



**CIVIL  
OBEDIENCE**

WILL B. GUNN

# Civil Obedience

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By **Will B. Gunn**

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

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Peter spends a lot of his time in expensive cars with black tinted windows. Ever since he became the parliamentary aide to

Senator Gary Green, at least.

Instead of admiring the picturesque view on their way to the local Ivy League college, Peter was busy sorting out the talking points for his boss's speech later that day.

The esteemed senator took Peter under his wing, promising the young man he'll become just as powerful and influential, so long as he stayed close and did what he was told.

Yes, Gary Green was a good politician. He was good at steering public opinion, embarrassing his opponents, and he was a master at screwing his constituents for his own personal gain without them ever noticing.

Peter has never seen his mentor make a mistake. At times, it seemed to Peter like the senator erred, but he learned from experience that in the long run, his boss always had a plan, and to date, he has never seen his boss's machinations fail.

Still, whenever the blazing fire of scandal lit under them, like the one they were on their way to try and douse off, Peter was afraid that maybe, just maybe, his mentor's magic might wear off, and finish both of their careers with it.

The senator's business cellphone rang, taking Peter's attention from his papers.

"It's Chairman Giggs." Peter said.

Senator Green raised his eyes from the newspaper he was reading. "Is there an app through which you can determine the intensity of the bulging vein on his forehead?" The senator asked with a smirk.

"Not that I know of." Peter chuckled. "But I think I know what he wants to yell about."

"Let him stew." The senator said, and returned to his reading.

"Sir, if I may, the chairman said that if you screen his calls one more time he, and I quote, will set you on fire, and then fire your charred ashes. Maybe you should answer..."

"Hah! He's always been so bad at coming up with imaginative threats. Fire you after I set you on fire. Geez. At least he's trying, I suppose."

“Sir, it's about to go to voicemail...” Peter fidgeted nervously.

“Fine, fine, hand it over.” The senator reached over, clearly amused. “You really need to lighten up, Pete. Take things in the proper perspective, you know. Or you'll end up losing your mind.”

“How can you be so calm?” Peter hissed, to the snickering laughter of his mentor.

Senator Green smiled, and in a jokingly self important manner, answered his phone.

“Chairman, to what do I owe this dubious honor.” He said in a mocking tone. Peter could hear the gravelly roar of the fat old man, all the way from his seat across the limousine's spacious aisle.

“I already told you, I have everything covered.” The senator said. “Haven't you learned by now that I always come through?”

More raspy screaming came from the other end of the call. Senator Green distanced the phone from his ear, rolling his eyes and curling his lips derisively.

“Are you done?” He asked when the yelling subsided. “I fully understand, chairman. I swear, if I fail, I'll save you the trouble and put my own head in the oven. Until then, just stay calm! All this stress is bad for your aging heart.” Senator Green joked. Peter knew the chairman was not fond of Green's sense of humor, and was sure the esteemed party leader would probably not respond well to it.

“I'll speak with you later, chairman.” Green said right after, and hung up.

Peter stared at his boss with barely restrained terror.

“Relax, Pete, everything will work out.” Senator Green tried to calm the young man down.

“What is your plan, sir?” Peter asked. “The protests are only gaining traction, and their message is working all too well, with too many important voting sectors.”

The spark that lit the flames, of this particular scandal, was the leaking of a secret motion to cut the budget for women's studies classes, nationwide. It was supposed to be painted as a necessary trimming, in a year of financial recession. The truth, however, was vastly different.

Their party's biggest donors needed to get their tax cuts, to ensure the continued flow of campaign contributions, so Senator Green was tasked with finding a place to take the money from. It seemed perfect, at first. The women's studies programs were receiving a bulk of annual funding, the cutting of which would only upset some wrinkled feminist professors with a stick up their asses, and the relatively small percentage of people who took their classes.

Everything went according to plan, until somebody made the connection between the planned tax cut, the budget cut to women's studies, and the fact that the greatest beneficiaries from the tax cut were going to be the party's largest donors. Worst of all, they made that connection on TV, in front of the entire nation.

When that happened, the protests began. Instead of them being sporadic and small, they became big, and immensely influential. It was mostly thanks to the leader of the protests, the young woman rallying the masses, Beverly Reese.

A nineteen year old student at one of the top universities in the country, and to make matters worse, she was a model, a socialite, and a budding Hollywood actress. Smart, beautiful, articulate, and savvy, the media loved her, and the public adored her. She was quite talented, too, if one were to go by the critics of her latest movie.

Beverly was the worst political opponent imaginable, because she was way too reasonable. She never strayed to the extremes, and thus managed to gather the masses under her banner. Her natural charisma only made her slogans more effective.

She was young and beautiful, which endeared her to many people, and she was not naive, at least as far as Peter could tell. Worst of all, her fight against their party was simple enough for everyone to comprehend, and outrageous enough to piss off even their most loyal voters.

If this matter wasn't somehow shushed, heads would roll, beginning with that of Senator Green, and most likely those high up enough on his staff. That's why they were there, to try and reason with the leaders of the protest.

Peter would have been excited about meeting the rising movie star, if he wasn't terrified she would end up costing him his career.

As their limo entered through the university's gate, they passed next to the main protesting crowd. Beverly Reese used the time of the senator's arrival to give a heated speech. She stood on a slightly elevated stage, and held a megaphone, so her voice would reach the senator's ears.

"It's time for the corruption to end!" She called out. "This is not just a fight for women, this is a fight for the people as a whole, to get their country back from rich donors and corrupt politicians!"

Loud cheers greeted her words.

"How cute." The senator chuckled.

"Say, Pete, who do you think is hotter, Beverly or that girl who's always stuck to her side like glue? Whatever her name is..."

"Her name is Tanya Volker, sir. And...Um, I don't...I don't think it's appropriate to..."

"Stop being an idiot, Pete, and answer the goddamn question. Which hot piece of eye candy do you prefer?"

Peter had to give it some thought, truth be told. Tanya Volker, the young woman who acted as Beverly's lieutenant and assistant, had smooth red-brown hair, hazel eyes, and a fantastically athletic, petite body.

She was a head shorter than Beverly, but her body was perfectly proportionate to her height. Next to nearly any other woman, she would be a clear winner in Peter's eyes.

"Beverly, sir." He finally said. "Tanya is great, but Beverly is on a whole other level."

"I see." The senator nodded. "Good to know. Personally, I like the petite ones, myself. Makes me feel mighty, tossing them around as I fuck 'em. Beverly is one of the sexiest whores alive, though, I'll give you that."

Peter nodded shyly, hoping the senator was just trying to get all the misogynistic insults out of his system.

Beverly was one of those women who looked too perfect to be real. With her long, lightly curly blonde hair, flowing down like a waterfall of liquid gold, her dazzling blue-grey, almost silvery eyes, and her perfect, spotless face.

She had a magical aura to her, transcending well beyond common beauty. She was tall, and trim, and when she wore tight pants Peter couldn't help but fantasize about humping her hot bubbly ass.

"Hey, Pete, who's that other whore, on Beverly's other side?" The senator asked.

