

“So... we need to talk about what our actual plan is for resisting Gene,” said Eliza heavily as she pulled out of the parking lot of Gene’s apartment. She glanced into the rearview mirror to see Kim glaring back at her, her arms wrapped defensively around herself to hide the pornographic schoolgirl outfit Gene had tricked her into wearing. Eliza knew that this might be a bad time to initiate a conversation with her new Cumbunny sister. After all, Kim had just learned that the man she had been unconsciously lusting after for a week wasn’t “Frank Penn”, but actually her older brother’s worst enemy. Not only that, Kim had been forced to submit, not just by Gene, but by Eliza as well, drinking Gene’s semen straight from her sister-in-law’s mouth.

So Eliza could understand if there were some hard feelings now that Kim’s lust and hunger cleared a little, like they always did after a Cumbunny got their fix. But, even if Kim was in a well-deserved bad mood right now, there was no time to waste. Regardless of what had just happened up in Gene’s apartment, Eliza and Kim were natural allies now, and they had to get on the same page as soon as possible.

So Eliza doggedly continued. “I have a lead,” she said grimly, focusing on the road as she flicked on the windshield wipers to combat the rain that was beginning to fall, “but it’s stalled a little right now. I found out that another Cumbunny...”

She stopped in confusion as she heard an unexpected noise from the backseat. Laughter. Eliza’s eyes flicked to the rearview again, where she saw Kim shaking with laughter, a bitter grimace of incredulity on her face. “Listen to you,” said the petite blonde in a disgusted tone, sneering at Eliza’s reflection in the mirror. “You’re so far gone you don’t even realize it. What do you mean, *another* Cumbunny? You’re using his insulting term for yourself now, huh? God, you’re pathetic.”

Eliza felt a swell of rage bubble up in her belly. Kim was looking down on her. The woman who knelt beneath her not twenty minutes ago, pledging to be Gene’s loyal slut, wanted to get all high and mighty about how corrupted Eliza supposedly was. Eliza took a deep breath and focused back on the road. *Kim’s upset. A totally natural reaction. I have to take it in stride. As someone who has lived in this situation longer, I need to be the bigger person.*

“I’m sorry for what happened back there,” said Eliza, controlling her sudden flash of anger. “But right now, Gene has too much power over us for us to defy him directly. We need to find a way to stop him by working behind his back. All of that in his apartment was an act. A necessary one to keep him happy and in the dark.” It was true, but only partially. Even if she had been acting, Eliza still found everything that had happened between her, Kim, and Gene in that apartment explosively erotic. That was the issue. It was becoming harder and harder to separate the act from her true feelings as the Cumbunny inside her grew stronger and stronger.

But Kim was in no mood for olive branches. “What is this ‘we’ you keep talking about?” she asked sharply, her eyes blazing with rage. “I didn’t see any ‘we’ back in that apartment, *Sis*. I didn’t see any acting either. You might be a two-faced bitch, but you aren’t fucking Meryl Streep. How do I know you aren’t acting right now?”

Eliza sighed deeply and gripped the steering wheel. She knew that Kim was a little hard-headed, but this was eyerollingly stupid. "We're both in Gene's crosshairs here," she said, heat creeping into her voice despite herself. "I know you don't like me, Kim, but you have to at least recognise that the enemy of your enemy is your friend!"

"Are you that fat prick's enemy?" asked Kim in a soft, smoldering voice. "Is that what you tell yourself when you bounce on his cock? When you moan his name? When you beg for his cum? I don't need help from someone like you, Eliza. Whatever you've been trying is clearly a failure."

Eliza was struck speechless by the devastating dismissal. She stared out into the rainy darkness, lit up by the streetlights and the beams of her headlight, chilled to the bone. *No. Kim doesn't know what she's talking about. I've been fighting back. I've been doing everything I can in an impossible situation. She'll learn. She'll feel a lot less high and mighty once the hunger starts gnawing at her again.*

As she stopped at a red light, Eliza turned to explain that to the aggravating young woman in her back seat, but she was shocked to see that Kim was already opening the car door and stepping out.

"Where are you going?" she snapped, confused out of the planned lecture she had for her sister-in-law.

"I'm going the fuck home," said Kim wearily. "I'm like five minutes away from my apartment."

"I'm driving you there," insisted Eliza, gesturing for Kim to get back in the car. "It's pouring out there, and you're dressed like a..."

Kim was already walking away, her bare feet slapping on the wet pavement as her ridiculous heels dangled from one finger. She was ignoring Eliza as if talking to her just wasn't worth the effort.

*Shit, in this sort of mood, she might...*

"Don't tell David!" Eliza called out desperately after Kim, blurring out her anxiety.

Kim just raised a middle finger as she walked away, disappearing into the darkness of the rainy night.

...

*A few days later...*

Gene held Eliza's head in a tight grip as he glowered down at his phone. As he watched his phone like a hawk, He plunged his cock into her mouth again and again, plundering her tight, wet throat mercilessly, using her like a stress relief tool.

Finally, he growled, "What the fuck!" under his breath and tossed the phone away, concentrating fully on his Cumbunny's frenzied, submissive blowjob. "Where the fuck is she, Lizzie?" he asked, just like he had last night and the night before, with increasing annoyance. He didn't stop sliding his thick cock into and out of Eliza's throat to give her a chance to answer... but of course, an answer wasn't the point. Gene didn't care about his Cumbunny's opinion on the issue. He was just venting his rage.

For the past few nights, Gene had sent text messages to Kim demanding that she come to his apartment to begin her training in earnest. He had no choice but to text: Kim hadn't been answering his phone calls. It made Eliza nervous. Kim must be feeling intense cravings by this point three days later, without a drop of her master's cum, but somehow she was still holding back. Eliza had to hand it to her fiery little sister-in-law: she wasn't sure if she would be strong enough for an act of defiance like that.

But Kim's rebellion was beginning to cause problems for Eliza as well. Gene was taking his frustrations out on David at work during the day and on Eliza at night in his apartment. David was once again a ball of stress and frustration after just three days of Gene returning to work, and Eliza had to submit to rough, humiliating sex every night. Luckily, David had been so exhausted that he had been falling asleep early, allowing Eliza to sneak out to meet Gene on a nightly basis without him realizing. But she worried that she wouldn't be able to keep her nightly trips a secret forever. David was bound to wake up in the middle of the night one of these nights... it was just a question of when.

Even more concerning was how much Eliza had been enjoying Gene's aggressive domination. Even now, as the angry man pulled her head down his cock once again, pressing his heavy balls against her chin and her nose into his pubes, her body ached with desire for him. She throbbed with lust for the man treating her like a sex toy, the submissive Cumbunny inside her melting into a puddle of pleasure every time his thick cock stretched her lips wide. Her body craved her master's cum. Every nerve tingled, and her pussy pulsed between her legs with a moist, needy heat. She knew that it was dangerous when Gene was this angry, but Kim's bratty defiance was almost worth it for the power she felt coming from her furious, dominant master in every stroke of his cock.

Eliza's head bobbed up and down Gene's powerful shaft, outpacing her master's hand in her enthusiasm. Her mind swam with images of thick, hot, sticky, creamy, salty, gooey, yummy cum. She forgot about Kim and David and all the stresses of her life as her body became a machine for extracting semen for the moment. Her thick saliva slid down the shaft of Gene's cock, dripping onto his heavy, hanging balls, the source of her favorite treat.

But then, just as Eliza's instincts told her that her master was about to fire a hot, fresh load of ambrosia down her slutty throat, Gene stopped her, pulling her up off of his cock, dripping, gasping, and red-faced.

"You dosed her like I told you, right, Lizzie?" he asked, his voice dark with suspicion.

Even though looking into his ugly face when he was this angry made Eliza cringe, it also sent her heart racing in her chest, the fire of twisted lust deep in her core blazing bright. The oil had remodeled her subconscious completely: at this point, she was addicted to Gene's dominant power. And he had never looked stronger and crueller than he did right now.

'I did!' gasped Eliza. "I did master. I stirred it right into her pudding and watched her eat every bite!"

Gene stared hard into her eyes for a moment, then stood suddenly. "Get up. Hands against the wall," he barked. Eliza got the distinct impression that her master needed to feel in control now that Kim was defying him, and she was happy to fulfill her master's dominant needs. She scrambled up and planted her hands on the walls of Gene's apartment, spreading her thighs, and arching her back to offer her curvy ass for his inspection.

Gene rested a broad, rough hand on the soft skin of his Cumbunny's ass. Eliza shivered at the touch, goosebumps pebbling her skin, her nipples swinging diamond-hard from her hanging breasts beneath her. There was still a level of her mind that was repelled by Gene's hands touching her intimate places. That shame and disgust had never truly left her, but it was now drowned beneath an ocean of filthy, red-hot desire. It made for a complex tangle of sensations and emotions every time Gene fucked her.

She wondered if the most corrupted Cumbunnies she had met, Mitsy and Cumslut, still felt the same dislike for their masters at some level, or if eventually that would fade away as well, leaving her a horny bunny eager and happy to serve her master. She needed to stop that from happening. And to do that, she needed Kim on her side. Or at least she needed Kim to stop actively sabotaging her...

"I know you fed her the oil," admitted Gene grudgingly. "I saw it in her eyes last week. She's hooked, that's for fucking sure. So why? Why is she still resisting?" His hand rubbed slowly over the curve of Eliza's upturned ass, sending little shivers of pleasure up her spine from his touch. Then his hand slipped lower, teasing up and down her inner thigh, closer and closer to her aching, dripping pussy without ever quite touching it.

"I... I d-don't know master!" whined Eliza desperately, wiggling her hips and arching her back, trying to position her desperate pussy beneath her master's fingers with no success. "She's just a little brat, I think! If you showed up to her work... or better yet, her apartment, you know that she wouldn't be able to resist you, master! She would crack in a second!"

Gene's hand withdrew from Eliza's thighs and cracked down onto her plump ass in one smooth motion, leaving a pink handprint on the silky alabaster skin of Eliza's left ass cheek and drawing a shuddering gasp of pain and pleasure from her throat. Her back arched further, a slick trail of arousal tracing its way down her shapely thigh. It hurt, but from her master, even pain made her veins sing with submissive arousal.

"Think for a second, bunny!" growled Gene, his voice crackling with frustration. "I can't just walk up to Kimmy and say, 'Hey! Why aren't you answering my texts?' I would look like a fucking pussy! No. That would be a horrible precedent. She needs to learn that she does what I say, when I say it." Eliza heard the clink of Gene's belt, a sound that sent a Pavlovian thrill of lust down her spine. Gene took his place behind Eliza, sliding his hands up her hips, then gripping them tight. She could feel his hard cock nuzzling against the lips of her pussy, and a little whine of sexual need wormed between her lips. "And you're going to be the one who teaches her that lesson, Lizzie," promised Gene in a hard, dark voice.

