're around me, even after all these years.

Alas I just can't seem to find the will to get naked and let you ravage me like you used to. We tried, a few times, and I felt like a sex toy. Soulless, mindless, just there for you to satisfy your needs.

I know that's not enough for you, and it's not enough for me either. It saddens me, as I still enjoy your company - you, I still enjoy you, I should say - and I would truly love to be able to fix this.

It's like a mental block that prevents me from going through with it. It settled in over the years as I'm sure you've noticed - I sure have, yet I failed to lift it.

I know this is putting a rather large strain on our marriage, and that is why I accepted your offer to seek help from someone who supposedly knows a lot about the matter.

Well again, partially due to love and partially because you keep nagging me about it. I get it, you know I do, but you never stop.

I am sorry I snapped at you the other day, I honestly did not mean to. Things got to me, that's all.

The stress from work and our private life combines far too well and becomes a force to be reckoned with. A barrel full of gunpowder if you will, and your words sent sparks flying all over it. No wonder I exploded, no wonder I got mad at you.

To a certain extent, I still am. I know it'll pass eventually, and I hope one day we'll be able to put all of this behind us.

I should have said this to you instead of keeping these thoughts to myself. I wonder if the silence as we drive to the therapist's studio makes it worse or maybe better - who knows.

I didn't find much about this doctor you told me about. His rather unique name doesn't seem to pop up anywhere, and most of the results of the search had nothing to do with marriage counseling.

Regardless, I trust your judgment. If you think this will help us I am willing to give it a shot, but it's clear we are running out of time and patience.

We are sitting at the end of the line, almost in front of a cliff without knowing when a gust of wind will make us lose the last shred of balance we had and send us falling down to the dark pit below.

"Here we are," Johnathan's voice brings me back to reality and away from my thoughts.

I nod and we step out of the car. As I'm about to ring the doctor's studio, I hear the familiar ring tone of your work phone. You have to take it, I know.

A few seconds later we part ways, something had come up and naturally they need you. It's alright, I'll go through this first session

alone.

What's the worst that could happen, anyway?

Chapter Two

I made my way into the building and stepped on the elevator. The ride wasn't too long, and as I exited it I found myself facing the mahogany door that would lead me to the doctor's studio. I took a deep breath and rang the gold plated doorbell.

The doctor opened the door and let me in. His age showed through his greying hair, but he carried himself well enough to be somewhat handsome.

He lead me to his office, furnished entirely with antique pieces that must have cost him a fortune. Naturally, the leather sofas had to be there too - almost as if it was mandatory for every therapist to have them.

I sat on one of them and the doctor did the same, right in front of me. He seemed calm enough and so was I - though I'll admit I would have felt better if Johnathan had been with me.

"I'm sorry doctor, my husband couldn't make it. Something came up at work," I declared.

"No need to apologize, miss Steinberg. We can get started either way," He replied, looking down at a notepad he held in his hands.

"What does this entail, to be specific?"

"We'll try to get to the bottom of the issues that are affecting your marriage... Lack of sexual contact, going by what your husband said."

"We tried talking, it didn't work."

"Oh but I am quite good at what I do, miss Steinberg."

A sly grin shone on his face for a brief second, and while it did creep me out ever so slightly I decided to tough it out.

I crossed my legs and stared at him.

"Well then, where do we start?" I queried, hiding the annoyance from my tone.

"What is, in your opinion, the reason behind your aversion for sex?"

The million dollar question, right off the bat. I chuckled. "I would do something about it if I knew, don't you think doctor?"

"Absolutely, but sometimes people need one extra push towards the right direction."

"And paying a stranger to listen to us rant qualifies as that extra push?" I'll admit I was getting worked up, all the stress from the last few weeks slowly resurfacing.

"Sometimes. Regardless, you're dodging the question."

"The truth is... I don't know. I love Johnathan, but..." I trailed off, lowering my gaze.

"You're not attracted to him anymore?"

I had considered that, but I never gave it much weight. Well rather, I chose to ignore it yet the more those words floated around my mind, the more I realized there could be truth behind them.

"No, I..."

"It's alright, miss Steinberg. These things are way more common than you think, and they're easily fixed." His voice sounded comforting, though I could tell he was simply good at faking it.

"How?"

"You need a change of scenery. To be free even if just a few hours. Stress turns us into different people, and I'm sure you want to go back to the way things were before your son came along."

Making matters worse, a headache began creeping in. I rarely suffered from them, but when I did I could hardly do anything. This one was different, the slightly dull pain was bearable though I did feel a bit foggy.

"What do you suggest?" I asked him, raising my gaze to meet his.

"Well miss Steinberg, there are plenty of ways you can free yourself. Most women seek out other partners, for example."

Weirdly enough I found myself nodding along, as if I had been listening to some preacher lecture me about God knows what. I agreed with him though, which admittedly surprised me at first.

"Let your inner bad side shine, miss Steinberg. I know you're dying to."

