

Kim stared into the cool blue eyes of her sister in law, breathing heavily.

It was a lot better than staring anywhere else right now. Eliza was wearing a breathtakingly slutty bunny costume, composed of a tight leather corset, clinging fishnets, and cute silk rabbit ears. A vision of degraded, sexualized femininity. It honestly blew Kim's mind. She had nursed a sneaking dislike for Eliza for most of the time she had known her, but that wasn't because her sister-in-law was a slutty dresser. On the contrary, it was because Eliza was normally annoyingly perfect.

But there was nothing perfect about her brother's wife standing in the apartment of David's bully, dressed up like some sort of sex doll.

To be fair, Kim didn't have a leg to stand on when it came to calling others slutty. She was wearing a stripper's outfit that could only very loosely be compared to a schoolgirl uniform. A sheer, skimpy little top was tied beneath her big, round, braless tits, and a tiny strip of tartan cloth draped over her wide hips in a way that barely hid her pussy.

But it was different. She hadn't known until just a few seconds ago that the man she had been trying to hook up with wasn't "Frank Penn", but instead was Gene Crowder, the evil bully who had been making her brother's life a living hell for months. But Eliza had known. She was the one who called him Gene. Eliza was here willingly, in an outfit that dripped sexuality.

And she claimed that she had a good explanation.

"Ok, what are you waiting for?" asked Kim impatiently, her eyes flicking back and forth between Eliza and Gene, who was sitting on the couch with the same cocky smirk Kim had grown used to, "Spill it. You said you could explain how I've been feeling this week. Let's hear it."

The deep, powerful cravings and attraction for an old, fat prick like Gene certainly wasn't normal, but Kim had no idea how Eliza would know what had made sucking Gene's cock and fucking him in a strip club parking lot seem like a good idea.

Kim shuddered at the memory of how she had submitted to the man she didn't know was her brother's worst enemy. Her eyes moved by themselves, seeking Gene's crotch. Annoyingly, just that quick glance at him sent a pulse of desperate lust through Kim's veins, making her nipples stiffen against her sheer top. She furiously pushed the feeling away. Why was she still getting turned on by Gene now that she knew what a monster he really was? God, I sucked his fucking cock tonight... I let him stick his fucking cock inside me in a strip club parking lot. The memory burned hot with shame and guilt and arousal. As frustrating as it was, even the shock of finding out "Frank's" real identity hadn't been enough to take away the burning, unquenchable lust that had been eating away at her.

"Ok," said Eliza with a sigh and a grimace, drawing Kim's attention back to her. "This is going to sound crazy. But I promise you every word is true. And if you think back on how you felt this

week, I think you'll agree that it makes sense, as hard as it is to believe." She paused, wringing her hands in front of her.

"I said you had thirty seconds," said Kim impatiently, "Tick Tock, Eliza." She crossed her arms under her breasts, then realized, as Gene grinned over at her, his eyes on her chest, that the pose only put her stiff nipples further on display. She thought about covering them, then decided that would make her look weak.

"Ok, you've been addicted to Gene's cum through the use of a substance called "mjolkhare oil". It's given you a biological need for his semen, and there is no way I know of to resist. You have to regularly consume his cum or suffer increasingly intense cravings." The words came out in a rush, as if Eliza wanted to rip off a band-aid.

Kim stared at her for a second, expressionless, then looked over to where Gene had flopped back comfortably on his ratty old couch, grinning insolently. "It's true," he said with a wink. "You won't be able to live anymore without a regular dose of my thick, hot baby-batter."

Kim stared silently for a few more seconds, then snorted. The snort became a chuckle, rising deep from within her, and soon she was caught in the grip of a powerful, deep, authentic laugh that jiggled her barely clothed tits and nearly doubled her over. She swayed for a moment on her tall, wobbly heels, then caught herself and managed to control her gasping laugh. "Fucking *what?!?*" she said incredulously, wiping her tears away from her eyes as she stared into Eliza's shocked face. "I give you a chance to explain why you've become the personal whore for your husband's worst enemy, and that's the best you can do? That you were forced to by fucking *magic?*"

"Kim..." said Eliza, stunned and beginning to look a little upset, "Just... think about what you've been feeling this past week. The urges. The cravings. You think that all of that was natural?"

"I think I was fucking horny, you stupid bitch," said Kim with a sneer. She glanced over at Gene on the couch and was gratified to see that, for once, the smug look of superiority was wiped off his face. Kim's body still pulsed and roared with dark, twisted lust, but her anger and skepticism were in the driver's seat for now, and her satisfaction at fighting back against the twisted game these two were playing felt nearly as satisfying as when she had downed the specimen cup full of cum earlier in the week.

She turned on her heel and clicked across the dirty floor of Gene's kitchen with her head held high.

"Wait," said Eliza, her voice edged with panic, "where are you going?"

"Where do you think?" said Kim over her shoulder with a raised eyebrow. "Straight to my brother, to let him know that his blushing bride has been stabbing him in the back. I hope you're

satisfied with this fat asshole's freakish cock, Sis, because when my brother leaves your ass, you'll be able to spend all the time in the world with him."

"I drove you here," said Gene, leaning forward on the couch with an angry scowl on his face. "How the fuck do you plan to..."

"I'm going to call a rideshare, you fucking idiot," said Kim lightly, scoffing as she headed for the door. This whole thing had been humiliating and frustrating, but at least she had uncovered the truth about her cheating whore of a sister in law. That would let her finally put things to rights.

"Lizzie, time to pull out all the stops. You know that thing I asked you to bring along? It's your training aid for the evening. Bring her to heel," said Gene roughly. Kim's hand rested on the doorknob, and she rolled her eyes. *What, is this some other stupid magic trick that they think is going to brainwash me?* Kim thought about not even dignifying Gene's strange words with a response, but the temptation was too great: it would be satisfying to turn and sneer at whatever they thought would get her to change her mind. Eliza approached, standing right behind her now. Kim turned, ready to give one last parting shot to the two repellent lovers...

...Only to find Eliza holding something up in front of her eyes. I was unmistakably a used condom, bulging with a hefty load of thick, pearly semen and tied off. Kim opened her mouth to say something cutting, but that just let the unmistakable bleachy scent of sperm waft into her nose even stronger.

Kim's petite, curvy body suddenly seized with an overwhelming, debilitating spasm of pure, animal lust. Her pupils dilated, her mouth watered, and her nipples grew diamond hard, pressing tight against the thin cloth of her top. Her wet cunt pulsed and clenched between her suddenly-quivering thighs. Fuck... all of her anger and certainty was now fighting tooth and nail against her primal cravings... which were demanding she snatch the used condom from her beautiful sister-in-law's hands and chew it like a piece of fucking bubble gum.

"Now that I have your attention," said Eliza softly, her eyes blazing with cold heat, "Let's continue our conversation, Kimmy."

...

*Earlier that day...*

By Friday afternoon, Eliza had run out of the cum supply that Gene had provided for her at the beginning of the week. She even took the opportunity when her husband was occupied to desperately lick up whatever residue she could from the inside of the creamer bottle.

In the end, it had felt like a long week. Following her trip to meet with Bitsy, Eliza made a return trip the next day to hide the burner phone behind Coach S's trash cans like they had discussed. Now she had windows of five minutes or so every afternoon where she was able to

commiserate with Bitsy, her fellow Cumbunny. That by itself was nice, but there had been no further updates so far on their plan to experiment with the effects of getting two mjolkhare doses at once. Bitsy thought that bringing the idea of another Cumbunny meetup up out of the blue to CoachS would be suspicious, and Eliza had to reluctantly agree.

Which had left Eliza alone all week without Gene. She had sort of hoped that Gene would get bored with ensnaring a prickly firecracker like Kim, who wouldn't fuck him yet, and come back to satisfy his lust during the week. But he hadn't. Instead, Eliza was spending all the time she wanted with her husband, just like she had craved when they were separated over the week before.

And it had become a living hell.

Not that she disliked her husband or didn't want to spend time with him. She was still able to enjoy their time together on that level. No, the problem was that Gene had forbidden her from allowing David to penetrate her in any way. No blowjobs, and certainly no vaginal sex. That rule was getting harder and harder to follow as both Eliza and David grew hornier and hornier. David had been plagued by erectile dysfunction for months, but since Gene was no longer around to stress him out this week, he had been blossoming.

And that meant that he wanted what Eliza wasn't allowed to give him more than ever.

It was frustrating for them both, although Eliza obviously couldn't explain why she couldn't just give in and have sex with him. David would kiss her, run his hands over her aching, burning body with sweet, loving caresses, reach to pull down her soaking panties... and Eliza would stop him. Something would compel her. It wasn't that she didn't want to fuck her husband. She was desperate to make love to him in fact. Being without Gene's thick, powerful cock for a week had left Eliza deeply sexually frustrated, and she was positive that Gene would have no way of knowing whether or not she had sex with David. He was busy with Kim right now, after all, and didn't seem to be monitoring her. But every time Eliza decided that she would defy her master's orders and have sex with her husband, that other part of herself that she called "Lizzie" after Gene's demeaning nickname for her, reared her ugly head.