He cock slid forward, entering her, splitting her, completing her. Eliza's fingers clawed against the grubby walls as she panted in slutty delight, her thighs already trembling from the intensity of the sensations. She could remember a time when sex had been pleasant, but more useful as a way to feel close to her husband than something to obsess over.

Gene had changed that. As Eliza felt his cock press into the deepest part of her, stretching her married pussy wide, she realized that Kim had been right about one thing: she really had fallen a long way. Part of her was Gene's eager slut now. His happy little cumbunny. She stared back into his smirking face, biting her lip hard as Gene pushed balls deep, packing her cunt full of his big, thick cock. The only thing she felt in that moment, staring at his ugly anger-reddened face, was helpless lust.

Gene's first thrust pushed her forward into the wall with a squeak of pleased surprise. Gene had no patience for long, teasing strokes tonight, his cock thrust into her with short, rough, powerful strokes, fucking her hard and fast right from the start.

Eliza's pussy clenched and writhed around the massive cock inside her, her hips slamming backward with equal force to Gene's forward thrusts, matching his brutal pace eagerly. Eliza closed her eyes, focusing completely on the humiliating, yet deeply arousing sensation of getting roughly fucked by her worst enemy. Her tits jolted and bounced beneath her, nipples throbbing and stiff with almost painful arousal as Gene jackhammered into her from behind.

Gene reached forward to pull Eliza upward, gripping her throat from behind with a powerful hand as he continued to fuck her powerfully from behind. Eliza saw stars. Gene had experimented with choking before in missionary position, but it felt much more intense to be held like this. Her body was arched up, pressed tight against her master's hairy bulk as his powerful hand dominated her in an intimate, erotic way. His firm palm on her throat, just tight enough to make it a little hard to breathe, made her feel weak, controlled, submissive... and utterly, completely, mind-blowingly horny. She let out a low, muffled moan, her hips grinding and

writhing back against her master frantically, desperate to feel every inch of his incredible cock as it slammed into her again and again.

“You’re going to go to that little brat...” hissed Gene in her ear, his voice roughened by anger and lust, “And you are going to bring her to heel. Understand me?”

“Yessss master,” moaned Eliza, her body on fire with submissive lust as her master manhandled her and used her like a toy.

“Good. Now make me cum, you little slut,” growled Gene. Somehow, he found even more strength, pounding into her from behind, his hand tightening further. Eliza came: her body submitting completely to her master’s sexual dominance. Her thighs shook. A strangled, broken sound of sexual pleasure escaped her throat. But this time Gene didn’t care if she had orgasmed or not. He was completely focused on his own pleasure and didn’t give a shit about hers. He fucked his Cumbunny nonstop, forcing Eliza to roll straight into another climax.

Eliza’s vision began to grow dark around the edges. Drool dripped down her chin. Her pussy clamped tightly around her master’s conquering, invading cock, desperate for the creamy treat that was now the center of her world.

And finally, she got it. With a roar of released frustration, Gene shoved his Cumbunny against the wall, thrusting and holding deep as he filled her pussy with hot, thick jizz. Eliza’s fuzzy consciousness snapped back to life, woken up by the overwhelming feeling of Gene’s addictive cum flooding her eager cunt. She screamed with pleasure as his hot seed overflowed her and flooded down her legs, filling her with a blazing, soul-searing satisfaction.

Gene withdrew and backed away, panting heavily. He collapsed on the couch, looking drained, and wiped his brow, murmuring, “Get me a beer.”

Eliza felt like she was also about to collapse, but she knew that Gene wouldn’t respond well to complaints. “Yes, master,” she said meekly, turning to make her way to the kitchen on wobbly legs. Her whole body buzzed and glowed with the feeling of her master’s cum. It felt like it was almost burning the inside of her pussy with its radiating pleasure as it slowly leaked out of her. But, even as it satisfied and fulfilled her, Gene’s cum sharpened her mind as well.

*So... my job iss to go convince Kim to give up on her little protest.* In theory, it should be an easy task. After three days without Gene’s cum, Kim would definitely be feeling the itch. But, on the other hand, Kim had shown a remarkable resistance by lasting this long. Eliza opened Gene’s rattly old fridge and grabbed one of the cheap beers he preferred, a calculating expression on her face, hidden from her master by the open fridge door. Actually, Gene’s command happened to align with her interests in this case.

From the beginning, Eliza had been firmly convinced that the best way to control Gene was to keep him happy and unsuspecting. She hadn’t always succeeded at that, but she still believed

that Gene was a lot less dangerous when he thought he had her completely under his thumb. When he was this angry, reckless, and insecure, it would only be a matter of time before Gene did something big enough to tip David off.

No. Kim needed to be convinced, whether through the easy way or the hard way. Once Kim was playing along and making Gene feel safe and secure in his dominance once again, then they could work on a plan to stab him in the back without him even suspecting a thing.

Eliza returned to the living room, getting to her knees and offering the ice-cold beer to her master with a bowed head, just as he preferred it. He took the offered beer, cracked it open, and chugged half of it, letting out a massive belch. Then he reached down and gripped Eliza's chin, lifting her eyes to him.

"Just to give you a little incentive..." he said with a cruel smirk, "That's the last cum you're getting from me until you bring me Kimmy. Understand?"

Eliza felt a chill of apprehension, but she nodded. "Yes, master."

Well, that settled it. She was going over to Kim's house tomorrow, and that little brat was going to submit, one way or the other.

...

*The following evening...*

Kim writhed and moaned in her sweaty sheets, pulling her bonds tight against chafed wrists, trying to escape, or at very least find some angle where she could rub her pussy against the bed to get some sort of stimulation.

Finally, Kim heard a little click and her handcuffs dropped away, released by the timer. She had a simultaneous instinct to rub the raw red skin of her wrists and touch her throbbing, dripping pussy. The second instinct won out. Her fingers delved between her juicy lower lips, circling her clit and plunging deep into her quivering pussy as she grunted and strained. In seconds, she was already tipping over the edge into a wild, toe-curling orgasm, hissing her fierce pleasure to the ceiling as an intense climax ripped through her.

Then she slumped back into her sheets, sweaty, gasping... and unsatisfied. Over the past few days, Kim had been consumed by fiery, inescapable lust, throbbing through every nerve of her body, as well as a deep, gnawing hunger. She had felt this kind of hunger before. The same craving had clung to her all last week. She had been hoping that knowing what she was craving would make it easier to resist, but in a lot of ways, it made things even worse. She couldn't stop thinking about Gene's cock... and how amazing it had felt when he spurted a thick, powerful load of cum into her mouth. No matter how disgusting she found the man, both physically and morally, there was a part of her that wanted to run to his side and beg to suck his cock.

Thus, the handcuffs. She picked them up and looked at them with a rueful expression. They were padded and had a simple little LCD screen that allowed you to set a timer. When Kim looped them around a bar on her headboard and closed them around her wrists, she wasn't able to leave for the next couple of hours.

No matter how much she wanted to.

The day after that humiliating meeting at Gene's apartment had been a shit show. Kim had been forced to rideshare to the strip club, convince a couple of gruff men in a tow truck not to haul away her car from the parking lot, and go in to work a full shift at the sperm bank, all while exhausted and filled to the brim with dirty, sickening arousal.

But things had gotten even worse that evening, when she got the text from Gene. It was arrogant and demanding, naturally, insisting that she come to his apartment that evening to begin her sexual training as his new Cumbunny. The text had only made Kim roll her eyes... at first. But as the night wore on, and the time Gene had specified crept closer and closer, the insidious hunger rose inside her. She couldn't stop thinking about it... If she just gave in and abandoned her pride, she could experience that powerful satisfaction tonight. She could have her lips wrapped around Gene's cock within thirty minutes, and all it would cost was her dignity.

Kim wanted to be proud that she had resisted, but in reality, it had been a twist of fate. She had been so distracted by all of the crazy fucking shit in her life that she had forgotten something a lot more mundane. On the way to Gene's apartment that night, Kim's car ran out of gas, stranding her on the side of the road. By the time she had gotten it all sorted out, she was late to Gene's specified meetup time by over an hour, and that fact had given her the strength to turn around and go home rather than submit.

The next day, she bought the handcuffs. If the inconvenience of being late was enough to make the temptation bearable, she figured that forcing herself to miss Gene's deadlines might help her resist. Every night since then, she locked herself in the handcuffs when she felt herself wavering, and set the timer for long enough to miss Gene's meeting time of ten o'clock.

Weirdly, Gene hadn't sent a text at all this evening, which made Kim think that maybe she would be able to do without the handcuffs altogether. Unfortunately, around ten o'clock, the temptation to visit Gene had started creeping up again, so she had been forced to lock herself up just in case. It reminded Kim of the Odyssey... Odysseus tied to the mast, so he could avoid leaping overboard toward the bewitching sirens. It would be kind of funny if it weren't her real life.

Kim found her hand sneaking down once again to her pussy and was forced to grit her teeth, screw up her will, and stop herself. If she didn't limit her masturbation, she would just rub herself raw. She had found that out the hard way the second day after her encounter at the apartment. Orgasming again wouldn't calm the powerful arousal that gripped her anyway. There was only one cure for her arousal and boundless horniness, and that cure wasn't worth it.

Instead, she got up and headed for the kitchen. She needed to eat, even if her body screamed for other kinds of satisfaction. Things wouldn't get any easier if she passed out from hunger.

But as she made her way toward the kitchen, there was a knock at the door. Kim paused, a thrill of apprehension zipping through her. *There's no way that it's Gene, right?* The idea made dark, burning lust well up from her core. What would she do if the fat, repulsive sack of shit was standing right outside her door, waiting to come in and give her a dose of her new hot, creamy obsession?

She briefly considered retreating back to her room and locking herself up for another hour until whoever was outside the door fucked off... But her curiosity got the better of her. Kim crept forward toward the door and silently looked through the peephole.

The tension went out of her as she saw who was standing there on the doorstep of her apartment. "Eliza?" she whispered to herself, a faint sneer forming on her face. Eliza felt like the least of her worries right now. Kim had always thought Eliza was sort of annoyingly perfect, but that illusion had been utterly shattered by that night in the apartment. Eliza was weak. And not just that, she was a weak person who revelled in the tiny scraps of power that her master granted her.

Kim had strongly considered calling up her brother the morning after the encounter at the apartment and just spilling the entire dirty mess. Only two things had stopped her so far. The first was her distraction. With her powerful cravings and her struggle against giving in to Gene's orders, she had a lot on her plate right now. Secondly, there was now a possibility that things could blow up in her face. If David asked her how she knew that his wife was cheating on him, what could she say? That she found out when she was headed to Gene's apartment to fuck him?