The doctor's voice dripped honey and his words seemed to have a faint echo, though I wasn't too sure if the headache was responsible for that. Either way, it felt comforting enough for me to begin to relax.

"But doctor, I..." He was right, I did want to just let go and enjoy life as I used to before Andrew was born.

"Follow your instincts, miss Steinberg."

My instincts were sending me plenty of inappropriate messages, and in truth, I did want to follow them. I was simply afraid I wouldn't have the strength to go back to the way I was, or rather the way I was supposed to be.

The temperature in the room seemingly rose, though the doctor showed no signs of discomfort. I felt like somebody had set my body on fire, the clothes I wore beginning to itch and feel far too oppressive. A wide grin flashed on the doctor's lips as he stared at me. I could feel his gaze scanning every inch of me, of the body that I tried so hard to maintain but never had a chance to show off.

I was proud of the way I looked. My curves were still in all the right places despite everything, and the tight skin everyone complimented me about wasn't a result of cosmetic surgery.

I found myself in a vortex of spiraling sensations. Warmth, unbearable warmth. The dull pain of the headache clouding my mind and the burning desire to satisfy my womanly needs right then and there.

I had to resist, however - and I tried - but failed.

"I'll turn you into an obedient doll ready to please your husband at the drop of a hat, miss Steinberg." His voice echoed, distant.

I nodded, and raised my hands to undo the buttons of the black blouse I was wearing.

"See, you don't even need instructions. Being a whore is part of you. All you need is to let that part take over."

Chapter Three

Take over it did, so much so that it surprised me how easily I found it to let the inner me come out.

With the last button being undone I thought I would snap back to my old self, but nothing of the sort happened. Instead I took the blouse off and gently laid it on the couch beside me.

I could feel the doctor's gaze on my skin, goosebumps rising on it with every passing second I spent sitting there, my bra the last barrier that concealed my breasts.

The overwhelming warmth seemed to subside briefly, yet my body was still on fire. I didn't want to be covered by fabric, I wanted to be touched instead.

I wanted to feel his hands caress me, though I would have settled for anything - even being manhandled would have worked, I needed a man to remind me how it feels to be a woman.

I stood up and grabbed the waistband of my pants, pulling it down and peeling them away from me. It felt liberating, and I hadn't exactly done much to escape my old self.

Granted, getting naked in front of a stranger was uncharacteristic of me - but what's life good for if you can't take what you want?

In that moment, I wanted him.

The black lace of my underwear was already damp with my arousal, something I hadn't felt in quite some time. I slid one of my hands under the fabric, moaning softly as my fingers grazed my clit and inched downward, feeling the extent of my lust. It coated my fingers, which I swiftly pulled out of my panties and brought up to my mouth.

I lapped away at them, tasting my sweetness on them as the doctor took a step towards me.

He placed his hand on my shoulder and pushed down. I knew what he wanted, and I was dying to satisfy him.

I got down on my knees, my face resting exactly in front of his crotch. The bulge in his pants as very evident, and just seeing it made me even more aroused than I already was.

I looked up at him as my hands traveled up his thighs to reach for his

belt. Seconds later his pants were down to his ankles and the outline of his cock was even more defined as it strained against his boxers.

Grabbing the waistband and pulling it down, his veiny cock sprung out and gently tapped me in the cheek. I stared at it and grabbed it - the tip of my fingers didn't touch as they wrapped around his girth.

He easily had the biggest cock I had ever seen. Johnathan's wasn't bad either, but the doctor's was simply perfect in every way.

I struck my tongue out and flicked it over the head of his cock, barely grazing it. It was enough to make him groan, reminding me how long it had been since I heard those sounds in relations to pleasure and not the lack thereof.

I parted my lips and took him in, slathering the engorged tip of the doctor's cock with my warm saliva as my tongue welcomed it in my mouth.

"Deeper." He said, his tone stern and authoritative.

I couldn't take his cock in its entirety, my throat wasn't used to things of that size. Yet, I tried. Even relaxing my muscles, I couldn't manage to fit all of him and stopped halfway through.

I tried my hardest not to gag and miraculously managed not to. Backing my head away from him and releasing his cock from my warm, wet prison, I could see the thick strings of saliva that coated it.

I grabbed his rod with one hand and slowly began jerking his cock as I bobbed on its head, my tongue circling it every time it went past my lips. I looked up at him and saw the doctor's face contorted in a mask of pleasure.

Experience can make one hell of a difference in these situations. Sucking that beautiful cock was having an effect on me as well: my pussy kept on leaking my arousal, so much so that a wet spot had been forming beneath me. I didn't care, I knew the doctor would take care of me soon enough.

I kept on bobbing, slurping noises filling the doctor's studio until he put a hand on my forehead and stopped my movement.

He motioned me to stand up and I obliged, letting him move me like a marionette. It felt good, natural even, to let him control me. Perhaps that was the thing I truly needed, what my marriage lacked.

