

Lizzie watched her master's broad, hairy chest rise and fall, her eyes hazed with dull, smoldering lust. Then her gaze flicked lower, to the sheets already tented upward by his thick, throbbing cock. Her mouth watered, and her pussy, always wet and eager for penetration these days, clenched hungrily, desperate for her master.

But she had to wait. She squirmed a little as she knelt at the side of the bed, hands flat on her thighs, wearing only a tight black collar and a tiny pink thong. Originally, Master had her completely naked at all times, but they quickly discovered that, without panties, Lizzie would drip lubrication onto the floors all day long. So the slutty little panties were a compromise.

Lizzie bit her lip, her eyes turning impatiently to the alarm clock next to the bed. It was only 9:57. Three more minutes until her master's Sunday wake-up time. He had instructed Lizzie to always wake up two hours before he did, so that she could take care of personal hygiene, do some cleaning, and make him breakfast, while still being completely sexually available to him during all his waking hours.

The apartment already looked better thanks to those two daily hours, not to mention the time she spent cleaning while he was at work. There really wasn't much else to do during the long hours while he was away. Well... besides endlessly masturbating while fantasizing about what her master would do to her when he got home.

Eliza had moved in with her master after Rabbit Season the week before. When her husband had learned the awful truth, he had apparently driven straight home, packed a bag, and left, because Eliza still hadn't seen him since. She doubted that she ever would again after what he had witnessed that evening. There isn't much of a relationship to salvage after you've see your wife getting butt-fucked on stage by your worst enemy.

Lizzie didn't stay in their old house for much longer herself. Gene had given her a few days to pack necessities, and since then she had become her master's full-time live-in slut. Lizzie remembered that, once, fighting back against her master's control had felt all-important. It was hard to connect to that feeling anymore. Eliza, that cold, boring, frumpy part of herself that hated Master for some reason, still existed in the back of her brain, but she was quiet and irrelevant, curled up into a ball of pain.

It turned out that most of Eliza's resistance had come from her love for David. Now that their relationship was completely broken, Eliza had surrendered to the inevitable. That was fine with Lizzie. Trying to fight back against Master was boring and pointless. It was much more fun to give in and be his horny little slut.

As the clock struck ten, Lizzie felt a thrill of anticipation course through her body. Finally, it was time to wake her master up. Working quickly but carefully, she peeled back the sheets from Gene's slumbering bulk, revealing his hard, hairy gut... and the sight of his thick, magnificent cock. She almost let out a moan just looking at it. Being a full-time Cumbunny was utterly different than being Gene's slut every once in a while. Now Gene's cock was the center of her

world. The focus of her every waking moment. Eliza hadn't been to work since that night at the sex club. She hadn't even been out of the apartment. Master said that she was in her training period right now. His time to break her into perfect, slutty obedience. Once she was trained, she would be allowed out to do chores like grocery shopping, but for now, the only thing she needed to think about was how to best please her master.

And that meant that Master's cock was her only source of joy... both in a sexual sense, and from the physical satisfaction of consuming his seed.

Drool dripping down to her chin and pussy already soaking through the fresh panties she put on after her shower, Lizzie carefully positioned herself between her master's stumpy legs. She had to be very gentle and precise with this part. There was only one thing that Gene wanted to wake him up, and Lizzie might be punished if she startled him out of sleep by jostling him too much.

Finally, she was ready. Closing her eyes and relishing the devoted act of worship, Eliza dipped her head, opened her mouth wide, then precisely sealed her soft, pouty lips around the bulbous head of her master's morning wood.

Her eyes dilated and her body flushed with pleasure as the taste of his cock hit her tongue, her nipples instantly leaping to full stiffness and her pussy throbbing with intense heat. She felt hot all over as she swirled her tongue greedily around Gene's bulbous head, her copious saliva dripping down his shaft. Her addiction seemed to have progressed by leaps and bounds ever since she had moved in. If she wasn't fed multiple times per day, she started feeling desperate, and even just waiting overnight turned her into a sloppy, needy slut, begging for Gene's cum.

Gene grunted and shifted in his sleep, his cock twitching against Lizzie's tongue. She sank her head lower, taking more of his thick, powerful shaft into her mouth. Her heart singing and her pussy throbbing, she sealed her lips tight around her master, wriggling her tongue over every veiny inch of his cock, welcoming him to the day like the perfectly submissive Cumbunny she was.

Gene finally opened his dull, piggy eyes, staring up at the beautiful slut sucking his cock. Lizzie's icy blue eyes stared straight into his soul, wide and pretty and empty of anything but the sincere desire to please her master.

Everything was as it should be.

Gene had finally gotten what he had always felt he deserved. A gorgeous woman to obsess over him and tend to his every sexual need. Lizzie was almost completely broken. A week was a long time when you spent almost every waking hour sucking cock or enduring intense sexual teasing from the man who dominated you.