"What?" Peter was too focused on Beverly to notice. "Oh, that's Beatrice Rodberg, she's been rising in the ranks of their movement recently. Shaping up to become one of the prominent leaders."

"She's not bad looking, either." The senator said. "Big knockers, slim hips, and those honeyed eyes along with the auburn hair go really well together, don't you think?"

"I suppose..." Peter replied "She's a firecracker, though. Really energetic, from what I hear."

"Heh, well that's not bad, either."

"For us, it may be." Peter said with a concerned expression. "How can you be so calm, Mr. Green?" He asked again.

"Relax, Pete, you'll understand everything once we meet with them. Just wait, and *chill*, as you young people say nowadays."

"Right. Chill." Peter stifled a smirk. "That's definitely a word young people use."

"Are you mocking me, Peter?" The senator raised an eyebrow.

"I think I am, sir." Peter smiled.

"Hah! Good on you! Better than your stressed out whining!"

The senator had his flaws, but he knew how to make people feel comfortable around him.

Peter and Senator Green waited for Beverly and Tanya in the university president's office. To Peter's mild astonishment, the two popular coeds arrived right on time. He was kind of expecting them to come fashionably late.

"Senator Green, they are here." The president of the university opened the door, and showed the two young women in.

Peter's heart skipped a beat, being so close to two such perfect angels, especially Beverly Reese, seemingly still shrouded by glittering star-dust in his eyes.

“Thank you very much, Professor Burton, and thanks, once again, for letting us use your office for this meeting.”

“Of course, Senator Green, don't even mention it.” The old university president said and started closing the door.

“Lock the door behind you.” The senator called out before the door closed, and a second later, the turning of a key was heard. Peter wanted to ask why the door should be locked, but decided there were much more important things to focus on.

Beverly and Tanya stood next to each other with folded arms, leaning shoulder to shoulder like partners in a buddy-cop movie, a small and glowing smile on their gorgeous faces.

“Big, private office, and a locked door?” Beverly said with an uncharacteristic giggle, tilting her hips sexily. “I wonder how this meeting will unfold, Tanya.”

“I just hope we can spend a couple of hours here, and maybe put our heads to some good use.” Tanya said, licking her lips.

Peter thought he noticed a flirtatious vibe in their behavior, but he wouldn't allow himself to actually believe it. The notion that those two would stoop to using sex to achieve their goal seemed preposterous.

“I hope so, too.” The senator replied with a smirk. “You whores look lovely today. I can't wait to take this meeting forward.”

“Senator Green?!” Peter gasped.

It's finally happened, his genius boss has gone bat-shit crazy. The smart thing for Peter to do was to immediately quit and alienate himself from his mentor, but he couldn't bring himself to do that to the man who taught him everything.

Instead, he turned to the women.

“Miss Reese, Miss Volker, please forgive the senator's...uhm, unique sense of humor.” He said, flustered and working up a sweat.

“Be quiet, Peter.” The senator said with an assertive, commanding voice.

“Now, ladies, why don't you put a nice sexy show on, for me and my young aide.” He leaned in and said arrogantly. “You know:

Make out, dance a bit, and strip each other, like the hot little whores you are.”

Time seemed to stand still for Peter. He swallowed nervously, and prepared himself for the eruption of rage that he figured was bound to come. The look of horror on his face was quickly replaced by an expression of utter shock, as instead of freaking out, both coeds giggled and grinned with a shiny, white grin.

“We understand, mister Senator.” Beverly sang with a breathy voice. “What kind of whores would we be, if we didn't know how to put a nice lesbian make-out strip-tease show for you.”

“All for you, kind sirs.” Tanya agreed and turned her amorous gaze to Beverly, and moved her hands to grab Beverly's tits through her shirt.

The two young hotties sighed soothingly, and locked lips. They kissed each other with steamy passion. Tanya grabbed Beverly's ass and playfully slapped it, making the bubbly thing bounce.

“More tongue, whores.” Senator Green demanded.

The angelic blonde detached her lips from Tanya with a moist peck, a strand of sparkling saliva stretching between their tongues.

“Yes, mister senator.” Beverly said playfully and coyly, and the amazing coeds began visibly twirling their lips around each other.

They rubbed their tender hands along each other's sexy body, from thighs to breasts to shoulders. Gentle and moist kissing sounds filled the room as they pressed their chests together, occasionally detaching their lips with sizzling smiles and carnal lust in their eyes.

Tanya took Beverly's jacket off, and the celebrity blonde began to slowly sway her hips, dancing to a slow tune of seduction. Beverly turned her petite friend around, and slowly peeled Tanya's pants off from her shapely legs, revealing her silky white thong.

With her pants wrapped around her ankles, and her pert butt pointing to the viewing gentleman, Tanya wiggled her body slowly and seductively. Beverly sighed happily, and crouched down to kiss her friend's sexy behind.

*\*SPANK\**

She hit Tanya's ass with a sharp open handed slap that made her bubbly cheek jiggle.

“Oh!” Tanya jumped up, and giggled sweetly.

Peter moved his gaze between Tanya's nearly bare ass, and the top of Beverly's pristine buttocks, peeking from her tight jeans in her crouching position. He felt as though his cock was about to tear through his suit's pants.

"Oh, that's hot. Do it again, whore!" Senator Green said.

"Of course, Mr Green. What are whores for?" Beverly said and winked at the old man with her wondrous eyes, and kissed her friend's soft butt cheek, before sharply slapping it again.

Beverly then slowly rose back to her feet, and sensually circled her hips while removing her shirt, revealing the perky young tits that every man in the world dreamed of. She wasn't even wearing a bra.

"Holy shit..." Peter ogled her breasts, as she massaged them sexily, like a common stripper during a show.

Tanya kept on with the porn-like lesbian show format, and started suckling and licking the famous movie-starlet's titties, tracing her tongue along Beverly's perfectly pink areolae, and using her moist lips to gently yank on Beverly's lightly jutting nipples.

"What is going on?!" Peter finally brought himself to lift his jaw from the ground, rehydrate his drying mouth, and ask in utter puzzlement.

The half naked ladies giggled at Peter and continued their raunchy show. The senator snorted with a single chuckle, but never took his eyes off of the hot coeds.

Beverly took Tanya's shirt off, and threw it at the senator. Tanya's tits were encased in a sexy white bra that matched her thong, and Beverly used her teeth to tear it off, spitting it in Peter's general direction. The hot blonde bounced her boobs and winked at him, before turning around to face her friend.

Peter leaned down to the floor, to lift the discarded bra, and held it before his eyes, speechless and amazed.

By the time he lifted his eyes back up, Beverly's tight pants were already half way down her shapely butt. Tanya slowly and sexually lowered them down the hot blonde's smooth behind, while Beverly wiggled it from side to side, looking back at the two men with her thumb-nail playfully clenched between her smiling teeth.

Peter couldn't take it anymore. He didn't know if it was real, or a hallucination, but he had to start rubbing his throbbing hard-on through his pants, nonetheless.