He turned me around and shoved me on the leather couch. I kneeled on it, thrusting my ass outwards to offer him everything I had. The doctor yanked my panties down to reveal my holes. My aching pussy was completely drenched in my juices - begging to be fucked by his veiny cock, begging to be used like the toy it was for whoever owned me. The doctor first, then eventually my husband. I didn't care, in that moment I only wanted to feel full, I wanted and craved his cock and he knew.

"Fuck me, doctor... It's been so long..." I begged him, and I head him move behind me.

I felt the tip of his cock rub along my slit, sending jolts of pleasure through my body when it touched my swollen clit. I was ready for it, I had been ever since I entered his office without even realizing it.

Alas, the doctor had other plans.

I felt the tip of his cock press against my opening and it sank into me effortlessly. I thought he wanted to tease me by making me beg for every inch of his large rod but no, he simply wanted to get his cock wet enough to fuck my other hole.

He backed out of me and repositioned his cock in front of my asshole. "Sit still and be a good whore," He ordered.

A switch flipped inside of me and I arched my back even more, thrusting my ass out to him again to signal my submission. I was his slut to fuck and nothing more.

Despite his cock being coated in my juices and saliva, it still hurt as he pressed it against my asshole. The muscles gave in eventually and I cried out as I felt him bury himself into me to the hilt, filling my ass up like never before.

It took only one stroke, and while it was painful I never even thought about stopping him. My holes were his to use at his leisure.

My hands traveled between my legs and found my clit. I began rubbing it, slowly but applying enough pressure to make me moan in ecstasy and alleviate the pain coming from the doctor's cock as it retreated from my asshole.

I felt him push in again and I cried out, both in pain and pleasure. My asshole was slowly getting accustomed to his veiny cock, even if I had never taken anything that big in that hole.

I would have preferred him fucking my drenched pussy, but I was happy he fucked one of my holes regardless.

He picked up his pace, steadily increasing the speed of his thrusts as he worked out a rhythm. I followed along with my hands as I vigorously rubbed my swollen clit, feeling the orgasm rise within me.

"Harder, fuck my ass harder!" I begged him once more and he obliged, his impossibly hard cock mercilessly pounding me into the couch.

The sudden increase in force was more than I could take. A white hot flash blinded me as my mind went blank, a blistering wave of pleasure radiating throughout my body making me tremble. I screamed something incoherent or I thanked the doctor, I'm not too sure. The mind shattering orgasm that ravaged me had my entire body quaking, my legs turned to jelly and I collapsed onto the leather couch.

I must have passed out for a few seconds, but the doctor kept on fucking my asshole even harder than before. He was giving me all he had, grunting as he slammed his thick cock into me.

I felt him twitch, his cock seemingly bigger and harder for a second. With one last thrust he stopped deep within me and grunted as cum erupted from his cock, coating my insides with enough seed I was sure it would overflow out of me as soon as he pulled out.

He stayed inside of me, thrusting a few more times just to push his cum deeper in my asshole. With every twitch, another spurt of hot cum would come out of his thick cock.

We were both panting, exhausted. I felt like I couldn't walk or sit, but I knew I couldn't just stay in his office.

He backed out of me and I stood still, not wanting his cum to spill out of my gaping asshole.

"Feeling better now, whore?" He asked, putting his pants back on.

"Yes, doctor, thank you!"

I meant it. Perhaps my mental block just needed a good rough pounding to go away, and that's exactly what happened. It sparked something inside of me. This side of me, the obedient little whore, died a long while ago but the doctor had managed to bring it back.

I couldn't wait to get more, do more and serve my master like the slut I knew I was all along.

Sometimes our true nature gets buried under God knows what, but now I didn't have to hide the fact that I loved being a mindless sex toy any longer.

I put my clothes back on, but decided to leave my soaked panties in the doctor's office before bidding him farewell and heading towards a lingerie store, planning an evening for my husband he would never forget.

A woman with long, wet, dark hair is shown from the back, leaning over a pool. She is wearing a bright pink bikini. The background features a wooden building and a window. The image has a slightly grainy, high-contrast aesthetic.

ALICE LOCKE

**FIXING
THE MODEL**

FIXING THE MODEL

Chapter One

A modeling career right after of high school, I could barely believe it.

My father knew a few people in the industry - good men, he said, not like those that only try to trick you into sleeping with them.

I remember when he approached the subject and asked me if I would consider it - I would need to pass a few tests first, but his acquaintances said I had the perfect body for that line of work.

I had honestly never considered the option. Sure, I kept myself in fairly good shape thanks to the volleyball team and I did take after my mom and her abundant curves, but modeling seemed like a glamorous world I would only ever get to look at and not be a part of.

All of that changed when my father convinced me to try it, but only after I had graduated high school.

When the day came, I was nervous to say the least. We drove to a photography studio just to test the waters and have some pictures taken.

