

"It's fine," said David in a stony, smoldering voice that told Eliza that he didn't think anything about this situation was "fine".

"Honey, I'm sorry," said Eliza desperately. "It's just been a long day, and I'm tired, and I think I caught a bit of a bug I'm still getting over, and..."

"Yeah, and next time it will be a headache, or an upset stomach, or you 'just won't be in the mood'. Be honest, Eliza. You don't want to have sex with me anymore."

David's voice was so weary and wounded that Eliza's heart went out to him... but there wasn't much that she could do to make him feel better. She was bound by her Master's cruel command to refuse all types of penetration from her husband. So it was basically hand jobs or nothing. Explaining that would have worse consequences than refusing to fuck him, so Eliza was forced to rely on increasingly strained excuses.

"Be patient with me," pleaded Eliza, feeling a swelling sense of hopeless guilt inside her. "I've... been having a hard time lately, honey. It's not easy for me either. I wish I could have sex with you. I really do."

David turned over, his expression a picture of pain and frustration. "So explain it to me. Why have you been struggling? What's making things so hard for you lately?"

Once again, Eliza was tempted to confess everything. To tell her husband how she had been ensnared, humiliated, and sexually dominated by his worst enemy. But there was no way David would understand. If it hadn't happened to Eliza herself, she wouldn't have believed it either. "Magic oil" was such a terrible excuse that using it would probably be worse than just telling David she had cheated on him on purpose. It didn't matter that it was true: no sane person would believe it.

"I... I can't explain it," said Eliza miserably. "Maybe I'm just depressed or something. I'm sorry."

"Then get help!" said David earnestly, taking her hands in his. "If you can't talk to me, talk to a professional. I can tell something is wrong, Eliza. And it's not just the sex. I mean, our anniversary is coming up this week. We're supposed to be celebrating our relationship, but somehow it feels like we are further apart than ever."

Shit. That's right. Eliza had been so wrapped up with all the drama over Gene converting Kim into a Cumbunny that she had completely lost track of their upcoming anniversary. It felt like the precarious double life she had been living, caught between her loving husband and her cruel, dominant master, was coming apart at the seams. She needed to find some way to reassure David, or she was going to lose him, just like she had always feared.

She wasn't sure why she said what she did next. It wasn't a particularly smart idea. But she just had to tell her husband *something*.

“Don’t worry so much, honey,” said Eliza softly, squeezing his hands in hers, “on our anniversary... I won’t have any problems. I want to show you how much I love you. How much our relationship means to me. Can you wait for me until then?”

She had intended it to fall just short of an explicit promise of sex, but she could tell by the wide smile of relief on her husband’s face that he had taken it as one. “Sounds good,” he said happily, planting a brief warm kiss on her lips. “Sorry for pushing, but it really has been a while. We’ll have a romantic evening... and then reconnect a little in bed. I can’t wait.”

“I can’t wait either,” said Eliza, trying to keep her anxiety off her face and out of her voice. She had just promised something impossible, and when she failed to deliver this time, she knew that her husband was going to have some serious questions.

They said goodnight and settled back into bed, but Eliza’s mind was still working feverishly, seeking some way out of the noose that circumstances had woven around her neck. There was one option... although it was dangerous and nearly as impossible as finding a workable excuse for her husband.

The reason she couldn’t fuck David was that Gene had forbidden it. If he lifted the prohibition, Eliza could give her husband what he needed.

But what could possibly convince a monster like Gene to show mercy to the man he hated most?

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“Fuck!” hissed Kim, “I can’t believe that the sick bastard is making us fucking do this!” Her face was flushed red, and she was doing her best to cover up her barely clothed body without much success. Two hands could only do so much for a woman wearing one of the new “outfits” that Gene had gifted them today.

Kim was wearing something much closer to a fetish outfit than a bikini. The two postage-stamp-sized triangles of bright pink cloth didn’t even fully cover her areolas, and the tiny wedge of cloth between her thighs, precariously connected by pink threads, left her patch of blonde public hair completely exposed.

At least Eliza had a basket she could hold awkwardly over her chest to hide her matching purple micro bikini. “I’m not surprised,” she said in a strained voice, trying to ignore the growing lust inside her. It was yet another insidious effect of the oil. What was hot to Gene was hot to his bunnies... and Gene seemed to love humiliating them with slutty public exposure. “You’ll learn. If there’s one thing Master likes more than humiliating his bunnies, it’s showing them off. He would probably be thrilled if everyone in this complex saw us and knew we belonged to him.”

Kim swore murderously under her breath, but Eliza could see she was aroused too. Kim's corruption wasn't as far along as Eliza's, but she was progressing rapidly, and her tiny, thin bikini wasn't up to the task of hiding her stiff nipples. Finally, Kim appeared to steel herself, saying, "Well, if we don't hurry the fuck up, he might get his wish. People are about to get home from work. These halls aren't going to get any emptier if we wait."

Eliza flashed her a humorless smirk. "You think people in this shit hole work?"

The snarky comment surprised a genuine laugh from her sister-in-law. "Ha! I never knew you could be such a bitch, Lizzie. Where have you been hiding all that cattiness?"

"Gene brings out the best in me, I guess," said Eliza with a sigh. "You're right. Let's get this over with."

They emerged from the little alcove beneath the apartment stairs where they had been hiding, tottering on the massive, slutty platform heels that Gene loved so much.

Luckily, their destination wasn't far. Unluckily, the hallway they were walking down wasn't empty. A haggard woman who looked either fifty or a hard-living forty was coming from the other direction, carrying bulging plastic grocery bags in each hand. Kim and Eliza froze as they saw her, and the woman did as well. The two bags slipped from her hands as her mouth fell open.

The expression that spread across her face wasn't promising. More shocked anger than shocked delight.

"Run!" said Kim, taking Eliza's hand and breaking into a ridiculous-looking boob-jiggling jog on her too-tall platforms, making for the corner they needed to turn to reach their destination. It felt like Eliza might fall at any moment, but they managed to slip around the corner just as the woman yelled, 'Fucking Hookers! The landlord said you skanks can't come around no more!'

They ran for a few more feet down the hall despite the fact that their feet were killing them, but it soon became clear that, no matter how much the stranger disapproved of prostitutes, she couldn't be bothered to chase them down.

Both women caught their breath for a second, staring at each other wide-eyed. Then a laugh bubbled up from Eliza's throat. She couldn't help it. Seeing Kim standing in the middle of a shitty apartment hallway in the sluttiest Bikini Eliza had ever seen was just ridiculous, no matter how you looked at it. Kim shook her head, but began giggling too, clapping a hand over her mouth to try to muffle the sound. Sometimes, things were so fucked up that all you could do was laugh.

Finally, still chasing away the aftershocks of laughter, Kim gestured further down the hall. "Come on," she said softly, in case the woman could still hear them, "Let's get this over with."

Eliza couldn't have agreed more. They made their way to the door directly beneath Gene's apartment and paused for a moment outside, nervously glancing up and down the hall to make sure they weren't being observed.

"You ready?" asked Kim, biting her lip in a way that broadcast her reluctant arousal at the embarrassing situation. She reached over to pluck her phone out of the basket Eliza was carrying and got ready to film. Gene insisted that they bring back proof they had carried out his humiliating task "properly", and Eliza had offered to let her junior Cumbunny take the filming duties, since she had more experience with acting slutty at this point.

But experience wasn't going to make this any less embarrassing. "No," said Eliza truthfully, "but we have to get this done. Start the recording."

Kim nodded and tapped the screen, and Eliza slipped into Cumbunny mode. It felt disturbingly natural to take on a slutty, submissive mindset at this point; the Cumbunny version of herself that she called "Lizzie". When she saw the video later, she could detect the instant that she let the Cumbunny take over, just a second before she turned to the door and knocked.

An irritated voice from inside the apartment called out, "Just a second!" and a few moments later, the door swung open to reveal Gene's downstairs neighbor, Larry. He was a lanky, ugly man wearing a grubby-looking t-shirt with the name of a metal band Eliza didn't recognize on it. For a second, his face wore an expression of irritation. It blossomed into shock, and then delirious pleasure as he saw the two barely-clothed sluts at his door.

"Hi, Larry," purred Eliza. "Remember me?"

"Oh! Uhhh, hi!" said the flustered man, reaching up distractedly to push back his greasy mop of hair. "Yeah, I mean... of course! You're the sl... the woman who hangs out with Gene."

"Oh... I do much, much more than just 'hang out' with him, Larry. And I think you know that." Eliza moved forward half a step, invading Larry's personal space. His eyes were practically popping out of his head, zooming all over Eliza's slim, pale, perfect body, barely covered by tiny violet scraps of cloth. "Master tells me that my noises have been upsetting you a little. Is that true?"

"Oh! Uhhh, I mean, yeah, you guys have been a little... You know, enthusiastic," said the tongue-tied man sheepishly. According to Gene, Larry had been coming upstairs to whine and complain every morning after their shared sessions. And this little nearly-naked trip had been Gene's response to those complaints.

At first, one might assume that it was a goodwill gesture. But Gene had been very clear about how he wanted this "peace offering" to go, and Eliza doubted that it would do anything to lessen the tension between the two neighbors.

“Oooh, I’m so sorry, sir,” cooed Eliza, reaching forward to run a hand down his chest while Kim filmed the action. “But I’m afraid I just can’t help it! When I’m with Gene, it’s just not possible to hold myself back.” Larry was doing a poor job of concealing his growing erection, Eliza noticed. Well, it was hard to blame him. What else could you expect when two oversexed sluts appeared at the door of a loser like this? The best Eliza could do for Larry was to complete Gene’s cruel taunt without dragging things out.

“But my master said it just isn’t fair to make you sit down here all lonely listening to our fun,” said Eliza sweetly.

For a second, she saw Larry’s ugly face light up with anticipation. He clearly thought he was about to get some sort of sexual favor as compensation for all the loud, slutty noises Eliza and Kim had been annoying him with. But generosity and empathy just weren’t Gene’s style.

Eliza pushed forward the basket. It took a second for Larry’s eyes to tear themselves away from her barely covered tits to look at it, but when he did, a scowl slowly darkened his face.

“Gene thought he would send down a... care package. So that you could enjoy the experience a little more,” chirped Eliza happily, and she heard Kim suppress an evil giggle, and when she gave her fellow Cumbunny a sidelong glance, she was surprised to see that Kim was biting her lower lip, trying hard not to laugh.

Sort of weird for Kim to be getting so into the spirit of things...

Larry snatched the basket from Eliza’s hands, rustling through the contents with growing annoyance. Nestled right at the top of the gift basket was a big bottle of lotion. Next to it was a box of tissues, and the final item was a sealed envelope with the word “enjoy!” scrawled across it in red marker.

Larry tore open the envelope and pulled out the stack of photos. Gene had conducted a little photoshoot with his bunnies the other day purely for this purpose. The shots showed Eliza and Kim hanging all over their fat, ugly, older master wearing slutty lingerie. No nudity, of course. That was just for their master, not the likes of Larry.

Larry was starting to look at the calculated insult from Gene, but Eliza still had one line she needed to say.

“My master hopes that this will help with your loneliness while you listen to what a bigger, better man does upstairs. Have fun, big boy.”

Now Larry was furious. He tossed the basket to the ground and took a step towards the almost naked woman taunting him, his fists balled.

“If you think you can just come to my door dressed like a whore and make fun of me like this...” he began in a growl. Eliza wasn’t sure what to do. She was almost naked, wearing ridiculous heels that made running away almost impossible, and was clearly weaker than the repulsive man in front of her. She opened her mouth, hoping to say something to appease him...

And then suddenly, Kim was standing at her side.

“And what?” she asked in a flinty voice. “What are you going to do then, big man?”

Larry paused, seemingly taken aback by Kim’s inexplicable confidence in the face of his aggression.

“Well... maybe I can make you sluts give me what Gene gets,” he said with a scowl. But Kim’s continued glare was clearly sapping his confidence.

Kim barked a harsh laugh. “Ha! You really think you have the balls? Look at you! You couldn’t “make” a cashier give you change for a twenty, let alone get something you don’t deserve from fine pieces of ass like me and Lizzie.” She took a step towards Larry, and he actually stepped back, almost as confused as he was intimidated. Eliza wasn’t sure why Kim was able to cow a bigger man while she was wearing a ridiculously slutty bikini, but she was somehow doing it through sheer force of will alone.

“You can’t... You can’t just...” sputtered Larry, but Kim didn’t give him a chance to collect his thoughts.

“I’m a hot chick and you’re a worthless little jerk off loser,” snapped Kim. “I can do whatever the fuck I want. And I can tell you what you’re going to do too.”

She deftly bent to scoop up the dropped basket and pushed it hard into Larry’s chest. “You’re going to shut the fuck up, take the gift my Daddy graciously gave you, and jerk off like a good little loser.”

“Fuck you!” snarled Larry, slamming the door in Kim’s face. Eliza couldn’t help but notice that he was clutching the insulting gift basket to his chest as he did so.

Kim aimed a kick at his door, then swiped a lovely blonde lock of hair back into place with a sigh, visibly calming herself.

“Jesus,” said Eliza in an awed voice, “why didn’t you do that with Gene?”

“I tried,” said Kim, giving her sister-in-law a weary look. “He used magic to cheat. Now let’s get out of here before Larry decides he wants a second try at that interaction.”

They made their way back, scurrying down the hall the way they came. Although it was important that they make it back quickly, Eliza had something she absolutely needed to say to Kim before they reached the room. As they passed, she pulled Kim back into the space beneath the stairs.