Even if she tried to cover it up, or truthfully say that she didn't realize who Gene was initially, she was sure that all of the details would come out in the end when David confronted Eliza. All of the kneeling and pledging to be Gene's slut on that night in the apartment had come after she knew who he was...

Anyway, Kim didn't feel like she had anything to worry about from Eliza, besides her very presence being annoying. All of Eliza's power came from Gene. Without him, she was just a cheating slut. Kim considered just ignoring her and going about her day, but she paused as she began turning away from the door. Actually, it might be kind of cathartic to have someone to yell at about her mounting frustrations.

Working on adrenaline and impulse, Kim flung open the door. "Hey bitch," she said acidly, "here to sell me some sob story about working together again?"

But Kim would never have imagined what happened next. Instead of simpering and sighing and whining about how they should work together, Eliza wordlessly pushed forward, forcing her way past her stunned sister-in-law and into the apartment. She raised an eyebrow, glancing briefly around Kim's kitchen, before turning back to Kim with an expression that radiated icy displeasure.

Kim stared at her with shock, her door-knob still in her hand, the door to the apartment hallway wide open. *Who exactly does this bitch think she is?* "What the fuck are you...?" she began, but Eliza cut her off almost instantly.

"Close the door, Kim. Unless you want all of your neighbors to hear what I have to say." Eliza had been nicknamed "The Ice Queen" at her fancy-pants sorority in college. Kim had heard her brother joke about it sometimes. Kim had always thought it was some sort of backhanded reference to her sister-in-law's prudishness, but right now, she could see why Eliza had gotten the nickname. Eliza stood stiff and regal, her height letting her tower over Kim's petite frame as her cold blue eyes glared down her nose.

Kim felt a strange twist of desire deep in her core. The memory of that night in the apartment flashed into her head. Kneeling beneath her tall, gorgeous sister in law, Eliza's pale skin flushed with desire, her firm tits bouncing as Gene pumped into her from behind. Drinking Gene's cum from Eliza's plump lips...

She buried the sudden flash of lust beneath a wave of anger. That reaction was just coming from her overall sexual frustration. If she ordered a pizza, whoever showed up to deliver it would probably turn her on too: that's how on-edge she was. The fact that Eliza made Kim horny right now only pissed her off more... but the icy bitch did have a point. If they were going to have an argument, Kim probably didn't want her neighbors to be privy to the details of their disagreement. She swung the door shut and turned back to Eliza, ready to tell her off again, just like she had the night before.

And once again, Eliza did the very last thing Kim would ever have expected.

It all happened in an instant before Kim even had a chance to react. Eliza stepped forward and wrapped her arms around the smaller woman's body, pulling her close. They she dipped her head and captured Kim in a searing, passionate kiss.

Kim's mind spun and fizzed, unable to handle the sudden switch from fighting to kissing. Eliza's soft, feminine lips felt like heaven on hers. Eliza's slim body felt incredible pressed tight against Kim's shorter, curvier frame. Kim began to melt into kiss, her subconscious need for sexual relief overriding her anger and disdain for her sister-in-law... but just as Eliza's tongue flicked confidently into her mouth, Kim got a hold of herself, pushing the taller woman away with a gasp.

“What the *fuck* do you think you’re doing?” snarled Kim, fighting back the burning desire flooding her body.

Eliza just gave her a regal, unimpressed stare, raising one eyebrow as she said, “You feel it. I know you do. I’ve felt it too. That bone-deep ache for satisfaction. Why are you fighting it?”

Kim’s rage and frustration bubbled over, fueled by the same deep aching horniness that Eliza was describing. Her sister-in-law was so tall, beautiful and confident. So frustratingly perfect that it made Kim want to scream... made her want to kiss Eliza again. She channelled her anger once again to push back her growing arousal. “Why the fuck aren’t *you!*” she snapped accusatorily. She marched up to Eliza, getting in her face, her anger lighting her up on the inside like a hot coal. “I was there at your wedding, you cheating bitch! You swore to be there for my brother forever! Not just until some magic bullshit made you horny! Until death do you part? Remember that? If you couldn’t resist a bullying asshole like Gene, then maybe you should have just died!!”

The slap came out of nowhere, snapping Kim’s face to the side and making her see stars for a moment, her ears ringing.

“I’m not going to die for David. I’m going to live for him,” said Eliza with a touch of heat in her voice. “And that means playing the long game. It means working behind the back of the man who could ruin my life with a snap of his fingers. It means keeping Gene ignorant and happy. Not making a petty, meaningless show of defiance that’s going to piss him off!”

Kim massaged her jaw, glaring murderously at the tall, lovely woman who had just slapped her. “Whatever you have to say to make you feel better, right?” she spat. “Whatever lie you need to make it seem like it’s the noble choice to stuff your slutty pussy with Gene’s cock on a nightly basis!”

She was gratified to see that Eliza’s cool, calm exterior was cracking now, anger leaping up in her eyes. “If you won’t listen to reason, I guess I’ll just need to teach you how to submit, just like Gene wants,” she said in a low, smoldering tone.

Kim could read the same odd, volatile blend of anger and arousal in Eliza’s eyes that she felt inside herself. Their words were angry and acidic, but there was a stifling, uncomfortable sexual tension in the air between them as well. Eliza and Kim had kissed cum between each other’s lips, sparking a forbidden attraction they had had no chance to explore. But that desire was rubbing up against a certain sneaking dislike they had shared for each other for years, not to mention their current disagreement. The tension was awful. Something had to give.

*Eliza wants to crush my spirit? Let her fucking try. Even Gene’s magic sluttification sauce couldn’t do it. There’s no way this pale, skinny bitch can make me submit.*

“Bring it on, you fucking slut,” snarled Kim, and launched herself at Eliza, eager for the opportunity to make her gorgeous sister-in-law eat her smug words about submission.

Kim immediately tried to grapple Eliza, attempting to throw her to the ground. But Eliza was ready for her, widening her stance and grabbing Kim in turn, pulling her close and limiting Kim's leverage. The feeling of Eliza's body pressed tight against hers was distracting. Even as she strained and pulled, Kim couldn't stop focusing on Eliza's breasts pressed up against hers. She tried to concentrate on the fight at hand, pushing aside the pulsing arousal inside her with only limited success.

Kim was proud of her physical fitness. She hit the gym on a daily basis... or at least she had before this whole mess started. But the fact was that Eliza had a lot of height on her, and, despite her slim build, was heavier than Kim as well. Kim would have to shift her tactics; it was rapidly becoming clear that she wouldn't be able to throw Eliza to the ground if Eliza didn't want her to.

So she tried something different. Kim released her grip on Eliza and raised a hand, cracking Eliza across the face with a slap even fiercer than the one that Eliza had given her a minute ago. Eliza narrowed her eyes, and her own hand snaked up, lightning fast, to grip Kim's hair. Kim braced herself, ready to be dragged around, perhaps slammed the the ground the same way she had hoped to do with Eliza.

Instead, Eliza kissed her for a second time, roughly pulling Kim forward toward her lips. Kim made a strangled sound of rage against Eliza's mouth, sealing her lips tight and hitting Eliza's side, struggling against her grip. *What the fuck is wrong with this bitch? Does she really think that she can make me give in with a fucking kiss?*

But Kim's furious rage was just covering up the roiling ocean of desire beneath it, and the feeling of Eliza's body and lips pressed against hers scratched that thin surface. Her snarl tuned into a whine, and her hands stopped flailing against Eliza and gripped her tightly again instead. *Well... maybe Eliza thinks that I'm some pushover like her who can be led around by the nose because I'm horny. I'll show her... She's the one who can't control herself... and she has no idea how good of a kisser I am!*

Kim parted her lips and aggressively kissed Eliza back, pushing the tall slim woman backward until she bumped up against the wall and snaking her tongue between her plump lips. Eliza didn't take the kiss counterattack sitting down. Her grip on Kim's hair tightened, while her other hand slid down to cup Kim's ass. One of Eliza's slim thighs slipped between Kim's legs, pressing up against the tight leggings clinging to her crotch and sending a fiery sizzle of sexual delight radiating through Kim's body.

Kim moaned in frustration and arousal. Eliza wasn't holding back, exploiting Kim's frustrating arousal to the fullest by grinding her thigh upward into Kim's pussy, mashing her hot, wet panties firmly against her sex. Well, once again, two could play at that game. Kim slid a hand up her sister-in-law's flat tummy and seized her breast, cupping it firmly and running a thumb

around its curves, all while continuing to tangle her tongue with Eliza in a slick, wet wrestling match between their locked lips.

Kim's brain felt like it was about to melt and drip out of her ears from the intense stimulation. Eliza's thigh pressed upward firmly and confidently as her lips pressed downward from above bruisingly hard, no matter how soft they were. Kim's hand gripped Eliza's breast firmly, but rather than getting revenge on Eliza and driving her crazy with lust, Kim found the feeling of Eliza's breast against her palm was only making it harder for her to control herself. She felt like she was losing ground rapidly, getting lost in the powerful pleasure of Eliza's dominance

That feeling only got worse when Kim felt Eliza's slim fingers slip beneath the bottom hem of her pajama shirt, lifting it up without warning. Kim tried to resist, but Eliza pulled back for a second and lifted her pajama shirt up and over her head. Kim's muscles felt loose and weak from her intense arousal, and she wasn't able to stop Eliza's swift confident movements. In an instant, Kim's breasts and shamefully hardened nipples were exposed to the cool air of her entryway... and Eliza's icy, blazing gaze.

Kim clapped her hands over her tits with a flaming blush staining her face. Not before Eliza had seen them, unfortunately. *Stupid fucking gorgeous, tall, elegant Eliza, staring at me with that weird angry hunger in her eyes! Who the fuck wouldn't get turned on by that? It's not my fault...*

"So what?" Kim murmured defensively, her green eyes flashing like a cornered tiger, her nipples hot, throbbing pebbles against her palms, "Are you just planning on fucking me in my entry way? Is that why you're here?"

Eliza stared down at her with the infuriatingly superior eyes, a faint smirk on her face. "No," she said flatly, "I'm going to fuck you on your bed. Come on." She grabbed one of Kim's elbows and dragged her, squawking and protesting, toward her bedroom.

Kim hit the bed with an oof as Eliza pushed her back onto it, now looming even further above her. Kim was mesmerized for a second by the sight as Eliza slowly unbuttoned her classy blouse, revealing a cream-colored bra. Kim knew she should be getting back up, but she felt stunned and overwhelmed, unable to move as Eliza reached behind herself and unclasped the bra, letting it fall loosely down her shoulders before shrugging it off completely.

Kim had known that she could be attracted to girls ever since she was in junior high. She had even dated a girl for a few months in college. But she had never felt the stark, fascinated lust that she did when seeing Eliza's naked tits.