“Senator, your assistant looks so confused. Don't be mean, tell him what's going on.” Beverly giggled, kicked her pants aside, and hoisted her friend up, to continue their nearly naked make-out session. She wore a lacy pink thong that perfectly parted her bubbly, soft cheeks. It was unbelievable, especially since Bevelry Reese was known to not do nude scenes, even ones with just her underwear.

The senator cleared his throat, and rolled his office chair around the university president's desk.

“It's quite simple, Peter.” He said “The perfect way to quell the protest, is to have them rally behind two charismatic and beautiful figures, like the sheep they are, and then use their reverence towards their leaders to quiet it all down.”

He got up on his feet, walked over to the two lewd performers, and started running his palms along their sexy, smooth bodies.

“We will 'explain' to these lovely whores why the cuts are necessary, during this so called 'meeting'.” He stalled on their butts, groping and grabbing and gently smacking.

“Then, we will reach a fake middle ground, for appearance's sake, and then these lovely bunnies will relay our message, in a way that will be palatable and believable to the masses.”

The senator moved up to cup their gravity defying titties, to the clueless giggles of the horny coeds.

“But how...How did you get these two to...”

“What is the lesson I'm always trying to teach you, Pete?”

Senator green peered at his protege and said “If you have enough money, you can literally move mountains. Moving people's loyalties around is nothing! Wouldn't you agree, Tanya?”

He forcefully squeezed Tanya's breast, and lowered his head to munch on it.

“Ohh, yes, mister senator!” The usually articulate young woman said dumbly, clearly putting a bimbo show for the old man's sake “Money makes the world go round, and my titties tingle!”

“Hehe, I liked that answer.” He raised his head again, and put his finger in her mouth, making her suck on it with puckered lips and smiling eyes.

Peter still couldn't believe his eyes. He felt glued to his chair, even though a large, throbbing part of him was aching to jump to his feet and join the fun.

“Are you saying you bribed them, Senator Green?” He turned his gaze to Beverly, looking slutty, loose, and easy.

“He bought you off? The most promising young Hollywood starlet, and Tanya, you're already considered a lock-in for a successful political career.”

“They are whores, Pete.” The senator interjected jovially “Forget what you know of their image in the media, haven't you already learned that TV news is rarely accurate?”

“I...It's just so...Dumbfounding, sir.”

“We just chose to be on the right side, Pete.” Beverly shook her cute butt and said.

“Hey.” The senator grasped her chin forcefully “Refer to him as 'sir', whore, he is my protege, and successor.”

Her pupils shook in her eyes for a second, surprised by the sudden stern words and actions of the normally easy-going senator.

“Oh yes, mister senator.” She agreed with a coy smile and a bounce to her hips “Whatever you say, sir.”

“Now go and make Pete happy. He chose you over your petite friend, here.” The senator said, and sent her forward with a derisive slap on the rear. Peter's eyes widened and he began panting when he saw Beverly Reese, the one and only, shake her hips seductively towards him.

“And you can start sucking me off.” The senator sat down, unzipped, and told Tanya.

“Finally do something useful with that mouth of yours.”

“Hmm! Gladly mister!” Tanya let out and dropped to her knees. Peter watched with awe as the petite Tanya Volker took the old man's cock like a pro, using her mouth and tongue to polish the senator's hard-on, with no hands, while looking up at him with wide eyes. She brushed her tongue along his underside a few times,

before wrapping her lips around his tip, gulping his full length in her throat.

Watching her bob her head on the senator's cock, Peter almost forgot that the angelic blonde, Beverly, was slowly shaking her perfectly trim hips over, to entertain him. Only when she arrived, naked apart from her skimpy thong, straddled his lap and obscured his view of the fellating Tanya, did he turn his gaze to her beautiful, blue-silver eyes.

She was so light and soft on his crotch, and her body was so gentle, and warm. His hands instinctively wrapped around her body, tightly embracing her lithe physique.

“Do you like my body, sir?” Beverly asked, blinking at him with a loving smile.

“Ohh...It-It's amazing...O-Out of this world...” He murmured, pressed her bare breasts to his face with one hand, and cupped one of her pristine, porcelain buttocks with the other.

“I...I might cum just from touching you...” He said coarsely, panting with heat.

“That's just fine, sir. I'm here for you.” She whispered with a breathy voice, running her fingers through his thick mane, and grinding her hips back and forth on his crotch, absent-mindedly sliding her thong panties aside to unveil her smooth, pink pussy.

“But that would be such a waste, sir, if a lowly whore such as myself may say.” She looked at him with moist eyes, that same pliant smile still on her lips, as she gently ground her pussy lips on the bulge in his pants.

“Shall I take your cock out, sir?” She asked dutifully and willingly, her cheeks blushing sweetly.

“Y-Yeah...” Peter nodded. He knew, in the back of his mind, that her innocent, docile demeanor was an act, based on her previous playfulness and coyness with the senator, but he didn't care. She was just so good at fitting herself to his liking.

She expertly used one hand to unzip him, and take his cock out. Her gentle grip sent electrifying tingles through his cock, which rendered him breathless for a moment, and yet somehow she managed to hold his rod gently enough, so he did not explode in climax, just yet.

With a spirited giggle, Beverly teased her dripping moist pussy with his tip, gently patting his rock-hard shaft with her finger-pads.

“I can't believe this...” Peter huffed “Beverly Reese is...ohh...”

He looked at her, and felt like in a dream, pleasant vibes smoothly coursing through his entire body. She moistened her fingers and used them to lubricate both their sexes, preparing them with moist, caring eyes that looked straight at him.

“My pussy is ready for you, sir.” She said with a singing, musical, and alluring voice.

“Shall I put it in?” She whispered in his ear, and some precum shot from his throbbing, bulging tip.

Peter could barely bring himself to answer. He merely nodded breathlessly, shivers of warmth gliding under his skin, like arousing, tingling goosebumps.

“I'm happy to be a whore for you.” She said with a docile giggle, licked the outer ring of his ear-lobe, secured his tip in her pink, moist, and tight snatch, and sensually lowered her hips down.

Peter grunted with every inch that Beverly took in her tight embrace, writhing her hips in circles as she went down, massaging his rod with the wet, juicy walls of her pussy by expertly tightening her honeypot.

“Hrrmm...” He groaned when her soft butt finally rested on his lap again, his cock fully penetrating her.

“Hrm!” He grunted ferociously, and began snuggling her perky breasts, mad with carnal lust.

“Ohh sir!” Beverly began to playfully bounce on him, moving her entire lithe, limber body to please the hard shaft between her legs.

“Ahh! Ahh! Ohh, sir, your cock is so big and strong!” She squealed and bit her lower lip, showering Peter with words of love and adoration.

“Your cock is the best I've ever had, sir!” She moaned like a common prostitute.

Beverly Reese, the wholesome sweetheart, knew how to press all his buttons, without prematurely bringing his orgasm. He did cum very quickly, in the end, but that was after every neuron and nerve-ending in his body oozed with mind-numbing ecstasy.

From the moment the perfect beauty straddled him, less than five minutes have passed, but for Peter it felt like hours of bliss.