“Lizzie, we’ve got to go,” said Kim irritably, peering down the hall behind her anxiously as Eliza tugged her arm, “What the fuck are you...” She trailed off as she saw Eliza’s face. “What’s wrong?”

“Kim, I need your help with something tonight. Something that might be... difficult.”

Kim gave her a wary look, shivering a little and rubbing her arms. It was fucking cold to be walking around practically naked like this. ‘What do you have in mind?’ She asked suspiciously.

“Gene cut me off from having sex with David. I need to change his mind for our anniversary.”

Kim groaned, and her mouth twisted in disgust. “Jesus, Lizzie,” she said with a roll of her eyes, “I do not want to hear about you and my brother’s love life. I think you’re on your own with this one. It’s none of my business.”

Eliza drew her mouth into a grim, determined line. This is exactly why she hadn’t told Kim about her prohibition on fucking David before. Her sister-in-law could be oddly immature sometimes for a woman in her twenties. “Unfortunately, it’s both of our business,” she said doggedly. “Because if I refuse my husband on our anniversary, he is going to start asking some big questions we don’t have answers to.”

Kim sighed and pinched her nose, but even if she was a little immature, she wasn’t stupid, and Eliza could tell that the message had come across. “Ok, fine. What do you need me to do?”

“I need help buttering him up. Making him feel good so I can start working on him. He likes fucking me behind David’s back, so if I can make him feel unthreatened, he might give me a one-time hall pass. You know, to keep the secret going,” said Eliza hopefully.

“Yeah, maybe,” said Kim, her eyes doubtful. Eliza could tell that she was thinking the same thing Eliza was: Gene couldn’t be counted on to make the logical choice if it meant doing something nice for David. For reasons that Eliza still didn’t fully understand, Gene hated her husband with an irrational passion.

But she had no choice; her only chance was to make Gene see reason and let her have sex with David. Kim nodded sharply. “So the mission is to be the bestest Cumbunnies ever to put the bastard in a good mood. Got it. Can do. Is that all?”

Eliza nodded, a twisted feeling of determination and despair filling her belly. “That about sums it up.”

'Then let's get to it, *Sis*.'

...

Gene howled with laughter as he watched the video that his Cumbunnies had recorded for him, probably loudly enough that Larry could hear him.

"Oh my God, this is fucking rich!" he chortled, scratching the big, hard beer belly that pressed up against his stained undershirt. Gene's apartment was a perfect demonstration of what a disgusting loser he really was. At work, Gene had no choice but to put on a half-decent appearance. But, here, in his dingy, grimy apartment, it was obvious how crass and filthy he really was.

But, despite his filthy living situation, it was impossible for Eliza to feel the proper disdain that she knew Gene deserved. The Mjolkhare oil had robbed her of any disgust she would normally feel for a fat slob like him. All she could feel when she looked at her master in his ratty boxers and dirty undershirt was helpless, horny submission.

His amusement was a good sign. It meant he might be in a permissive mood. But it was still important for Eliza to butter him up a little more. She gestured subtly at Kim, nodding to the dirty carpet at their master's feet, and Kim managed to only lightly roll her eyes as they both knelt submissively.

After a second, Gene tore his eyes away from the video on Kim's phone to see his two Cumbunnies kneeling submissively beneath him, eyes soft and upturned, beautiful bodies barely covered by the slutty swimsuits he had commanded them to wear.

His usual broad, gloating grin spread across his face, and Eliza felt a fresh flood of hope that this was going to work. Gene may have a certain animal cunning, but at his core, he was a simple man. One who could be manipulated. All you had to do was make him feel like he was in charge.

And that's precisely what Eliza planned to do tonight.

"What's up, bunnies?" he asked in a voice smoldering with amusement and arousal. "Hungry for a little treat?"

"You know that we are, Master," purred Eliza, reaching forward to run a hand lovingly up her master's squat, hairy thigh. After a moment, Kim mirrored her on the other side, managing a passable expression of submissive devotion. "We want you to use your poor, hungry bunnies and fill us up with your cum. Please. Let us serve you."

“We want to please you, Daddy,” Kim added in the breathy voice she was getting so good at lately, tugging needily on Gene’s boxers. “Is there a way we can earn your cum?”

Their show of complete submission was having the desired effect. The python in Gene’s boxers stirred, pressing up against the loose material as he tossed Kim’s phone aside and focused on his two favorite sex toys. “So my bunnies want to earn their supper,” he mused, reaching down to massage his growing bulge. “Well, I might have an idea. Now that I have two bunnies, there is something I’ve always wanted to try...”

Without warning, Gene stood, unceremoniously dropping his boxers down his stumpy legs and letting his thick, club-like cock spring free. The sight of it took Eliza’s breath away, a wet, squirming feeling of desperate arousal filling her belly.

“Two mouths on my cock feels amazing,” he rumbled, stroking the massive member in question slowly, just inches from Eliza’s blushing face. “But I think it might be even more fun for one bunny to take care of my cock in front while the other takes care of... some much dirtier work from behind.”

Eliza and Kim glanced at each other, at first in confusion. Then disgust blended with arousal dawned on both of their faces.

“I’ll leave who gets what up to you, since you’re the head bunny,” said Gene to Eliza airily. “What do you think, Lizzie? Are you going to take one for the team? Or is Kimmy going to experience a brand new taste sensation?”

Kim was staring at Eliza, her eyes wide, as if willing Eliza to let her off the hook. Rimming was something that Gene had demanded from Eliza before. It was clear why Gene liked it: he got off on humiliating his bunnies. There was nothing quite as sweet to a fat, ugly pervert like him than forcing a beautiful woman to lick his asshole, kneeling and sticking her lovely face between his flabby cheeks. He considered it the perfect demeaning act to put his bunnies in their place.

Kim hadn’t been asked to do it yet and based on the look on her face, she was hoping that today wouldn’t be her first time. But, as much as Eliza would have liked to spare her sister-in-law the indignity, that wasn’t really an option here. She had to work on Gene during the sex act, when he was at his most pleased and distracted, and she would have no opportunity to talk to him if her face was buried between his fat ass cheeks.

Sorry, Kim... this is exactly the kind of thing I meant when I asked you to play along.

“I want to suck your cock, master,” said Eliza, her eyes downcast. “Kimmy can take care of your... other needs.”

Kim stared daggers at her, and looked like she was about to speak up, but then bit her lip and barely contained herself, her face red and her eyes murderous.

“Well, Kimmy?” asked Gene with a cruel smirk. “Ready to try something new?”

Kim shut her eyes and breathed deeply. Eliza could tell what her fellow bunny was feeling... she had felt it echo in herself countless times. Kim was angry and humiliated... but the curvy little blonde was also deeply aroused by the disgusting submission she was about to perform. Her nipples pressed hard against her tiny suit, and her heavy, raspy breathing wasn't caused by anger alone.

When she opened her eyes and meekly managed “Yes, Daddy,” her eager tone was only partially an act.

“Good girl,” said Gene in an oily, gloating voice. Then, grotesquely, he turned and bent slightly, waiting for Kim to submit in the most humiliating way yet. Although her face was now blocked by Gene's hairy bulk, Eliza could see Kim hesitate, then reach up to take one cheek in each hand, part them, and nuzzle her lovely face into her Daddy's ass.

A moment later, slurping and licking sounds filled the room. Eliza could watch Kim's body language move from stiff and disgusted to loose and eager with surprising speed. Her fingers gripped tighter, and the slurping grew louder, blending with light, muffled moans as Kim's slutty submissive side took over.

“Well?” asked Gene flatly, making Eliza jump a little. “Are you just going to watch, or are you going to do your job?”

Right... she had to get to work if she wanted to convince Gene to do her an uncharacteristic favor. Eliza's eyes flicked downward to her master's cock, throbbing and dripping with precum from the pleasure of Kim's oral service. Then she leaned forward eagerly, running her tongue up the hot, veiny length of her master's cock. Slowly. Reverently. Worshipping it like it deserved. It no longer required any acting from Eliza to seem like she enjoyed Gene's dick. It was simply true. Even when she wasn't with him, Gene's cock ran through her head constantly these days, making her mouth water and her pussy flush with desperate heat. The cock sank deep into the warm, wet depths of her married mouth. She sealed her lips tight as they glided down her master's shaft. She couldn't hold back the pleasure and satisfaction welling up inside her... the deep desire for his cum.

Eliza was working as hard as she could to find a way to break Gene's domination... but sometimes she wondered what life would be like without his magnificent cock. Sometimes, as much as she wished she felt different, the thought of never sucking or fucking Gene's cock again made her depressed.

She was getting lost in thought... lost in the pleasure of her sloppy, slutty blowjob as she bobbed her head up and down Gene's length. But she couldn't let herself turn completely into Lizzie. Not right now. She needed to be sharp.

Finally, Eliza pulled away, a trail of saliva momentarily connecting her lips to her master's cock. She stroked it rapidly with both hands, using her spit as lube as she looked up into Gene's eyes.

"Master..." she said meekly, speaking up to be heard over the slutty muffled moans and slurping coming from between Gene's ass cheeks as Kim feasted with greater and greater enthusiasm, "My anniversary is coming up..."

Gene gave her an odd look. "It hasn't been a year since I... Oh! You mean with your loser cuck of a hubby. That's hilarious! As if your pathetic sham of a relationship deserves celebrating. I'm glad you told me. Maybe we should surprise little Davey somehow."

Well, that first knee-jerk reaction wasn't an incredible sign. And it certainly wasn't where Eliza wanted Gene's thoughts to be headed. She sucked her master cock for a few more seconds, rapidly bobbing her head up and down his thick, manly shaft while she collected her thoughts. She would have to try to lead him carefully to the correct conclusion.

"Lately David's been getting suspicious, master," said Eliza breathlessly as she popped up off of Gene's cock again. She stared up into his piggy eyes, doing her best to impress her sincerity onto him with her lovely ice-blue eyes. "He keeps asking why I won't have sex with him, and I don't have any good answers."

Gene snickered evilly and gripped the back of Eliza's head, shoving his thick cock back into her mouth and dominantly seizing control of the blowjob. Eliza felt herself swoon, her pussy buzzing and throbbing between her legs as her master's cock pressed against the back of her throat... harder... harder... then slipped inside, taking ownership of his slut as he sheathed himself in the slick heat of her tight married throat.

"Tell that limp-dick cuck that he can't fuck you because he isn't good enough," grunted Gene as he used his hand to push Eliza's head up and down his cock. "It's about time he learned where he ranks on the list of men in your life." His eyes were filled with savage triumph. He was sandwiched between the mouths of two gorgeous women, stuffing his cock down the throat of his worst enemy's wife while the tongue of David's little sister slithered and slurped over his asshole. It felt like victory.

Eliza had no choice but to let Gene have his way with her throat for a few long, heart-pounding minutes, surrendering completely to her master's cock, wrapping her lips tight around his pulsing length as her throat bulged around it, accommodating his throbbing girth. She sucked and poor Kimmy licked, degrading themselves in service to their master, just like good Cumbunnies should.

Finally, with a deep sigh of satisfaction, Gene released Eliza, letting her pop up from his cock red-faced and coughing. She struggled to collect herself and focus on her mission. If she wasn't

Careful, she would be totally sucked into her Cumbunny self. She had to steer this conversation in the right direction, and quickly.

“But master, if I tell him something like that... he might find out that I’m having sex with you,” she pointed out, careful to keep her voice mild and submissive.

Gene narrowed his eyes as he stared down at her. He reached back to tap Kim on the head, signaling her to stop. The petite blonde ignored him for a moment, working her lips and tongue energetically as she continued to feast between her Daddy’s cheeks. With a chuckle, he was forced to reach back and pull her away from her slutty task before turning back to Eliza.

“So... what exactly are you trying to say?” he asked Eliza in a low, dangerous voice.

There was nothing left that she could do to soften the blow. Now that Gene was asking directly, she just had to go for it. Eliza licked her lips, getting another fleeting taste of her master’s dick, and said nervously, “If you just let me have sex with him for that one night, then...”

Gene cut her off abruptly. “No.” The word was terse and final, allowing no argument. Gene’s face was closed off, his eyes dull and disinterested. Eliza had never seen anyone so unreceptive. This was going just about as badly as it possibly could. But Eliza had no choice but to keep trying. She had to somehow make this happen. Her relationship with David and the entire tenuous secret life she was living depended on it. If she refused her husband again after promising him they would have sex on their anniversary, there was no way that David would forgive her.

“Master, please,” said Eliza in a soothing, sultry voice, reaching out to start softly stroking his cock once again, “It’s been so fun sneaking around behind that worthless loser’s back with you. But if I can’t at least fake a half-hearted performance on our anniversary night, even that idiot will start asking questions. And then our fun, sexy little game will be over.”

For a second, Eliza thought she had him. He relaxed a fraction of an inch, and a thoughtful look crossed his ugly face. But then, shockingly, he reached down and pushed her hand away from his cock.

“I don’t give a fuck about that anymore,” he said with a sneer. “It was kind of funny for a while to sneak around and fuck Davey’s wife while I bullied him, but newsflash, Lizzie. He’s not even really your husband anymore. You aren’t a wife, you’re a Cumbunny. It was always going to end with you flipping off your cuck and living as my full-time sex doll, just like all the other bunnies do. It’s time for us to make that happen.”

Eliza was numb with shock, her heart in her throat, and her mind racing in panic. *Fuck fuck fuck.* She had always known in the back of her mind that Gene intended this to be her fate in the end. The other Cumbunnies she had met didn’t have rich, fulfilling lives away from their masters: they

were permanent live-in fuckdolls. It was obvious that Gene would work toward that at some point.