Lizzie refused to disobey her beloved master's commands. She was positive that Gene would be so proud of her for resisting temptation and refusing to let her cuckold husband's shrimpy cock inside her pussy. Whenever Eliza and David got close to sex, Lizzie would seize control, and Eliza would make some sort of excuse.

David could be oblivious sometimes, but even he had clued in to the fact that something was wrong. He had assumed that it was some sort of relationship issue and had been very sweet and considerate the past two days, trying to make up for whatever mistake he had made. It made Eliza squirm with guilt, but at least it was preferable to telling him the truth.

On this lazy Friday afternoon after work, the loving act that David had settled on to bring them closer was a foot rub. David knelt at Eliza's feet, rubbing her arches dutifully as she watched television. Foot rubs were a common way that David showed his affection for his wife, although he didn't usually go to the lengths of getting to his knees and using both hands. He was clearly hoping that if he buttered her up enough, Eliza would melt and allow him to have sex with her. She didn't have the heart to tell him that it was never going to happen. She had to find some more permanent excuse that David would accept for why she couldn't have sex with him, and fast, because she wasn't going to be able to keep this up for long. As cruel as it was, she sort of hoped that Gene would get back to bullying him soon. At least then David's stress-induced erectile dysfunction would make her inability to have sex with him a moot point.

"So, how was your day at work?" asked David with a warm smile, working his thumbs into her sole in deep, circular motions.

Eliza sighed, trying to push past her conflicted emotions and her buzzing, uncomfortable arousal and just enjoy this moment with her loving husband. "It was fine. Had to finish up reviewing a thick stack of resumes for the open position in the auditing department. Tedious, but not difficult." A breezy, simple story, and it had the benefit of being true in this case. The other men of the office were still watching her like scavengers ready to pounce, but now that she was reconnected with David, he was around the office enough to keep them at bay. It wasn't so much that they respected Eliza's husband; they had just caught on to the rules of the game: according to Gene, she didn't have to entertain their sexual advances while her husband could see.

"Saw you got called into Carl's office," said David with a raised eyebrow, rubbing a thumb tenderly over the ball of her foot. "I hope that wasn't anything too serious."

Eliza cringed internally. Right... She did visit her manager's office today to kneel beneath his desk and suck his cock, bobbing her head up and down, her lips sealed tight around his throbbing shaft, swallowing down a hot, sticky (but ultimately unsatisfying) load of his cum. It probably said a lot that the event hadn't even really registered with her as notable. Swallowing a hot load from her boss had become a regular part of her routine, happening multiple times a week. It was a part of Gene's deal with Carl to make sure he remained in his position of authority despite his subpar performance. Although the humble service turned Eliza on just because of the fetish for submission and humiliation that Gene had trained into her, it wasn't even close to as intense as the feeling of serving her master. It really had become just another part of her job.

"Just some routine stuff," said Eliza dismissively, pulling out her phone as a way to avoid looking her husband in the eyes. She had just asked, "How about you, dear? How was work today?" when her phone coincidentally buzzed loudly in her hands.

Her heart skipped a beat, and goosebumps pebbled her skin. It was from Gene.

Lizzie rose up inside her, always eager to be a slutty Cumbunny for her master. It was a part of her she hated, but Eliza recognized that Lizzie was a legitimate part of her. And right now, Lizzie was desperate to talk to her master. So, even though David was right there, launching into a story about some complex financial mystery he had been untangling this week while Gene was away from the office, Eliza opened the text chain with the man she was fucking behind his back.

[Hey, Lizzie. Miss me yet?]

Eliza's breath felt hot and heavy in her throat. This was... wrong. It would be far from the first time she had texted Gene, but that had always been secretly, when David wasn't around or in the dark of night. Right now, he was inches away, rubbing her feet and smiling up at her while the phone was between them, chattering away about his job. But, as much as betraying her husband like this made Eliza's belly squirm, it had been almost a week since Lizzie had seen her master. And that trumped everything.

[It feels like it's been a long time. It's been difficult. Are you almost finished with your side project?] There. Neutral and restrained. Not the fawning message of devotion or begging for a meeting like a part of her had wanted to send. "Well, the numbers didn't add up, even though they swore that..." Eliza tried to focus on her husband's boring work story, smiling warmly at him as he continued her loving foot rub, but she was consistently distracted by checking and rechecking her phone every few seconds, waiting for Gene's reply.

She didn't have to wait for long. She zoned out from her husband's story, focusing fully on her phone as it buzzed once again with a text from Gene.

[Kimmy is coming along just fine. And don't try to play coy, you little slut. I know how much cum I gave you... and I know that by now you must be desperate for your master. So don't play innocent. Tell me what you want.]

Eliza sucked in a shocked breath as the primal hunger she had become so familiar with pulsed upward powerfully from between her legs. Even reading her master's dirty talk without being in his presence was enough to fill her with helpless, filthy lust. Her eyes flicked downward, meeting her husband's eyes as his hands moved humbly over her extended feet. He was still telling her about what he had been doing at work, although she had lost track of the story completely.

"... but it turned out that the value hadn't actually been re-entered in error, there was just a poorly documented transaction that had happened at about the same time for about the same amount! Just one of those weird coincidences, I guess. So I called up..."

Eliza looked back at her phone, gulping. It felt so wrong to have this kind of conversation with Gene while her husband was right next to her, his hands rubbing her body... But Lizzie wouldn't be denied. She missed her master so badly, and the last thing she wanted to do was disappoint him by not answering promptly. Letting her husband's chatter fade into the background once again, Eliza texted back.

[I want your cock, master. You cumbunny needs a fresh hot load right down her slutty throat.]

She was surprised at her own filthy words, but she pressed the button without hesitation. She meant the message from the bottom of her heart. Secretly texting her owner while her husband rubbed her feet was turning her on more than she could stand, her lust augmented and enhanced by her week of sexual frustration and her growing hunger for cum.

Gene's response to her obscene admission was swift and shocking. A picture of his thick, hard cock, drooling precum and held with his broad fist gripping its base.

Eliza let out a low, quiet moan at the powerfully erotic sight. Her nipples rose swiftly to attention and wet heat bloomed between her thighs, her body awakening with interest at the sight of her favorite source of pleasure and fulfillment. David looked up, concerned at the noise. "Are you ok?" he asked, confused. "Did I hurt you or something?"

"No, dear," said Eliza swiftly, with a wobbly smile, trying desperately to control the lust roaring through her and avoid tipping off her husband. "Your massage just felt so heavenly that I groaned a little at the feeling. Don't stop." David looked concerned for a second longer, then smiled and nodded, continuing the thoughtful footrub. Another text from Gene popped onto the screen.

[I love it when my little slut is honest. I think you deserve a reward for telling me how you really feel. Let's meet. I need your help with something.]

Gene wanted to meet? It was what Eliza had been secretly hoping for all week, but now that the moment was here, it seemed easier said than done. David was being very clingy and lovey-dovey at the moment, so it wouldn't be easy to extract herself. If she had a few hours, she could probably cook up an excuse... and god, it would feel good to let her master take the edge off her cravings. [Where? When?] She texted rapidly, her body simmering with filthy heat at the thought of tasting her master's cum again.

But Gene's answer filled her with white hot panic rather than arousal. [Right fucking now. I'm parked across the street. Come down.] Eliza's eyes went wide, and her pulse drummed hard and quick in her chest. She was grateful she had so much experience staying cool and emotionless, because otherwise she was sure that even her oblivious husband would notice her shock. Gene had come to her house? In the middle of the afternoon? While David was here? And wanted her to come down and service him? The idea aroused her almost as much as it terrified her. But it was obviously impossible.

[I can't, master. I'm with my husband right now. I won't be able to get away that quickly. Let's meet somewhere soon.] She hoped against hope that Gene would understand that his order was almost guaranteed to get both of them caught. But by now she knew her master well... and she knew that he wasn't likely to take "no" for an answer.

[Don't fuck with me, Lizzie. I know you can't resist. Do you want chaste, boring quality time with your limp-dick beta hubby? Or do you want to be my Cumbunny, and have fun with this...]

A short video briefly loaded on the screen and began playing. Gene's hand gripped his monstrous, throbbing cock tight as it slowly moved down to its thick base, then up to its swollen head. Eliza's mouth felt dry, and her panties wet. Her body sang with pure, primal need.

She stared down at her poor, weak husband. On his knees. Humbly serving her in the futile hope that she might agree to let him stick pathetic, tiny dick inside her. Gene was right. He was weak. A total pussy. Gene would never beg like this. Her master didn't serve. He didn't do her desperate favors. Gene took what he wanted. He sent her images of his superior cock and demanded she come to him. The contrast was stark, and while Eliza kept repeating to herself that she loved her husband and that David was a much better man than Gene... Lizzie, for one, saw the choice as crystal clear.

Eliza knew that these dark, cruel thoughts about her husband were coming from Gene's manipulative training. The combination of the insidious oil and Gene's constant venomous words were shaping her thoughts about her husband toward her master's way of thinking. Eliza didn't actually think that a man being nice to his wife was pathetic... But even though she knew that, on a deeper, more subconscious level, she couldn't help but look back and forth between the taunting image of Gene's thick cock, and her kneeling, politely smiling husband, and sneer a little at the man she loved.