In mere minutes, Beverly brought him to the most amazing climax he has ever achieved. His muscles contracted and convulsed with every thick explosion of cum that shot deep into her. He groaned so deeply that his hot breath reached through the air, and caressed her beautiful face.

Beverly didn't stop her service to him, even in the midst of his raging orgasm. She ran her nails along his midriff, and gently moved her hips to accommodate his spurting spear, shooting thickly into her pink cunt.

When the sensations of pure elation and delight began to subside, Peter's panting face was red, and his eyes were disoriented. His vision, blurry at first, cleared once he blinked a few times. He looked up, and saw Beverly's still vibrant and energetic face smile at him.

"Oh fuck, I came inside..." He suddenly realized, looking down to where his crotch connected with her warm, delicate body.

"Yeah, you did." Beverly nodded gleefully "Don't worry, I'm on birth control, and I'm clean of STD's."

"R-Really?" He asked the amazingly beautiful nineteen year old straddling him.

"What kind of a whore would I be, otherwise?" She asked rhetorically. It was clear to him that she did not even try to achieve her own orgasm, in the process of fucking him, but he didn't care. In fact, he liked how she worked so hard, just to get him off.

"I like how you did all the work for me, and didn't orgasm yourself." He brought mumbling voice to his thoughts, somewhat drunk on passion and lacking his usual inhibitions, after the amazingly euphoric ordeal.

"Oh really?" She giggled cutely again "That's interesting.

A booming laugh emanated from behind her.

"Did he already cum?" Senator Green said out loud "Heh, I don't blame you, Pete, Beverly is quite proficient at pleasing men. Trust me, I know."

Peter was so immersed in his hot sex with Beverly Reese, he nearly forgot the senator and Tanya were still in the room.

He looked around Beverly's body, and saw the senator using his strong hand to roughly mouth-fuck Tanya, who still had her eyes locked, looking up at him as he speared into her mouth. The senator wasn't even looking at her, but rather watching Beverly's backside as she mounted Pete.

Pete's explosion was so massive, that his cum started sliding down his pole, and out of Beverly's tight pussy. He stayed limp for a few seconds, but being inside of her was not something he could get over, with just one orgasm.

"Ooh, you're getting hard again." Beverly bounced her breasts giddily, and said.

"I can take another load in my pussy, sir, unless you want to have fun some other way." She suggested, batting her eyes seductively.

"Yeah, I'll think about it. Stay on me, for now. Gosh, you're so pretty," He said casually, feeling much more in control, now that he regained his mental faculties, after the force of his heavenly explosion.

"I still can't believe you're nothing but a hired whore, but it's hard to argue with your skills..." He shook his head and said.

"Oh, don't be silly, sir." Beverly said "I don't need any special skills at prostitution, when I look like I do."

"Heh, good point." He replied, grabbing her boobs "But you're a movie star, and you're working on a degree in an Ivy League institution. How much could the senator be paying you for this?"

Beverly paused for a second, her eyes wide and glassy, and her face awkwardly sealed. Just when Peter wanted to ask her what's wrong, the playful, meek smile returned to her face.

"Ten thousand dollars, sir." She said with joy, feeling his erection grow stronger within her.

"What?!" Peter gasped "That makes no sense. You make more than that with a ten minutes appearance at the mall."

She just smiled at his wide eyed shock, and started moving her hips up and down again.

"Ohh, that feels so nice." He moaned.

“Wait, ten grand per month, or week, or appearance? Yeah, I'd believe 10 grand per appearance.”

“Nope, sir.” She said, tightening her pussy lips around his shaft “Ten thousand dollars for a life long contract.”

“But...But that can't be true...I mean, even if you're a whore...” his pupils trembled in his eyes.

“Who said I was an expensive whore?” She said calmly, slowly grinding her hips back and forth, and happily accepting his hand on her bubbly butt.

There was another befuddled pause, that the gorgeous coed broke with her rosy voice. “Does it turn you on, to know I'm so cheap?” She asked him “Do you like the notion that ten thousand dollars is enough to purchase me as a sex slave for life?”

Peter swallowed nervously and stared at her, his cock receiving a powerful jolt of arousal from her words.

“Y-Yeah...It-It's a major turn-on for me.” He said.

“I thought it might be.” She told him, patting his cheek “Because you like it when I do all the work for you, right? You get all the pleasure, sir, and I get to give you that pleasure, and nothing more.”

Peter blinked a few times, a wicked smile forming on his face as he nodded at her. The amazingly hot actress was starting to touch a very kinky fantasy of his, and it started seeming like less of a fantasy, and more of a reality, with every passing second.

“What if I told you that the senator paid some people to brainwash me. They got the ten grand for their work, and they transformed me from a free thinking young woman with a successful movie career, into a docile, submissive slave, who wants nothing but to make herself...” She looked down, shyly and meekly.

“Useful, for her master.” She finished with a servile drone, and then looked up at him mindlessly.

Hearing her say those words left Peter speechless. It was like the realization of all his wet dreams, with the woman of every man's wet dreams.

“Would that make you happy, sir, if I told you that?” She asked again, putting her forefinger in her lips, looking all innocent and sweet.

“Y-You don't know how much...” He said, his mouth and lips dry as a desert.

“And it would please you, if I called you master?”

“It...It so would...”

“Yes master.” She said obediently.

“I am your eternally owned slave, master. I will do anything you wish. I live to pleasure and satisfy your every whim, master.” She droned out, her voice somehow dripping passion while somewhat monotonous.

“Oh, god, ride my cock, slave! Ahh! Ride my cock hard!” Peter growled loudly, and grabbed her ass with both hands, squeezing joyfully.

“Oh, yes master! Ahh! Ahh! Fuck this slave pussy, master!”

The senator finally decided to stop orally drilling into Tanya, and hoisted her up to her feet, before bending her over the heavy, timber, office desk.

“You're my hot little whore, aren't ya?!” He spanked Tanya, and penetrated her well prepared, thoroughly lubricated pussy.

“Yes, mister senator! Ah!” She squealed with every deep thrust “I'm your whore! Fuck this whore hard, sir!”

“Haha! That's right, you wouldn't be able to finish college properly without selling that pussy of yours, huh?”

“Yes sir, mister senator! This young whore is happy to bend over and spread her legs for her tuition, sir!”

Peter watched the old man fuck Tanya from behind, and decided he's been sitting still a little too long.

“Get off, slave.” He told Beverly “On your knees.”

“Yes master.” She immediately complied.

Peter stood up and began derisively slapping his cock all over her face – The face he was used to seeing on the big screen, looking all strong and confident.

Instead of strength and confidence, Beverly's face showed meek subservience and deprived arousal. She took her tongue out and let Peter slap his dick on it, and rub his raw manhood all over her pretty face.

He put his cock in her mouth and pumped into her cheek until it plopped out.

“You're going along with the whole master slave role playing because it arouses me, aren't you?” He suddenly felt the urge to ask. “Just like Tanya, accommodating the senator's college girl whore fetish, right?”

“*Mm!*” Beverly kissed his tip passionately before answering.