She just thought she would have more time. More time to find some way out of it. To find a way to undo this addiction to Gene and his cum. But it appeared her time was up... Unless she could somehow find a way to convince Gene otherwise.

“Master,” she said desperately, her mind scrabbling for something, anything that would allow her to wiggle out of Gene’s decision, “Surely you don’t want me to just disappear and leave David behind, right? That would be so... anti-climactic! Isn’t the best part of this how we’re putting him in his place? We need to plan a grand finale, and we need more time for that. Just let me have sex with him one last time, to throw off his suspicions.”

Gene crouched down on his hairy haunches, staring into her eyes with a menacing glare. Eliza tried to look down, but he reached up and seized her chin, holding her head up and forcing her to maintain eye contact.

“If I didn’t know better, I would say that you actually wanted to fuck the little loser,” he growled suspiciously.

Eliza’s mouth went dry. She was really playing with fire now. Gene could easily make her life a living hell just by cutting her off from the cum she desperately craved. Her survival instincts screamed at her that she had no choice but to do whatever he wanted. Lizzie, her Cumbunny self, reared her ugly head as well, distressed that her master was so upset with her. Lizzie just wanted to be a giggly, happy little bunny. Living at her master’s house full-time sounded super-duper fun!

But, despite those strong urges, some hard, flinty part of Eliza’s mind hung on. She had to try. Through all of this bullshit, she still loved her husband. And the only narrow chance she had to save their relationship was to convince Gene to let them have sex. Somehow.

“Of course not, master,” she gushed. “Why would I ever want the limp little worm between that loser’s legs when I have your perfect cock to fill all my holes?”

Gene paused, raising an eyebrow. He wasn’t fully convinced, but Gene was especially susceptible to flattery, and Eliza could tell she had scored some points.

“Yeah, I mean... I always thought the whole point of this was to teach my pathetic brother a lesson,” said Kim from behind Gene in a bored-sounding drawl, wiping the back of her mouth with her hand. “Are you really just going to cut him out of this whole situation before he discovers the humiliating truth?”

Gene looked at Kim over his shoulder, then turned back to Eliza. Unfortunately, his expression hadn’t softened.

“Who is more important to you, Lizzie, your master or your weak, pathetic husband? Answer me.” His voice was flat and hard, just like his eyes.

Eliza licked her lips and nervously said, ‘M-master, it’s not that simple! Having sex with him will let us...’

Gene abruptly straightened up and stalked away from the two women, hands gripped tight behind his back.

“Kimmy!” he barked, making them both jump.

“Yes, Daddy?” said Kim timidly, sharing a nervous look with her fellow bunny.

“For now, I’m promoting you to head bunny. It looks like your sister needs a little reeducation before she can be trusted. Think you can handle that?”

Kim stared at Eliza, her eyebrows furrowed. Then she bit her lip and looked away.

Eliza felt a stab of anxiety pulse through her.

“Yes, Daddy,” said Kim with an alarming twist of satisfaction in her voice. “I think I can help my sister see the error of her ways.”

Gene rounded on the two nearly naked kneeling bunnies with a savage grin. “That’s what I like to hear. ...But I think it might be hard for poor Lizzie to accept her new spot at the bottom of the hierarchy. Let’s help her get into the right mindset. Sit on the couch, Kimmy. Let’s show Lizzie who the new alpha bitch is.”

Kim scrambled up and sat back on the couch, her face a picture of eager arousal. Before Eliza had even absorbed what was happening, Gene plopped down on his ratty old easy chair across from them and began stroking his cock. “Go on, Kimmy. You’re the head bunny now. Why don’t you teach Eliza a little respect? I can think of one way that might... make the point clear.”

Kim looked down at her lap, then to Eliza, still kneeling open-mouthed at her feet. A broad grin spread across her face as she caught on to what Gene was suggesting.

Kim patted her lap and said with a smirk, “Come on up here, Lizzie. Looks like the shoe is on the other foot now.”

Eliza stewed in frustration and despair. Not only was her only hope of saving her relationship ruined, but Kim had utterly stabbed her in the back, jumping at the first chance for a scrap of power. Eliza tried to think of some sort of excuse she could use to get out of her predicament, but she came up empty. Her philosophy right now was all about appeasing Gene, and there was

no way out of this humiliating transfer of power without open defiance. She rose on her ridiculous heels and, blushing heavily, laid across her petite sister-in-law's lap, her pale, round butt sticking up into the air, defenseless and nearly naked, with only the thin string of her thong bikini as a covering.

"Mmmm, I've been wanting to get my hands on this fat ass for a while, Daddy," purred Kim in delight, sinking her fingers greedily into Eliza's plump cheeks.

"Haha, you're a little slut, aren't you, Kimmy? I bet you snuck peeks at your pretty sister's ass even before you became a Cumbunny, didn't you?"

"Maybe..." murmured Kim in a tone so embarrassed that Eliza was shocked to realize she might even be telling the truth.

"Well, in that case, let's make all your dreams come true, Kimmy. Lizzie's in the doghouse now. Make her feel like the bottom bitch that she is."

Eliza turned, looking at her master with pleading eyes, hoping that she could still turn this around before things went too far. But before she could even speak, Kim's hand flashed down, sharply slapping Eliza's bare ass cheek and turning whatever Eliza planned to say into an embarrassed yelp.

Kim's hand rose and fell again, leaving another red, five-fingered mark on Eliza's pale skin and making her whine and wiggle in discomfort. It wasn't the first time she had been spanked. She had a beautiful, shapely ass, and Gene had thoroughly enjoyed every part of her body by now. But submitting to this type of dominant treatment from another woman was a different level of humiliating kinkiness altogether. Especially from Kim, who Eliza had been dominated sexually up until now.

Kim's palms fell in an irregular rhythm, making Eliza's jiggling cheeks sting and, shamefully, her pussy grow wetter and hotter with every blow. The reversal of positions was both embarrassing and deeply arousing. Somehow, even starting from a slutty, degraded position, Eliza had fallen even further. Now she wasn't just dominated by Gene, but by her sister-in law as well.

"I hope..."

Crack

"That you were taking notes on how obedient I was when you were in charge."

Crack

"Because I remember every detail of how you treated me, *Sis*."

Crack

"I remember every single way you rubbed my nose in my weakness."

Crack

"Every way you flexed your power over me."

Crack

"...You know what? Don't worry if you can't remember. I'm going to remind you."

"P-please, Kimmy! I'm sorry! I'll be good, I promise," whimpered Eliza. All of her plans and her frustrations and her reluctance to submit to the woman who had formerly been beneath her in the sexual hierarchy were evaporating in the face of the stinging, humiliating slaps. Lizzie the Cumbunny rose to the surface within her, desperate for the scary, sexy lady's approval. Lizzie loved the feeling of Kim's strong hand even through the pain. Her pussy had already soaked through the tiny strip of cloth covering it and was now dripping down her thighs onto Kim's soft lap beneath her.

"Oh, you'll be good, Lizzie," said Kim in a voice of smoldering certainty. "I know you will. Because that's what I want. And what I say goes." Her free hand rose to Eliza's mouth, her slim fingers pressing at Eliza's pouty lips, demanding entrance. "Now stop your whining. Put that little mouth to good use and suck."

Eliza had no strength left in her to resist. Gene had trained her to submit, and that training had left her weak and willing for this type of sexual dominance. She parted her lips and allowed Kim's two fingers inside, while Kim's other hand slipped down her stinging cheeks, tugging aside her soaked bikini bottoms to mirror the intrusion at her lower lips.

Kim's fingers pressed down dominantly on her submissive sister-in-law's tongue, stifling her moan as her other two fingers slid easily into her hot, silky cunt. Eliza was being stuffed from both ends, and her body's instinctive response was to spread her slim thighs wider and swirl her tongue around Kim's probing fingers, welcoming them deeper into her mouth. Kim began rhythmically thrusting both pairs of fingers, playing Eliza's throbbing pussy and greedy mouth like instruments.

"That's it," she murmured, her own voice husky with desire, "That's my good little bunny. Cum for me. Cum for your sister, Lizzie."

"No." The command was a strict whipcrack of low, dominant force, making both women jump. They had been so lost in their own world for a moment that they had totally forgotten about their master, watching the play of dominance and submission while stroking himself.

Both women stared at him raptly, snapping to attention, ready to receive their orders without a single thought of defiance, thanks to their sexual haze.

“Lizzie doesn’t get to cum. Not until I say. And I don’t just mean right now. Indefinitely. She doesn’t get to touch my cock either. Not until she gets her priorities straight.” He stood, his expression menacing as his cock throbbed powerfully between his squat, hairy thighs. “But she can watch... while she thinks about whether it’s me or her cuck hubby she wants more. Come here, Kimmy. I want to show Lizzie what she’s missing.”

Kim wriggled out from beneath Eliza, and, as humiliating as it had been to be finger fucked from both ends by her bratty sister-in-law, her departure left Eliza feeling neglected. She lay on the couch, panting, with her reddened ass and dripping pussy still throbbing with pain and arousal, as she watched Kim run to her Daddy.

Gene scooped her up into his powerful arms in one confident motion, spinning her and hooking his elbows beneath her knees, suspending her facing Eliza with her thighs spread wide.

Kim reached down with an expression of horny anticipation painting her face, pulling her bikini bottoms aside to expose her puffy, glistening snatch. She was clearly on board with Gene’s brutal show of force, eager to be used as an example of what her Daddy’s cock could do to a willing slut.

Eliza felt a powerful twinge of jealous lust as Gene slowly lowered Kim, impaling her on his cock. The petite, curvy blonde let out a sharp cry of pleasure, her body arching and writhing in her Daddy’s thick hairy arms as Gene demonstrated his crude strength. He began moving Kim, easily manhandling her, bouncing her slowly up and down as he filled her eager cunt again and again.

Eliza turned over and let her hand dive between her spread thighs, rubbing her clit in quick, desperate circles, seeking the satisfaction of release. Kim stared down from above her, her lips parted to let out sweet moans of pleasure, and her eyes gloating over her position of power.

Anger coiled and burned in Eliza's heart as her fingers moved faster and firmer on her throbbing clit. *That little bitch... Jumped at the first opportunity to betray me. She's getting off on seeing me desperate and horny while she gets fucked by Master's cock!*

Kim’s hips ground and swirled, doing her best to increase her and her Daddy’s pleasure, even though she was helpless in his powerful arms. Gene was using her like a sex toy, and it was obvious from the look on Kim’s face that being fuck like that was deeply satisfying. Eliza could see that her master and his new top bunny were both heading for orgasm. Gene was grunting, deep and rough in the back of his throat, and Kim's moans were rising to a breathy whine. Eliza was desperate for release herself, filling the room with the soft, wet noises of her self-pleasure as her fingers worked frantically on her horny cunt.

But it was like a glass wall had been thrown up between her and climax. She could feel her orgasm just out of her reach, but it kept retreating as her pleasure and tension spiraled higher and higher. It was just like Gene's prohibition on fucking her husband: she couldn't cum right now, no matter how badly she wanted to. Her master had forbidden it. So she was stuck in frustrated, horny limbo as she got closer and closer to climax, but never reached it.

Gene seemed just on the edge of cumming, which was sure to send Kim into convulsions of bliss from the feeling of his creampie...

But then an annoying, jangling ringing noise sounded from the bedroom.

Gene paused his jackhammering rhythm, cocking his head to listen while panting heavily. The jangling ringtone continued, obviously coming from Gene's computer. With a grunt of annoyance, he withdrew his pleasure-slicked cock and set Kim down on her wobbly legs, ignoring her whines of sexual desperation.

"Hold that thought," he said with a grimace of exasperation. "They aren't supposed to call unless it's important."

He strode across the room and into his bedroom, slamming the door behind him, leaving his two Cumbunny alone for the moment.

Eliza immediately leaned forward, pointing an accusing finger at Kim. "What the fuck was that?"

Kim raised her eyebrows, giving her fellow Cumbunny a flat, unimpressed stare. "Watch your tone, Lizzie. I have no idea what you're talking about."

It infuriated Eliza beyond belief that Kim was still maintaining her air of superiority even after Gene had left the room. She had to take a deep breath to calm herself before she continued. "You know what I mean, Kim. You suddenly teamed up with him to 'punish' me for suggesting the goal we both agreed to work toward!" She was hissing quietly at this point, trying hard to make sure that Gene wouldn't overhear them from his bedroom, but her anger made it difficult to be quiet.

Kim's face darkened into a scowl. "Well... that's a strange thing to hear from the bitch who had no problem dominating me up until today. I thought we were supposed to go along with what Gene wants, no matter what. Or is that just true when you get to be the one bossing me around?"

Eliza stared at Kim in embarrassed shock for a second, then stammered, "Th-this is different."

"Why?" demanded Kim, leaning down to get right in her sister-in-law's face. "Why is it suddenly super important that we stand in sisterly solidarity when it was fine for me to be on the bottom of the hierarchy just yesterday?"

Eliza didn't have a good answer for Kim's pointed question, but in the end, it didn't matter anyway. They were interrupted by the door to Gene's bedroom bursting open, revealing their squat, ugly master with a broad grin across his face.

"Good news!" he said loudly, spreading his arms wide. "I've just gotten word that Rabbit Season is coming up!"

Their animosity temporarily forgotten, Kim and Eliza shared a worried look. A sudden plunging feeling stabbed through Eliza's belly. She knew exactly what Rabbit Season was, although she couldn't admit that she did. She had picked up the knowledge from lurking on Cumbunny Acres, the Kaos server that held the degenerate community of Cumbunny owners, current and aspiring.