I had never had all that attention directed towards me, it felt exhilarating. Posing for the pictures and acting out little scenes for the photographer was fun, albeit a little awkward considering it as my first time.

Yet, the people in the studio and my father seemed very happy with my performance - and so was I.

The next month was a blur.

People I had never met now treated me like their best friend, most of my days involved a set and an endless streams of pictures and videos. My portfolio grew, and I began attracting the attention of bigger fish in the fashion game.

Everyone kept talking about how shady of an industry it was, but in

my case it turned out to be quite pleasant. No weird requests, no creeps, nothing that actively made me want to run. I wasn't a stellar student, so this opportunity was a true blessing.

My father had become my agent, but it was clear that the job was becoming way too taxing for him. We looked into alternatives, and finally found someone who could fill in for him.

Andrew, that was his name, handled the vast majority of my schedule. From meetings to photo shoots and everything else in between. He was great at his job, and his track record in the industry was unparalleled.

I received a call from him one day right after finishing my tedious morning routine.

"Hello?"

"Marianne, hey! I have some news!"

Andrew sounded excited, like I had never seen before.

"Oh? Tell me!"

"I may have landed you the contract of a lifetime, we're talking huge fish here!"

"Really? With who?"

"I can't tell you yet, but believe me their brand is known worldwide. You'll be a star, Marianne!"

I couldn't believe his words, and while I was happy I knew there would probably be a catch.

"However," He said, somewhat losing his jovial tone.

"Is there a catch?" I asked, slightly rolling my eyes.

"They want to make sure you can handle the pressure. I set up a meeting with a psychologist for tomorrow at noon. Sounds good?"

"A shrink, really? I'll be fine, but sure."

"Perfect, see you tomorrow."

I didn't know how to feel. If Andrew's words were true, that could have been the opportunity of a lifetime - yet the shrink seemed a bit unnecessary.

Granted, models do face quite a lot of pressure, but still... Either way, I would go through with whatever prerequisite they had.

I couldn't just turn my back to it all, especially after everything I went through.

Chapter Two

Andrew drove me to the psychologist's studio and dropped me off there.

I thought he would stay around for the appointment, but alas he had to run a few errands. Before leaving he reassured me that nothing bad would happen, and that it was merely a formality every model in the industry has to go through.

I believed him, as I had no reasons not to.

I buzzed the studio and a man's voice answered after a loud static noise that made me wince, it felt as if it penetrated my skull just to embed itself deep into my brain. I shook it off and made my way to the elevator after he unlocked the door.

Even though in the last few months I had been in front of cameras for most of my time, this visit still made me nervous. I couldn't tell why, after all I simply had to talk to the doctor for a while.

I knew I could handle the pressure, and Andrew did too or he wouldn't have set this appointment up in the first place.

The elevator doors opened and I walked the short distance towards the open door of the doctor's office.

As I crossed the threshold, a ruggedly handsome man greeted me. Looking back at it, he did fairly resemble my father. I swiped those thoughts out of my head and shook his hand, after which he lead me to his studio for this so called "evaluation".

"Miss Cooper, how are you today?"

"Wonderful, doctor. I'm curious though, what does this evaluation entail?"

"Oh it's nothing too bad. We just need to test whether or not you'll fit in the industry and how well you'll deal with what's asked from you."

His calm voice was soothing, almost hypnotic.

"What's... Asked of me?"

"Well miss Cooper, this is a cutthroat industry. Survival of the fittest is in full swing, though perhaps I should say it's more akin to survival of the most daring."

His lips curled into a sly smile. I could see where he was going with

that and normally I would have walked out, probably to report him to the cops.

I decided not to.

"Go on, doctor," I said, crossing my legs.

"The world is full of gorgeous women who would die to get a chance to make it big in this industry. What makes you stand out from the rest?" He asked, leaning forward.

"Why don't you try and find out?" The words came out of my mouth seemingly on their own, but the coy smile I flashed him was definitely intentional.

He stood up., but his gaze remained glued on my body.

"This is a very demanding industry, miss Cooper. You'll be faced with choices," He declared as he moved in front of me to lean on his desk, "Choices that will make or break your career," He added.

"What kind of choices, doctor?"

"You know what I'm talking about, Marianne."

I felt goosebumps rise on my skin when he spoke my name. Something deep inside of me stirred. That conversation was making me feel slightly dizzy, but it felt comfortable.

"Models live their life being told what to do. We have to make sure you can follow orders, Marianne."

"But I can, doctor..."

"Then show me. Take off your shirt for me."

I stood up and grabbed the edge of my shirt, raising my arms above my head. I did so slowly, showing off my tanned skin and plump breasts.

"Like this, doctor?"

"Good girl. Alas, that's just the beginning."

The stern, demanding tone of his voice was definitely having an effect on me, and I began to feel the arousal course through me.

"What else do you want me to do?" I asked, pressing my hands together above my navel to make my breasts stick out more.