“Do you think so, master? Maybe we're both brainwashed slaves, and the senator just told the both of us to act like college whores.” She said as she gulped and slurped at his throbbing hard-on.

Peter chuckled, put his hand on her head, and began pumping into her throat with vigor. Treating her like an object to mouth fuck was arousing as hell for the young man.

“I don't know what to think anymore, slave.” He said, looking down at her lips, wrapped around his shaft with a perfect O shape.

“But it doesn't really matter, I guess. Either you're a brainwashed, mind controlled sex toy who obeys for free, or you're a successful actress whore, whose willing to role-play as my slave for, heh, whatever my boss is paying you.” He closed his eyes and moaned.

Beverly looked up and curved her cock-wrapped lips into a smile. Her arms dangled aimlessly as the man standing over her fucked her famously flawless face.

Peter planned on bending her over the table, alongside Tanya, but it was not to be. Beverly's oral skills were just too good for him to pull out. Her tongue danced in circles around his rod, so vibrantly, that he was starting to wonder if she had more than one in her mouth.

When she felt the underside of his cock tremble on her tongue, Beverly knew Peter was about to cum. He moaned and closed his eyes, letting go of her head in his delirious climax. Beverly plopped her lips off from his tip with a loving kiss, right before he nutted all over her face.

The hot blonde continued jerking his cock, aiming it at her face, until he was fully depleted. Peter opened his eyes and looked down.

His floppy snake rested on her chin, and her perfect mug was drenched with thick white sperm.

He panted, his cock feeling fantastically drained, sending jolts of joy across his entire body.

“Beverly Reese, on her knees, with a face full of my cum. This is a dream I never want to wake up from.”

“It's not a dream, Pete!” The senator was still banging Tanya from behind, to her moans and degrading declarations about herself.

“It's like I always tell you, my young protege. This is what true power is! This is what it means to be the leader of the pack! The...*ohh!*” He growled and closed his eyes, pressing his crotch onto Tanya's bubbly behind, clearly ejaculating into her accepting, tight, young snatch.

“Oh yeah! That's a good whore.” He said, and spanked her.

“Where was I? Oh right. This is what it means to be the shepherd, rather than a sheep of the flock.”

He slowly pulled out of Tanya, and when his tip plopped out, Peter could see his mentor's cum drool out of her pussy, glazing her pink lips.

“This whore.” He spanked Tanya “She's just one of the benefits of being in charge.”

She giggled and wiggled her behind as a response to the hearty spank.

The senator zipped back up.

“Get dressed, Whore.” He said.

“Yeah, you too, slave.” Peter looked down at Beverly, still having the urge to rub his disbelieving eyes.

“Yes master.” She said with a docile bow, cum dripping from her cheeks and lips.

“Don't wipe your face yet.” Peter added, feeling mean.

“As you wish, master.”

Peter re-took his seat, and so did the senator. They watched the two coeds put their clothes back on. Their tight pants on their thongs, their shirts on their tits. Tanya forgot to put her bra back on, so she offered it to the senator for safe keeping.

Once they were all fully dressed again, the senator told the two ladies to kneel before the desk. They knelt upright with radiant smiles, put their hands on their knees, and waited. Beverly still had thick strands of cum dangling from her face, threatening to drop down and soil her tight pants.

“Okay, now that we're done with the pleasure part of the meeting, time to discuss business.” The senator said.

“Are you clear on what your speech should entail, Beverly?” He asked the kneeling blonde.

“Yes, mister senator, I do.” She said, licking some cum off her lips as she spoke “It will be the best speech I ever gave, I promise.”

“Good, good. There's another thing, though.”

“What other thing, esteemed sir?” Beverly inquired.

“When my limo drove in this morning, we saw a third lovely damsel, standing next to you and Tanya, at the rally. What was her name again, Pete?”

“Hmm? Oh, Beatrice Rodberg, Mr. Green.” Peter said, his gaze still fixating on the two kneeling women.

“Yes, her. From what Peter here tells me, she's a rising star in your, heh, little community, and she's a little more extreme in her opinion than what I told you two to be.”

Beverly and Tanya looked at each other with shame and guilt.

“I'm sorry, sir, I should have told you about her sooner.” Beverly said.

“So she's a problem?” Senator Green narrowed his eyes at the cum covered movie starlet.

“She may be, sir.” Beverly lowered her eyes in shame “I failed in covertly stopping her rise, and now she just may be strong enough to publicly go against my word, and not get shunned by everyone else.”

“That's not good.” Peter frowned “Beatrice Rodberg will not accept that conciliation speech you're about to give, slave.”

He kept calling her slave, just for fun.

“I know that, master.” Beverly said with a weak, docile voice.

The senator smirked.

“Heh, Nice to see you're finally comfortable, Pete. And you're right, we will have to give young miss Beatrice Rodberg an offer she'll find hard to refuse.”

“Mr. Green, I truly highly doubt she'll be susceptible to bribery, or an offer of any kind.”

“Don't worry, Pete.” The senator said “I'll give her the same offer I gave Beverly and Tanya here. Trust me, She'll be happy to comply with our \*ahem\* reasonable demands.”

“Okaaaay.” Peter said with a frown.

“Need to act quickly, though. Your big speech is tomorrow.” The senator said, took his phone out and wrote something down. By the little sound-bite that played right after, the senator sent someone a rushed text message.

The old man returned his phone to whence it came, and clapped his hands contently.

“Alright, time to wrap this up. Clean yourself up, Beverly, and get back on your feet, both of you.”

“Should we visit you tonight, mister senator?” Tanya asked hopefully.

“I'd love to, but that's too risky. Don't worry, you'll have plenty of time to be my whores, and Peter's 'slavegirls', hehe, after this whole ordeal is successfully swept under the rug, covered up, and properly forgotten.”

Peter sat silently for a few seconds, but there was something he had to know.

“Mr. Green, was what Beverly told me true? I mean, about the brainwashing and mind control?”

“Why do you ask?” The senator responded casually and halfheartedly, in a joking tone.

“Well, what you said about Beatrice made me, uhm, wonder.”

“Don't be silly.” Beverly interjected, wiping cum from her face with a tissue, and putting it in her purse.

“People can't be brainwashed to act against their core values...” She gave him a meaningful look.

“...Master.” She whispered at him with a suggestive smile and a coy wink, blowing a servile kiss at him, that managed to baffle him even further.

“You know what, forget it. I don't want to know.” Peter decided.

“Finally you're speaking like a politician! Never try to know something you don't have to know. Plausible deniability is a cornerstone of our modern politics, Pete. Never forget that!”

“Now, ladies shake those pert booties out of our sights, I have some important things to discuss with my assistant.”

“Yes sir, mister senator. Your whores are happy to obey.” They said in perfect unison, bowed deeply and respectfully, and walked away, spanking the tight fabric covering their behinds before stepping out the door.

Peter glanced outside the window, and saw a gigantic billboard advertising Beverly's big speech. He focused on her spotless, gorgeous face and remembered how she looked like, covered in his cum – He did his best to tattoo the image in his memory as permanently as he could.