In the end, her choice was never really in question. She couldn't resist Gene when her hunger was growing stronger by the minute and she hadn't been properly fucked in a week. She texted Gene [5 minutes] then put her phone in her pocket, already deciding on the tactic she would use to fool her husband. She needed something quick. Something that he wouldn't even think to question.

Well, there was one idea that was guaranteed to get her away immediately. It wasn't an ideal answer, but sometimes the simplest lie was the best.

"Sorry, dear," she said briskly, cutting off her husband's rambling small talk. She withdrew her feet from his attentive hands and slipped them into her sandals, trying not to give her husband enough time to question her. "I need to run to the restroom."

"Oh. Sure," said David, getting up from his kneeling position and moving to sit on the couch. "Well, see you soon then." Going with the excuse of using the bathroom was a risky maneuver, but it was all Eliza's lust-addled brain could come up with in the moment. It was easily believable, but it would also put her on a time limit. She needed to move fast.

Eliza slipped down the stairs on swift, but silent feet, hurrying to the front door and making sure to open and close it softly enough that David wouldn't hear. How long could she be gone without

David growing suspicious? Five minutes? A little longer? Anxiety crackled through her. Maybe she should have said she needed to run to the store for something. She had been so focused on getting away smoothly that she hadn't thought out how things would go later.

She was starting to make obvious mistakes. The sort of mistakes a junkie might make...

Eliza pushed the worries out of her mind as she noted Gene's old, beat-up car parked a block down from the house, his bulky shape recognizable behind the wheel. Eliza walked as quickly as she could toward him without looking suspicious. If David happened to look out the window, her lie would be exposed either way, but this way, none of the neighbors would see her wildly sprinting through the neighborhood.

Gene perked up as he saw her, his ugly face splitting into a grin. He reached over and unlocked the passenger side door as Eliza reached it. She glanced nervously over her shoulder at the surrounding houses, praying that none of her neighbors would notice her getting into a car with a stranger. It was already a miracle that no one seemed to have noticed Gene living in her house all of last week, but she couldn't count on her luck reaching any further.

Despite her nerves, being in Gene's presence once again filled Eliza with a pathetic delight she couldn't hold back. Gene didn't even greet her as she slipped into the passenger seat of his dirty little car. He simply chuckled and reached across to openly paw at her breasts with a strong, grasping hand, drawing a little whimper from Eliza's throat and making her squeeze her eyes shut against the overwhelming feeling of submissive desire that flooded her veins, stiffened her traitorous nipples, and dampened her panties.

"Good to see you too, Lizzie," said Gene with a cocky little chuckle, clearly noticing and approving of her arousal.

Eliza struggled to get a hold of herself, her breath coming in hot gasps and her chest arched upward into her master's possessive hands. "M-master, please," she said in a breathy whine, "I... I don't have much time. I told David that I was using the bathroom. I need to get back as soon as I can!"

Gene snorted with laughter. "Oh shit! Maybe I should keep you here for hours, then. How long do you think it would take that little pussy to realize you weren't on the pot? How long do you think it would take him before he checked outside... before he walked up to the strange car rocking on the curb, the windows all steamed up from the inside?"

Eliza moaned with a potent mix of terror and desire, her body aching with dark, twisted lust even as her mind reeled with the awful perversity of the thought. David catching her in the act with Gene would truly ruin both of their lives... but in a way, the awful climax of her weak husband discovering how his hated bully had stolen her away would be powerfully erotic in the worst possible way.

Gene read the conflicted horror and arousal on her face and shook his head with a grin, palming one breast and squeezing firmly. "I'm just joking, Lizzie! I don't want your cuck to find out about what's been going on yet. We've got to make it truly special when he finally realizes how badly he's been beaten. I do sort of wish you had been smart enough to come up with a better excuse, but I suppose what did I expect when I asked a bimbo bunny to use her brain?"

Eliza felt the sting of his casual insult like a slap to her face, even as his roaming hands on her aching breasts sent arcs of sexual electricity blazing through her. She had always been a confident, sharp woman before she had been ensnared by Gene. The only reason she might be considered a "bimbo" at all was because of his corroding influence. But Gene neither noted nor cared about her indignation. He was too busy fishing his cock out of his pants with his free hand.

Eliza's anger at Gene for belittling her immediately fuzzed out into irrelevance as her eyes fell on his cock. She felt her mouth flood with drool. Her core pulsed with dark, hungry heat at the sight of the commanding rod of powerful male flesh, pulsing lightly with Gene's heartbeat. Gene could insult her as much as he wanted if it meant she could fuck herself silly on that magnificent cock and take his hot, thick cum deep in her desperate pussy.

"I need to get my rocks off right away," said Gene bluntly, stroking his thick cock for emphasis. "And now that I have a Cumbunny, I don't jerk off. So you're up, Lizzie... and it looks like you had better hurry the fuck up if you don't want your pussy husband to get suspicious."

"Here? Now?" said Eliza in a voice of cringing shock. They were parked on her suburban street in the sunny late afternoon. They were inside a car, but anybody passing by on the sidewalk would be able to see inside easily and tell what was going on. There was currently no one in sight on the quiet street, but still, the very danger of the suggestion made Eliza's whole body throb with anxiety. But it wasn't just fear she felt at Gene's insane suggestion. There was arousal there too at the idea of being caught with another man by one of her neighbors.

Gene let out a mean guffaw. "Yeah *here*, you silly bunny. Do you have brains between your ears or cotton candy? I don't hang out with you for the sparkling conversation. Besides, you said we don't have time to go somewhere more private. Speaking of time, I think this conversation is a waste of it. Make me cum, you little slut. That's an order."

Eliza gulped back a wave of humiliation at his dismissive tone, but nothing he was saying was wrong. She should have known that Gene wanted her to get him off when he called her down to his car, and they truly didn't have time to go anywhere else. Besides, it was an excellent opportunity to fulfill the cravings roaring through her...

Eliza reached out, ready and eager to touch the throbbing shaft jutting up beneath Gene's hard gut. She embraced the powerful arousal roaring through her, pulsing in her nipples and blooming with wet heat between her thighs. If she had no choice, she might as well enjoy the wild passion that Gene made her feel... She shouldn't need anything more than her hand to

make Gene cum. Eliza was confident in her hand job abilities at this point, and jerking him off seemed like the least conspicuous way to extract a load from him in her exposed position.

But, just as Eliza had almost touched the cock that she craved so badly, Gene stopped her. "Oh, shit, wait," he said gruffly, digging in his pocket, "I almost forgot the most important part." To Eliza's bewilderment, he extracted a foil-wrapped XXL condom, ripped it open with his teeth, and began to roll the huge rubber prophylactic down over his massive erection.

Eliza was dumbfounded. "Gene..." forgetting to use any honorifics as she watched him putting a condom on for the first time since they had become sexually involved, "What the fuck? Why are you...?"

Gene looked up at her sharply, his eyes hard, and Eliza quickly corrected her tone. "S-sorry, master. It's just... I want to feel your raw cock so badly! Why would you wear... something like that between with me?"

Gene glared at her a second longer, then resumed rolling the condom down the length of his towering shaft. "All part of my plan, bunny. I want to save up a load of my cum and transport it easily. But you don't need to worry about that. You need to worry about how you're going to make me cum when I'm wearing one of these fucking cock straightjackets."

He was clearly not going to share any more of his reasoning, and once again, he had raised an excellent point. Gene was used to power sexual stimulation after months of using Eliza's perfect body like his personal sex toy. It would take all of the skill Eliza had to get Gene to cum with the reduced stimulation of a condom.

Eliza launched herself into the problem, wrapping a hand around her master's latex-shrouded cock and jerking hard and fast, twisting her wrist on every upstroke. It immediately felt... wrong. And not just because she was paranoid over the exposure of jerking off Gene in broad daylight. The lubricated latex beneath her palm felt distant and unnatural compared to the warm, soft skin she was used to. Gene was still there, with his cocky grin and normal superior attitude, but Eliza didn't feel the same sexual connection to him as usual through the condom. It irritated her. She tried to focus on pleasing her master with her pumping hand, but the odd sense of disconnect only bothered her more and more as time went on.

Eliza's hand glided up and down the slick, lubed condom with rapid, graceful twists of her wrist. But Gene gave no indication that he was getting any closer to climax. "That's not going to do the job, Lizzie," he said with a hint of mockery in his voice, leaning back in his seat with his arms behind his head, obnoxiously enjoying her service. "Didn't you say you were in a hurry? What's with this weak shit?"

Eliza hissed in frustration. As much as she hated to admit it, she needed to step up her game if she wanted to get back to her husband before her absence grew suspicious. Besides, it was becoming more and more apparent that just jerking off Gene's enormous cock through a

condom wasn't going to satisfy her desires either. Feeling horribly exposed, Eliza cast a nervous glance up and down the empty, quiet street through Gene's car windows. Her belly squirmed with anxiety and desperate arousal.