They were perfectly shaped. Not large, but beautiful, firm handfuls with glowing, creamy skin and rosy nipples that stood at stiff, lustful attention. Kim had a sudden urge to feel them again, naked against her palm this time... to taste them, sucking and licking every inch of the perfect, pale tits until they both came from the taboo pleasure. Kim realized that, as she had been

staring eagerly at Eliza's tits, she had begun massaging her breasts beneath her hands, feeling the crackling sparks of pleasure as she rubbed against her sensitive nipples.

She stopped immediately, but realized to her annoyance that Eliza's cool, smug eyes had been watching closely. Eliza had definitely seen what she had been doing. Feeling the sting of humiliation, Kim forced herself with a titanic effort to tear her eyes away from her sister-in-law's tits and looked her dead in the eyes. "So what is this?" she asked with a defiant lift of her chin, "Gene's rotten cock not enough to satisfy you? You have to force yourself on your unwilling sister-in-law?"

Eliza laughed. She looked down at the panting, flushed little blonde slut beneath her and couldn't help but relish the feeling of control that she had been denied by Gene for so long. Her visit tonight had some very important objectives. She had to follow her master's command to break Kim's resistance and bring her in to submit. She had to convince Kim behind Gene's back that appeasing him was more effective than open defiance. Most importantly, she needed to bring Kim in as her ally, like she had failed to do on the car ride home that rainy night.

But that didn't mean she couldn't have a little fun while she did it... Eliza realized that Gene's influence was probably behind her dominant feelings toward Kim. The oil made her horny whenever she did what her master wanted, and Gene wanted Eliza to be a bisexual slut that kept her "Cumbunny sister" in line. But these days, Eliza didn't try too hard to resist her base instincts. She had learned the hard way that outright resistance just made it hard to think.

It was much more effective to try to ride the wave of her lust while fighting back in more subtle ways. More fun too. It was time for Kim to learn that lesson as well.

A few quick motions stripped off the rest of Eliza's clothes, exposing her hot, dripping pussy. She moved forward with the grace of a panther, crawling across the bed toward her trembling little sister in law. Kim scrambled back on her heels as she approached, her bratty little tough girl act crumbling at the edges as intimidation and arousal lit up her face.

"Unwilling?" purred Eliza, staring into Kim's pretty green eyes. The cute blonde had run out of room to back up, and pressed up against the headboard. Eliza loomed over her, straddling her tight little body. Moving with swift confidence, Eliza plunged her hands down Kim's tight leggings, beneath her panties. Kim's hands were busy trying ineffectively to preserve her modesty by clutching her breasts, and although she yelped and tried to slam her thighs shut, Eliza was too quick. She felt the soaking wet heat in her sister-in-law's panties and raised her fingers in front of Kim's blushing face in triumph.

"That's a funny word to use when describing a girl as dripping wet as you are, sweetie," said Eliza with amusement. Her fingers glistened with shining lubrication, and as she gently parted them, a thread of clear, viscous goo glimmered between them.

"That's... that's..." stammered Kim, clearly at a loss for words.

“That’s all the proof I need,” purred Eliza. She gripped the waistband of her sister-in-law’s leggings and yanked downward sharply, dragging her soaked panties along with them to reveal Kim’s puffy, flushed pussy in the dim light coming from the hallway.

Kim gave a strangled gasp, her hands flying down to try to fight Eliza’s attempt to strip her, revealing her big, round tits splayed softly over her chest, her nipples crinkled and hard enough to match Eliza’s. “Wh-what the fuck are you doing, you crazy bitch?” asked Kim, but despite her brash words, her usual sharp confidence was clearly shaken. Kim’s flaming blush had spread downward onto her heaving breasts, and the fingers clutching at the waistband of her leggings were trembling with nerves and arousal.

Eliza stared up at her, her hands iron-hard and unrelenting on Kim’s leggings. “I think that I’m giving you exactly what you want, but refuse to admit,” she said in a smoldering whisper. Maintaining her intense gaze on Kim’s wide, hungry green eyes, Eliza slowly leaned forward. Her hot breath fanned against the sensitive flesh of her sister-in-law’s wet pussy.

Kim’s breath hitched as she realized what was about to happen, but it was already too late to stop. Eliza closed the last inch, pressing her soft, warm lips to Kim’s needy pussy and drawing a strangled moan of delight from her sister-in-law’s lips.

“F-fuck!” whimpered Kim. “You freaky bitch! You don’t know mmmme. You don’t know what I want!” Her tone sounded pleading now, shot through with liquid pleasure despite her harsh words.

“But I do,” said Eliza softly, pausing to extend her tongue and run it gently up Kim’s hot, juicy slit, tasting her little sister-in-law for the first time. “I know exactly what you want. Because I want it too. You just need to learn not to fight what you want so hard.” With that, she pressed forward again, kissing Kim’s tight little pussy more deeply.

Kim moaned and wavered, her grip loosening on her leggings, which Eliza was still pulling downward steadily. Her mind raced. She was so fucking horny she could barely think, and Eliza’s soft, feminine lips gently kissing her pussy weren’t helping matters at all. She knew that she had to fight back against Eliza... but she couldn’t remember exactly why all of a sudden. *Eliza isn’t Gene. He’s the real problem... and if I needsexual relief this badly, why am I fighting this so fucking hard? Might as well let the horny psycho eat me out and get something out of this...*

Kim’s fingers loosened, then gave up, allowing Eliza to triumphantly slip Kim’s leggings and panties down and off. Then the pale, grinning ice queen spread her curvy blonde sister-in-law’s thighs wide and dived back into her feast. This time, Kim tangled her fingers in Eliza’s hair and pulled her closer, hissing in visceral delight as Eliza flattened her tongue and lapped at Kim’s throbbing pussy like a dog, making long, slow strokes of her tongue up the length of her slit again and again.

Kim's body was on fire with pleasure, every nerve pulsing with the dirty heat that had been swelling up inside her stronger and stronger ever since that night. Eliza's words were running through her lust-addled mind on repeat, too, and before long, Kim couldn't hold back. "What the fuck did you even mean?" she muttered. "I shouldn't fight what I want? But I want fucking Gene! He's the enemy. He's the worst fucking guy I know. You think I should just give up?"

Eliza's intensely blue eyes stared up at Kim from between her spread thighs and heaving belly, giving Kim's fluttering pussy a few more lazy licks before pulling away long enough to answer. "And what have you accomplished with your little fight, Kim?" she asked calmly, her fingers replacing her tongue momentarily to gently rub Kim's pussy as she spoke. "You're hiding in your dirty apartment, finger-fucking yourself silly, if the smell of your sheets is any indication. And you pissed off the cruel bully who holds your life in his grubby hands. Do you feel like you've won?"

Kim ran her hands through her hair in frustration, distracted by how good Eliza's fingers felt on her pussy. "It... it doesn't matter if I win," she insisted in a frustrated huff. "That cocky bastard needs to know that he doesn't get to win all the time. I want to see that smug fucking expression wiped off his face!"

"I want that too," said Eliza seriously. "But I don't want to see him ever get that confidence back. I don't want Gene to get inconvenienced. I want to see him lose for good. Completely crushed. And I think we can do that. If we work together."

Kim wanted to believe her. But she had also seen Eliza out of her mind with lust, bouncing eagerly on her master's cock. Eliza had eagerly dominated Kim by Gene's command. In fact, she was probably here now on Gene's orders. How could Kim ever trust a woman who was that deeply compromised? What if this was all a trick to force her to let her guard down?

Eliza's sudden look of cool disappointment let Kim know that she had caught on to Kim's hesitation. But, instead of arguing further, Eliza returned to her work, licking and sucking Kim's horny pussy with renewed energy. Kim groaned in appreciation, curling her toes against the sheets as Eliza pursed her lips and began to suck gently at her clit. The taboo pleasure of receiving oral sex from her sister-in-law was so much better than touching herself. Her body cried out for more and more stimulation. Kim began to grind her hips upward into Eliza's mouth, desperate to cum from the intense, maddening stimulation.

But then, for reasons that Kim couldn't understand, Eliza began to suck slower and more gently, backing off from the peak of pleasure that Kim was chasing.

"Keep going!" Kim urged in a raw, raspy voice, running her fingers through Eliza's glossy raven hair and trying to pull her into her throbbing cunt to finish the job. "I'm... I'm almost there!"

But Eliza resisted Kim's grasping fingers and grinding pussy, raising her head with a mischievous gleam in her eyes to say, "Oh... but I thought that you didn't want to work with me. Weren't you just trying to tell me that you didn't need my help, Kimmy?"

Kim stared down at her with a sulky expression, her hips still moving on their own, straining to get closer to Eliza's incredible mouth. "Don't call me that..." she muttered distractedly. *What sort of game is Eliza playing here exactly? A second ago, it felt like Eliza was desperate to fuck me, and now she's holding back?* Kim's lust-addled mind struggled to keep up with the games that her gorgeous sister-in-law was playing.

Eliza extended her tongue, teasingly licking up the length of Kim's pussy once again. Kim squeezed her eyes shut, letting out a whimpering moan. "If you want to cum," said Eliza in a smoldering voice, her luminous eyes locked with Kim's, "you're going to have to be a little more... cooperative."

Kim's heart was suddenly thumping rapidly against her ribs. She vividly remembered the other night... How Eliza had made her suck a glob of sticky cum off her finger. Had made her kneel down beneath her and say filthy things about submitting to Gene.

*Submission.* That was what Eliza wanted. The very idea sent a little shudder through Kim's burning body. Allowing someone to have power over her had always been an issue for Kim. Although she found confidence and dominance attractive, something about humbling herself and accepting someone else's authority had always been a bitter pill to swallow. Eliza didn't just want to fuck her... Eliza wanted to dominate her. The thought scared Kim almost as much as it turned her on. *I can't give up. I can't let someone else make decisions for me. No one else can be trusted. I have to be strong.*

"You just want to warm me up for Gene," said Kim accusingly, her pussy clenching from the feeling of Eliza's gentle breath puffing over it. "He's the one you really want me to submit to."

"Don't think about him right now," said Eliza firmly. She leaned forward and gave the dripping lips of the curvy blonde's pussy another long, lingering kiss. "Think about me. I'm the one who wants you. All of you, body and mind. Give in. Give me control. You won't regret it."

Kim made one last effort to drag Eliza forward toward her needy pussy and be the dominant party in their encounter. Her arms strained and her hips writhed upward needily... But it was no use. She was weakened by lust and nerves, and eating poorly for several days. Eliza just stared at her with those infuriating eyes, filled with their own lust, but controlled and powerful, while Kim felt so desperate and weak...

*Wait... is it possible that this evil bitch might be right? Is surrender stronger than defiance? That can't be fucking right!*

But no matter how hard Kim struggled, she couldn't force Eliza to do what she wanted. Eliza had the upper hand here, and now that Kim's body had been wound up to the breaking point, pushing Eliza away without orgasming felt impossible. As humiliating as it was... Kim thought she might have no choice but to give in.