"Rabbit Season" wasn't a time period. It was the name of an event, which was a frequent topic of conversation on the server. A giant meetup of masters and their Cumbunnies, usually including live "talent show" sex exhibitions, Cumbunny swapping between masters, and even twisted presentations about how to succeed at "the lifestyle". Rumors swirled that the mysterious supplier of the Mjolkhare oil also attended, although if that was true, it hadn't given any widely known clues about who they actually were.

She hadn't shared any of this with Kim yet. Up until now, it had never seemed relevant. Another thing that Eliza thought she would have more time for.

Kim turned to Gene, not finding the answers she wanted in Eliza's conflicted eyes. "What's Rabbit Season, Daddy?"

Gene chuckled and slapped Kim's ass fondly. "Only the biggest, horniest party in the world, bunny. A place where you and Lizzie can meet all kinds of friends." His eyes shifted to Lizzie where she still sat on the couch. "And it's all happening next Friday."

A stinging bolt of pure, cold panic struck Eliza. *Oh fuck...*

"I can't master, that's the day of my anniversary!" she blurted out without thinking. Kim actually rolled her eyes, and Eliza realized with a sinking feeling that, in the heat of the moment, she had done precisely the wrong thing. Telling Gene "no" was guaranteed to set him off.

But her resolve hardened. This anniversary was essential if she wanted to salvage any sort of relationship with her husband. She could last without Gene's cum until Friday. It might take every scrap of willpower she had, but she could do it. His punishment would no doubt be severe, but if that was what it took to show David she still loved him, then that's what she would do.

Gene opened his mouth with a scowl, no doubt ready to lay into her once again for her disobedience. But then he paused, a calculating look crossing his face. He had noticed the defiant glint in his Cumbunny's eyes. That look was extremely rare these days, and that must have given him pause.

A series of emotions crossed his ugly features. Anger, disbelief, confusion, and finally, grudging acceptance. He sighed and scrubbed a hand through his thinning hair. "I can't believe I'm saying this," he grumbled under his breath, then fixed Eliza with an annoyed glare as he continued, "Look. I can see that you want to make a problem out of this. We both know I could order you to go to Rabbit Season, and you would have to do it. And we both also know that there are lots of ways you could embarrass me in front of my friends if you really wanted to. I can't think of every possible way you could defy me and order you not to."

Eliza gave him a tight nod. Gene was more perceptive than he looked. She had been holding that threat in her back pocket in case he tried to force the issue.

"But I'm not going to be the loser who goes to Rabbit Season without a Cumbunny everyone already knows I have," said Gene savagely, pointing a thick finger at Eliza. "And I'm not going to have my sex toy publicly make a fool of me either."

Eliza and Gene made eye contact with each other, and it was the first time in a long time that Eliza had felt anything other than slavish devotion when she was in his presence. Gene seemed to steel himself and grudgingly said, "Don't get used to this... but this one time, you have something I can't just take. And I have something you want too. So... let's make a deal."

Eliza felt a wild spiral of hope rising in her heart. It seemed too good to be true, but for the second time ever, she had managed to force a concession from Gene. She summoned all the dignity that a woman with a reddened ass and a bare, dripping pussy could and asked, "What are the terms?"

"You're going to go to Rabbit Season. And you're going to be the perfect, obedient Cumbunny," said Gene in a flat voice saturated with frustration. "If you perform to my expectations, I will let you rock your hubby's world on your anniversary."

"I need you to be clear," said Eliza seriously, trying hard to think clearly and not fall into some sort of trap. "If I do this for you, my husband will be allowed to have sex with me. As in, penetrate my pussy?"

Gene rolled his eyes. "Yes! How fucking clear do I need to make this? You make it sound as sexy as a medical textbook. If you do as I say, your worthless little cuck will get one last opportunity to stick his cock into your pussy. Happy? Do we have a deal?"

Eliza considered his offer carefully. It still wasn't ideal. His suggested plan meant that she would have to spend the majority of her anniversary going to a sex party with Gene instead of

spending time with her husband. There was only one possible excuse she would be able to give, and it was one she was saving in case of emergency. But that didn't matter. She would use any excuse she could and do whatever submissive, humiliating acts her master demanded, as long as she got to go home to her husband to have sex and reassure him everything was alright.

Maybe it would take a deal with the devil, but in the end, she would be able to somehow keep this fragile equilibrium intact...

And, come to think of it, Rabbit Season would present an opportunity to further her other plans as well...

"It's a deal," said Eliza carefully. She still had an odd sense that something was wrong, which only increased as a broad grin crossed her master's face. But she was committed now. This was the only narrow window she had available for keeping her marriage going. Kim looked shocked, staring back and forth between them like she couldn't quite believe what had come out of either of their mouths.

"Well, I hope you enjoy your cuck's dinky dick," said Gene with a nasty chuckle, "Because you're still not allowed to touch my cock or climax until you've made up for your disrespect."

He slid his arms around Kim, hoisting her into the air again as she giggled and bit her lip in anticipation.

"Now... Where were we?"

...

Eliza stared down at the message from Bitsy, with cautious hope blossoming in her heart.

[I agree. It's the perfect setup. Coach already said we're going. I'll be honest, I'm a little scared.]

Eliza felt her heart go out to her co-conspirator. It was asking a lot from Bitsy to let someone else give her a second dose of the oil. Neither of them had any idea what the effects of two doses might be. It might free her from the overwhelming desire for cum, or it might double it.

[Thank you, Bitsy. I'll be there too, and I'll help any way I can.]

There was nothing more she could say. She had nothing left to look into except the slim possibility that two doses of Mjolkhare oil might do something unexpected. The Rabbit Season gathering a few days from now would be a pivotal night.

In more ways than one.

Eliza had been trying her best to show all the love and affection that her husband deserved over the past few days, cooking for him, giving him backrubs, soothing his worries over Gene's latest bullying tactics at work... Being a good wife was easier said than done when her master's prohibition on orgasming was turning her into a ticking time bomb of sexual frustration. But she was somehow holding it together. She needed David to know how much she loved him, so that the first part of their anniversary wouldn't turn him against her completely.

The plan was simple and daring. She would make some throwaway comments over the next few days about how her phone was acting up. Then, on the day of their anniversary, she would drive separately to work, making an excuse about picking up a gift. Finally, she would drop completely out of contact all evening, allowing her to go to the obscene gathering of Cumbunnies.

If Gene said she would have a chance to have sex with David "on their anniversary", that meant he couldn't plan to keep her later than midnight. She would hurry home with a story about running out of gas and getting stranded while her phone died.

It was an awful excuse. Full of holes that David would see through in a second... unless she immediately pulled him into bed and gave him the best sex of his life. Even then, it was a plan that carried tremendous risk that David would see straight through it, not to mention the fact that he would probably be sick with worry for the entire evening up until she got home. But she had no choice. There was no other excuse she could use that would make sense for why she was skipping their anniversary. She had to make something up that made it seem like the situation was out of her hands.

It would take a miracle to get through her anniversary night with the fragile equilibrium of her marriage and her servitude to Gene intact. But that's what she was hoping for. She would just remain confident and push right through her doubts.

...

Gene's shitty car rattled to a stop in front of a building that Eliza recognized immediately. It was the same shady BDSM club where Gene brought her for her first meetup. It was likely popular in the Cumbunny scene.

"Alright," said Gene, rubbing his hands together with gleeful anticipation, "ready to rock and roll, bunnies?" Gene had made an effort tonight. He was wearing a brand new suit jacket with a dark blue shirt underneath. Eliza thought it looked ridiculous and sleazy, but she knew better than to say that. Although Gene didn't give a fuck what anybody at the office thought of him, it was obvious that he wanted to impress his fellow Cumbunny owners.

"Ready," said Kim dryly, shifting a little uncomfortably and making the leash dangling from her collar clink. She was answering for both of them. Kim had accepted her role as chief bunny completely and enthusiastically. No matter how much it frustrated Eliza to take orders from her

bratty blonde sister-in-law, there was nothing she could do. Gene had ordered it, and his word was law.

“Then masks on,” said Gene eagerly, pulling down the black fox mask he had pushed up onto his forehead.

“Why are we wearing masks, Daddy?” asked Kim as she pulled her lacy bunny mask over her eyes, its two ears sticking up almost enough to reach the roof of the cramped car. “Lizzie says you didn’t wear them at the last meetup.”

Eliza shot Kim an irritated look that her sister-in-law pointedly ignored. *Why the fuck is Kim telling Gene things we talked about in private?* True, it wasn’t exactly an important detail. Kim had agreed to assist Eliza and Bitsy in their mission when Eliza had told her about the chance this gathering represented, and Eliza knew that Kim wouldn’t be dumb enough to mention anything about that to Gene... But Eliza didn’t even want Gene to consider that his two Cumbunnies might be talking to each other about him behind his back.

Luckily, Gene didn’t seem to think too deeply about it. He just let out a throaty chuckle and said, “I know! I think the masks are fucking stupid personally, but it’s a long-standing tradition for Rabbit Season. Some guys got worried about their identity leaking, then worried that if they were the only ones wearing masks, they would look even more suspicious, and, well, you get the picture. Everyone has to wear them. But don’t worry, a lot of Bunny masks end up slipping off by the end of the night, especially for guys who want to show off a bunny that they think will be recognized.” He opened the car door and stepped out with a grunt.

“Well, it’s not like these masks are going to hide who our identities anyway,” said Kim with a roll of her eyes to Eliza as she opened the door to follow. Eliza had to agree. The white lace masks covered the tops of their faces in a thin, sheer layer, but didn’t seem like they would be much good for concealing their identities.

Eliza stepped out of the car, and for a moment Gene and his two bunnies stood in the parking lot of the low, unmarked building. Eliza cringed a little, anxious to get inside. The outfits they were currently wearing were even worse than what she had worn on her first visit to this sex club. Eliza and Kim were wearing modified versions of the same bunny suit Eliza had worn on that previous night, but with two crucial differences: the removable portions of the corset that normally covered the breasts were absent, and the leather bikini briefs had been left at home, leaving Kim and Eliza completely bottomless.

In other words, both Cumbunnies had their tits, pussies, and asses hanging out for the world to see, wearing only a half-corset, stockings, the tall platform heels that Gene seemed to love, and, of course, collars and bunny masks.

Every second they stayed outdoors made Eliza more and more concerned that some random passerby would see their slutty display. The thought made her insides twist with anxiety, but,

because of Gene's conditioning, it also made her pussy throb with dirty heat. Gene still hadn't allowed her to orgasm all week, and the only scraps of cum she had been allowed to taste were the leftovers that Kim had been willing to give her. Thanks to that reduced ration and her inability to find sexual release, Eliza's whole body ached with sexual tension at this point... a feeling she had grown used to ever since becoming Gene's Cumbunny, but never learned to enjoy. Desperation was by far Gene's favorite training incentive.

God, this night is going to last an eternity. I can't fucking wait to leave this erotic nightmare behind and finally have sex with David. Eliza put her plan into motion this afternoon just as planned, driving separately from her husband, kissing him goodbye at the end of the workday, and telling him she would see him in a couple of minutes, then turning off her phone and driving straight to Gene's apartment. He was probably worried sick right now... She was spending time as the slutty fuckdoll of her husband's worst enemy on her anniversary. And, in the same way that Gene had conditioned her to be turned on by exhibitionism, this act of betrayal was shamefully erotic to her.

Gene seemed to sense Eliza and Kim's discomfort and made a cruel, obvious show of taking his time as he picked up their leashes, straightened his jacket, and finally strolled toward the door.

"Welcome to Rabbit Season, Bunnies," he said over his shoulder after whispering the password to the bouncer. "A place where sluts like you can finally feel at home."

Eliza was taken aback as they entered the dim, smoky room. She understood that there would be more people there had been at the small meetup she attended earlier, but she was unprepared for the sheer volume of attendees at the twisted event. The first time she had been to this sex club, it had been mostly empty, with pockets of people clustered at the tables around the room. Now the entire club was packed.

Everyone who was there looked like they were either a master or a bunny. As they moved into the crowd, Eliza peered around her, taking stock of what the masters looked like. They were more or less exactly what she expected. The kind of men who had absolutely no ability to attract beautiful women on their own, and so were forced to use magical means to fulfill their dark desires. Some were scrawny and weak-looking. Others fat. Old. Ugly, even beneath their masks. But none of them cringed or looked beaten down like they might have otherwise. This was their night to show off and take pride in their twisted accomplishments.

Each of them had at least one Cumbunny, sometimes on their arm, sometimes at the end of a leash like Eliza and Kim. It seemed that wannabe masters weren't invited.

Unlike their masters, the bunnies were a rainbow of stunning variety. Every hair color and skin tone imaginable, only unified by the fact that they were all gorgeous. The classic bunny suit seemed to be the most popular choice for what their masters chose to dress them in, but there was a variety there as well. Some Cumbunnies were completely naked. Some were in fetish outfits, dressed as slutty nurses or cheerleaders. Strangely, some women wearing the lace

bunny masks were dressed in evening gowns, arms linked with their masters. Eliza could only imagine that their masters had tricked themselves into believing they had a real relationship with those bunnies. Or maybe they were women who had somehow forced concessions from their master? Eliza was intensely curious, but she doubted she would have a chance to investigate tonight. Not when she had so much on her plate as it was.

Eliza was so focused on scanning the room that she almost missed it when Gene turned to her and Kim, yelling over the crowd to be heard.

“I’m going to go get a drink. Stay here. It’s too crowded by the bar. If anyone touches you, yell that they don’t have permission.”