If she acted quickly, she could finish up before she was caught by any nosey neighbors or her poor husband. With one last shaky breath, Eliza dove into Gene's lap, sealing her lips around his wrapped cock and bobbing her head with single-minded ferocity. There was no time for seduction or teasing: Eliza's lips formed a vacuum seal and her tongue slithered over every inch of the latex-covered rod dominating her mouth. Just as she had warmed herself up, Gene's hand went to the back of her head, pushing his cock deeper, pushing at the entrance of her throat. Eliza welcomed the initiative: hopefully if he controlled the blowjob, it would mean he could reach orgasm faster than her working alone.

But Eliza could instantly tell that this didn't have the spark she was seeking either. Just like with the handjob, Gene's cock just didn't scratch the same itch if she couldn't wrap her lips around its raw skin. It just wasn't the same if she couldn't trace every ridge and vein with her slutty tongue. Gene grunted with displeasure as he pushed his cock into Eliza's throat. "Ugh... looks like this isn't going to cut it either, Lizzie. Not sure what to tell you... seems like your technique just isn't enough to get me off."

*It's your fault for putting on a condom!* Whined Eliza internally, but her mouth was too busy to say anything out loud. Her body buzzed with unfulfilled arousal that Gene's cock did nothing to satisfy when wrapped in rubber. Eliza nuzzled her nose deep into Gene's pubic hair, his fat balls pressing tight tight against her chin, drool dripping down onto the car seat between his fat thighs. God, what would a neighbor say if they looked into the window right now and saw her stuffing her mouth with this strange, ugly man's fat cock?

And that was to say nothing of her poor husband, who any second might...

Eliza's phone buzzed, sending a spike of panic through her heart. *Shit*. She raised her head off of Gene's cock, leaving the latex slick and dripping with her thick saliva. Her hand immediately took her mouth's place, jerking rapidly as she pulled out her phone, doing her best to maintain whatever heat and pleasure her mouth had managed to build up.

The message was exactly what she feared.

[Hey, honey. Everything ok in there? Are you sick?]

Her husband had already noted her absence. Panic spiraled through her even as her hand made obscene squelching noises on the cock of another man. She needed to get back, or David was going to discover what was going on. "Master... I'm sorry," she said desperately, "but he just texted me. I need to get back right now, or he's going to find out!"

She tried to turn to the door of the car, but Gene caught her wrist. The wrist of the hand that still held his hot, throbbing cock. Eliza turned back to him, ready to argue further, but was halted by the powerful, dominant glare in his eyes and the arrogant expression painting his ugly features.

“Let me be clear, Lizzie,” he growled, holding her wrist firmly, but not painfully, keeping her hand on his cock, “you’re not going back to your pathetic cuckold husband until you fill this condom. I don’t care what it fucking takes. If we need to drive back to my place, we can do that. I’m not like your dickless hubby; you can’t just tell me that sex isn’t going to happen. Only betas accept that kind of shit. Understand?”

The wild, raw panic still roared inside Eliza, but it was overshadowed by a sudden swelling of submissive desire to please her master. Lizzie rose up within her like an unstoppable tide, seizing the reins, and her poor husband suddenly seemed like a secondary concern. “Y-yes, master,” she breathed, her eyes glazing over with desire and her whole body suddenly burning with dark fire, “I’ll make you cum. I’ll fill that condom full.”

Eliza didn’t even spare a second to look around the neighborhood this time; her focus was wholly consumed by the throbbing cock in her master’s lap. She hastily unzipped the sensible work slacks she was wearing and wriggled them down her hips, dragging the panties with them, exposing her puffy, dripping pussy to Gene and anyone who might pass by on the sidewalk.

It was awkward to pull her pants down to hang from one ankle in the cramped confines of Gene’s shitty car, but desperation can accomplish many things, and Lizzie needed to feel Gene’s cock stretching her slutty Cumbunny pussy as soon as possible. With her lower half now nude, Eliza slung a leg across Gene’s lap, making a noise in her throat that was partway between a growl and a moan. Gene helped out by pulling the lever to lean his seat back, his eyes gleaming with possessive approval as he looked up at his slutty Cumbunny”: desperate, panting, and gleaming with a sheen of sweat as she fumbled beneath her to get his cock into position.

Lizzie finally lined up Gene’s massive cock with her eager, pulsating hole, then pushed her hips firmly down, sheathing him in her tight, wet heat. She had no time to waste with teasing and foreplay right now, no matter how much she wanted to savor the feeling of her master’s cock. Lizza began bouncing up and down, already humping quickly from the very beginning. She need any time to warm herself up after her long, frustrating week. Her master’s presence was more than enough to have her dripping and ready, and open.

Lizzie knew she had to end this as quickly as possible. Even if she wanted nothing more than to fuck her master for hours on end, there were the unavoidable twin dangers of her husband growing too suspicious, or, worse yet perhaps, someone walking by and seeing her openly bouncing on the lap of a troll-like man in a parked car on the side of the street.

Eliza moved swiftly. Grunting with strain as her hips bounced up and down, her pussy gripping tight around Gene's thick, rigid shaft. Her butt made meaty slapping sounds as she rode with wild, athletic bucking motions, impacting Gene's thighs over and over again.

Once again, there was something missing... The condom made the feeling of Gene's cock feel hollow and unsatisfying compared to when he fucked her raw. That gap between what she wanted and what she felt made Lizzie redouble her efforts, pumping her hips up and down Gene's long, thick cock with frantic speed, trying to get him off, but also desperately chasing the satisfaction that her body craved so badly. She looked down, panting and gasping with desperate, heated desire, at the man she hated but also craved. Gene's broad, powerful hands rested on her hips, his gold tooth glinting as he stared up at her with a wide, cocky grin. Just the sight of him made her belly twist with hatred and submissive desire.

"Try harder, bunny," he said tauntingly, giving her a few teasing thrusts upward. "Can't keep that beta you married waiting, can we?"

As if summoned by his mocking words, Eliza's phone buzzed loudly, trapped in the pocket of the pants dangling from her ankle. She moaned low in her throat, a blended sound of frustration, lust and sheer panic. Her hips were a blur now, the small dirty car filling with the scent of sex and sweat as she worked hard to fill the fucking condom that was preventing her from feeling fulfilled.

Lizzie could sense that she wasn't going to be able to do it with her physical efforts alone, no matter how fast she humped her hips or how tightly her pussy milked Gene's dick. Not in time to avoid being caught. She needed to somehow ramp up the intensity. Otherwise, a jaded sex-hound like Gene might take hours to cum with the added desensitization of the condom.

But by this point, Lizzie knew her master well. She was practically an expert at getting him off. What the situation called for was a little submissive dirty talk to heat things up.

"Cum for me," rasped Eliza, staring deep into Gene's hard, cynical eyes as she engulfed his cock again and again with her wet, pulsing cunt. "I want that jizz so fucking bad. Look at me, master. Look at what you've made me into. I'm here, riding your cock in broad daylight. I left my cuckold husband all alone to come serve you. That's how much your jizz means to me."

She could see her words were having an effect. A dark, smoldering heat burned deep in Gene's gaze, and his hands gripped more tightly at her hips suddenly. His cock began to thrust upward to meet her downward riding strokes, lightly at first, but harder and harder as he was drawn like a magnet toward her slutty display of submission. Eliza's tits bounced heavily as she rode, pleasure crackling through every nerve as Gene's cock slammed inside her again and again, making her moan and whine... making her thighs tremble with the intensity of her sexual pleasure.

“So give it to me,” said Eliza in a sugary, slutty whine, “please, master. Your little cumbunny needs her favorite treat. Show me how much manlier you are than my weak, inferior husband. Steal me. Claim me. Teach me who I belong to with your big, hard dick.” The words were pouring out of her now, coming from a twisted, lustful place deep inside of her, exiting her mouth with no filter. The little car was no doubt rocking wildly with their unstrained movements, not to mention their loud moans and grunts. It wouldn’t take someone peering into the car window to see what was happening anymore.

“Cum. Cum for me now,” gasped Eliza. Her pussy gripped tight around her favorite cock, and she was out of words. She could tell that Gene was a hair’s breadth away from cumming, but she needed to push him over the edge.

She did what felt natural in the moment.

Eliza leaned forward and pressed Gene down into the seat of his car with a passionate kiss, her tongue thrusting between his flabby lips to tangle with his as her hips slapped down onto his lap again and again, desperate for his cum. It wasn’t the first time they had kissed, but this time was unforced, on her own initiative. She poured all of her deep lust, attraction, and frustration into her lips. A deep, scorching-hot kiss that should have been reserved only for her husband.

It sent Gene over the edge immediately, but, although Eliza felt a savage sense of triumph at making her master cum even through the latex barrier, that elation was mixed with a sudden, gnawing surge of dissatisfaction. She should have realized from the beginning what the main issue would be when it came to fucking Gene with a condom on. Her whole body ached with a powerful craving for Gene’s cum... but not one drop of it touched her. Her pussy clenched and gripped and milked her master’s dick desperately, but every glorious drop of his satisfying jizz was trapped behind rubber.

Eliza felt like she was dying of thirst just inches from a drinking fountain. She could feel the twitches of Gene’s cock inside her, and the swell of the condom, but she got none of the powerful satisfaction that his creampie normally gave her.