*Just this one time. It's not like I'm surrendering to Gene after all.*

Her shoulders slumped and she sighed, letting her fingers go limp in Eliza's hair. "I... I don't..." she muttered, blushing and looking away from Eliza's attentive eyes. "What do you want me to say...?" *This is so fucking embarrassing. I have no idea how to do this. Does she want me to beg? Call her mistress or something? Is she going to rub my nose in it?*

But Eliza's eyes held a strange affection as she shook her head, rising to her knees and staring down at the defeated fellow Cumbunny awkwardly submitting to her authority. "You don't have to say a thing, honey," she said warmly, her smile holding only a hint of teasing triumph. "You just need to show me that you can be a good girl."

With her heart in her throat and her body buzzing with the unfamiliar arousal of submission, Kim parted her glossy lips to ask what exactly Eliza meant, but the slim, confident beauty was already preparing to give her a physical demonstration.

Eliza seized Kim's ankles firmly and pulled her down the bed, making Kim gasp in shock, her eyes going wide. She didn't have much time to wallow in the moment, though, because Eliza was already moving, turning and slinging one slim, perfect thigh over Kim's upturned face. Suddenly, Kim was faced with her sister-in-law's perfect pink pussy just inches above her face, tight and juicy, with a well-groomed strip of dark hair above it. Kim nearly went cross-eyed from the sight, and shamefully, her mouth began watering from the tangy smell of the dominant woman's arousal.

"Eliza, what are you...?" She gasped, her eyes mesmerized by the sight of Eliza's beautiful pussy hovering just inches above her face.

"Shhhh..." said Eliza in a sultry purr, "I thought I told you that you don't have to say anything right now. Let's put that sharp little tongue to better use..."

And then, ready or not, Eliza's pussy descended, pressing hot, wet flesh against Kim's glossy lips, silencing a desperate moan before it could even fully escape.

For a moment, Kim kept her lips tight. She had never been in a position like this before. She had gone down on guys lots of times, but despite doing lots of hand stuff with her college girlfriend, she had never tasted another woman's pussy. She felt hot and trapped with Eliza's thighs clamped around her ears and Eliza's weight resting gently on her face.

But, despite her discomfort and unfamiliarity with it, Kim's body lit up with submissive desire from the subordinate position. Her beautiful, annoyingly perfect sister-in-law was above her... a goddess demanding worship. A queen sitting on her throne. And right then, desperate for release and filled with new submissive desires that she didn't fully understand, Kim didn't hold back.

Breaking out of her moment of hesitation, Kim extended her tongue, parting her sister-in-law's tight lower lips and eagerly tasting her dripping arousal. Her hands rose to slide slowly and hesitantly up Eliza's thighs before gripping needily at her hips and pulling her downward, shoving her face deeper into Eliza's hot, throbbing cunt.

Eliza groaned in satisfaction above her, subtly grinding her hips downward over and over again in small fluid motions, smearing her slick juices over the face of the bitchy little blonde who had tried to defy her. Dominance felt good... almost as addictive as submission. Kim's wriggling tongue and little humming noises of satisfaction showed that Eliza's new junior Cumbunny was learning the pleasures of submission rapidly. Time to really drive this lesson home.

"Mmmm, that's right," said Eliza in a low voice rich with pleasure, "Serve me. Show me what a good girl you are, and you'll earn a nice reward."

Kim's whole body was flushed with humiliation and lust, throbbing with the rapid beat of her heart. Her tongue slurped and delved into the wet pussy pressing down tight against her face, hungrily tasting Eliza's pussy. Demonstrating her obedience. Somehow, even though her own pussy wasn't receiving any stimulation at all, this was even more intense than when Eliza was licking and kissing her. Kim tried her hardest to be the good girl that Eliza wanted, tossing aside her pride and reluctance and working her hungry mouth into the sopping cunt grinding downward into her face.

"That's it!" moaned Eliza, pressing down a little harder and chasing the pleasure that her submissive sister-in-law's tongue was sending crackling through her. "Right there! Mmmm, such a good little pussy licking slut. Well, like I said... good obedient girls get rewarded."

Kim felt a shift above her, and the angle of the grinding pressure on her face changed. She was so focused on serving the pussy pressed tight against her mouth that she didn't realize what was going on until it was already happening.

Eliza bent forward, seizing Kim's plump butt in her hands and burying her face once again in the petite blonde's needy pussy, turning the dominant facesitting into a sixty-nine.

Kim's curvy body writhed and trembled as the new stimulation blended and harmonized with the pleasure of submissive service, lighting up her brain and body with a tidal wave of pleasure. Eliza's tongue swirled around her clit, dominant and confident, while Kim kissed and slurped and sucked with wild submissive joy.

Eliza was still above her, but now they were linked together in an even more intimate way. Kim could feel Eliza's breasts pressing against her, soft, with two hot, hard points, while her own nipples pressed and scraped Eliza's body in turn. Eliza's slithering tongue teased and licked while Kim was tongue deep in her. In her submission, Kim found a connection she had never expected, and in that moment, she felt, perversely, that she and Eliza truly became sisters, not just by marriage, but through the bond of taboo pleasure.

Both women were already on the razor's edge. Kim from the unexpected pleasure of surrender, and Eliza from Kim's submissive pussy eating. It only took a minute of making out with each other's steamy sexes before they were moaning into each other, sweaty bodies straining and rubbing as they came hard. Together as sisters.

They continued to kiss and lick and suck, riding the powerful, toe-curling orgasm together for a long, satisfying minute, sweating and grunting and tasting each's other. Then, when their torrid passion had finally cooled, Eliza rolled off, leaving Kim red-faced, panting, and shiny with juices. *Great. Now I've humiliated myself in front of this smug bitch again. I'm sure that she is going to run right back to her master and...*

Unexpectedly, Eliza pulled Kim into an embrace, molding their sweaty naked bodies together, both women still buzzing pleasantly from their shared orgasm. For a second, Kim thought that Eliza was immediately launching into another round of sex. But she made no further move, just holding Kim tight.

Kim's body was stiff for a moment, resisting Eliza's strangely tender gesture. *What the fuck does this bitch think she's doing? Does she think that just because she burst into my house and fucked me that we are galpals now? She's working for Gene! She's taking advantage of me! Shes... She's...*

Kim tried to hold it back, but the tidal waves of emotion inside her broke through her prickly shell of defiance. She returned Eliza's hug and buried her face in Eliza's warm, soft chest, tears springing to her eyes.

"I'm afraid," she admitted softly. "That's why I can't just act all slutty and plan behind Gene's back. I'm afraid of these desires inside myself. I feel like if I give in just a little, I'll be swept away completely. I'll be his little submissive pet. And, worst of all... I think I would like that. I think it would feel good." It didn't make any sense. Eliza wasn't to be trusted, but somehow, submitting to her and giving up some of her burdens felt freeing to Kim.

Eliza's hand rose to stroke Kim's hair. This is the connection that she wanted. The closeness that they would need to resist Gene together. The idea that it had taken sexual domination to break through Kim's emotional walls was a little disturbing to Eliza. She worried that sex was beginning to look like the solution to all of her problems... another isidious influence from Gene. But in this case, it seemed to have worked, forging a tentative bond of trust between them. But she knew she had to be careful, too. Dominating Kim had felt scarily good. She could imagine a

future where she became just like Mitsy, lording it over her junior Cumbunny and serving her master.

"I'm scared too," Eliza admitted. "But it's better than being scared alone."

Kim laughed shakily, swiping away her tears as if embarrassed that they had been there in the first place. "And I'm still fucking hungry!" she added frustratedly.

Eliza nodded with a grimace. "That's going to stay a problem until you get more cum from... him. In fact, it will only get worse."

"Worse than this?" Asked Kim, her face twisting in anxiety.

Eliza nodded. "And the bad news is, he won't make it easy this time. Gene is immature, narcissistic, and emotional. He's going to want to punish you for your disobedience. It's going to be humiliating."

Kim wriggled from the hug and lay back on her bed, heels of her hands dug into her eyes, a picture of frustration. "Ugh! I can't! I can't just let that fucking asshole win! To come crawling to him begging for forgiveness that I didn't immediately become his loyal sex pet...? I just... I don't have it in me!"

Eliza bit her lip, thinking quickly. She needed Kim to settle into her new role sooner rather than later. With Gene this frustrated and angry, he would both be on high alert and more likely to blow their tenuous cover with David.

Luckily, she had discovered that Gene could be manipulated.

"I have an idea," she said firmly, placing a supportive hand on Kim's naked thigh. "If we put on a good enough show for Gene, he will be so pleased that we can steer the encounter. Make it a little humiliating, but not crushing."

Kim looked at her, her eyebrows drawn together into a reluctant expression. "... I don't know," she said hesitantly. "The idea of having sex with him still makes me angry just thinking about it."

"Trust me," said Eliza, staring straight into Kim's eyes.

And Kim, tired and confused and desperately hungry, gave in to the new peace and satisfaction she had found in submission...

... And nodded reluctantly.

...

Kim ran her hands through her feathery blonde hair, and once again, Eliza shot her a warning look. They had just spent a good hour doing their hair and makeup, and Kim knew that she should be messing around with her soft curls, but she couldn't help it. She was a bundle of frayed nerves right now.

"I don't think I can do this," she said for what must have been the hundredth time that night. They were in Gene's disgusting bedroom right now, making themselves beautiful for the ogre of a man sitting out in the living room, audibly belching every few minutes as he drank beer and watched filthy porn like it was a sports game.

Luckily, Eliza had slipped Kim in while Gene wasn't there... Kim really might not have been able to go through with their humiliating plans if she had been forced to parade past Gene's gloating eyes on her way to get dressed for him.

Eliza came to sit next to Kim on the bed, placing a hand on her shoulder sympathetically. But despite her supportive gestures, her voice was firm as she said, "You can do this. You will. We have to make Gene think that he's won completely." Over the past two days of preparation, Eliza had stepped into the role of dominant confidently, and Kim, addled by hunger and lust, had been relieved to let her take the lead. She just wasn't sure if she could go through with Eliza's plan.

Eliza's hand traced over Kim's bare shoulder with a ticklish touch. Her lips pressed up right against Kim's ear, her whisper close and hot as she added, "Besides, it'll be fun."

Kim shivered, a repressed thrill of desire shooting through her. "Don't say that," she said softly, without any force or heat behind her words. Her monstrous hunger had only been growing over the past two days, and so had her lust, despite daily "relief sessions" with her sister Cumbunny. A part of her was looking forward to the humiliating session planned for this evening, but Kim was terrified of giving in to that desire.