*Beverly Reese on budget cuts, tax cuts, government waste, and how corruption ruins our great country –  
Wednesday, 11 AM*

The words under her face said. For the first time, instead of scaring him, Peter was almost excited about attending her speech.

Senator Green didn't really have much business to discuss with Peter – He simply wanted to take a nap. The two went over the Senator's schedule for the next two days, bantered a bit about having sex with the celebrity coed and her pseudo celebrity right hand woman, and then the old man took a short slumber on the university president's executive office chair.

The next morning, a few hours before Beverly's speech, Peter received an urgent message that required the senator's immediate attention.

Luckily, the esteemed representative was used to waking up at six a.m. every morning, so Peter knew he could just barge into his room. Well, after properly knocking, of course.

“Come on in, Pete.” He called from inside the room “Wait, you're alone, yes?”

Peter opened the door and rushed inside, locking it behind him.

“Yeah, I am, Mr Green. I just got a message that...Oh, dear...” Peter spoke as he walked to the senator's bedroom, where his voice came from, and stopped the second he came in.

Peter may have been alone, but the senator wasn't.

“Isn't that the chamber-maid who angrily sneered at you, when we checked in? She really seemed to hate you...” Peter asked the senator.

The older man was sitting comfortably on his bed with a lovely lady who had her massive breasts wrapped around his cock. She looked up at him with wide, shiny eyes, and an eager smile, pumping her big boobs up and down around his hard shaft.

“All busty chamber-maids are whores.” Senator Green said “Isn't that right, whore?”

He gently patted her head, and she nodded with a sexy purr, stretching her tongue down to give his tip a moist lick.

“I...I see.” Peter said shyly, getting hard himself. He didn't get his own morning release, thanks to the urgent news he was there to deliver.

“I need to tell you something, sir, and it's quite urgent, so...” He looked at the woman's perfectly round, bouncy, big breasts, as she used her hands to squeeze them and move them up and down at a steady, patient pace.

“Go ahead, Pete.” The senator said “She's a stupid whore, you don't need to worry about her overhearing.

“Oh? Uhm, okay, I guess.”

The woman giggled every time the senator called her a whore, as if it was the biggest compliment she could receive.

“The committee meeting about the tax cuts was moved to this afternoon, and they need your vote to pass it.”

“What about senators Hertz and Kelsey?” Senator Green asked.

“Still on vacation. Without your attendance, we might not have a majority in the committee.”

The senator frowned at Peter.

“Who moved the committee meeting? This smells like a plot by the opposition.” He said with a huff, relieving some stress by pinching the chamber maid's nipples, hard.

“I'm not sure yet, sir, but I took the liberty of buying train tickets for us. Sorry, there were no flights leaving early enough. Our train leaves in thirty minutes.”

“thirty minutes?! You could have said that earlier!” The senator berated.

“I'm sorry, sir. I...”

“Besides, one of us needs to stay here and make sure those other whores do their jobs properly.” The old man asserted.

“Well, I can't vote on the committee, sir.”

“I'm well aware of that, Pete. You will stay here and make sure Beverly's speech goes according to plan. Kaphish?”

“Yes, sir. Understood.” Peter said, and began to leave.

“Now, toots, since I no longer have all morning to properly demean, degrade, and make use of every sexy hole and crevice of yours, you'll have to hurry it up and get me off with your tits.”

“Oh, yes sir, the customer is always right! Please enjoy this whore's tits to the fullest!” The chamber-maid said with a servile tone, pressed her knockers tighter, and panted as she increased the pace of her movements tenfold, straining her upper body to the limit, jerking the senator's manhood off as if her jugs were naught but male masturbatory tools.

Peter sat beside the dining table of the presidential suite, also known as the senator's hotel room, and tried to think about all the edge scenarios that may muck up Beverly's speech. Fifteen minutes after Peter left the bedroom, the senator emerged fully dressed and hurried to the limo, so he could be driven to the train station.

“I'll see you tomorrow, Pete. Oh, if you need some morning release, the chamber maid is waiting for you inside.” He told Peter before he left.

Peter walked into the room and found the busty chamber-maid still kneeling next to the bed, cum glazing her breasts and neck, and a big, oblivious smile on her face.

“The honorable senator paid me to take care of you, as well, sir.” She said “Just say the word.”

“How much did he pay you?” Peter asked, already removing his pants and underpants.

“I don't remember, sir. I'm just a stupid, cheap whore.” She said with the same eerie, unconcerned smile.

“Sure, sure.” Peter rolled his eyes sarcastically.

“Okay, get on the bed, on your back, and spread those legs for me.”

“Mm, yes, sir.” She growled joyfully, licked some cum off her tits, and moved to obey.

Soon enough, Peter was flicking his tip on the meaty lips of her cunt. She used her hands to spread her legs as widely as possible, and invited him to fuck her brains out with her best come hither expression.

Peter smiled, grabbed her under-boobs, which were bereft of the senator's cum, and forcefully smashed his crotch into her.

Peter panted and huffed with every strong thrust, intensely rocking her body back and forth as he drilled into her. The lovely chamber-maid kept a slutty smile on her face and squealed sharply every time Peter's cock drove deep into her.

“Talk dirty to me, bitch!” Peter said, his eyes popping.

“Yes sir! Fuck me, sir! Fuck your whore's horny pussy! Own my pussy, sir! Use me! Fuck me hard! Make this pussy yours!” She finished with a loud moan worthy of a climaxing opera singer.

Peter let go of her tits, and slapped them sideways.

“I love watching your titties jiggle, slut!” He growled, vigorously smacking his hips into her.

“Thank you, sir! Slap me around as much as you like!”

The constant sounds of skin smacking skin filled the room, along with moans and grunts of pleasure, until Peter made one final, deep groan, and dumped his morning load into her.

Looking at the clock, he realized he might as well get on his way to the convention center, where Beverly's rally was to take place.

Her got dressed and left the chamber-maid with a fulfilled smile on her face, and cum dripping from between her widely spread legs.

A couple of hours later, and around fifteen minutes prior to the big speech, Beverly and Tanya entertained Peter in a small empty

room at the convention center.

They knelt before him with their perky tits exposed, defying gravity as only young perky breasts can, and worshiped his manhood with their limber tongues and juicy, soft lips.

“That’s nice.” He said with a pleased groan, running his fingers through Beverly’s puffed, curly gold and Tanya’s silky, smooth red-brown hair.

They looked up at him with wide, unblinking eyes, Tanya with her hazel, and Beverly with her silvery ones.

“I’m so glad you like it, master.” Beverly said, and puckered her passionate red lips to kiss his erection, leaving yet another distinct lipstick mark on it.

“You two are such good slaves.” Peter scratched their empty noggins and said, as they brushed his hard wood from stem to top, using long, wet, and pleasant licks.

“Yes master.” Tanya smiled subserviently up at him, gently kissing his side “We are your good slaves.”

Peter snickered, no longer caring whether his dominion over them was a whorish act or not. Beverly took a gentle, caressing hold of his cock, and slapped her pretty face with it, smacking her lips, her cheek, and her forehead at the time.