Semen, semen everywhere, and not a drop to drink.

Eliza’s hips continued to pump for a few seconds by instinct alone, chasing a release that she now realized would never come. Finally, she stopped, panting and hazy with unfulfilled lust, staring down at her master’s smirking, satisfied face.

Then she remembered her predicament.

With a yelp, she lifted herself off of Gene’s lap, leaving behind a filled condom with a swollen, pearly reservoir of cum. She looked wildly around, half-expecting to see a crowd of scandalized neighbors surrounding the car. But it seemed as though, in this sense at least, she had been lucky. The street was still deserted. It was possible someone had seen the action from a

window: with Eliza openly riding Gene's lap, she was sure what was happening in the car would have been clear even from a distance, but she would have to leave that possibility for another time. Right now, she had bigger fish to fry.

She scrambled to pull her pants up, tangled them around her knees, then, with a growl of frustration, plucked her phone out of the pocket to check it.

[Seriously... are things ok in there? Just text me back so I know you didn't pass out or something, haha.]

Fuck.. That had been a couple of minutes ago, but she had been too busy to respond. With desperate speed, Eliza yanked her pants back up and zipped them. Beside her, Gene tugged the swollen condom off his cock with a wet snap and tied it off.

Before Eliza could open the door and escape, Gene handed her the slimy, filled condom. "Mission accomplished, Lizzie. You'll need this later. I know that you didn't get what you needed right now, but if you come by my place tonight, I'll make sure you get what you need. Bring the condom with you. No taste tests before then."

Eliza knew that making an excuse to get away from her horny, desperate-to-connect husband tonight would be difficult, especially if he discovered she was missing right now, but she had no time for argument. She took the used condom, filled with what she wanted most in the world, but wasn't allowed to taste, and said hurriedly, "Yes, master. I understand. I'll see you tonight. But can I..."

Gene chuckled at her desperation, but nodded graciously. "Ok, ok, fine. Go lie to your cuck, bunny. I'll text you the details of our meet-up later."

Finally free to go, Eliza burst out of his car and broke into a sprint, headed for her house. The danger that someone might see and note her sprinting through the neighborhood remained, but at this point, it was a risk she would just have to take. On the way, her phone buzzed again, and she looked down to see the text, almost tripping over the curb as she read.

[Babe, I just checked the bathroom and you aren't there... What's going on? Where are you?]

A cold spike of panic stabbed through her heart. She was too late. Her mind scrabbled desperately for excuses. David was already downstairs and suspicious, if she came in the front door, did she have a good explanation for why she had been outside after she told him she was using the bathroom? She rounded her car parked in the driveway, then stopped dead, an idea striking her like a bolt of lightning.

She yanked open the passenger side door of her sleek SUV, opened the glove compartment, and rifled through it, searching, searching...

She heard the front door open just as she found what she was looking for. She straightened and got out of the car just in time to see David walking toward her, a look of mild concern on his handsome face.

"What's up, sweetie?" he asked mildly, his eyes searching hers earnestly. "I thought you were in the bathroom. I was worried for a sec."

Eliza steeled herself internally and put on her best fake smile. "Sorry to worry you, babe, " she said lightly. "I just happened to get a call from Lily, one of my old sorority sisters. We were reminiscing a little." She held up the little keychain she had managed to dig out of her glove compartment. It was old and a little worn out since she had used it through most of college, but the words "Ice Queen" could still be read on the snowflake design. "Lily was asking if I still used this silly thing, so I just had to dig it out to show her."

David's eyes glanced at the keychain in her hand, then back to Eliza's eyes. She felt her heart beating wildly against her ribs, and her teeth gritted hard through her fake smile. But there was no need to worry. Even after their recent troubles, her husband trusted her. "I don't know why you stopped using it," he said with a smile. "It fits you perfectly. I should have known you were on the phone. No wonder you didn't get my text."

Eliza's laugh may have been a little manic as she took her husband's arm and walked him back to the house, but if it was, David didn't notice. One quick glance over her shoulder confirmed that Gene had driven away while she was preoccupied. But, although he may be gone physically, the foul man was still burning in Eliza's mind. The used condom seemed to pulse with dark, twisted power hidden in her pocket.

She would be seeing him tonight. Betraying her trusting husband once again. Denying him the sexual connection he craved while she satisfied her needs with another man. Her master had given her a direct command: come meet him tonight, and bring the filled condom along.

She couldn't resist. Worse, she wasn't even sure she wanted to anymore.

"So," she said delicately as they reentered the house, prepared for her husband's weak-willed disappointment but ultimate acceptance of her lie, "Lily asked if I might be able to meet up with her tonight..."

...

Eliza held up the heavy, bulging condom in front of her sister-in-law's eyes. She felt a certain smug triumph as Kim's eyes widened. It looked like Gene's semen had more of an effect on her than she was willing to admit.

*There. Now so high and mighty now, are you?*

Eliza understood Kim's anger and confusion, and she obviously sympathized with her sister-in-law's immediate knee-jerk reaction to run to David and tell him all about Gene's evil schemes. How many times had Eliza wished that she could do the same? Too many to count. But there was something unforgivably annoying about the judgment in Kim's eyes. Kim's sneer showed what she thought Eliza was: just a weak woman who had cheated on her husband.

In the heat of this moment, Eliza found that she wanted to humble Kim almost as much as Gene did, and not just because her master had ordered her to do so. A twist of cruel joy flashed in Eliza's chest as she watched Kim's face. The pretty young blond stared at Gene's load with reluctant hunger. Eliza's urge to drag Kim down to her level and wipe the superior look of judgment off her face was too strong to resist.

"Now that I have your attention," said Eliza softly, "Let's continue our conversation, Kimmy."

She could see the war taking place on the Kim's face. A desperate struggle between pride and hunger that Eliza had fought and lost herself hundreds of times. She waited patiently for Kim to fail, and was gratified that her sister in law dropped her hand from the doorknob of the apartment door with a little sound of frustration. "It's just..." said Kim angrily, sweeping her feathery blonde hair back from her forehead in a quick, compulsive movement, her eyes never leaving the condom, "It's a fetish or something, not a magic spell."

Eliza shrugged, and amused herself by swinging the condom back and forth a little, watching Kim's normally-intelligent eyes following its sway. "Whatever you say, sweetie," she said lightly. "Let's go with that. But whatever it is, it's strong, isn't it?"

Eliza could feel the pull of the cum inside the condom herself. Her mouth watered and her stomach twisted with uncomfortable lust every time her eyes fixed on it. Her hunger was growing stronger by the minute, and if Gene hadn't already told her she wasn't allowed to taste the contents of the condom, she would have ripped it open with her teeth right now. But it wouldn't be so simple to get her fix tonight. She knew that in order to get the satisfaction she craved, she had to play the role Gene had set for her: an evil, dominant woman leading his sister-in-law down the path to corruption.

Kim's eyes finally tore themselves away from the cum she craved and fixed onto Eliza's, their brilliant green depths still boldly displaying her strength and defiance. Kim was still early on her journey to submission, and it was Eliza's job to help her new Cumbunny sister make the transition from fiery brat to submissive slut. Eliza had her work cut out for her, and it was time to get started. Before Kim could open her mouth to say something cutting that she would regret later, Eliza cut her off. "Well, fetish, magic, whatever it is, you aren't going to solve it by running away. Come, sit. We can talk this out. I can tell you how I've been dealing with my own... fetish."

Eliza turned and clicked across the dingy living room in her stiletto heels to take her seat next to Gene, who winked at her, pleased by her performance. The odious man had been unusually quiet so far. He seemed happy to let Eliza take the reins for now and enjoy the show. Eliza

suspected... no, she knew that Gene found the idea of his first Cumbunny training and instructing his second both amusing and arousing. And, as usual, Eliza had no choice but to dance for him like a puppet on a string.

Kim stood in the entryway for a moment, scowling at Gene and Eliza on the couch. Eliza held the filled condom a little higher and jiggled it lightly. Kim gulped, looked away with a blush, then reluctantly crossed the living room to join them, tottering slightly on her stall black platform heels.

Eliza took the opportunity to survey her sister-in-law as she approached, thoroughly evaluating her as a sexual prospect for the first time. Kim had spouted a lot of harsh judgments about Eliza's clothes a moment before, but she wasn't exactly dressed like a refined woman either. The young blonde was wearing a slutty schoolgirl uniform that turned her curvy, petite body into a mouthwatering display of female sexuality. A tiny, sheer white top tied off right beneath her tits clearly displayed the size, shape, and color of her nipples, while leaving her toned little tummy bare. The strip of tartan cloth slung low across her wide hips barely concealed her pussy, and only came about halfway down the swell of her tanned butt, and was nearly joined at the lower edge of silky white stockings clinging tight to her juicy thighs.