Kim made a face, clearly unhappy at the thought that some random man might touch them, even if they did have permission to resist. But Gene had already loosely tied their leashes around a pillar, and was pushing through the half-naked crowd toward the bar.

Eliza turned to talk to Kim, hoping to talk strategy for the evening, but her fellow bunny was staring intensely at the stage in the center of the room. Eliza turned so see what had caught Kim’s attention and soon found herself equally fascinated.

On the stage, a tall, lithe black woman squatted, facing away from the crowd. She wore thigh-high leather boots and one of the standard lace bunny masks, but otherwise she was completely naked. Her dark mocha skin was gleaming with oil, and her long-nailed fingers grasped a thick cheek in each hand, pulling them apart to reveal her perfect, dark asshole.

As Eliza watched, mesmerized, the puckered hole bulged outward as the woman let out a low, vibrating moan. Eliza flinched, believing she was about to see something utterly filthy on stage, but to her surprise, what emerged from the black Cumbunny’s impressive ass was an egg, covered in brightly colored stripes and smeared with what was unmistakably semen.

Another egg followed, dropping onto the first one with a soft plop of silicone as the woman panted and her thighs trembled. More eggs followed, squeezed out of the gorgeous woman’s pulsing asshole to make a pile of brightly colored easter eggs beneath her on the stage, dripping with semen.

Finally, she straightened and turned, giving the audience a humiliated smile, her nipples rock hard and her pussy juices mingling with the oil covering her body as it dripped down her thighs. Like any well-trained Cumbunny, she was pathetically turned on by her own public degradation.

“Seven eggs from Rae-Rae!” crowed a tubby, masked emcee who mounted the stage with a grin. “Impressive! But who would expect otherwise from such a fat fucking ass, am I right, boys?”

The audience roared with approval as a scrawny fox-masked man with a ratty ponytail took the stage and slung an arm around Rae-Rae's waist. "Especially when her master thought to use cum as lube!" continued the emcee. "That was smart thinking, Whiteknight66! Any words for our audience?"

The thin man leaned toward the mic and said in a nasaly voice, "Rae-Rae just loves to get her fat ass stuffed. With anything and everything, if you know what I mean. Come find us if you want to find out more. I'm always down for swaps."

"Big round of applause for Rae-Rae and Whiteknight66!" said the Emcee. "But we'll have to see if seven is enough to win the grand prize! A lot of people are gunning for that all-expenses-paid spot on the swingers cruise, gentlemen. Imagine it! All you've have to do is loan out your Cumbunny, and you can fuck all the wives you want! The definition of a one-sided deal. But a little secret from me to you, boys, last year's winner fit a full dozen inside her. If you think your bunny has what it takes, flag down one of the staff, and they'll supply you with the eggs!"

Kim grabbed Eliza's arm and hissed in her ear, "I knew these masks fucking suck! That was Imani Rae! I would recognize her anywhere!"

"Who is she?" asked Eliza, trying her best to keep an eye on Gene's progress in ordering drinks while paying attention to her fellow bunny in the loud, crowded room.

"She's a fitness influencer," said Kim in a despairing tone. "Or at least she was. Now I guess she's just a Cumbunny. But I would have thought someone would have noticed this sort of thing happening to her, since she has so many followers. I guess not..."

Eliza knew why the thought disturbed Kim: she had always sort of hoped that someone might see what Gene was doing and step in to save her. But if someone high profile could be captured without society noticing, what hope was there for them?

They didn't have time to talk about it, because Gene was already halfway through the crowd on his way back from the bar, holding only one drink for himself, naturally. Why pay extra for your sex toys to enjoy themselves?

Shit. Eliza had been hoping to have a chance to go over their strategy. Before this night was over and she was allowed to go home to her husband, Eliza had to ensure that Hareofthedog got his chance to give the second dose of oil to Bitsy.

"I saw you two admiring the performance," said Gene with a wide grin. "Good. I was thinking of taking you two up there for a little demonstration later."

Eliza blanched, and Kim hurriedly said, "Oh... I don't think that we would have any chance of us winning, Daddy."

Gene frowned, then burst out laughing. "Oh! You mean the fucking egg game? Nah, fuck that. That's for suckers. I don't want to compete; I want to show off my two Cumbunny sluts. You'll see in a bit. A lot of people put on sex shows to show how well-trained their bunnies are. Think of it as... Cumbunny karaoke."

"You talk about it like you've been here before, old man," said a snotty voice behind them.

Eliza turned to see that she had at least one piece of good luck tonight. HareoftheDog came pushing through the crowd, with his former stepmother, who he had renamed Cumslut, in tow. He was apparently one of the masters who had decided that his Cumbunny should go fully naked, wearing only the bunny mask and a thick leather collar.

Despite her degradation, Cumslut seemed to radiate poise, approaching with a confident, hip-swaying walk that temptingly displayed her beautiful body. Wide hips, full breasts with blushing pink nipples, radiant, milky skin, and fiery red hair that flowed down past her shoulders and clung in a well-groomed patch between her thick thighs. She didn't look the slightest bit self-conscious about her public nudity, instead wearing a warm smile on her beautiful, gracefully aged face.

Despite the woman's calm confidence, the sight of Cumslut sent a thrill of fear through Eliza. The reason that Cumslut was so happy all the time was that she had utterly surrendered to her master's will. It was a picture of Eliza's possible future if all of her plans of defiance failed. She could already feel the Cumbunny inside her yearning for that same happy servitude.

But meeting Hare and Cumslut meant they were halfway toward their goal. All they had to do now was find CoachS and Bitsy. Well... and then came the truly hard part: getting Hare and Bitsy alone together for a long enough time for him to dose her.

Oddly, Gene seemed almost as happy as Eliza to see HareoftheDog.

"Hare! Good to see you, buddy! You know how it is, people talk about Rabbit Season on the server so often I feel like I've been here a dozen times already," said Gene in a loud, jovial voice. Then he glanced around conspiratorially and pulled the young blonde man to the side. "Speaking of the server, I actually wanted to finish our conversation from last night."

"Oh. Well, I thought that I made my position pretty clear..." Hare didn't look particularly pleased, but he allowed himself to be pulled down to sit with Gene on one of the low leather couches. Eliza and Kim shared a look. The last thing they wanted was for Hare to be stuck in a conversation with Gene all night. He had to be free to dose Bitsy if they wanted to get their intel.

But there was nothing they could do. Gene was already whispering into the younger man's ear, gesturing wildly.

“So nice to see you again, Lizzie,” said Cumslut in her low, musical voice, a faint smile touching her lips, “Welcome to your first Rabbit Season. And so nice to meet your new sister as well.”

Eliza turned toward the gorgeous redhead, butterflies filling her stomach for reasons she didn't fully understand. The last time they had met, Eliza had been sucking Gene's cum out of the ravishing redhead's pussy.

Kim was blushing, her nipples hardening slightly as she looked the other Cumbunny up and down. “So... Do you want to introduce us, Lizzie?” she asked, making sizzling eye contact with the beautiful nude Cumbunny

...

David paced the floor of his home as his phone call went straight to voicemail once again, running through the same frenzied thoughts he had already considered a dozen times already.

Maybe she's stuck in traffic? No, the possibility of that excuse was always pretty thin, and had become downright impossible after three hours of waiting for Eliza to come home. *Is she in trouble? Has she gotten into a car accident?*

Is she cheating on me?

David shook his head with a bitter grimace. But it wasn't so easy to dismiss the thought. The suspicion had been growing in his mind ever since their brief separation. Why else would Eliza be so reluctant to have sex with him? Why was she spending more and more time “running errands” and “meeting up with old friends”? Once he had woken up in the middle of the night to find that she wasn't in bed next to him. He had considered getting up and searching for her... but in the end, he had just gone back to sleep, and in the morning she was in her usual place beside him.

Maybe she had just been in the bathroom, or couldn't sleep and went downstairs to watch TV. David didn't know. Because he was a coward. He had been ignoring all the signs, sticking resolutely to his trust in the woman who he had married. It simply felt impossible to him that his Eliza would ever betray him with another man.

But then... where was she? After all of her excuses and the odd amount of time she spent away from home, where was she on their anniversary?

David considered calling the police. Eliza was technically a missing person. Then he shook his head and grabbed his car keys instead. He would drive slowly on the way back to the office and see if she was having some sort of car trouble. She said she was picking something up as a present on the way, so she might not even be on that route.

But he had to try something.

...

“Kimmy, this is Cumslut. Cumslut, this is Gene’s new bunny, Kimmy,” said Eliza reluctantly, trying to split her focus and pay attention to Gene’s whispered conversation with Hare. Whatever he was saying, it didn’t seem to be landing well with the young blonde man, who was sneering and shaking his head.

Kim frowned, shaking her head disapprovingly. “That little shit named you Cumslut?” She whispered in an affronted voice. “God... and I thought Gene was a fucking asshole.”

Shit. Eliza glanced back and forth between the tall, gently smiling redhead and her petite, blonde sister Cumbunny. *That’s right... Kim has never met another Cumbunny besides me before. She has no idea how corrupt they can get.*

Luckily, Cumslut didn’t seem to be offended. “Oh, this one is cute, Lizzie,” she said with a chuckle. She reached out with supreme confidence and palmed one of Kim’s bare breasts, making Kim gasp and squirm away in shock, goosebumps rising all over her body, as her sensitive nipples rose immediately to attention. “But she’s a little wet behind the ears... amongst other places, I’m sure. You really should teach her her place, darling.”

Kim was obviously heating up, her face blushing cutely as she crossed her arms over her vulnerable tits and snapped, “She’s not going to teach me shit. I’m the bunny in charge now. I just happen to have a little more pride than a worn-out old skank like you!”

Maybe she should have been focused on helping out her fellow bunny, but Eliza’s attention was divided by her continued attempt to eavesdrop on her master’s conversation. And she was glad that she had made the effort. She caught the phrases, “already claimed” and “a lot of fish in the sea” from Gene, and Hare responded in an angry mutter loud enough to hear clearly, “No one is going to tell me who I can and can’t fuck anymore, old man. I’m an alpha, and alphas don’t get told ‘no’.”

It was just as she feared. They were rehashing the same old argument. Which meant that Gene was also aware of what Hare wanted to do tonight... and wanted to stop him.

That added a complication to an already risky plan.

But Kim and Cumslut weren’t paying attention at all. Cumslut was indulging in a low, rich chuckle, and Kim was bristling once again, clearly put on the back foot by the attractive nude woman. “Oh, well then, I suppose congratulations are in order! But all the more reason why you should learn the way things work. I adore the name my master has given me. It’s refreshingly... honest, don’t you think? We’re all sluts for cum now, Kimmy. Why not embrace it?”

Kim snorted and rolled her eyes, but Eliza could tell that the words had bothered her more than she let on. "Sorry, I'll never be that far gone," said Kim brashly, clearly putting on a brave face.

"We'll see," said Cumslut with a gentle smile. "I look forward to watching your progress."

"Hey, this looks like a party!" said a rough, boisterous voice from nearby.

CoachS heaved into view, wearing a rumpled polo that barely covered his bulging gut and a pair of too-tight khakis. Based on the clothes Eliza had seen him in before, she was sure the outfit was the fanciest thing he owned.

Mitsy and Bitsy, as usual, looked a thousand times better. CoachS was one of the masters who had chosen to get creative with costuming rather than go with the traditional bunny suit. Mitsy was wearing an outfit that could have passed for a sexy librarian, although in context, Eliza could tell she was supposed to be a pornographic version of a teacher. Her blouse, despite its long sleeves, was ludicrously immodest. Completely see-through and wickedly tight, it left nothing about her ripe tits to the imagination. If Eliza didn't see her managing it, she would have sworn that walking with the tight, ass-hugging pencil skirt and shiny black heels would be impossible. Cosmetic glasses, dark pantyhose, and a messy updo completed the picture of slightly disheveled eroticism.

In contrast, Bitsy wore a slutty Japanese schoolgirl outfit. Another example of CoachS's infuriating tendency to force Japanese fetish material on his young Asian Cumbunny that Bitsy had ranted about in their brief daily text chats (despite the fact, as Bitsy had so memorably put it, "I'm fucking Korean"). It has the typical blue collar, red bow, and pleated skirt, but they were all shrunk to ridiculous proportions that showed off her tight, lithe belly, her firm little tits, and her long, slender legs, encased in thigh-high white socks with stripes at the top.

This time, Gene didn't look happy to see his online friend. But Hare looked almost cartoonishly eager. Eliza nearly dispaired that this was the fucking idiot they were going to have to assist in completing his poorly thought-out scheme.

CoachS either didn't notice Gene's discomfort or ignored it completely. The tubby older man squeezed in next to him on the couch.

"Good to see you, Coach," said Hare with a sly grin. "And even better to see your bunnies. Hi, ladies. Love your outfits."

Mitsy twirled with a giggle, her tits jiggling with the movement. "Oooh, thanks, sweetie," she said with a wink. Her eyes gleamed as they took in the sight of the statuesque nude redhead standing with Kim. "Your bunny isn't looking so bad herself."

“Thank you, sir,” said Bitsy bashfully, looking down, biting her lip, and blushing through her mask. Eliza silently commended her on the performance. She thought the blushing pleasure was the perfect act to bring out Hare’s predatory instincts and make him want to pounce.

“Wow!” Said Hare, ignoring Mitsy altogether and leaning forward to leer at Bitsy, “I have to say I’m impressed at little Bitsy’s progress. It seemed like last time, you were... struggling to train her Coach.”