I could feel his hungry gaze on me, and despite having been in front of cameras for quite some time at that point it felt completely different.

"I want you naked, Marianne. Can you do that for me?"

"Yes doctor, of course!" I exclaimed, my hands darting to reach the edge of my pants.

I turned around and bent over before sliding both my jeans and panties down to my ankles. My bra was next, though I had already exposed everything I had to him.

I felt his warm breath on my skin, and the anticipation slowly filled me as I waited for his touch.

"Maybe you do have a shot at this after all, Marianne."

Hearing him say my name again sent shivers down my spine, and I would be lying if I said I wasn't getting visibly aroused from this. My tight body was all his to use, warm and ready, not a hair on it below my neck.

I waited, and still nothing.

I heard rustling behind me, but didn't look. Shortly after, the doctor ordered me to sit on the couch in front of the armchair.

I did as instructed. I wasn't too sure why, but something deep within me compelled me to do anything that man said. I would have jumped off of a bridge if he ordered me to, and while I didn't know why, I found it was far easier to follow rather than lead.

He followed me and handed me a dildo before sitting in the arm chair in front of me.

"I want you to pleasure yourself with that toy for me."

I nodded and spread my legs, giving him a full view of my pink pussy and swollen clit. I slid the toy along my slit, coating it with my juices. Every time it grazed my clit I would moan, making me want to go at it even harder.

The bulge in the doctor's pants grew as I put on a show for him, I could see the outline of his large cock and I wondered if I would get to play with it that day. Regardless, I had to be a good girl and follow his orders.

Once the dildo was slick with my juices I pushed it deep within me, feeling my tight pussy stretch around the rubber. I felt every crease, every vein and every inch of the fake cock as I buried it deep, only to pull it out to start all over again.

A steady stream of moans escaped my mouth, and I began to lose myself in the moment.

"Go harder, Marianne."

Another order I had the pleasure to obey. I grabbed the toy and slammed it into my aching pussy, crying out in pleasure. I had never played with something that big, and I didn't expect it to feel that good. The way it stretched my tight hole only made me want the doctor's hard cock more and more.

I kept the rhythm, but I knew I wouldn't last long. Every movement sent jolts of pleasure throughout my entire body. I threw my head back and kept on pounding myself as the obedient little slut I was. I would show him I could follow orders, he'll know how good of a whore I was. I raised my other hand and put two fingers on my clit, rubbing it in slow circular motions while I kept on thrusting the fake cock inside my leaking hole.

My juices, which I desperately wanted to taste, leaked out of me and onto the leather couch.

My cries and moans kept getting louder and I felt a big orgasm build up inside me. The more I fucked myself with that toy, the more I rubbed my clit raw with my fingers, the more I felt like I could explode and drench him with my juices.

"Doctor, I'm..." He didn't let me finish.

"Stop."

I froze, my breathing still sharp and shallow. It took all the willpower I had not to keep going, to reach the orgasm I wanted. I had to be a good girl for him, I had to obey his orders.

My entrance was still gaping, the pink flesh of my glistening pussy exposed to his gaze.

"Am I good enough, doctor? Do you want me to do more?" I asked as I watched him stand up.

He approached me and undid his belt. That filled me with joy, knowing I would get to either feel him inside of me or just taste his large cock. I didn't know which, but I would be fine with either of them or even both.

The doctor's pants hit the ground and I saw his cock strain against his boxers. I reached out to lower the waistband and it sprung out, precum coating its tip.

"It's so big, doctor..."

I grabbed the shaft, my fingertips not even touching, and began to slowly jerk him off as my other hand went back to my clit. My eyes were glued on his veiny rod, far bigger than the toy I had been playing with. I wanted him to fuck me, deeper and harder than ever.

He put his hands on my shoulders and pushed me backwards. I was laying on the couch and he towered over me - yet I didn't feel threatened.

On the contrary, this felt right. I was born to do just that, and soon enough the world will know who Marianne Cooper was. They would see me, one way or another.

He kneeled on the couch, his cock resting on my navel. It felt heavy, but I couldn't wait to feel it rip me apart.

I saw the doctor grab it and slap my clit with its head making me cry out in pleasure. "Please doctor, fuck my tight pussy..." I begged him.

He rubbed the tip of his cock up and down my slit, coating it with the juices that had been steadily leaking out of me - wet spots be damned.

The way he teased me was sending me into overdrive. He would stop in front of my entrance and push ever so slightly - I would prepare to feel him ravage me but he would always pull back.

Slide, push, slide and repeat. I had gotten used to it, and he saw right through me. As soon as he didn't feel me tighten up he sank his veiny cock into me.

It left me breathless, my mouth hanging open as a silent scream escaped it. He grabbed my hips and pushed, pushed until he filled me tight pussy up with his cock.

I felt my walls stretch, to the point that I was sure my pussy would rip apart - but no. It hurt a bit, but the pain was soon replaced by pleasure when I felt him begin to move.