Eliza laughed, low and musical, and planted a lingering kiss on Kim's cheek. "Why not? It's true. And like I've been telling you, leaning into the pleasure works much better than fighting it tooth and nail. The wise willow tree bends but doesn't break in the storm, Kimmy."

Kim eyed Eliza warily. "I wish you wouldn't call me that," she said uncomfortably. Eliza had shared with her that she had also been banned from drinking Gene's cum until she brought Kim back with her. Kim could see the difference in Eliza that just a few days without Gene's semen had made. Eliza was clearly horny to an almost dangerous extent.

"Sorry," said Eliza quickly, her eyes darting away with a sudden look of guilt. "I'm just... getting into character. But trust me. You can do this. What I'm trying to say is that if you relax and have fun tonight, it will sell it better to Gene, and it doesn't mean you've given up."

Kim nodded and sighed, but she still felt nervous about giving in to Gene so completely. The desire inside her to submit and make him cum was overwhelming. It felt like that kind of

surrender might sweep her away completely. But, in the end, she accepted Eliza's logic and plan. *What other choice do I have?*

Tonight, Gene would be Kim's Daddy, and that lit a dark, pulsing fire deep in her core that demanded satisfaction.

"Are you ready?" asked Eliza quietly. Kim nodded. Tonight, Gene was going to be the luckiest son of a bitch in the world, and her terrible hunger would finally be satisfied, for better or worse.

"Then I'll go get him. Take your position," said Eliza, rising from the bed with a fox-like expression of eager hunger sneaking onto her face.

Kim watched her leave the bedroom, and slid off the bed to kneel at its foot, already feeling the twisting sensation of arousal and humiliation fill her belly.

...

Eliza stepped out of her master's bedroom, her entire body buzzing with dirty heat. She needed this badly. Yes, it was part of her plan, and Gene needed to be kept happy, and she wanted to bring Kim into the fold without letting Gene crush her completely... all of that was true. But more important to her right now was the fact that she needed to get fucked. She hadn't had any of her master's cum since he had commanded her to make Kim submit, and Eliza had been surprised by how far her addiction had come. It had only been a few days, and she was walking around in a horny haze, panties soaked and nipples swollen, at all times.

This past week at work, she had even broken down and begged Gene to fuck her, calling an unscheduled meeting with him, stripping down, and literally pleading with him, naked and horny, on his office floor.

It had only amused him. He had been firm and unrelenting. She would get her fix when Kim gave in. Not before.

And Kim would be giving in tonight. Eliza had made sure of it. She hadn't been lying to Kim. She believed everything she said about resistance and leaning into the pleasure working better than resisting... But a part of her deeply wanted to see the bratty little blonde submit to her Daddy as well. Eliza just hoped that part of her wasn't influencing her decisions too much. It was hard to tell these days.

Gene looked up from the couch as Eliza approached, his face breaking into a broad grin at the sight of his sexy Cumbunny all dolled up for him.

Today, Eliza wore a set of lacy, black lingerie that lifted and presented her tits and barely covered her pussy. It was sheer enough to show her pale skin and pink nipples through the material: an enticing contrast between black and white. Her raven hair fell in a sleek, shiny

waterfall down her back, pin-straight and lustrous. The sexy ensemble was completed by dark stockings, tall platform heels, and a studded collar that added just a hint of a hard edge to the sexy, feminine lingerie, befitting her new, more dominant role as senior Cumbunny.

Eliza knelt down in front of Gene, placing her hands on her thighs and gazing up at him with adoring eyes.

“I did as you asked, master,” she said in a meek voice. “Kimmy is waiting... eager to submit to her Daddy.”

Gene reached out, caressing Eliza’s face with a look of greedy possessiveness, amiring the treasure he had conquered. He pressed his thumb against Eliza’s pouty lips, demanded entrance. Eliza sucked his thumb into her mouth, swirling her tongue around it, luxuriating in the feeling of her master’s attention.

“It’s like I’m living in a fucking porno. Just imagine,” said Gene with a chuckle, “poor little Davey at home all alone while his wife and little sister offer up all their holes to his worst enemy. What did you tell the stupid cuck this time? Did you tell him you’re taking a multiple-hour shit?”

Eliza was ashamed at the way that her body flooded with hot, horny shame when Gene mentioned her husband. She released his thumb with a wet pop and averted her eyes, whispering, “He’s asleep. I gave him a pill, and...”

Gene let out a nasty chuckle. “God, that’s rich! Drugged up your limp-dicked loser of a hubby to go fuck his boss! You’re a wicked woman, Lizzie!”

Eliza flushed red. It wasn’t quite like Gene was describing. It wasn’t like she had crushed up the sleeping pill in David’s drink or something... But she had suggested that he take it because he needed more sleep. And the reason she had suggested it was so that he would be sound asleep when she left to fuck the man he hated most in the world.

Sometimes, Eliza felt like David would have caught her a long time ago if he didn’t trust her so completely, and that just made her deception even more unforgivable.

She changed the subject to one that she knew her master would find hard to resist.

“We can’t keep poor Kimmy waiting, master,” she purred, rising on her knees to run her hands up the front of Gene’s grubby pants, palming the thick throbbing bulge in at his crotch. “She’s desperate for her Daddy’s thick cock.”

And so was Eliza. It was so much fucking better than David’s. *His limp little noodle isn’t even allowed to penetrate me anymore. It can’t hold a candle to this monster.* Eliza practiced what she preached to Kim, letting go of thoughts of her husband and sinking fully into the slutty mindset she called “Lizzie”. She licked her plump lips and gave Gene a needy stare with her icy

blue eyes, now lit up with passion. Her hand gripped his cock, jerking him slowly through the pants.

But tonight wasn't just about her. It was about the grand debut of the latest Cumbunny in her master's stable. She reluctantly released her grip on Gene's cock and stood gracefully on her long luscious legs, grabbing Gene's hand and playfully tugging him upward.

"Come, master. Time to give your new bunny what she needs."

"Oh, I'll give her what she needs, alright," growled Gene, getting up with a hard light in his glowering eyes. Eliza had expected this. Gene was a... predictable man in some ways. With her little show of defiance, Kim had hit him right where it hurt. Directly in his pride.

There little game of dress-up tonight had been designed to blunt Gene's anger by showing him such a complete, slutty submission that he was delighted, distracted, and convinced that Kim no longer needed to be taught a lesson.

Eliza hoped the plan worked... But even if it didn't, it had the added benefit of turning Kim into a delectable little submissive fuckdoll, and that was its own reward.

Eliza pulled her master toward the door of his bedroom, swinging the door wide to reveal the present that she had brought him.

Kim knelt on the floor of his grubby room, eyes downcast demurely. She was a vision of innocent beauty, crafted by Eliza to incite her Master's dominant lust. In contrast to Eliza's coal-black lace, Kim wore pure white, almost bridal lingerie, with a shelf bra that displayed the hard pink nipples on her big tits, a frilly lace-trimmed white thong, and gossamer stockings. Eliza had done Kim's beautiful blonde hair in soft, shining curls to contrast with her pin-straight black locks.

Kim's lovely green eyes looked up shyly, a pink blush coloring her face. For the time being, the prickly, acid-tongued rebel was gone. Eliza had never seen anyone look as soft and submissive in her life.

All exactly according to plan.

"Hi, Daddy," said Kim softly, her eyes flicking to Gene's, then down to his crotch, then away. "I... I'm sorry I took so long. Do you think..." Her blush deepened as she looked back up, her eyes burning with humiliated submission as she met Gene's gaze. "...do you think I could m-make it up to you?"

Gene was so surprised that he was brought up short for a moment, his eyes widening. Eliza bit her lip to keep from letting out a giggle as she saw his cock literally jump in his pants. "I can think of a few ways," he said in a low, hungry voice, his eyes running up and down the soft,

curvy form of his newest sex toy. Gene had come in here tonight with a chip on his shoulder, ready to break Kim's will. But they had done the equivalent of pulling open a door as he charged at it with his shoulder. He seemed almost confused by the conflicting desires to punish Kim and smugly accept her humiliating submission.

But his cock didn't seem to be confused at all. Eliza stepped forward beside him, deftly reaching down and releasing his throbbing dick from his fly. It practically burst outward, carried by the lust of a man looking at a beautiful woman's sexual surrender. Eliza began stroking her master's thick cock, her pulse quickening as she looked back and forth between Gene and his new Cumbunny, kneeling humbly. Their eyes were locked on each other, rapt with mutual lust, dark and fiery, and Eliza felt herself responding to it, her nipples pressing hard against the lacy fabric of her bra and her panties growing moist between her thighs. Right now, Kim looked like a lost lamb and Gene like a hungry wolf. Kim like dry tinder and Gene like a roaring flame.

Some perverse instinct in Eliza wanted to bring them together and watch what happened.

She pulled Gene forward by his cock toward Kim, whose heaving chest exposed her own desperate arousal. Eliza didn't blame her one bit. Kim hadn't gotten a taste of Gene's addictive semen for almost a full week. His throbbing cock probably looked like a tall frosty glass of water to a woman dying of thirst.

Now Gene's broad, hairy form loomed over the petite kneeling woman, a huge, monstrous form in contrast to her innocent-looking beauty. Yet, no matter what Gene had intended for tonight, it was obvious that Kim wouldn't need to be forced into anything. Her entire body looked flushed with arousal, and her chest heaved, calling attention to her rock-hard nipples. Her glossy lips parted, letting out rough, hot pants of breath, and her eyes were hazy with wild lust.

Gene turned and looked to Eliza, his eyes sharp and lustful. A rough hand circled her waist and pulled her to his side. "You did it," he said, his voice dripping with amusement. "You tamed the little brat. How did you bring her to heel? For future reference."

Eliza snuggled into Gene's side, staring down with him at the blushing, kneeling woman beneath them. "All it took was a hot, wet pussy pressed against those pouty little lips," purred Eliza, "and she was putty in my hands, master... but I think a cock would work even better."

Kim was obviously mortified by the two people standing above her and talking about her like an object... but she was also clearly a woman in submissive heat. Her eyes left Gene's face to focus on the thick cock just inches from her pretty, blushing face. Eliza felt a hunger and a perverse curiosity deep inside herself. She needed to see Kim give in. And a spiteful bitter little voice deep in her heart, despite her genuine desire to work together with Kim, wanted to watch her cute blonde sister-in-law lose. *You think you're so much better than me...* the twisted little voice whispered, *but you're on your knees after all, calling the man you hate Daddy. I guess you weren't stronger than this "weak slut" after all...*

Eliza knew it was Lizzie talking, mirroring Gene's contempt and hatred, but she found the nasty little thought difficult to shake.

"Look at you," Gene said, staring down at Kim while Eliza stroked his cock. "Little Miss high and mighty. You thought you were too good to even respond to my texts. Now you're on your knees, begging for cock." he moved a step closer, pressing the length of his cock against Eliza's pretty face while Eliza let her hand fall away.