CoachS frowned at the backhanded compliment, his displeasure obvious even under his mask. “Thanks...” he said slowly, as if he were deciding whether or not to get angry. “She was a little firecracker at first, but at this point, she’s a sweet little kitten.”

Hare leaned forward to say something else, but Gene held up a hand to stop him, quickly saying, “Look, gentleman! Another stage show is starting. Let’s watch.”

Hare and CoachS glared at each other for a second, then turned to watch as an old man in a silk robe mounted the stage, pulling two leashed bunnies behind him. Both were wearing traditional bunny suits, and both had matching sleek black ponytails.

“Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the stage for a double-blowjob demonstration... Master Tom and his Cumbunnies, Lola and Lacey!” announced the MC.

The two bunnies immediately knelt and, with downcast eyes, parted their master’s robe, revealing an unimpressively small cock that seemed to be only at half-mast.

“Ha! Pathetic,” said Gene gleefully as the two bunnies began eagerly lapping at the disappointing cock.

CoachS chortled in agreement. “Yeah, I don’t know why the tiny-dicked guys think that stage shows are a good idea. Too many masters think they’re hot shit just cuz their bunnies worship them. Gives them an inflated level of self-esteem.”

“That sort of over-confidence is an epidemic,” said Hare with a sneering smile, looking right into CoachS’s eyes.

Good lord, the little shitstain really is an idiot, thought Eliza to herself, digging her nails into her palm. If he really wanted to steal Bitsy from CoachS, the smart way to do it was to be stealthy. But Hare was so mindlessly obsessed with being an alpha male that he was going to blow this for everyone.

Eliza was rarely thankful for anything Gene did, but she could have kissed him for once again rapidly changing the subject.

“That’s why I’m going to get up there later and show them what a real man can do,” said Gene boastfully, tugging at his crotch in a crude display. “And trust me, boys, it won’t be an embarrassing display like this.” He gestured toward the stage, where the old masked man was in a flop sweat, cursing at his two bunnies while they busily sucked. He seemed like he was getting even softer. Performance anxiety, no doubt.

“You’re a braver man than me,” said CoachS with a chuckle. “I think I might hit the panel in one of the side rooms about making a profit with your Cumbunny. Three mouths are a lot to feed on a teacher’s salary.”

Hare leaned forward with a sharp look in his eyes. “Nah, those panels are a waste of time. They give the most obvious possible advice. I’ll save you the trip: set up a Simpspace account for your Cumbunny or get her into porn. I have something a lot more interesting we could do.” His eyes flicked to Bitsy, and an eager grin spread across his face.

“Bunny swapping.”

Kim wasn’t able to hold back from rolling her eyes, and Eliza was forced to kick her ankle to get her to behave. But she shared Kim’s frustration. Hare’s lust and predatory intent were so obvious that even CoachS could read it instantly.

Gene instantly jumped in once again, playing peacemaker. “Ahhh, that does sound like fun, doesn’t it? But I’m having fun right just drinking right now. Maybe later.”

Eliza thought quickly as a sour, dissatisfied look crossed Hare’s face. She had no confidence the little weasel would be able to pull this off by himself, and as long as Gene was hanging around, he wouldn’t give Hare any opportunity to dose Bitsy.

But what if I could temporarily take Gene out of the picture? Eliza decided to seize the opportunity.

“But swapping does sound like fun, master,” said Eliza mildly, gently touching Gene’s shoulder while giving CoachS big, puppy dog eyes. “Maybe we could give it a shot?”

Gene looked up at her with narrowed eyes, then his face broke into a broad grin. “Ha! You’ll have to forgive Lizzie, boys,” he said in a cruel, mocking tone. “She’s in heat right now. I haven’t let her get off all week. She’s been a bad girl.”

CoachS stared at Eliza with a raised eyebrow, a bulge beginning to form in his khakis. “Is that so...?” He mused in a growling voice. “Well... a bunny in heat does seem like a terrible thing to waste. How would you feel about a quick little swap, buddy?”

Gene looked like he had been caught flatfooted. He looked back and forth between CoachS and Hare, indecisive.

Then, to Eliza's surprise, Bitsy spoke up. "Oh yes, Master," she gushed. "It sounds like a lot of fun? Can we do it? Please?"

Eliza glared at her silently, trying to communicate that she was messing this up. Her entire plan had been to draw Mitsy, Gene, and CoachS away so that Hare would have his chance to make his move. Bitsy pairing off with Gene was useless.

But she should have given Bitsy more credit. A second later, her game became apparent as Mitsy jumped in, a competitive gleam in her eyes. "Master, as the older and more experienced bunny, I should be the one to swap," she insisted, draping her arms around CoachS's neck and giving Gene a smoky come-hither gaze.

CoachS laughed and absent-mindedly reached up to grope his bunny's hanging tits. "Well, you heard the lady. I guess our bunnies are horny for a little change of pace. What do you say? I've been training Mitsy in tit-jobs lately."

"I've been getting reeaaly good," purred Mitsy, pressing her softly hanging tits together lasciviously.

Gene looked reluctant for a moment, but then Eliza saw the switch flip in his brain. Gene was a hedonistic asshole who always looked out for number one. Clearly, he had some sort of investment in preventing Hare from breaking whatever passed for a code of conduct between Cumbunny Masters, but it was asking too much of him to deny himself pleasure in order to sit and babysit Hare.

"Fuck it!" he said with an eager grin. "I came here to have fun, let's have some fucking fun. Let's go to one of the private rooms and do this."

As they got up from the couch, Gene gave one last conflicted look back to where Hare sat on the couch, with Bitsy, Kim, and Cumslut standing at attention nearby.

"Kimmy, entertain my friends while I'm gone," he said gruffly. Probably his attempt at distracting Hare enough to prevent his plan.

"Yeah," said CoachS, giving Hare a suspicious side-long glance. "Don't let anyone touch you until I get back, Bitsy."

Eliza felt a surge of triumph as they made their way through the crowd toward the rooms set aside for sex. Neither of the two men's flimsy tactics would be enough.

Kim was on her side, and Hare didn't need to touch Bitsy to do what he planned.

...

David was boiling with anxiety and frustration by the time he pulled back into the office.

He knew his plan to find Eliza on the side of the road by driving slowly back to the office was a long shot. But still, the fact that he sat here in the dark, empty parking lot meant that he was out of leads entirely.

He slumped down over the wheel of his car, feeling hollow and defeated. Maybe it was time to call the cops. Who knew? Maybe Eliza had been abducted or something.

But just as he reached for his phone, it buzzed and the screen lit up.

David scrambled to pick it up with a shock of adrenaline. Was Eliza finally texting him? But instead, he was met with a message from an unknown number that made him frown in confusion.

[Hey Buddy. I imagine this is a pretty frustrating night for you, huh?]

...

The last few days had been... confusing for Kim.

Mentally, she still knew that Gene was her enem. And she accepted that, even if Eliza's plans were vague and risky, she was probably on the right track with how she was choosing to resist Daddy.

No, not Daddy... Gene. Fuck! It was getting harder and harder to keep her thoughts straight.

Resistance must be a lot easier for Eliza. Eliza could go home to David and have some sort of mental break from Gene. She probably took that for granted... Kim didn't get any breaks. She was either at work, seeing, smelling, and handling cum all day, at home, restlessly imagining her Daddy's big thick cock, or over at Gene's place getting fucked senseless and filled with his addictive cum.

Her sexual encounters with Gene had accelerated too, ever since he had forbidden Eliza from orgasming. For the past few nights, Kim had spent all of her time between the end of her shift and when she went to bed attending to her Daddy's every sexual need.

Her Daddy had become the center of Kim's world in a way he just hadn't for Eliza, and it was becoming hard to resist him, especially now that she was his number one bunny. Being promoted to Eliza's superior was a powerful rush, and even though Kim recognized that it was a good idea to support her sister-in-law's efforts to escape, she couldn't resist exercising her intoxicating new power whenever she got the chance.

The whole situation was confusing. Hopefully, whatever scheme Eliza was working on would bear fruit soon and release Kim from this strange blend of torture and temptation.

Right now, she had been left alone with Bitsy, Hare, and his Cumbunny named Cumslut. Kim wasn't sure what to make of the serene but utterly degraded woman. She had at least ten years on Kim, but she didn't show any signs of rebellion or even embarrassment. She stood naked by her Master's side in a casual pose, as unconcerned as she would have been wearing an evening gown.

How can she just be... ok with it? She was a beautiful, mature woman enslaved to an awful little shit a decade her junior, but she seemed completely happy and unconcerned.

Cumslut caught her looking and smirked, giving her a sultry wink. Kim looked away with a blush. *Well, some people are just born sluts I suppose,* she thought dismissively.

"Left all alone without her Master!" said Hare, clicking his tongue and patting the seat beside him as he stared at Bitsy, completely ignoring the fact that Kim was in the same situation. "Come... sit with me. Have a drink while we wait for them to finish having fun."

Kim felt a sense of warm certainty. Now that Gene and CoachS were safely out of the way, even an idiot pipsqueak like this blonde kid couldn't screw things up, especially since Bitsy was willing to go along with it.

But before Bitsy could take her seat and accept the clumsily offered dose that Hare was sure to slip her, Cumslut plopped down into her master's lap. "Speaking of having fun, master," she purred, wriggling her soft, naked ass down into his lap as she nuzzled gently at the crook of his neck, "All of these gorgeous bunnies have your poor little Cumslut all hot and wet and horny. Maybe we can go somewhere private, too?"

No, you stupid little fuck! Tell her to fuck off and do what you came here to do! Kim seethed internally, willing Hare to focus on Bitsy. But it appeared that the young man was easily distracted by his Cumbunny's charms. With a crooked grin, he slid a hand down her soft belly, through the dense but short-cropped patch of pubic hair, and toward her blushing pussy. Cumslut wiggled and giggled in appreciation, spreading her legs for him, and Bitsy hovered, not sure if it would blow her cover to say something.

Kim steeled herself and took matters into her own hands. They had come too far to trip at the last hurdle. Lizzie had even decided to fuck that gross old fat dude for this... well, a different gross old fat dude than the one she usually fucked. Kim couldn't just let her sacrifice be in vain.

"Maybe I could keep your bunny company, sir," said Kim meekly, giving Hareofthedog her best flirty smile. "I'm a little hot and bothered myself, and my master always loves it when I get more practice with other girls."

Hare paused, looking annoyed for a moment that a Cumbunny had actually spoken up and interrupted what he was doing. Then his annoyance blossomed into sly pleasure as his dull little brain realized the opportunity that had apparently fallen into his lap.

“Yeah... yeah, that sounds great. Kimmy, right? You and Cumslut go get to know each other a little better,” he said with a condescending tone that set Kim’s teeth on edge. But his insulting attitude no longer mattered. He pushed his naked bunny off his lap with a shoing motion and beckoned Bitsy closer.

Bitsy didn’t acknowledge the assist at all, but Kim could read the tension in the slim young woman’s body. This was on now... Bitsy was about to get her second dose of Mjolkhare oil, and none of them had any idea what the effect would be.

Cumslut, however, had gone cold as ice, her regal eyes glinting behind her mask as she grabbed Kim by the wrist a little tighter than was probably necessary and led her away through the bustling, sweaty, half-naked crowd. “Come on, Kimmy,” she said in a voice of brittle politeness. “You wanted to fuck? Let’s fuck. And while we do, I think we should have a little chat.”

There were private rooms set aside for rendezvous away from prying eyes, but Cumslut didn’t bother with them. She found a shady alcove and shoved Kim against the wall, planting a hand next to her head and getting up in the shorter, curvier woman’s face. Kim let out a humiliating yelp of alarm at the sudden aggressive movement, her heart thumping hard in her chest at the intensity of Cumslut’s glare. Before, the woman had just given off a zoned-out Stepford Wives style tranquility, but now she stared into Kim’s soul with a blazing intensity that awakened strange anxiety and lust in Kim’s lower belly.

“What game are you and Lizzie playing?” asked Cumslut in a low, forceful voice.

“I...I have no idea what you mean,” said Kim defensively, feeling her pussy warming up between her thighs from the sudden intense proximity of the attractive naked redhead.

Cumslut snorted lightly, arching one perfect, scarlet eyebrow. “Oh really... You think I’m a mindless bimbo, don’t you? I know that my master is after little Bitsy. He’s been talking about it for months. The only question is... how do you two know that? I’m not one of those knuckledragging men who can be distracted by a giggle and an offer of pussy, *Kimmy*.” Her hand strayed down to lightly trace up Kim’s inner thigh as she chuckled, low and rich in the back of her throat. “Although... I’ll certainly take it when offered.”

Before Kim even had a chance to react, her fingers were tenderly probing upward, sliding between her lips and feeling the wet, pulsing heat between her thighs. Kim couldn’t help it: a little whimper escaped her throat from the sudden, intense sensation, her legs spreading instinctively to welcome Cumslut’s touch.

“Oh, sweetie,” said Cumslut in a condescending croon as her slim, feminine fingers probed deeper and her perfect body pressed up against Kim’s, soft and hot. “I thought you said you were a top bunny? All I see here is a submissive slut...” Her head dropped to the crook of Kim’s neck, her plump lips planting hot, wet kisses there, her tongue flicking out to trace ticklish trails on Kim’s tender skin.

“A-at least I haven’t given in completely,” said Kim, a trembling moan creeping into her voice. Cumslut’s fingers were probing deep and hard now, drawing humiliatingly sloppy sounds from between her spread thighs. “Not like you!”

Cumslut laughed again, raising her head to give Kim a lingering kiss on the lips that she couldn’t help but return... Cumslut’s lips were so full and soft, and her tongue twisted and writhed hot and wet against Kim’s.