His cock retreated and it made me feel empty. I wanted him to take me, make me feel like a true woman - full and obedient.

He pushed back inside of me, giving me that beautiful feeling of fullness I didn't know I craved so much. I had lost control over what came out of my mouth due to the radiating waves of pleasure that would crash one after another onto me every time he thrust his cock into my filthy fuck hole.

I began rubbing my clit again, trying to match his pace and soon

enough I felt the orgasm peek out from deep within me.

"Harder, doctor, fuck your slut harder!" I begged him and he obliged, his cock resembling a crazed jackhammer that wanted nothing more than to destroy my tight hole.

My fingers worked my clit furiously and I could feel the orgasm about to hit me was perhaps the biggest one I had ever felt.

My mind went blank as I screamed, my entire body convulsing on the doctor's couch as the shocks of pleasure tore through me. My back arched and my eyes rolled to the back of my head as my juices flowed freely from my battered pussy, coating the doctor's cock while my pussy clenched on it.

Waves upon waves of white hot pleasure radiated from my pussy and crashed upon my body, almost making me pass out.

The doctor kept on pounding me but I knew he was on the edge too. The orgasm made my pussy feel tighter and tighter, and I couldn't wait for him to coat my walls with his seed.

He grunted, and I felt his cock explode deep within me. spurts of hot cum erupted from his veiny cock but he kept on pounding me, pushing his cum as deep as it would go and I took it all like a good whore.

It felt like he had unloaded a torrent of cum in my tight pussy - with every twitch, a spurt would come out as he gripped my hips tight, almost to make sure I wouldn't run away.

We both stood there, panting, trying to regain a modicum of composure. His cock still in me, and it still filled me to the brim despite his erection beginning to fade.

"Am I good enough, doctor?" I asked, breathless.

"You'll be a star as long as you keep behaving like a cock hungry bimbo."

"Keep an eye on the magazines then!"

Andrew came to pick me up shortly after. He had a smile on his face that told me this wasn't his first time planning something like that, and it surely wouldn't be the last.

I didn't care. All I wanted was fame, and I was sure I would get it.

A woman, Alice Locke, is shown from the waist down, wearing a grey crop top and matching grey underwear. She is standing in front of a grey tufted sofa with blue and patterned pillows. The background is a bright, slightly blurred indoor setting.

ALICE LOCKE

**FIXING
THE MAID**

FIXING THE MAID

Chapter One

I still remember the day of the interview. How could I forget it? It was a simple live-in maid position. Just the usual chores: clean the house, make food, the works. Normally the crowd these positions attracted wasn't the most young or attractive kind, but when I walked into the doctor's manor I almost did a double take. The girls that were lining up for the interview could have easily been models, and with that my not-so-secret weapon was gone. I had hoped the doctor would hire me on the off chance that maybe some day I would have sex with him - and my resume wasn't too bad either. I didn't know if the others had the necessary qualifications for the position, but I did and I could easily make heads turn without even putting on makeup.

I sat and watched as girl after girl entered what I presumed was his office only to leave shortly thereafter, a defeated look on their faces. I tried to remain neutral, but it naturally made me happy. When my turn came, I felt my heartbeat rise. I had been interviewed before, though this position was on a different level. I entered the doctor's office and he shook my hand. The conversation we had was a blur, I can't for the life of me recall what was said. Yet I must have made a good impression since I ended up getting the job.

Six months have passed, and this job turned out to be slightly different than what I had imagined. Doctor Montague was away most of the time, only visiting during the weekends. That meant I was free to do whatever I pleased, though I couldn't go overboard - I still had to keep the place spotless. The doctor called me to let me know he would spend the weekend and the following week at the manor, which meant I had to do the usual preparations - nothing too bad, it mostly just consisted in restocking

the pantry and ensuring nothing was broken or dirty.

Having him around didn't make much of a difference to me, given the size of the manor. Running into one another was hard unless one of us wanted to, so effectively it was like any other day.

I stood in front of the entrance when he arrived waiting to greet him.

"Good morning sir! Everything's ready for your stay."

"Thank you Diana."

He wasn't carrying any luggage as per usual. Doctor Montague was a bit of mystery: I knew he was a psychologist or that at least he worked in that field, but I couldn't pinpoint exactly what he did - not that I cared, really.

I was there to take care of the house and nothing more.

The rest of that cold Saturday went by fairly fast, and before I knew it, the sun had dipped below the horizon. The manor was located outside of the bordering city and despite the light pollution, every night I could look up and see more stars than I could count.

I was lucky, there's no denying that.

The following day I woke up around seven o'clock, earlier than usual since the doctor was there. I served him breakfast shortly after, and as I was walking away back to the kitchen, he stopped me.

"Yes, doctor?"

"Meet me in my study at noon, there's an important matter that I want to talk to you about."

"Should I be worried?"

"Not at all, dear."