Eliza felt an unexpected pulse of desire at the sight of her barely clothed sister-in-law as her eyes wandered up and down Kim's luscious body. She could feel her nipples tighten beneath the tight leather corset and her skin flush with warmth from her sudden surge of lust. Maybe it was just the built-up sexual frustration from her week apart from Gene, inflamed by their sexual rendezvous earlier today. Or maybe it was a sneaking satisfaction at being granted the tiniest sliver of sexual power over someone else after so much submission. Whatever it was, the sight of Kim's slutty costume set a fire burning low in Eliza's belly. She knew that, as a fellow Cumbunny ensnared by their evil master, Eliza should feel solidarity and sympathy for Kim... but a part of her was turned on by her new role as the powerful senior Cumbunny.

Kim turned Gene's ratty easy chair to face the couch and threw herself down onto it. For a second, there was a glimpse of tanned, naked flesh beneath her tiny skirt, then she crossed her thighs tightly, cutting off the view.

"I'm not sure why I'm even entertaining this," she said stiffly, her cheeks flushed with embarrassment, but her eyes haughty as she stared at Eliza. "But you said that you had something to say. So... out with it."

Eliza glanced over at Gene, who simply shrugged and nodded toward Kim. He wanted Eliza to take the lead on this. Eliza took a deep breath, getting her thoughts in order. Kim was justifiably angry, but Eliza needed to convince her to fall in line, for all of their sakes. Best to be straightforward and blunt.

"Your plan of running to David and telling him everything simply won't work," she said flatly, staring into Kim's eyes and trying to pour as much sincerity into her gaze as possible.

Kim crossed her arms defiantly, a movement that only pressed her tits up further and pushed her nipples hard against the thin cloth, displaying their stiffness. "Of course you would say that," she said grimly. "You're cheating on my brother. If I tell him, you'll be fucked."

Gene chuckled, amused with Kim's sassy response. *The fat prick might as well pull out a bag of popcorn. Doesn't he realize that this is his problem too?* A wave of annoyance made Eliza grit her teeth and take a deep breath before she answered. She leaned forward, trying her best not to snap as she said, "If it were as simple as that, I would have told him myself a long time ago. I'm not the heartless cheater you seem to be implying."

Kim smirked, bouncing her foot and dangling a massive black platform heel. "Is that why you're dressed like a sex object and hanging out with the guy who hates his guts? Because you're a pure and loyal wife?"

Eliza brushed off the taunt impatiently, raising her hand with the condom once again. That shut Kim up. The bratty blonde glared at the bulging condom with a mix of discomfort and desire in her fierce green eyes. *That's better. Maybe now you'll listen to the truth.* "I'm here for the same reason you are," said Eliza grimly. "Because we need this. Call it a fetish, or magic, or whatever the fuck you want. It doesn't change the fact that something inside you would do anything to get this. And that's why you can't rebel against Gene. He's the only source."

Kim licked her lips, a troubled expression flickering across her face. She squirmed uncomfortably on her seat. Eliza was willing to bet that the little bitch's pussy was as wet and hot as hers at the mere thought of drinking Gene's jizz, no matter what she claimed. "B-bullshit. There are a thousand guys who would line up around the block to cum for me. A thousand hotter guys who haven't been an asshole to my brother."

Something in her tone gave her away, and Eliza shook her head with a pitying sigh. "Ha! You tried it didn't you?" rumbled Gene beside her, guffawing with amusement. "You let some pretty boy treat you like his cum slut for the night. So? Don't keep us waiting. What were the results of your little experiment?"

Eliza grimaced at his crude taunts, but didn't say anything. Gene might be letting her take the reins on pulling her sister-in-law in, but he was still the master, and Eliza couldn't tell him to shut up... even if she did think that taunting Kim would be counterproductive right now.

Predictably, Kim glared murderously at Gene, although Eliza thought she caught the gleam of poorly concealed desire in the fiery blonde's eyes as well. "None of your business, prick," she spat. "If you're trying to sell me on keeping your dirty little secret my brother, you're not doing a shit job. It might be worth the trouble just to see that smug smirk wiped off your face."

Eliza held out her hand and hit the condom against it with a wet splat, drawing Kim's attention to her once again. "No, you're wrong. It wouldn't be worth it, Kim," she insisted. "Because the

hunger you've been feeling for the past week, the aching, bone-deep desire... It doesn't get better. It only gets worse. Even I don't know the top end... but if you never saw Gene again, you would discover how bad those cravings could get. The only thing that can possibly satisfy them is Gene's semen. We need to protect him in order to protect our access to his cum."

Kim's expression was wary, but her stiff nipples still pressed tight against her shirt, broadcasting her continued arousal as she asked, "And what exactly does Gene ask for in return? What does he get for letting us drink his cum?"

Eliza knew that lying was useless now. Kim's evident arousal and the disgust written across her cute features made it clear that she already knew the answer. There was no choice but to be honest. "We do whatever he asks," she said simply.

"Which is?" said Kim challengingly, demanding that Eliza say it outright.

Gene jumped in again, one thick arm snaking around Eliza's waist to rest on her hip as she smugly said, "Come on, Kimmy. You know what Lizzie means. Cumbunnies use their lips, cunts, and tight little buttholes to milk their master's cocks for the sticky, salty treat they crave. Don't pretend that you haven't been fantasizing about it."

Kim's face was a picture of angry determination. She didn't dignify Gene's obscene taunt with even a glance, let alone a response. Instead, she stared daggers at the condom in Eliza's hand, as if the cum she held was her worst enemy. Which, in a way, it was.

"I won't do it," Kim said in a strained whisper, her lovely green eyes lit with an inner fire as she stared at the obscenely bulging condom. "I don't care how hard you say it will be, or how much it will hurt. I won't give up my pride to a monster like him. Or my brother's pride either."

Eliza sighed. She was afraid it would come to this. Kim was a strong-willed young woman, and she wasn't far enough along in her corruption to fold that easily. Gene had never been very patient, and it seemed that he had jumped the gun a little in his desire to break in his new toy.

Eliza was going to have to break out the big guns if she wanted to successfully bring her new sister Cumbunny into the fold. She began working at the knot in the condom with her fingers, slowly loosening it as she wriggled out from Gene's grip and stood, looming over her seated sister-in-law on her tall stilettos.

"What are you doing?" asked Kim sharply, her eyes widening a little at Eliza's sudden movement. Eliza was gratified to see Kim squirm in her seat again, recrossing her thighs as her eyes flicked up and down Eliza's sexy body, taking in her porny bunny outfit. It looked like Eliza wasn't the only one who was strangely attracted to their sister-in-law tonight. *Good. If I'm right about what Gene wants from Kim and I, a little attraction will make things easier for the both of us.* Eliza finally got the knot free, untying the condom and releasing a wafting smell of bleachy cum into the stuffy living room.

"I'm showing you why you're wrong," she told Kim, arching an eyebrow at the cocky blonde. "I'm going to prove to you that you'll do whatever your new master says." Holding up the condom performatively, she stuck out one slim, delicate middle finger and dipped it into the open mouth, scooping up a fingertip of the thick, pearly goo.

Before Kim could react, she clicked forward and thrust her finger right beneath the defiant young woman's nose. "Suck," she commanded in a flat, imperious tone.

Kim's face went red, and she opened her mouth to say something else just as harsh and dismissive as everything else she had said all evening... And then her eyes glazed over with lust, going crossed as they stared down at the feminine finger hovering beneath her nose. "I... I won't," she insisted, but her voice sounded weak and indecisive. "I'm not some sort of slut who'll just... just..."

"Just suck sperm off another woman's finger?" asked Eliza teasingly. She pulled her finger back a little, and Kim's head followed after it, her lips parting unconsciously, deep breaths whistling in through her nose to sniff in the intoxicating scent. "Don't be so confident, Kimmy. Your master is training you to be exactly that type of slut. Just give in. It's going to taste so fucking good. I promise." Then she reversed the direction of her finger, pushing it forward toward Kim's glossy lips. Kim didn't resist or move, simply letting out a weak little whimper as Eliza's sperm-daubed finger slipped past her lips and into her warm, wet mouth.

Eliza felt a surge of victory as Eliza looked up at her, her beautiful green eyes blazing with frustration and arousal... and then swirled her tongue around the finger in her mouth, acknowledging her defeat in an act of humiliating physical submission. Is this what Gene felt like all the time? Forcing Kim to obey made Eliza feel satisfyingly powerful. A wicked, dark pleasure pulsed through her, centered in the tight leather hugging between her thighs. For once, she was the one in charge; the one making someone else submit. Eliza knew she should hold back. She hoped that Kim would be her ally in this end, after all. But the power was addictive...

"Good girl," she purred, pushing her finger a little deeper and pushing it dominantly onto her sister-in-law's squirming tongue. "Just like that. You said you wouldn't, then you did. And it will be the same for our master." Both her and Kim's eyes were drawn to Gene like a magnet. He was watching the little scene of lesbian dominance and submission with smug satisfaction, openly pawing the bulge in the front of his pants. "You're a Cumbunny now, Kimmy," continued Eliza, feeling both bitter defeat and traitorous eagerness at the words as they poured out of her mouth, sickening and arousing at the same time. "Just like me. We belong to Gene now, and we're going to serve him as a team. We might as well enjoy it."

Kim spat her finger out, lips sneering and eyes blazing with renewed defiance as she said, "Fuck you! You might be weak enough to become his loyal pet, but I never will."