When she pulled away, her eyes were filled with smoky heat. “Given in? I guess that’s true, from a certain way of looking at things.” Her fingers withdrew slightly, but only to focus intensely on Kim’s clit, circling it with her wicked finger, filling Kim’s belly with hot, crackling arousal. “But if you think that I simply succumbed to brainwashing, then I’m afraid you’re mistaken. I just decided that the life of a Cumbunny wasn’t as awful as I initially thought, and decided to work with my fate rather than against it.”

Kim managed a shaky laugh, even as her body burned and throbbed with wild, uncontrolled lust. “Not so awful? You’re not exactly making your case about not being a cock-obsessed zombie. Who wants to be a useless fucking slut for a man like your master... or mine?”

Suddenly Cumslut’s soft lips were directly on Kim’s ear, her voice sweet and soft as her fingers swirled and rubbed relentlessly on Kim’s dripping pussy. “Kimmy... don’t tell me you haven’t felt it. The joy of submission. The powerful rush of pleasing your master. Be honest with me. Be honest with yourself. Did anything you ever experienced before the oil compare?”

Kim’s pussy clenched and fluttered, a fresh trail of slick, hot lubrication welling up beneath Cumslut’s rubbing fingers. Her thighs and her voice trembled as she protested, “No... I’m not like that. I’m my own f-fucking woman. With my own thoughts and desires.”

“And where have those independent thoughts ever got you?” asked Cumslut in her poisonous, honey-sweet voice. Her hot, wet tongue poked out to trace the delicate shell of Kim’s ear. Kim’s hair stood on end, the tremor that ran through her throbbing body blending with the powerful sensations radiating from between her thighs. “I used to feel the same way. But really think about it. If living under your master’s will is easier... and less stressful... and more satisfying... Then what are you really giving up by becoming his brainless little fuck toy? Sure, it’s humiliating, but I think we both know that a little humiliation can make things even sweeter...”

Kim shook her head, trying to deny Cumslut's twisted, arousing logic, but the only thing that came out of her mouth were low, whining moans. Her back arched and her hips thrust forward into Cumslut's rubbing fingers as a powerful orgasm ripped through her.

And, even though she had succeeded in getting Cumslut out of the way, Kim wasn't thinking about the mission at all in the moment where the powerful tide of sexual pleasure washed over her...

She was thinking about how good it might feel to surrender completely and let Gene be her Daddy forever.

...

CoachS wheezing and pumping away above her with his cock plunging into her mouth actually clarified some things for Eliza.

Sucking off the repulsive older man was hot in an abstract way. Being humiliated turned Eliza on now, and allowing the gross older man's thick, short penis between her lips was certainly embarrassing. Her body still crackled with sexual energy from her pent-up need for orgasm, which made CoachS's short, frantic thrusts at least somewhat erotic.

But there was something missing. With Gene, his repulsiveness made her heart beat faster, her body flushing with desire for his brutish, squat body. But CoachS's equally disgusting body was just that: disgusting. She would have greatly preferred a handsome man like her husband looming above her with his cock in her mouth, like she would be getting later tonight.

It was a relief in a sense. It confirmed that Eliza wasn't just some sort of fetishist who now preferred ugly old men. But on the other hand, it was disquieting. Gene really did have a supernatural hold on her. His body, his gloating eyes, his powerful, manly cock. It wasn't her husband that Eliza really longed for as she submitted to CoachS's sweaty rutting, it was her master.

After what seemed like an eternity, CoachS grunted, withdrawing his slick cock and pumping it rapidly in his hand, spilling ropes of thick, gluey semen onto Eliza's face. The semen did nothing for her, just like Carl, her boss's semen failed to impress when she had to give him one of his regular blow jobs. It was just mildly unpleasant hot slime splashing over her face, nothing like the powerful, enrapturing substance that her master gifted her during sex.

CoachS panted above her, and the hungry, horny desperation drained out of him, making him look hollow and a little lost. Eliza felt nothing but contempt for him, although she was careful to keep it off her face. Were these really the sort of men that deserved the massive power that had been granted to them? Not for the first time, she wondered about the identity of whoever the mysterious supplier of the oil was. Why did they hand out the oil exclusively to ugly, awful men like CoachS?

“Good job,” grunted CoachS halfheartedly, already tucking his cock back into his pants and turning toward the door of the room. Eliza plucked a wet wipe from a conveniently placed dispenser and cleaned the useless slime off her face. The brief sexual encounter with CoachS may have been enlightening, but it had only intensified her sexual frustration. Eliza’s body aches for true satisfaction, desperate for the orgasm it had been denied all week.

There was only one person who could give her that, and it wasn’t her husband, who was probably sitting at home frantic with worry. Only Gene could give her the release she craved with every fiber of her being. Eliza worried that, unless Gene let her cum before the end of the night, having sex with her husband would be even more frustrating than her humiliating blowjob with CoachS.

As she exited the private room into the bustling hallway, Eliza saw Gene leaving from another nearby door, tucking his shirt into his pants.

“How did it go?” he asked with a roguish grin, his gold tooth glinting in the dim light.

“Nothing compared to you, master,” said Eliza truthfully.

Gene barked a mean laugh. “Ha! You can say that again. I think I blew his little blonde bimbo’s mind without any oil necessary. He’s in there right now, ‘reclaiming’ her or some shit.” He pulled Eliza close to him, his eyes fierce and possessive. “I don’t need to do any fucking reclaiming with you, bunny. Because no man could ever take you from me, even for a second. Right?”

His tone was so intense and his eyes so filled with stark, fiery lust that Eliza felt an answering pulse of desire rise from deep inside her. She melted into her master’s arms. “Of course, master. I’m all yours.” The words were sincere... straight from the growing Cumbunny inside her. She wanted nothing more in that moment than her master’s twisted ownership and the physical pleasure that went with it.

“I know you are,” said Gene with a nasty smile, gripping her butt tight to pull her forward and grind her bare pussy against his bulge. “And tonight I’m finally going to get that through your thick skull. Come on. Let’s get back to your sister.”

Gene took Eliza by the hand and began pushing his way through the pulsating crowd on the floor of the club. Eliza was jostled and touched on every side, sometimes by slimy-looking men in fox masks, sometimes by gorgeous women in bunny masks. The body heat and the quiet roar of the crowd, sometimes punctuated by sharp cries of pleasure, filled her senses and made her arousal writhe and swell inside her like a living thing. She needed to get fucked. She had grown accustomed to that raw, desperate hunger over the past few months, but it had never felt stronger than it did right now in this sweltering crowd.

She saw Bitsy and Hare sitting together on the leather couch. Hare was pushing a drink into Bitsy's hand. Everything was coming to a head. At their current pace, Gene might still be able to stop Bitsy from drinking. Eliza's arousal and desperation fused together into desperate action.

She pulled Gen back, whirling him around to face her and seizing both sides of his head to pull her into a kiss. His body was stiff with shock for a moment. In their twisted relationship, he was almost always the pursuer. It was unusual for her to force a kiss on him.

Eliza pulled away with a rough gasp. "I need you. I need your cock, master. Right fucking now." Her voice was rough and husky with lust, and there was no need for acting in this heated moment. She really did need him. Gene stared up at her in blank surprise for a moment. Then... strangely, he got out his phone and checked something that Eliza couldn't see. Her eyes flicked over her master's shoulder to see Bitsy throwing back the drink Hare had given her. Mission accomplished. Whatever else happened tonight didn't matter.

Gene slipped his phone back into his pocket with his usual smug grin. "You know what? You're right, Lizzie. It's time that I gave you what you deserve. I've been winding you up all week, and I'm going to give you the best fucking orgasm of your life." He turned to point at the spotlight stage at the center of the room. "But we're going to do it up there. I want everyone to see exactly who you are. My little submissive Cumbunny slut."

Eliza gulped, looking at the public stage in the middle of the crowd. It would be by far the most humiliatingly public display of submission that Gene had ever put her through... and the thought made her drooling pussy throb with desire.

"We're also going to need Kimmy," said Gene with a frown. "Where did that silly bitch get off to?"

...

David sat in the parking lot of the strange, dirty building in a bad part of town, chewing his lip, his mind racing.

Something was wrong. Very, very wrong. Every instinct inside him screamed that he should just throw his car into reverse and head home.

But how could he do that when Eliza might be in trouble? He stared down at the text conversation on his phone again, searching it for clues for what felt like the thousandth time.

[Hey Buddy. I imagine this is a pretty frustrating night for you, huh?]

[Who is this?]

[Someone who wants to help. Look, your wife told me to lure you in with some bullshit excuse, but I figure you are probably stressed enough. She's throwing a surprise anniversary party for you. That's why you haven't seen her all afternoon.]

[Why should I believe some random number? Eliza wouldn't do that to me. And who the fuck throws a surprise anniversary party?]

[Shit, I don't know, man. It was your wife's idea, not mine. Believe me or don't, but this is where your wife is...]

The number had sent the address of this building and then refused to respond to any further texts.

It didn't make any fucking sense. They had already planned to go out for dinner, so why would Eliza plan a surprise party for him? Like he had said, no one had fucking surprise anniversary parties anyway. And if they did, they didn't depend on strange anonymous texts to lure in their husband.

But was it really a more far-fetched explanation than his loving wife voluntarily disappearing on him? This was the only lead he had. What did he have to lose?

He turned the car off, stepped out, and approached the door of the strange, nondescript building.

...

Eliza could barely register the sound as the MC announced them. It was all just one big, incomprehensible noise competing with the blood pounding in her ears.

But the crowd heard. They turned their attention to the stage in unison, ugly men and beautiful bunnies, faces shadowy and indistinct in the glare of the spotlight shining down on Eliza.

Eliza could feel their eyes on her breasts. Her hips, the hint of her bare pussy peeking out from between her closed thighs. The air seemed thick and hot with the collective disrespectful lust of the crowd. Murmurs of interest and laughter seemed to ripple across the room as the hungry eyes bored into her, brimming with interest for the sexual degradation they were about to see.

Eliza felt swollen with overwhelming, humiliated arousal. Filthy heat swirled through her, molten and corrosive, making her nipples ache with painful stiffness in the heat of the spotlight. Her pussy dripped with reluctant desire, giving her inner thighs a tell-tale shine. Exhibitionism was just one of the embarrassing new fetishes Gene had introduced her to, but it had never taken an extreme form like this. Gene had forced her to dress slutty in front of the office, sneak through his apartment building practically naked, and even teased her with the possibility of being caught having sex at work. But this was a whole new level of humiliation. He was going to fuck

her in front of all these people. Brutally stake his claim on her body for the amusement of the horny crowd of deviants and Cumbunnies.

Eliza had to bite her lip not to moan at the sheer perversity of it all.

A chair had been set up in the center of the stage, straight-backed and leather-padded. Gene stepped forward, waving happily at the crowd with a big, shark-like grin on his face. He had none of the stage fright of the man who had given the demonstration earlier. A thick bulge was already clearly visible pressing hard against his dress pants, despite ejaculating just minutes ago. Just another example of her master's frightening sexual stamina.

Gene sat back on the chair, lounging like it was a throne, and reached down with a smug look to undo his pants, releasing his cock to spring free, hard and red and pulsing in the bright lights of the stage. A murmur of interest and envy rushed through the crowd. It seemed like you had to be old or ugly or creepy to get a sample of the oil, but a big cock wasn't a requirement. Even in this room of sexual dominators, Gene's long, powerful cock put him above the rest.

Gene turned to Eliza, his eyes flashing with savage joy, and patted his lap, his cock wobbling obscenely with the motion.

From the beginning of Gene's cruel control, Eliza had always considered him her enemy. She had resisted however she could behind the scenes. She might pretend to be enthusiastic about her master's sexual dominance, but a secret part of herself hated it.

But when Eliza stepped toward her master tonight, her belly twisting with powerful, humiliating lust, she was forced to recognize a hard truth. She wanted this. She was willingly submitting to the public degradation her master promised. There was nothing stopping her from turning and running right now. Sure, she could lie to herself and say that she was doing it so Gene would keep his promise to let her fuck David. Or she could say she didn't have a choice and she needed to appease the man who controlled her access to addictive cum.

But she could feel the shameful truth in her heart as her tall heels clicked across the stage, eyes locked on her master's cock: She wanted this. She wanted her master to claim her in front of everyone. She wanted to cum on his powerful cock and show the whole room who she belonged to.

Everything else was unimportant.

Despite her consuming desire, Eliza trembled like a leaf as she approached her master. Before she had become involved with Gene, she had been very traditional about sex. She had thought was a pure, loving thing between husband and wife, done in the secrecy of the bedroom. But now she was going to put on a filthy show for this horny, mocking crowd. Her body, her moans, her utter submission.

When Eliza came within reach, Gene grabbed her, not hard enough to hurt, but firmly enough to make it clear that he was in charge. He spun her around to face the eagerly watching crowd, then gripped her waist, hoisting her up to sit in his lap.

The hot, hard length of Gene's cock pressed up against the bare skin of Eliza's ass, sending tingling bolts of erotic sensation radiating through her body. Eliza's deep, gasping breaths heaved her chest, making her naked tits bounce lightly with every hot, heavy exhale. She could feel the slimy gazes of the men in the crowd on her tits, and it made her nipples crinkle and stiffen more than she thought was possible, turned on by their humiliating display.

But Gene wasn't finished showing her off yet. His rough hands slipped down between her thighs. Eliza had known this was coming, but she still whimpered and blushed in embarrassment, turning her head and squeezing her eyes shut as Gene slowly parted her slim, creamy thighs, exposing her pussy to the crowd.