It was the first time he requested to see me like that. Granted, we didn't have many chances to talk one on one. I was curious to see where that could lead.

When the time came, I made my way up to his study and knocked on the heavy mahogany door.

"Come in," He said, his voice muffled by the walls.

I shut the door behind me after entering. I had been in his office countless times before, but that time there was something different about it.

I couldn't pinpoint what it was, however it felt like a heavy blanket

covered me when I entered the room.

"Diana, have a seat."

The doctor's soothing voice didn't quite match the sly grin that shone on his face, but I still did as instructed.

"Is there anything I can do for you, sir?" I asked, brushing my hair away from my shoulder.

"Yes, but we'll get to that later. For the time being, I wanted to inform you that I will be staying here until the end of the month, so make sure everything is in order."

"Naturally sir," I nodded, though I was still curious to know what else he needed.

"Perfect. You have been doing a great job, so I trust this won't bother you too much."

"I'll do my best, sir. And thank you."

"Just stating the honest truth."

He stood up from his desk and took a few steps to the side. I took my chance to ogle him briefly as he walked past me. Rugged but handsome, dressed as sharp as a razor despite the occasion.

I had never felt anything for him, but I will freely admit the dry spell I was in was starting to take its toll on me.

The more my eyes were glued on him, the more I felt myself opening up to the possibility of flirting with him. The doctor clearly kept himself in shape and given how his sleeves were rolled up to have his veiny forearms in full display, I was fairly sure I wasn't the first woman to feel like that.

I shook those thoughts away, even if my mind was slowly filling up with dirty scenarios. I didn't know why, but being alone with him made certain needs arise in me.

"Now, regarding the other thing..." He said, placing a hand on my shoulder.

His touch felt electric, and goosebumps rose on my skin under the maid uniform I was required to wear.

"Yes, doctor?" I said, my voice trembling.

"Do you want to know why I hired you, Diana?"

"Y..." He cut me off.

"I saw something in you. Something that told me you would be perfect for this job. You're good at doing what you're told, are you not, Diana?"

His voice dripped honey, I was enthralled by it.

"Yes, doctor, I am..."

Just having his hand on me was enough to make me tingly all over, a sensation I hadn't felt in a long time.

"Why don't you show me then?" He whispered, placing his other hand on the back of my neck.

Shivers ran down my spine. I didn't think this would ever happen, nor was I prepared for. Still I craved him, and I wanted to show him what I was capable of.

Chapter Two

"Anything for you, sir..." I cooed, throwing my head back so I could look him in the eyes. Our gazes met and I felt like he could see straight through me.

"That's a good girl," He growled, grazing his fingers on the back of my neck. "Stand up," he added.

I eagerly obeyed his orders, standing up so fast my breasts bounced. The doctor heavy hands pushed me forward, bending me over his desk.

The arousal had begun coursing through me, leaving a damp spot on the fabric of my underwear. I'm sure the doctor noticed, especially when he ran his fingers from my neck all the way across my back only to land right between my legs.

"From now on, these are no longer allowed," He sternly declared as he trailed his fingers on my panties. "Understood?"

"Yes sir!"

I yelped in pain when I felt his hands smack my ass cheek, but that only made the wet spot grow larger.

"Is there anything else I can do for you sir?" I said, my breathing harsh and shallow.

"I want your utmost loyalty and obedience. Whatever order I give you is to be executed."

"Of course sir, anything for you!"

"I want your mouth on my cock every morning. Fail to do so and you won't be able to sit for a week."

It was as if a dam broke inside of me, releasing all the lust and desires I brushed aside in the last few months. My pussy was aching to be filled, the more doctor Montague talked, the more it made me want to fuck him until I could no longer walk.

"Yes sir, I promise!"

"Good slut," He growled as he spanked me again.

I yelped, but found myself wanting more.

He grabbed the edge of my panties and slid them down, exposing my smooth glistening pussy and plump ass. He didn't bother touching the rest of my uniform, but I didn't care if I would need to wash it Afterwards - I needed to be fucked.

My hands traveled behind me and I spread my lips for him. My pink flesh, coated with my sweet juices was too appealing of an offer to pass.

I felt one of his fingers probe me, burying itself in me. He didn't go deep, the doctor simply wanted to see how wet I was for him.

"Fuck me sir, please..." I begged him, pushing my hips backwards to meet him.

All I got was another hard spank.

The doctor grabbed me and made me turn around, but quickly pushed me on my knees. My face was just inches away from his cock, still hiding behind his clothes. The bulge was extremely evident - and I could tell mother nature had been very kind to him.

My hands rose up to his belt and expertly undid it. After that, the buttons of his slacks were next and as his pants fell to the ground, all

that separated me from his rod were the boxers he wore.

I massaged his cock above the fabric. It was big and veiny, larger than anything I had ever had - I couldn't wait to feel it rip me apart.

"Go on, I know you have been wanting to do this ever since you first set foot in my office," He growled, and to be completely honest he wasn't too wrong.