Kim whimpered, a complex expression of mingled disgust and desire contorting her face. Gene shifted his hips slightly, rubbing his cock all over Kim's face, smearing her with his pre-cum. "If you want my cock that bad, then say it. I don't want to from Lizzie how much you want me now. I want to hear it from you."

Kim looked up again into Gene's face, biting her lip, reluctant again to take a further step into her own degradation. Her eyes flicked to Eliza, who gave a little nod, trying to keep the look of eager triumph from her face.

"I... I want your cock, Daddy, said Kim in a low, throaty whisper. Eliza could tell just by looking at her flushed face and trembling body that Kim was telling the truth. She was even subtly nuzzling her face up against Gene's hard dick.

But apparently it wasn't enough for Gene. he grabbed his cock at the root and gently slapped it against Kim's cheeks, first on one, then the other. "And who owns you now, bunny? Who do you belong to?" His voice was hard and uncompromising, his eyes still holding a hint of fire... anger at Kim's annoying defiance over the past week.

Kim squeezed her eyes shut, and Eliza held her breath. For their plan to work and let Kim off with an evening of erotic humiliation rather than angry punishment, this moment was key. Could Kim do it? For a second, Eliza wasn't sure.

Then Kim's eyes opened again, blazing with sincere submissive lust. "You do, Daddy. I'm yours. You're slutty little Cumbunny. And all that I want is to suck your big, fat cock. M-may I Daddy?" Asked Kim in a broken whisper, the last word dripping with reluctant arousal.

Gene's smile nearly split his face, and his cock leaked another bead of slick precum down onto the submissive blonde's face. Eliza felt a powerful sense of relief. They had him, hook, line, and sinker. "Suck my cock, slut."

Eliza knew that Kim had already sucked Gene's cock once. But back then, she hadn't been aware of the monster he truly was. This time, the act of sexual service was obviously an effort for the new Cumbunny. Kim raised a hand and wrapped it firmly around the root of Gene's thick cock, her breath hitching a little as her palm felt its pulsing strength.

She visibly gulped, staring at the thick rod of dominant pleasure in her hand. Gene waited, watching like a hawk. Everything was going exactly like Eliza had planned with Kim. Instead of trying to break his new Cumbunny's will, Gene had been convinced that she had already surrendered completely and was now watching gleefully.

Which meant, at least for tonight, Kim had to play her part to perfection.

Kim closed her eyes, breathing heavily as she leaned forward, gently pressing her lips to the bulging, precum-drooling cockhead of her hated tormentor. Eliza couldn't hold back any longer; she reached down and cupped the back of Kim's head, firmly pulling her closer, letting Gene's cock slip between her glossy lips.

Kim opened her mouth eagerly, accepting her Daddy's thick cock. Gene gave a deep, rumbling chuckle of triumph. "Good girl. That's my little slut... Feels a lot better to suck cock than to be a frigid little bitch, doesn't it?"

It was a fascinating sight. The soft pink lips that had sneered at the very idea of surrendering to Gene sealed tightly around his cock. Eliza began pulling and releasing rhythmically, guiding Kim's head up and down her Daddy's hard dick. Slowly picking up speed, faster and sloppier. Soft glucking sounds came from Kim's throat as she took Gene's cock deeper and deeper at Eliza's urging. She opened her brilliant green eyes, staring upward with utter submissive dependency into Gene's face as his cock plundered her wet, willing mouth, staking his claim on his property and ending her short-lived rebellion with a humiliating show of dominance.

And Eliza shared in his triumph, grinning broadly at the sight of another woman conquered by her powerful master. She knew she would probably feel guilty later for how much she was enjoying Kim's shameful defeat, but for now, Lizzie was holding the reins, and the Cumbunny inside Eliza celebrated her master's victory. Eliza pulled Gene's face to the side with her free hand, kissing him deeply as she continued to push Kim's mouth down his cock. He tasted like sweat and cheap beer, but at this point, she loved her master more than he disgusted her.

Gene broke the kiss, his eyes alight with dominant fire. "Join her," he growled, nodding sharply to the ground at his feet. "I want to see how my two little Cumbunnies work as a team."

Eliza nodded and meekly said, "Yes, master." It was a swift, efficient reminder that she didn't have a position of any real power in this relationship. She might be able to push Kim around, but Gene was the one who held all the cards, and, ultimately, Eliza was a submissive at his beck and call. The reminder was sobering, but not crushing. Lizzie loved to serve, after all. A thrill of arousal flashed through Eliza as she fell to her knees. Her true place: serving her master.

Eliza pulled her horny fellow Cumbunny off their master's cock with a pop and stared into Kim's lovely green eyes. She was totally lost to her submissive desires right now, so thirsty for cum she could barely think. Eliza could see it in her eyes. Working on instinct, Eliza pulled Kim in for a brief, but deep kiss, tasting her master's cock on the slutty blonde's tongue.

“Follow my lead, Kimmy,” Eliza said in a throaty whisper as she pulled away. “Let’s give him a show that he’ll never forget.”

“That’s right,” said Gene with a chuckle. “Show me what you can do.”

Eliza began kissing and licking performatively up and down the thick shaft of Gene’s cock, and, after a second of observing, Kim joined her. Together, they showered his monstrous, throbbing dick with affection, rubbing their soft lips and cheeks on it, wetting it with their tongues, and even giving it gentle nibbles, one on either side.

Gene loomed over them, staring down past his hard gut with a wide, smug grin on his face, enjoying the sight of his tow bunnies working together, one slim and elegant in dark lingerie and straight black hair, the other cute and curvy in angelic white lace. Eliza’s eyes were icy blue, and Kim’s were blazing green, but they both looked up at him with horny, desperate submission as they worshipped his cock. Two goddesses, different, but both dripping with raw sexuality. Both humbled and serving a man like him. Both of them slobbering all over his dick as if it were the most delicious thing they had ever tasted. And the best part was who they were. The wife and sister of the young pretty-boy who thought he was better than Gene. Someday soon, it would be time to finally land the crushing blow. To pull back the curtain and reveal to David exactly how badly he had been beaten. But for now, Gene was happy to sit back and enjoy training his two loyal Cumbunnies into perfect, slutty obedience.

The teasing and visual stimulation were fun, but after watching Kim from the sidelines, Eliza needed to have her lips wrapped around a cock. She authoritatively gripped Eliza’s head and pushed it down, wordlessly assigning her to serve her master’s heavy, hanging testicles while the senior bunny took her rightful place above, plunging her master’s slick, dripping cock into her greedy mouth.

Eliza took her master’s cock deep in long, smooth strokes, warming herself up rapidly until his full length was thrusting deep into her slutty, married throat. Beneath her, Kim worshiped her Daddy’s balls, bathing the heavy orbs with her sharp little tongue before sucking each one between her soft lips and gently sucking.

Eliza reveled in the feeling of her master’s dominant cock fucking her throat like he owned it, but it was clear that the stimulation of their two-pronged attack was too much for even a jaded deviant like Gene to handle. After barely a minute of deep, passionate face fucking complemented by sensual ball-sucking, Gene pushed Eliza away, then leaned down to grip Kim’s chin in his hand, turning her face up to stare deep into her eyes.

“On the bed,” he rumbled. “I’m going to make you mine.”

Kim’s heart beat a wild rhythm in her chest as she stared up into Gene’s hard, cruel eyes. The strangest part of this whole thing was that her hatred and disgust for Gene had never really

gone away. She could still feel her dislike for the fat, ugly prick burning bright in her heart... but it had tangled and merged with the monstrous artificial lust that had taken her over so hopelessly that she could no longer sort her true feelings out.

All that she knew was that now her desire to be claimed by her Daddy was even stronger than the disgust she felt every time she looked at Gene.

Kim got up onto the bed, her limbs feeling loose and weak, her skin hot and sensitive, her nipples throbbing in time to the rapid beat of her heart. She lay back, as nervous as a virgin despite the large number of casual hookups she had had in the past. She could tell by instinct that none of the men she had been with before could possibly match how she was about to feel with Gene.

Her eyes were focused on her Daddy. Her obsession. He stood like some sort of hulking troll at the end of the bed, his cock jutting up proudly from beneath his hairy gut, throbbing with manly power. Kim's body wanted that dick more than she had wanted anything in her life. Her pussy felt empty. Needy. Desperate to be filled. She reached down with trembling fingers and slid the wet lace panties down her shapely thigh, leaving the scrap of cloth dangling from one ankle as she spread her legs invitingly, staring up at Gene with smoky bedroom eyes.

Gene's eyes were immediately drawn between his new Cumbunny's thick thighs to her tight, juicy pussy, and Kim could see his cock throb at the little surprise that she and Eliza had prepared for him there. She had waxed herself clean yesterday. Damn near came all over the poor aesthetician she was so fucking on edge and horny. But this reaction was work that embarrassed. She could tell that Gene was utterly enamored by her submissive act of preparation, making herself soft and smooth and defenseless in preparation for his cock.

"Come fuck me, Daddy. Come show your Cumbunny who's the boss," she purred, abandoning herself entirely to the role as she ran her hands up her thighs to her smooth, silky pussy, gently parting her lips to show her Daddy the wet pink heat within, inviting him to come claim what he had won by right of conquest. Calling this horrible man Daddy was deeply humiliating... but somehow that filthy demeaning word set Kim on fire. She knew how much Gene liked it when she made a fool of herself by using it, and that made her ache with shameful arousal every time it passed her lips.

Gene had lost of of his quips and put-downs and taunts by now, utterly absorbed by bestial desire. He growled with unleashed lust, lurching forward to rub his swollen cockhead all over the soft, smooth lips of Kim's waxed pussy. Kim gasped, throwing her head back and gripping the sheets tight in white-knuckled hands. *God, it feels fucking good! If it feels like this just for him to tease me, how fucking good will it feel when he actually puts it in? When he fucks me? Oh God... when he fucking cums?* The thought alone made a guttural moan bubble up from deep inside Kim. Her hips thrust upward toward the feeling of her Daddy's cock, desperate for penetration... and for insemination.

Gene didn't make her wait any longer. It looked like he could barely wait to begin himself. He thrust forward, parting and stretching her buttery smooth lips in one motion, making Kim cry out in ecstasy as she experienced his thick, powerful cock for the second time ever.

Gene grabbed Kim's hands as she spread her thick thighs wide, welcoming the deep, fulfilling penetration as Gene filled and stretched her completely, leaving her needy pussy satisfied at last.

"Fuck you're fucking tight!" groaned Gene as he bottomed out in Kim's pussy. "What do the asshole guys you pick up have swinging between their legs, tic-tacs? Well... don't worry, bunny. Daddy's going to teach that pussy to take a real man's cock..." Kim took a shuddering gasp of breath as Gene began moving, slowly pulling his cock out, watching her tight pink lips grip his shaft as if fighting to keep him inside... before snapping his hips forward again, pushing forward until he was balls deep once again.