“Hmm, I love that! Slap that perfect mug of yours with my cock” Peter told her, and Tanya joined in. Soon enough, the two touched tongues and Beverly flicked his cock on the point of connection. Then, like the well practiced whores they were, the two locked lips around his cock, and began running their faces from side to side, along his shaft, in perfect unison, staring at each other with smiling eyes.

Peter closed his eyes and devoted himself to the heavenly sensations, until a sharp noise made him jump. The room’s door opened, and Peter’s heart plummeted to about where Beverly and Tanya knelt.

When he saw who it was, he nearly entered a full state of panic. Out of all the people that could get past their security detail, and witness the blatant conflict of interest, not to mention the sexual

debauchery, between the politician's aide and the protest leaders, none could be worse than Beatrice Rodberg.

And yet, there she was, with her honeydew eyes and her frazzled auburn hair, standing with her arms crossed and staring at the indecent scene.

“Oh fuck...” Peter mumbled through gritted teeth, and once again prepared himself for the end of his career, and a barrage of haughty, self-righteous shrieks.

And yet again, Peter found himself shocked and awed, when the slim coed before him smiled coyly, swayed her body from side to side, and looked at him with eyes full of desire.

“I'm glad I wasn't late.” Beatrice said with a giggle “When the senator told me over the phone that I should join the other whores in pleasing his protege, I didn't expect that to mean Beverly and Tanya.”

Beatrice closed the door behind her, got on her hands and knees, and began crawling on the floor, towards them.

“May I join in, sir?” She asked with pleading eyes, kneeling between the two topless ladies.

“You should show him your fun-bags.” Beverly whispered to her.

“Oh, of course! What a silly whore I am.”

Peter didn't think anything could surprise him anymore, but the sudden addition of a third pair of perky tits proved him wrong. He looked down with a bemused grin, shifting his gaze from one bouncing pair of fun-bags to the other.

“S-So I guess you accepted the senator's offer, Miss Rodberg? Whatever that offer was...” He said, absentmindedly pushing Tanya down and forward, to tend to his balls.

“Please, sir, I'm a whore.” She said “Call me Beatrice, or slut, or bitch, or whatever. Miss Rodberg sounds like a prudish, uptight cunt.”

She paused, giving her words some strained thought.

“Well, my cunt is tight, that's true, but it's also more than ready to take your cock, sir. It's all wet and juicy for whatever you wish!” She exclaimed, and gave his tip a single lick.

Even though Beverly and Tanya's tongues danced on his cock for the past few minutes, Peter could somehow feel the freshness in Beatrice's tongue, and it sent a jolt of pleasure up his spine.

"Master likes to call us slaves." Beverly whispered in Beatrice's ear "And he likes it when we call him master."

Beatrice's eyes widened in realization. She nodded at the blonde goddess kneeling beside her, and looked back up at Peter.

"I'm sorry master, this slave was out of line." She said with blank, glassy eyes "Please use this submissive body that you own, however you wish."

Peter sprung into action with an excited grunt, and shoved his cock deep in Beatrice's throat.

"Lick my balls with Tanya!" He told Beverly while he choked Beatrice on his erection.

"Yes master." The blonde movie-star said with a servile, humble smile, and as the room was filled with Beatrice's gags and slurps, Beverly pushed Tanya's face aside, and started making out with one of Peter's testicles, leaving the other for Tanya to worship.

Peter leaned down on the wall and allowed the three young women to do all the work themselves, only occasionally thrusting his hips forward into Beatrice's face.

"Ohh, I'm gonna cum!" He looked down at them suddenly, and the sight of the six soft, loving eyes fixated on him, brought him over the edge.

"Don't swallow!" He told Beatrice just as semen started flowing from his tip, and into her throat "Keep it in your mouth, slut!"

He was so deep in her mouth, that not swallowing was quite a difficult feat. Impossible, actually, but Beatrice still managed to gargle plenty of his creamy load up, to keep in her mouth as instructed. He wouldn't know, nor would he ever care, that she couldn't help but gulp a tiny bit down her hatch.

He derisively slapped his cock on their faces until it grew limp, tucked it back in his pants, and zipped up.

"Right on time." He said "Five minutes to your big speech, slave."

“I'm anxious to bring you the results you expect, master.” Beverly said with a casual smile, and rose to her feet, walking over to the table to sort out her notes and talking points.

“You two will of course join her on the stage, as her staunch supporters.” He told the other two kneeling coeds, and they nodded sexily and rose to their feet.

Peter stared at Beatrice as she covered her breasts, and a flash of wickedness crossed his mind.

“Do you still have my cum in your mouth?” He wondered.

“Yesh, mashter.” She slurred out, letting a single drop of sticky, thick sperm fall from her lips to the floor.

“If I told you to hold it in your mouth during the speech, discretely of course, would you do it? Or is that not a part of your deal with my boss?” Peter asked gently.

“I fully understand if that's a bridge too far.” He added immediately.

“Hmm!” Her first response was a moan of agreement.

“That'sh reawwy kinh-ky, Mashter! (That's really kinky, master!)” She tried to avoid letting any more cum slip from her lips “I wuv it!”

That was all he needed to hear, but then he had an even better idea.

“Actually, since Beverly will be the only one talking, why don't you and Tanya French kiss each other, and share my cum”

“Oh, master, I thought you'd never ask!” Tanya quickly charged at Beatrice and started sucking her lips.

Their passionate, cum glazed kiss was threatening to get Peter hard again, as he watched the white of his creamy load mix with their saliva, locked between two hot sets of slutty, red lips.

They kissed for two minutes before he told them to stop, and by the end of it, neither Beatrice nor Tanya knew which of their mouths had a larger deposit of sperm in them.

They were called to the podium, and Peter sent them off with six ringing spanks, one on each bubbly coed bottom.

He gathered his things into his briefcase, and found a dark spot behind the sitting crowd, where he could stand and watch the speech from.

“Yes, our congress is riddled with corruption, but that does not mean that each and every politician is corrupt.” Beverly's voice filled the large room, and was adhered by the starstruck crowd of lucky spectators. Peter only had to look around the crowd, to know that no matter what the beloved darling, Beverly Reese, said in her speech, no one will think of disputing it.

“I have come to believe that Senator Gary Green is indeed one of the few men in power worthy of our trust, even if that sometimes means taking slashes to important budgets, for the greater good.”

Beverly continued charismatically appeasing the crowd of angry citizens, ensuring that by the end of her passionate words, the struggle against senator Green's budgeting motion would be snuffed and plucked at the root.

Peter wasn't even listening to her words anymore, he just pictured her naked body over him, and for the first time, he didn't need to call on his imagination, but rather his actual memory from the previous day.

He looked at the two women standing on both her sides, their jaws visibly clenched and their lips contorted in an awkwardly proud smile, thrusting their chests out.

To the crowd, it probably looked like the two were simply proud to quietly stand next to the hot blonde, who was the face and leader of their struggle, and provide their silent support.