It was a thing of beauty, even after months of heavy use by her Master's powerful cock. Delicate blushing lips parted lightly with her arousal, displaying her inner pinkness. It glistened all over with slick, hot lubrication, prepared for her Master's cock by a week of denial and an evening of teasing.

Gene relished the oohs and ahhs of appreciation from the crowd for a moment, proudly displaying the pussy he had won by right of conquest. He reached down and touched her performatively, spreading her lips for the crowd, thrusting two fingers inside to show how eagerly her pink lips clung to her master's intrusion, eager for his touch. When he grew bored with finger her, Gene lifted Eliza slightly, making her rear up on trembling thighs as he stroked his thick shaft with a few quick pumps, lubing himself with the juices of her arousal.

Finally, he gripped his cock and positioned himself to enter his Cumbunny. But not where Eliza expected.

Instead of nuzzling his bulbous cock head between her glistening lower lips, Eliza felt Gene slip it between her ass cheeks. She sucked in a surprised gasp as its hot skin pressed firmly against her tight, puckered hole, preparing to slide inside.

"M-master, wait," she gasped. But Gene was already easing her downward, his hands on her hips. The hot cock head pressed against her. Tighter. Tighter. Until her tight entrance gave way. The throbbing length of his shaft slid inside her, impaling her with his hot, powerful thickness.

Eliza let out a shuddering moan as Gene filled her completely, pressing his fat balls against her cheeks as his full length stretched her open, claiming the place where her husband had never been allowed to go, this time publicly.

Eliza could hear the crowd murmur in approval. The lights were too bright for her to see details, but she could see shapes writhing together in the darkness, lust between Cumbunnies and their

masters inspired by her slutty display. Her whole body pulsed with obscene heat, her heart beating in time with her master's. Gene's cock throbbed deep inside her ass. Her pussy dripped enthusiastic juices as her thighs remained spread wide, gleaming brightly in the hot spotlight.

"Hop for me, Bunny," hissed Gene in her ear, his rough hands holding her tight around the waist. "Show everyone who you belong to."

With an eagerness that frightened her, Eliza obeyed, lifting her hips up and then pressing her thick ass cheeks down into Gene's lap, relishing the feeling as his cock satisfyingly stretched her tender asshole. Again, she lifted and dropped, whimpering lightly at the intensity of the sensation. She could feel the crowd's intense interest as she picked up speed, fucking herself on Gene's thick, throbbing pole with slutty eagerness, her displayed pussy leaking from her pathetic, submissive arousal. Her desperate bouncing on her master's cock grew faster and faster. The moans from her throat grew sluttier and louder.

The crowd was cheering now. Laughing. But the audience to Eliza's degradation no longer held her back. Her humiliation only turned her on, spurring her to go faster. Her ass slapped down loudly on Gene's lap, blending with her moans of anal pleasure into a symphony of slutty delight.

"Please," whimpered Eliza to her master, "Please let me cum!" She had done everything he asked. She was fucking herself on his cock in front of a crowded club, publicly worshipping his superiority for all to see. Surely she deserved her release now.

"Not yet," said Gene in a gloating voice, close and hot in her ear. "We haven't even gotten to the best part!"

This time, Eliza did hear the announcement the MC made.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome to the stage... Kimmy!"

Eliza's eyes widened as she saw her sister-in-law mount the stage steps. Something immediately felt off about her. The usual fierce gleam in Kim's eyes had been replaced by dull, fiery lust. Eliza recognized the hunger for power and domination that she had seen in Kim ever since Gene had promoted her to top bunny, but now it seemed to radiate out from her, the flame of dominant desire had flared into a powerful inferno.

And the impression was only increased by what the petite blonde was wearing. A buckled leather harness strapped to Kim's waist held a thick black dildo, wagging proudly as she strode across the stage. Her eyes fixed on Eliza's juicy, exposed pussy with hungry intensity.

"Ohhhhh, Oh nooo," moaned Eliza, unable to stop bouncing on her master's cock as she saw her newest humiliation approaching.

“Oh yes,” chuckled Gene in her ear. “Kim’s been doing such a good job as top bunny, I thought it was time to promote her permanently. We’re going to honor the occasion by having our new bottom bitch submit to us both on stage.”

Kim now loomed above Eliza, who sat panting on Gene’s lap, his thick cock buried to the hilt in her tight asshole. A superior smirk that was eerily similar to Gene’s crossed the cute blonde’s face. “Sorry, *Sis*,” she murmured, dragging the rubber cock up and down Eliza’s juicy slit, making her whimper from the teasing contact with her clit, “But I think we both know that I’m the one who belongs at Daddy’s side. I’m the dominant one between us after all. So just lie back and enjoy it as we show everyone how submissive you really are.”

The dildo slipped downward, pressed against Eliza’s wet, quivering hole, and slipped inside.

As Kim thrust her wide hips forward, sheathing the strap-on to the hilt, the sensation of fullness was overwhelming. Eliza’s ass was stuffed full of her master’s powerful cock and her pussy was now stretched wide by her sister-in-law’s strapon. She was being double penetrated. Both of her holes packed full. Used like a dirty slut in front of a cheering, enthusiastic crowd. She writhed and whimpered with the exquisite agony of overwhelming arousal, her thighs shaking and her toes curling as she looped her arms over Kim’s shoulders for balance. She was certain that if Gene hadn’t forbidden it, she would have cum from Kim inserting the dildo. Instead, she rode on the fiery edge, her body coursing with erotic sensation, but unable to find release.

The three breathed beneath the spotlight for a moment. Eliza humiliated and blissfully full from both ends. Kim triumphant, relishing the scraps of dominance her Daddy had allowed her. Gene demonstrating his complete success in training his two sexy Cumbunnies.

Without warning, Gene reached up and snatched Eliza’s mask off, revealing her face to the crowd, drawing a roar of approval. Eliza blushed... but it was like Kim had said earlier. The masks were flimsy in the first place, and no one here knew her anyway.

Kim began moving, pumping in and out of Eliza’s tight pussy with powerful thrusts of her hips. A moment later, Gene caught the rhythm, pulsing upward into Eliza in alternating thrusts. Just when Kim’s thick rubber cock withdrew, Gene’s hot flesh and blood dick would slam upwards into her ass. Eliza felt utterly helpless and dominated. Before, when it was just her and Gene, she was at least somewhat in control, impaling her ass on his dick, but now that she was being taken from both ends, she couldn’t even move.

She was being used as a sex toy. And she was loving every second of it.

All of Eliza’s senses blended together. The slap of flesh, the creak of leather, the wet sounds of her horny pussy as Kim’s dildo hammered into it, and the dull roar of the crowd. The bright lights, the dark shapes moving in the audience, Kim’s lovely face staring down into her eyes with an expression of smug superiority. The smell of sweat and arousal.

And the feelings. Kim's thick rubber cock plowing into her. Gene's broad hairy bulk beneath her, his bristly lips sucking and kissing at her neck. And, better than anything else, her master's throbbing dick lodged deep in her asshole. The sensation of being dominated in both holes made the fires of Eliza's arousal burn white-hot, threatening to consume her and burn her to ash. "Please! Please let me cum, master!" she begged in a trembling whisper as Kim grunted above her, rolling her hips forward to fill her pussy again and again.

"Didn't I tell you?" said Gene in her ear, his voice rough from the exertion of the fucking. "You aren't allowed to cum until we get to the best part."

He raised his voice suddenly, speaking to Kim. "Back up, Kimmy. Your part is over. Time for the grand finale."

Eliza was reeling. She had no idea what the fuck Gene was talking about. Kim obeyed without question, pulling her thick strapon out of Eliza and leaving her pussy drooling with arousal and lightly gaping.

Eliza panted, her pussy once again exposed to the crowd, confused and right on the ragged edge of orgasm.

What the fuck is going on?

Suddenly, the spotlight on Eliza dimmed slightly, giving her a clearer view of the crowd. Another spotlight clicked on, searching through the crowd until it focused on a figure near the door. A man who wasn't wearing a mask, much more good-looking and younger than the Cumbunny masters.

Eliza's arousal-addled brain couldn't put the pieces together for a second. It wouldn't allow her to think about that man and her current situation in the same thought. Her legs were spread wide to present her throbbing, dripping cunt to the crowd, her ass was stuffed full of her master's cock, and the handsome man standing there with a pale, shocked expression didn't fit.

The crowd was utterly silent, looking back and forth between the obscene couple on the stage and the new arrival with cruel anticipation. Their silence was what allowed Eliza to hear her husband say loud and clear, in a heartbroken voice...

"Eliza?"

That broke the spell. A paralyzing wave of shock and shame and devastation crashed over her. She instinctively tried to snap her thighs shut, futilely attempting to lessen the damage of her obvious public betrayal, but Gene wouldn't allow it, his firm hands forcing her thighs to remain open and reveal her shame.

Gen began moving again, his cock sliding in and out of her asshole as David watched, dumbstruck across the room. Eliza hissed, "Fuck! What the fuck do you think that you're...?" Her voice cut off in a strangled moan as Gene's cock thrust harder and his hand slipped down to rub her sensitive pussy. Eliza tried to fight down the powerful wave of arousal, but after a week of no orgasms, the dominant feeling of her master's hand and cock was able to override her panic and shame with pleasure.

"What's the matter, Lizzie?" asked Gene in her ear, his voice low and savage. "I told you that I would let you fuck your hubby tonight... It'll be a chance for you to make a real side-by-side comparison before you finally ditch him for a real man."

He spread her pussy open with his fingers, revealing her glistening inner walls to David's shocked, horrified eyes. "Come on up here, buddy!" He yelled to David in the crowd. "My anniversary gift to you! One final chance to fuck your cheating whore of a wife... as long as you don't mind doing it while I'm balls deep in her ass!"

Obviously, Gene's twisted offer was only a cruel taunt. A loophole he had used to engineer this final, humiliating victory over the couple he hated. Eliza saw her husband's face twist in anger and disgust. His hands balled into fists, and he took a step toward the stage... only for a bouncer to push him roughly back, making him fall to the ground. The crowd roared with laughter at the sight.

"Look at how fucking weak he is," growled Gene in her ear, his cock pistoning upward into her ass with greater and greater speed, making molten pleasure flood her veins. 'I'm fucking his wife's ass in front of everyone, and he can't do shit. He always was a weak fucking cuck on the inside, Lizzie. You were always destined to be stolen by a stronger man like me.'

Eliza shook her head, trying to deny it. But the truth was... David did look weak right now. He was stuck in the crowd, watching, while his well-hung enemy fucked his wife. The seeds that Gene had planted in her mind bore twisted fruit. Her weak, pathetic beta of a husband being so publicly defeated was only driving her closer to orgasm. Her hips began moving on their own, grinding downward against her master's cock, her buttohole clenching greedily around him as moans built up once again in the back of her throat.

David, his face etched with impotent fury and despair, turned to leave. But the crowd was an impenetrable wall to him now. They didn't want him to leave yet. Not before he saw the climax of the twisted show.

And that climax was coming. Eliza couldn't hold herself back. She bounced wildly on her master's cock. Faster and faster, her naked tits bouncing and her bare pussy thrusting up and out every time her master's cock pushed upward into her.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. He's here. He knows. My life is fucking ruined. Goddddd I'm getting fucked right in front of him. Master is claiming me from my husband. Making me his. Stealing me with his powerful cock...

Eliza's sorrow and anger, and shame were slipping away, unable to stand up against the orgasm rushing toward her with the force of an unstoppable tsunami. In the face of that obliterating pleasure, nothing mattered.

Not even David.

"Cum for me, Lizzie," Gene hissed in her ear, and that permission was all it took to set her off. Eliza's back arched as she let out a powerful moan. Her pussy clenched hard around nothing, dripping thick lubrication onto the stage floor. Her whole body flushed and throbbed with satisfying pleasure.

And then Gene came, spurting a thick, hot load of semen upward into his Cumbunny's asshole, taking her rapturous pleasure to fresh heights. Eliza whimpered and whined, grinding her ass down into Gene's lap, milking every last drop of semen from his incredible cock. Eliza made eye contact with her husband then. She read the devastated look of betrayal and hurt in her weak cuckold husband's eyes.

And, as much as she wished she could claim otherwise, it set off a fresh wave of orgasms, rolling her eyes into the back of her head and making her thighs shake as she rode her master's cock harder, smearing his glorious semen all over the inside of her ass.

...

By the time Eliza had gotten a hold of herself again, David was gone. The crowd had apparently allowed him to escape after his final humiliation was complete. Eliza climbed off her master's lap, his thick semen leaving burning trails of pleasure down the backs of her thighs. Now that she had been satisfied by an orgasm and her master's cum, reality began to hit Eliza.

David had seen her with his worst enemy. Saw her getting publicly assfucked in a slutty bunny costume by the man who had made his life a living hell for the past few months. That wasn't something she could explain away. And no matter what Gene claimed, her husband just wasn't the kind of man who could get turned on by that kind of thing, or even forgive it.

She had to face the fact that her relationship with her husband was dead. Unless... was there some way she could convince him of the truth? It might be the only way to get him to forgive her.

She had no more time to pursue that unlikely thought. Gene rose from the chair to explosive cheering and applause from the crowd, tucking his dripping cock back into his pants as he took

a little bow. He reached out and pulled Eliza close, and for the first time in a long time, all that she felt for the horrible little man was pure, unalloyed hatred.

“I’ll give you the weekend to pack your stuff,” he said in a low, almost pleasant voice as the crowd continued to cheer around them. “But it’s time to end your little charade. You’re my full-time Cumbunny now, and you’re moving in with me.”