'We're talking in circles now,' said Eliza with a sigh. She looked her nose at Kim speculatively, then over at Gene. He met her gaze and nodded with a hungry grin. He was ready to join in the fun. "The time for words is over," he said in a deep, eager tone.

An evil grin spread slowly across Eliza's face as she heard the rough, dominant lust in her master's voice. She had been a very good Cumbunny today, and had played the role of trainer well enough to please her master. It looked like she was about to get the reward she so richly deserved.

"Why don't we give our new Cumbunny a more... hands-on demonstration of how good it can feel to be mine?"

...

Kim knelt on the dirty floor in the living room of a man she had every reason to despise, not quite sure how she had gotten here. When Eliza had first talked about the Myolk... the whatever-it-was oil, Kim had actually felt a flood of relief. For one shining moment, everything had felt simple again: Eliza was just a lying slut who had been too stupid to resist an asshole with a big cock.

But then Kim had seen and smelled that fucking cum... When Eliza had pulled out that fucking condom, something in Kim's brain had short-circuited. The strange hunger that had been troubling her for the past week had blazed to life, and her brain had filled up with warm pink fog. Nothing seemed simple at all anymore.

The now-opened condom now dangled from her sister-in-law's fingers, right next to her wedding band, which was glinting in the dim light of the dingy living room. The beautiful, pale brunette loomed above Kim on those ridiculously tall heels, her icy blue eyes infuriatingly smug as she stared down at Kim on her knees.

When Eliza had told her to kneel, Kim had tried to say 'no', but then Eliza had promised she would be allowed to taste more cum from the condom and, well... somehow before Kim realized what was happening, she was on her knees, her nipples stiff and her pussy throbbing with wild, untamed heat beneath her tiny skirt. She tried to keep up a defiant front, glaring up at the woman she now knew was a heartless, evil bitch, but it was hard to look proud when you were on your knees wearing a slutty schoolgirl outfit.

As Kim watched, a broad, hairy hand slid around Eliza's hip and over the belly of her leather bunny corset. A thrill of lust raced up Kim's spine as she looked up into Gene's leering eyes. Her whole body broke out in goosebumps, her belly twisting with desire and disgust. Gene's hand slipped lower, possessively groping and grasping over the tiny leather panties covering Eliza's pussy. The pussy Eliza had pledged to David. It made Kim feel sick with anger... but at the same time, a big part of her wanted nothing more than to see what that massive cock could do to a beautiful woman like Eliza.

Well, maybe there was one thing Kim wanted more... but she refused to admit that to herself. She might have been willing to have sex with a fat asshole like Gene back when she didn't know that he was the prick who bullied her brother... but now it was completely out of the question. The fact that she had sucked Gene Crowder's cock earlier tonight still made her cringe with shame and rage. There was no way she would ever stoop that low now that she knew who he really was.

*No fucking way.*

Eliza's eyes gleamed with the amusement of a cat toying with her prey as she teasingly dangled the condom above Kim. "I get it, honey. I really do. You aren't ready to fuck master yet. Your stubborn pride won't allow it. But don't worry, if you're a good, obedient girl, you can get a little taste of your master without having to fuck him tonight," Eliza said with a mocking smirk, swirling her hips a little against her master's groping hand right in front of Kim's face. "All you have to do is obey some simple orders, and I'll give you a little treat." She tipped the condom above Kim, and Kim unconsciously opened her mouth, her body crying out to taste the white slime inside. Eliza giggled and stopped the tilt of her hand just before the first drop of semen slipped free. Kim snapped her mouth shut with a furious red blush. Eliza had proven her point, She was in control right now, and if Kim wanted to relieve her hunger, she was going to have to play the smirking bitch's twisted game. It was humiliating, but if Kim could take the edge off her hunger without having to fuck Gene, she had to take that chance.

"Your first assignment," purred Eliza as Gene slipped his hands upward to hook his thumbs through the waistband of her tiny leather panties, "is to watch."

Kim couldn't have disobeyed the order if she wanted too. She sat staring upward with bated breath as the panties slipped down and away, revealing her sister-in-law's puffy, dripping cunt. Eliza's beautiful pink pussy looked as aroused as Kim felt as Gene took a moment to greedily dip his fingers between his Cumbunny's thighs. Kim watched Gene's thick fingers part Eliza's flushed lower lips, slipping inside, emerging slick with the juices of her adulterous lust, making loud squishing noises in the heated air of the small living room. She could smell Eliza's arousal blending with the heady scent of Gene's semen, and it made her feel almost dizzy, her body throbbing with need.

But Gene couldn't be satisfied with using only his fingers for long. There was a soft clink of his belt being unbuckled, and a moment later his massive cock thrust forward between Eliza's slim thighs, pressed tight to her juicy pussy from beneath, making her moan softly from the sensation as he rubbed against her.

"Mmmm, it feels good," murmured Eliza, reaching down with her free hand to stroke the thick cock that was now jutting out from between her thighs, for a moment looking as if she herself had a cock. "I bet it looks good too..." she held up the condom teasingly, tipping it so that a little

cum almost slipped out of the open mouth. “What do you think, Kimmy? If you admit how good Master’s cock looks to you, I’ll give you a taste of what you need.”

Eliza’s entire body buzzed with deep pleasure as she stared down at the pathetic little defeated slut on her knees beneath her. Gene’s cock pressed stiff and hot upward into her dripping pussy. She could feel his heartbeat against her sensitive flesh, sending sizzling bolts of electricity through her body at every throb of his cock against her clit. And the look of frustrated surrender in her sister-in-law’s pretty green eyes just made her arousal that much sweeter.

Kim gritted her teeth. Being treated like some sort of dog was humiliating. But worse than that was the fact that Gene’s cock legitimately did look really good. With his face hidden for the moment behind the tall, lovely woman looming above her, Kim could focus on the cock itself rather than the disgusting man who owned it. It was thick and powerful-looking, veiny but well-shaped. A throbbing monument to masculinity that made Kim’s entire body sing with need. Her mouth opened before she realized what she was saying.

“It... it looks good,” she admitted in a croaking voice, wiping her suddenly drool-filled mouth with the back of her hand. Her ability to resist was being worn away rapidly, not just by her thirst for cum... but also by a powerful, distressing desire to feel Gene’s manly cock for herself.

Eliza let out an evil chuckle, her hand slowly stroking up and down the length of the cock thrust between her thighs, her lovely, elegant features locked into a gleeful smile. Kim had never seen her this way before. True, Kim had always gotten the impression that her sister in law was a bit stuck-up, but she had never expected Eliza to act like some sort of fucking dominatrix. As much as Kim hated to admit it, Eliza’s icy blue gaze and the superior smirk on her face were having an unexpected effect on her. Maybe it was the over-heated circumstances and Kim’s frustrated lust, but being under Eliza’s power like this was actually kind of turning her on.

But she didn’t have time to confront that strange and unpleasant thought, because Eliza was tipping the condom once again, and this time she wasn’t just teasing. “Honest girls get rewards,” she said in a heated voice. “Say ‘ahhh’...”

Kim just barely had time to open her mouth wide before a thick drizzle of cum fell down from the condom. Most of it landed on her tongue, although a little of the thick, cool slime splattered onto her glossy, parted lips as well. Kim’s eyes dilated and her back arched as a wave of intense pleasure burst through her. She rolled the thick, salty goo over her tongue, savoring the taste and feel of her hated enemy’s sperm. Part of her insisted that it was the same old disgusting slime that she had experienced any time a man had cum in her mouth, but that instinct was overridden by a deeper, more primal part of her that insisted that Gene’s cum was the most divine thing she had ever tasted. She held it in her mouth for a moment before swallowing it down. She could feel it slipping down her throat like molten gold, all the way down until it reached her stomach, where it seemed to warm her from within.

Eliza watched the pleasure light up Kim's face with an indulgent smile, her hand sliding up and down her master's thick shaft while her hips slid back and forth gently, rubbing her pussy against the hard length of his powerful cock. She knew the pleasure that Kim must be feeling right now, and she would have been jealous if she didn't plan on receiving his cum in her pussy in a few minutes. She was sure the taste of cum was satisfying for her new Cumbunny sister, but it wouldn't be enough to quench her thirst. She had fed Kim maybe half of the contents of the condom. Kim would have to obey more commands if she wanted to earn the rest of her prize.

Behind her, Gene had run out of patience with Eliza's teasing game. One powerful hand gripped her hip tight as the other reached beneath her, slipping his cock backward to nuzzle against her wet, ready opening. Eliza gasped eagerly, biting her lip hard in anticipation before glancing down at Kim beneath her, who was watching with open fascination. "Keep watching, Kimmy. You can deny it as much as you want, but I can see the truth. You want Master's cock just as much as I do. Watch. Look closely at what you're too proud to admit you want."

With that, Gene's hips snapped forward, drawing a breathy gasp of delight from Eliza's mouth as he stretched her wide. Kim's eyes were wide as she watched closely, just like she had been commanded. From her position beneath Eliza, she could see how Gene's thick, veiny cock had spread Eliza's tender lower lips. As he began to move, thrusting himself balls deep into Eliza's married pussy, Kim could see how tight the fit was... how Eliza's pink pussy clung tightly to every inch of her master's shaft.