Kim was trying hard to ride the wave, just like Eliza had told her to, but it felt like she might be crushed beneath the tide of lust at any moment. She had never had a guy this big inside her before, but she was so fucking turned on that it wasn't painful at all, just an unbelievable sensation of satisfying, pleasurable stretching.

"Yes Daddy Yes Daddy Yes Daddy," gasped Kim, her hips grinding and writhing against Gene's big cock as he plunged into her again and again, spreading and battering her pussy with his thick cock. Kim felt a rushing wave of powerful, humiliating surrender as the ugly, hairy man above her thoroughly fucked her, conquering her pussy despite how much she hated him as a person. It was a level of sexual submission she had never even conceived of to let a fat bastard like him fuck her this hard and deep, but it made her whole body light up with twisted pleasure. Her tits bounced and her thighs trembled as Gene gripped her hands tight in his, using the leverage to fuck her like an animal.

As Gene began to really warm up, rutting hard, making Kim feel the wild, animatic force of his thrusts as his cock stretched out her tight pussy, Eliza appeared over his shoulder. Her hand draped possessively over his hairy chest, caressing him as she grinned down with a sharp, predatory smile on her lovely face.

For a second, Kim had the swooping, terrifying thought that she had been duped. That all of Eliza's talk of teamwork and working behind Gene's back was a lie to maneuver her into this situation. To trick Kim into getting fucked by Gene and breaking her down into his loyal Cumbunny. As scary as the idea was, it was also oddly arousing... Kim wasn't sure why the thought of being used and manipulated into submission by her gorgeous sister-in-law turned her on, but it did.

But, just a moan of despair bubbled up through her lips, sure that Eliza was the evil scheming slut she had suspected all along, Eliza slipped down to Kim's side. She palmed one of Kim's ripe, bouncing tits in one hand while she pressed her soft, warm lips directly up to Kim's ear,

whispering, "You're doing sooo well Kimmy. He's fucking you, but you're holding him in the palm of your hand. Keep going... earn that cum." She punctuated her words with a firm squeeze of Kim's nipple and a little lick around the curve of her ear.

Gene looked down with a smirk as he powerfully pumped his hips forward, impaling the soft pussy beneath him again and again. "What's going on, bunnies? Secrets?"

Luckily, his tone was joking, and Eliza turned to him with a smile, flicking the nipple on Kim's bouncing breast casually as she said, "Just telling Kim how good she looks with your cock inside her master. Now, could you really fuck the shit out of her? Please master? I want to hear this little slut moan!"

Gene chuckled and released his iron-hard grip on Kim's wrists. "Ha! You think the little minx can handle it if I go hard, Lizzie? It's her first time after all," he rumbled with a cruel twinkle in his eyes.

Kim looked back and forth between Eliza and Gene, her eyes wide. "Wait... that just now wasn't as hard?" she asked with a whimper.

Gene's only response was a deep chuckle... and to hunch down over Kim, pressing her body down into the mattress with his heavy bulk. Eliza lay next to them, watching with a wide smirk and idly rubbing her pussy.

Gene began pistoning into Kim, faster and harder and deeper than she thought possible. She moaned and writhed, her body jolting and bouncing from the powerful, frantic pace. She felt trapped beneath Gene's heavy, hairy bulk, but that sense of control and oppression just made submissive arousal flare brighter. She could feel Gene's cock in her deepest places, stretching her wide again and again, making her feel things no man had ever been able to before, staking his claim on her pussy forcefully and completely.

Kim knew that she would be sore tomorrow. Getting fucked this hard basically guaranteed that. But she didn't care. Her pussy clenched and milked the thick, powerful cock on every thrust, desperate for her Daddy's cum, and her body radiated sexual pleasure from her toes to the roots of her hair as Gene's disgusting body rubbed against hers. She began to moan, just like Eliza had requested. "Ffffuckk! Yesss, fuck me! Fuck me, Daddy! Make me your little Cumbunny! Take this fucking pussy and make it yooooours!"

Working on feral, unleashed instinct, she reached up and seized Gene's head, pulling him down into a rough, sloppy, tongue-tangling kiss as his thick, throbbing cock speared her soft pussy. Wet, sloppy sounds filled the air as they fucked like animals, consummating their new relationship as dominator and dominated.

Eliza lay beside them, and craned her neck in as well, kissing first Kim, then Gene, then turning it into an obscene three-way make-out that left all three smeared with mingled saliva. As she

worked, she fingered her pussy, failing to hold back needy little moans. It was fun to watch her master fuck his new toy down into the mattress, but Eliza was already discovering a new downside to this new arrangement... Gene only had one cock, and so only one bunny could fuck him at any given time.

She snuggled close to the rutting pair, grinding her hips needily against Gene's hairy thigh as she whimpered urgently, "Master, please... It's not fair. I need you too!"

Gene turned a bloodshot eye toward her and grinned proudly. Only a few months from a loyal wife who sneered at his very presence to a slut who got jealous when he fucked other women. He surged upward, leaving Kim behind with a mewling moan of disappointment, and took Eliza in his arms, manhandling her into a reverse cowgirl position.

Eliza gripped Gene's thick, veiny cock in her hands, still slick with her sister-in-law's aroused lubrication. Her mouth was dry, her skin tingling, and she could feel the heat and pulsing heartbeat of her master's cock as it pressed tight to her pussy. This was what she needed. This connection. Kim watched, panting, sweaty, and unfulfilled, still lying back on the bed in a sexual daze, her pussy pink and lightly gaping from the hard fucking she had just taken. Staring Kim dead in the eyes, Eliza rose up and positioned Gene's cock against her tight, wet hole, slipping him easily inside as she brought her hips down smoothly to meet his.

As Gene's cock filled her, she felt an odd sense of possessiveness. *It's my cock. Know your place, newbie,* growled Lizzie inside her as Eliza began bouncing with smooth, rolling hip motions. She let out a long, sensual moan as she picked up speed. It had only been a few days since Gene had fucked her, but still, it felt like she had been starving for his cock. Her pussy clenched greedily around her master's shaft as she stared down at Kim. The cute little blonde stared back with obvious envy, rubbing herself as she watched her senior Cumbunny sister receive her reward. The reward that she richly deserved for tracking down her wild cat of sister-in-law and bringing her in as a tame little kitty.

Gene slapped her ass hard from behind, grunting and puffing with exertion. "Fuck! Ride that cock you married slut!" he hissed. "Show Kimmy how a Cumbunny earns her reward!"

Eliza was already on edge, and she could feel that Gene was too after fucking Kim so thoroughly. Eliza had no desire to hold back or drag this session out. As wonderful as her master's cock felt, hard and hot inside her, she wanted his cum more than she wanted a long sex session. She quickened her pace, sweat dripping down her body and soaking her flimsy bra, more beast than woman as she chased the primal, raw need that Gene had inspired.

Kim crawled closer, desperate for connection even after her master had chosen Eliza for the honor of receiving his cum. She carefully positioned herself between Gene's thick, hairy legs so that she could kiss, lick, and suck Gene's balls once again, preparing him to creampie the gorgeous dark-haired angel riding him. Gene grunted from surprise at the unexpected sensation, and his balls drew tight to the base of his cock, ready to fire their potent load.

Eliza wanted that fucking load. Wanted it more than anything. Her hips rose and fell in rapid liquid motions, slapping her ass loudly against her master's thighs again and again. Her whole body cried out for his semen. She moaned, 'Cum... Cum for me, master! Fill my pussy. Give me my reward...'

Gene's fingers seized iron-tight on Eliza's hips, pulling her down and thrusting his cock as deep as it would go. He let out a roar of triumph, releasing a hot, thick load into the depths of his Cumbunny's pussy as she writhed and moaned on his cock. Eliza lost the capacity for speech as she felt the flood of white-hot jizz paint her inside, spreading radiating bolts of pleasure through every nerve, lighting her body up like a Christmas tree. Her back arched and her mouth flew open, letting out a strangled, guttural cry of primal fulfillment as her pussy milked every drop of cum from the monstrous cock filling it.

Gene must have been saving up for the past few days as well, because his thick load spilled out of Eliza's pussy, dripping down the root of his cock and onto his balls, where it was caught and licked up by Kim. Her tongue greedily found every last drop, then pulled her Daddy's softening cock out of Eliza's pussy and licked every inch off that as well, mindlessly devouring his cum, her body screaming for more and more.

Finally, Gene's cock was clean, and Kim stared at the messy, well-fucked pussy in front of her eyes, still dripping thick globs of pearly semen. She glanced up and saw that Eliza was watching her with an expression of deep, powerful satisfaction. Kim didn't feel that yet. She hadn't had enough semen to scratch her itch. And if she wanted to get it, there was only one source.

"Go on," purred Eliza, spreading her thighs a little wider and scooting her sloppy pussy closer to Kim's face. "You deserve a reward for being such a good girl. Take what you need."

Kim gulped, part of her repulsed by the filthy act that Eliza was offering... but, after all, was it any worse than what she had already done?

Kim closed her eyes and latched her lips onto Eliza's pussy, pulsing her tongue deep inside and extracting the creamy goodness she had been desperate for.

*God, it's even better when it's hot!* Kim's hesitation fell away almost instantly as the incredible taste hit her tongue, lighting up her brain with pleasure. She dug deeper, feasting on the pussy of the beautiful pale queen above her, not even caring anymore how ridiculous it made her look as she sucked and swallowed the thick, tasty jizz she craved.

After a few seconds, Gene extracted himself from beneath Eliza, sitting on the sidelines for a minute, just watching with a smug smile as Kim hungrily ate Eliza out.

"Good job, bunnies," he said in a gruff voice. "I can tell you two are going to make me very, very happy. Give me one sec. I need to hit the can."

He bounced up off the bed, scratching his ass as he wandered out of his bedroom door, leaving the two women with a fleeting moment of privacy.

Kim raised her head with a gasp, finally feeling a warm, glowing sense of thorough satisfaction settling over her after a week of torturous hunger.

Eliza pulled Kim's face up into a gentle kiss, smiling as she said softly, "We have him right where we want him! He won't suspect a thing! Good work, Kimmy."

But now that her cravings were finally fulfilled, Kim wasn't sure she shared Eliza's confidence. "I told you not to call me that," she muttered, breaking free from Eliza's hands cupping her cheeks. "And I don't know if that's true. I think maybe he had us right where he wants *us*."

Eliza was about to say something in response, but they had already run out of time. Gene reentered the doorway, his cock already stiffening again as he saw his two Cumbunnies in each other's arms.

'Well, don't get started without me," he said with an evil leer that sent a chill down Kim's spine. "I'm not done with the two of you... no, not by a long shot."