Peter knew the truth, of course, and it gave him great pleasure to know they were standing up there, above a crowd of attentive sheep, with his sticky sexual exertions in their small, sweet mouths, behind their glistening, puckered, red lips.

Beverly ended her speech, and the masses cheered and fawned over her and her two cohorts, as if they were royalty, and Peter watched from the shadows, knowing full well that in the chain of control, only he was on top, among the hundreds of people in the large auditorium. He felt like a god, and loved every moment of it.

Twenty minutes after the crowd began to disperse, Peter and the three ladies met in that same side room where they prepared for the speech.

This time, the ravishing coeds were fully naked. They bent over and leaned on the wall, wiggling their pert behinds and begging

Peter to fuck their smooth, pink pussies.

The first he stuck his shaft into was Beatrice. She bit her lower lip with a moan, and looked back at him with adoring eyes.

“Did you like standing up there on the podium with my cum in your mouth? Huh?” He asked in a mocking tone, derisively spanking her bubbly buttocks.

“Ah! Yes master! Your slave loved it, master!” She said happily, her pussy tightening around his bulging rod.

The first thing he had Tanya and Beatrice do once they arrived at the room, after stripping their clothes, was share the cum in their mouths with Beverly, in a triple kiss, and then swallow it whole.

“Hah! I bet you did!” He pumped into her and exclaimed.

“Okay, Tanya's turn.” Peter groaned and pulled out of Beatrice's tight pussy, only to tease one just as tight, right next to her.

“Hmm, such a juicy pussy!” He rubbed his cock on her labia and said, right before fully penetrating her.

“*Ahh!* Yes master! Fuck this juicy pussy! Fuck it like you own it!”

Peter put three of his fingers in her mouth, and the petite woman sucked on them with gusto.

He fucked Tanya for a couple of minutes, and then moved to the one who was, by far, his favorite pussy.

“And there's my lovely Beverly, a class-A cunt.” He hissed in her ear, wrapping his arm around her throat, lifting her head up to his, and bending her nimble body upwards.

Beverly let out a single moan when Peter rammed into her, and started smacking her butt with his crotch, like clockwork.

“That was quite a lovely speech you gave to praise Mr Green!” He grabbed her breasts and kept on pumping into her.

“Here, I'll massage your boobs for you, as a reward.”

He took her soft, pointy nipples between his thumb and his forefinger, eliciting soft whimpers and moans from Beverly's lips.

“Oh, thank you, master! I'm so happy!” She moaned and reached her hand back, ruffling the hair on the back of his head, with her dainty fingers.

“Fuck my obedient pussy, master!” She moaned.

He growled “You're such a naughty little whore, aren't you? Don't you feel bad about all those sheeple you just spoke so earnestly to? How you lied to them with those hot, cock-kissing lips of yours.”

“Yes master! *Ahh!* I'm so sorry! I'm such a bad, bad slavegirl! I deserve to be spanked and fucked so hard for deceiving all of them!”

*“Argh! Hrrm! Hrrm! Hrrm! Hrrm!”*

He grunted as he rammed into her, holding her throat with his hand and kissing the back of her neck.

In a burst of pleasure, Peter exploded inside of the alluring movie-starlet, for the second time in less than twenty-four hours. He glued his crotch to her behind, and only pulled out once his heart returned to a normal pace.

He backed away and sat down, watching the three youthful, pert asses wiggle beside each other, cum dripping from the rightmost one.

“Keep modeling your asses for me, slaves.” He said.

“Yes master.” The three said simultaneously, and began posing and curving their petite behind in all the right ways for the man sitting behind them.

Peter realized during those two days on the Ivy League institution's campus, that he never truly understood the extent of his mentor's teachings, and what he meant when he said that if Peter would listen and learn, the world will be at his knees.

He never fathomed the true gravitas of senator Gary Green's words, but now, as he watched three of the most desirable women in the country willingly lower themselves to the rank of submissive slaves, solely for his amusement, he was definitely starting to.

\* \* \* \*

Peter felt bad going on his flight back to the capital. He almost wanted to just stay there, and continue enjoying the wiles of his three submissive whores. Still, life had to go on, and he had to get back to his daily grind.

Or so he thought...

When he finally got back to his home, the best of surprises awaited him.

Beverly Reese and Tanya Volker were busy cleaning his apartment in the skimpiest, sexiest maid lingerie he has ever seen, leaving their tits, cunts, and most of their slim behinds exposed for him to ogle.

“Uh, hello there.” He put his keys in the bowl next to the door and smiled at the two.

Tanya was busy shining the floor on her hands and knees, gyrating back and forth in a lewd way that was not actually necessary to complete the chore at hand. Every motion she made was to increase Peter's viewing pleasure.

Beverly placed the duster on the table, and stood at attention before Peter. “Hello, master.” She said with a smile.

“The party decided you deserve to be rewarded for all your hard work, so me and Tanya over there will, from now on, serve as your live-in maids and sex slaves. We can also cook for you, if you wish.”

Peter was well beyond being surprised at the unexpected turn of events, after all that occurred during the previous couple of days.

Still, one question bothered him.

“From now on? What about your degrees, and your movie and fashion career?” He asked with a frown.

“My celeb status is no longer of any use to the party, master, so from now on I will only rarely appear in various commercials, and make cameo appearances in films, but only when my public appearance carries a benefit to the esteemed senator you work for.”

“As for our degrees, obviously there is no use, nor any reason, for us to complete them.”

“Won't people notice you've suddenly gone AWOL? You're quite famous.”

“It happened before, master. Some crazies might develop conspiracy theories, but most people will assume I got tired of being in the public's eye, and focused on my other, more scholastic interests. Instead, I will be here, and focus on serving your every carnal whim.”

As she said that last sentence, she flicked her bare pussy lips, smiling coyly at the man she called master.

"It would be silly of me to ask what you ladies get out of this deal, right?" He dropped his briefcase, and walked over to her, to cup her already familiar, perky breasts.

"Slaves don't need to get anything, master." She licked her lips seductively, and coyly winked at him "That's the nice thing about possessing slaves."

"You're right about that." Peter agreed with a chuckle, well beyond caring about the real answer to his question.

"Hey, but what about your political movement. You were the face - The spokesperson. Heck, let's face it, you led them. Surely they won't be pacified by just assuming you decided to be a loner."

"They have Beatrice, master. She is a much more fitting leader than I am. She can be more extreme, and much more polarizing, so that her flock will never grow too big, and always remain manageable. Under her leadership, and of course, the senator's commands from the shadows, every scandal connected to them will be easily averted."

"I see. Well that's very nice for the little whore." Peter smirked snidely.

"I guess there's only one thing for me to do now."

"What's that master?" Beverly asked.

"Use the wood I erected during the flight, to fuck Tanya's begging pussy, and then relax with some music while the two of you fix my dinner." He pinched Beverly's nipple and walked past her.

"Sounds like a plan, master. We are both here to serve you, for as long as you wish."

And with that, Peter started a new, incredible phase in his life.

Being the senator's chosen protege certainly carried many responsibilities, but the perks were simply too good to ignore.

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