I yanked his boxers down and his cock sprung out, almost smacking me in the face. I swiftly grabbed and began sliding my palm up and down his shaft as I devoured with my eyes.

I parted my lips and welcomed its tip in my warm, wet mouth. The doctor grunted when he felt my tongue slide across the engorged purple head of his thick cock, and hearing his reaction made me want to try my best to please him.

I knew I couldn't take him in my throat, he was far too large - but I had other techniques in my arsenal. I began lapping away at his shaft, making sure to coat it with my saliva.

One hand gliding on his shaft, the other gently massaging his heavy ballsack, which I would soon drain.

Doctor Montague was clearly enjoying the experience, and the same could be said about me - my pussy kept dripping, my juices forming a puddle beneath me.

I closed my eyes and focused on his cock, my hands and mouth working in perfect unison to make him explode and fill my mouth up with his hot cum.

Shortly after I felt the doctor's hand on my forehead, pushing my head away from his cock. Thick strings of saliva connected it to my mouth, and I looked up at him to see if I had done something wrong.

He made me stand up and once more pushed me on his desk, this time facing me. I spread my legs, eagerly waiting to feel his hard cock fill me to the brim.

I saw the hunger in his eyes and I'm sure he saw the lust in mine. The doctor didn't hesitate and plunged his cock deep within my aching pussy as I cried out in pleasure.

My walls stretched to accommodate his size, and it felt like he would never stop advancing. Inch after inch my pussy swallowed him whole - I had never felt so full.

"Get used to this, whore," He snarled as he pulled back. Despite my juices and saliva coating his cock, I could still feel every vein on his large rod, every inch of him pressing against me. I couldn't see due to my uniform, but I felt my lips stick to his cock as he pulled back.

"Fuck me sir, I need your cock to split me in two!"

He didn't make me wait, and once the only part of him I had in my pussy was his tip, he proceeded to thrust forward again. I wanted to be quiet for him but couldn't, and began moaning and groaning as I felt him push inside me.

The doctor grabbed my legs for support and increased his pace. His cock gliding somewhat smoothly in and out of me felt heavenly, despite the fact that I felt as if he could tear my poor hole apart. I loved it, and I knew I would become addicted to it.

He found his pace, and I did my best to match his movements with mine even though I couldn't exactly do much. I let him control the games - he was the master of the house after all - and simply followed his lead.

Doctor Montague grabbed my legs and raised them up, resting them on his shoulder. I cried out in pleasure when I felt his cock hit spots I didn't even know I had thanks to the new position, and my moans turned to full fledged screams.

The doctor ramped up his motions and began pounding my tight pussy like there was no tomorrow, grunting as he did so. I briefly opened my eyes to see his forehead coated with beads of sweat but he never relented.

He wanted me to understand he owned me. He owned my body and soul - and I couldn't be happier.

I felt the orgasm rise up within me, as fast as the merciless pounding the doctor was giving my holes. If only he had done this sooner, I would have been a lot happier during those lonely nights at the manor, rubbing my aching clit as I dreamed about a real man using me as a fuck toy.

I was on the edge, my entire body tensed up in anticipation for the release. One more thrust is all it took.

My head started spinning and my body began quivering as a croaky scream escaped my lips. Instinctively I tried to snap my legs shut, but

that only made the doctor's cock feel bigger as my hole became tighter and tighter still while it clenched on his large rod.

The waves of pleasure radiated from my crotch and covered my entire body, I felt as if I had been set on fire. Doctor Montague kept on pounding me throughout, his strength never fading.

I almost passed out and lost count of how many times I came on his large cock. All I knew is that my juices were drenching both of our crotches and I would need to clean everything later.

The doctor was close, too. My sore pussy wasn't used to all of this action, and I truly felt like I would break.

He spread my legs and I almost lost the last shred of balance I had - I would need some time to recover, anything below my waist wasn't working properly.

Grabbing my thighs he buried his cock deep within me as he grunted and came, thick spurts of hot cum flowing from his cock like a volcanic eruption.

I felt his strong seed coat my insides, splashing the walls he had been ruthlessly pounding for God knows how long and filling me up to the point of overflowing.

I had never felt like that, and only when he dumped his torrent of cum inside of me I truly felt like a woman.

Doctor Montague owned me. He had my body, mind and soul and could do with them whatever he pleased. All I wanted was to serve him and be his one and only fuck doll.

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The New Coach - Bimbo Cheerleaders Book 1 (Bimbo, Fertile Menage, MFF) - The first book of this series.

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[Fixing The Frigid Milf - Brainless Bimbos Book 3 \(Bimbofication, Milf, Cuckold\)](#) - Johnathan and his wife are having bedroom issues. She doesn't want to have sex with him, and the last resort is therapy. Johnathan's wife attends the first session by herself, and the doctor knows that all she needs is a back door full of his alpha

cream.

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