Her own pussy clenched hungrily. She bit her lip to try to force back the feeling, but it was no use. Her whole body ached with filthy lust. She had felt it all week, never satisfied except for the moment that she had greedily slurped down Gene's sperm sample. She needed the fulfillment she saw etched across Eliza's moaning face. She needed the satisfaction that she knew she could only get from the condom wiggling and dangling from Eliza's fingers and Gene began to thrust into her from behind.

Gene's powerful thrusts rocked Eliza forward, throwing her off balance, and the slutty, moaning bunny reached down to steady herself with one hand, gripping Kim's shoulder as Gene's belly and thighs loudly slapped into her again and again from behind. The other hand held the condom aloft, just out of Kim's easy reach, making sure she could take it while Eliza was distracted by the ecstasy of their master's cock.

Eliza pushed her hips backward into her master's powerful thrusts, her pussy eagerly squeezing and gripping his shaft as he plunged into her again and again. This is what she had needed all week. What her pussy of a husband wasn't man enough to give her. Gene was so strong... so masculine. His thrust hammered into her, his cock stretching her wide. Her knees felt weak, and moans poured from her mouth as she forgot all about her role in training Kim, and her plans to fight back, and even her husband. She focused her whole mind on her master's cock and how good it felt in her pussy, and everything else drifted away.

As Eliza bent forward, the angle now hid Kim from a direct view of the action between her thighs. But now Eliza's panting, moaning face was just inches from Kim's, filling her entire view with that image of wild female pleasure. Eliza's tight grip on her shoulder sent tingles of sexual electricity crackling through Kim's body. Kim could practically feel Eliza's sexual ecstasy from this close. She wanted to feel what her sister-in-law was feeling so badly that she could barely breathe.

Kim's hand slipped down beneath her skirt, shamefully stroking and rubbing the wet heat she found waiting there. Even in the depths of her ecstasy, as Gene's thick cock plunged into her from behind, Eliza saw what Kim was doing. Her icy blue eyes peered down at Kim's fingers swirling and flexing beneath her schoolgirl skirt, and when they rose to meet Kim's gaze again, they were no longer gloating or taunting. There was an understanding there. A solidarity in the depths of their depraved mutual pleasure. As Kim began to finger herself deeper and faster, Eliza gave her a little nod, biting her lip hard from the intensity of her pleasure. In that moment, for the first time, they really were sister Cumbunnies, bound together by their unnatural lust.

Suddenly, Kim heard Gene's growling voice speak from behind her whimpering, panting sister-in-law. He had been fairly silent so far tonight, letting Eliza draw in his prey for him. But now, at the peak of Kim's sexual desperation, he pounced. "You see what my cock does to Lizzie?" he said in a voice rough with exertion. "This is what you need, Kimmy. It's the only thing that can satisfy you. Well... that and my cum." He let out a dirty chuckle. "Lizzie seems to think you're not quite ready to drink straight from the source. But you will be... very very soon. For now, you're going to do exactly what Lizzie said. You're going to obey. That's how you're going to earn the reward you were promised."

His pace was increasing, and Eliza was panting harsh, hot breaths right into Kim's face. Kim could feel the strength of Gene's thrusts as he pushed Eliza forward into her. Kim's fingers rubbed and plunged into her beneath her skirt, matching the pace of Gene's thrusts. Her skin felt tight and hot, every beat of her heart carrying molten hot desire through every inch of her body. She hated Gene with all her heart, but right now she couldn't stop thinking about how his cock had felt when he took her from behind earlier tonight. Kim's eyes locked on the condom held in Eliza's fingers, dangling just out of her reach. Her resistance had crumbled. She would do whatever her tormentor wanted. "What?" she asked desperately, in a voice cracked by pleasure and frustration. "What do I need to do?"

"Promise me you won't tell your brother a fucking thing about this unless I tell you to," said Gene in a hard voice, never ceasing his brutal thrusts into the desperate Cumbunny beneath him.

Kim gritted her teeth. Keeping that promise would mean betraying her brother, the most important man in her life... But her body ached for the taste of Gene's semen, and she wasn't sure if she could resist any longer. *Just staying quiet isn't that bad... I can fight back against this asshole in other ways.* "F-fine," she said bitterly. "I promise. I won't tell him."

“Good,’ said Gene, his voice dripping with triumph in a way that turned Kim’s stomach. “Now... one last thing. I want to hear it from you. I want you to admit that you’re my Cumbunny now.”

Kim moaned in frustration, her hips humping upward into her fingers. Eliza bounced backward onto her master’s cock, her slutty moans blending with her sister-in-law’s as both women hurtled toward orgasm. Kim wanted to scoff, wanted to insist that she didn’t even know what the word “Cumbunny” meant outside of Gene’s perverted fantasies.

But she did know. It was everything that Eliza had just outlined. Subservience. Submission. Pleasure, but only at Gene’s cruel whims. It wasn’t what she wanted. Kim shook her head, unable to say “no”, but unwilling to agree to the humiliating new position. She felt caught, trapped between her pride and her lust, tormented by her need for release and her need to stay true to herself.

Suddenly, Eliza, who had been lost in her private world of pleasure, fixed Kim with an intense, heated gaze, just inches away as Gene plowed into her from behind. “Do it, Kimmy,” she said in a husky whisper melting with pleasure. “Join me. You’ll feel better than you ever have in your life. We can do this together. Trust me.”

And for just one split second, Kim saw a flash of some hidden emotion in Eliza’s eyes. Just a sliver of double meaning in her words that only someone that close to her face could catch. It was laughable, really. What had Eliza done to earn Kim’s trust? All evening, she had acted like she enjoyed tormenting and corrupting Kim almost as much as Gene did.

But in her desperation, Kim was willing to take any small scrap of hope she could find. So she did what Eliza seemed to be asking... and surrendered.

“I... I’m your Cumbunny, Daddy,” she moaned, giving into the fierce pleasure pouring through her. “I’m your little slut. Your cum-addicted little bimbo sextoy. Please. Please give me what I need!”

Gene roared with laughter, a broad grin of triumph painted across his face. “You heard your new sister!” he said to Eliza, giving her rump a hearty slap as his pace reached a fever pitch, “Why don’t you deliver Kimmy’s reward... personally.”

Eliza gave Kim a wink that she wasn’t sure was teasing or conspiratorial... and then put the half-full condom in her own mouth, tilting it upward to empty the contents between her lips. For a second, Kim thought that the greedy bitch was stealing the cum for herself... but then, without warning, Eliza’s face closed the distance, pressing her soft lips against the stunned, kneeling blonde’s gasping mouth.

Kim let out a startled moan as the thick, gluey cum slipped between her lips along with her sister-in-law’s writhing tongue, delivering an electrifying taboo kiss along with the powerful euphoria of Gene’s semen that Kim had already learned to crave. She was shocked into

stillness for just a moment, and then Kim kissed back hungrily, greedily sucking and licking every inch of the inside of Eliza's mouth, trying to lick up every drop of the salty nectar she craved. She gave in to her base desires, surrendering to her thirst for cum, to her strange, unfamiliar attraction to her sister in law, and to the slutty submission that Gene wanted from her. She orgasmed around her fingers, with Gene's cum flowing down her throat and her tongue wrestling with her sister-in-law's.

She registered that Gene was grunting in pleasure, and then Eliza was biting her lip, almost hard enough to draw blood, throwing her arms around Kim's neck and pulling her deeper into a suffocating, passionate kiss.

Eliza's mind fuzzed out into fluffy pink ecstasy as she felt Gene spurt inside her, coating the walls of her spasming pussy, giving her the deep satisfaction that no man had ever made her feel before. That he husband could never match. She greedily kissed Kim, relishing the strange, unfamiliar pleasure of a woman's mouth on hers as her pussy milked every last drop from her master's heavy balls.

*God... he's cumming inside her...* thought Kim deliriously as her tongue tangled wetly with Eliza's. She couldn't help but wonder how that felt... She assumed that it must be much more intense than just tasting his cum.

But, as all three of them came down from their orgasms and the elation died down, Kim began to reflect that she probably wouldn't have to wait very long to discover what a creampie from Gene felt like.

Because she was certain that he wouldn't be satisfied with her just watching for long.

...

Kim slammed the door behind her as she climbed into the backseat of Eliza's car.

Predictably, her submission had faded sharply after she had been satisfied by a taste of Gene's cum. Eliza held back a frustrated sigh. One glance in the rearview mirror showed her that Kim was staring daggers at her from the back.

Eliza had hoped that Kim would see that everything Eliza had done tonight was a necessary act to divert Gene's suspicions. True, she had gotten a certain amount of twisted pleasure out of her dominant role, but those blurred lines of necessity and pleasure were inevitable when you were a Cumbunny. Kim would learn that... But she would have to learn fast. Because Eliza needed her as a partner, not an enemy, and there was no time to waste.

With someone as prickly and rebellious as Kim, that would be much easier said than done. But... Eliza had to try. She took a deep breath, and, as she pulled out of the parking lot of Gene's apartment building, she began.

“So... We need to talk about what our actual plan is.”