The process was helped immensely by Gene's ability to command his cumbunny. The effects of the oil had progressed to the point that Lizzie was no longer able to disobey direct orders,

whether positive or negative. There were limitations, of course. Only specific commands had binding power, so ordering Lizzie to “do everything to make me happy” or something vague like that wouldn’t have any effect. But Gene had already taken advantage of his commanding power to change Lizzie’s wardrobe. She was no longer able to dress in conservative clothes or wear anything other than tall, slutty platform heels, even if she wanted to. He had also banned her from using electronics. He wanted every waking moment that he spent at work to be boring torture for his poor, slutty cumbunny. His cock was the only source of entertainment she needed.

Eliza was taking his cock deeper and deeper, beginning to slip its head into her throat. Gene couldn’t help but smirk. His sly, hungry little bunny was trying to surprise him into giving her a free meal. But it wouldn’t be that easy. Gene reached down and grabbed Eliza’s beautiful, silky, dark hair, pulling her up off of his cock firmly, but not painfully. Eliza was his property now, and he had no intention of damaging her.

“Is breakfast ready?” he asked smugly, knowing what the answer would be.

“Of course, master,” said Eliza meekly. “Pancakes and bacon. Your favorite.” Her eyes were still locked steadily onto his cock, and Gene felt the rush of victory he had been savoring all week. He had finally cracked Eliza. After months of slowly addicting her to his cock, he had finally breached the last desperate wall of resistance. She was his completely now. Utterly addicted. Slavishly devoted to his cock and willing to do anything and everything to please him.

And all it took was finally snatching away her last little bit of hope. Crushing her pathetic joke of a relationship with her husband had made the transformation from proud and demure wife to hopeless, depraved bimbo slut complete.

But the train of thought made Gene’s mouth twist a little. Just a tiny wrinkle of dissatisfaction in his otherwise perfect new life. It had been really fun to fuck David’s wife behind his back, but that chip had more or less been cashed in. Gene had always assumed that a weak little pussy like David would turn into a cuckold when push came to shove. David and Eliza had been so sappy about their relationship that Gene expected that David would do anything to stay with his wife, even sit in the cuck chair and jerk off while a better man fucked her. The fact that David had just dropped the relationship completely, like a man with self-respect, irked Gene a little. Maybe little Davey was just sulking now. *Yeah, that’s probably it. He’ll come crawling back in a few weeks, sniveling and crying and willing to take any position Lizzie and I are willing to grant him. Then the real fun can begin.*

In any case, Gene didn’t want to think about that little cuck right now. It would spoil his mood.

Instead, he shifted out from under his horny little Cumbunny, chuckling with amusement at the look of hungry dismay on her face. “To the kitchen, Lizzie,” he said, giving her ass a little motivational slap. “You don’t get your breakfast until I’ve had mine.”

He lumbered out of his bedroom toward the little table on the edge of the kitchen, Lizzie crawling eagerly behind him. Gene liked petplay and had been pushing it more and more the past few days. Some masters liked to keep their Cumbunnies as if they were wives or girlfriends, but Gene found this much more amusing. Taking another man's wife and turning her into his sweet, slutty little puppy was fucking hot.

Gene plopped down in the creaky wooden chair, licking his lips at the stack of pancakes in front of him. Lizzie wasn't Betty fucking Crocker, but it was miles and miles ahead of the bachelor food he had made before she moved in.

And the add-on benefits of this particular chef were better than what you could expect from any five-star restaurant.

"Under the table, Lizzie," said Gene with a crude smirk. "You can cook up your own breakfast while I finish mine. The nuts now, bunny. You need more ball-sucking practice."

Lizzie scrambled to obey, her nipples hard as diamonds and her panties already sporting a dark spot in the center of the crotch as she hurried beneath the table. Gene didn't even own a second chair for his dining table. He didn't need one; this was their normal arrangement at meal times.

Gene sighed in deep satisfaction as he scooted forward to the edge of the chair and took a big, sticky bite of Lizzie's home cooking. The sweetness of the syrup wasn't nearly as satisfying as the intense pleasure of Lizzie's humble service. An intoxicating sense of dominant power flowed through him as the once-proud woman planted soft, gentle kisses over every inch of his hairy ballsack, treating it like a precious, beloved treasure. To her, it was. It was the source of her favorite treat. The hot, sticky cream that could bring her to orgasm all by itself at this point.

He could feel her hot, labored breath on his balls as Lizzie got more and more turned on. She began running her little wet tongue over every inch of wrinkled skin, raising her hand above her head to jerk him off as she licked his heavy, swinging testicles. She was getting good. Before Gene had dosed her, Lizzie had been a bit of a prude. A real missionary-in-bed-with-the-lights-off kind of girl. Now she eagerly sucked one of her master's big balls into her mouth, running her tongue all over it before letting it loose to wrap her soft lips around the other.

Gene's hard work of training Lizzie had finally paid off. She was his devoted Cumbunny now. Eager to use all of her holes to please her master.

Gene finally burped and smacked his lips. Pancakes were always more filling than you expected. There was still a mess of syrupy scraps on his plate. Lizzie's patient, lavish tongue bath had done its work over the leisurely meal, winding Gene up to empty the heavy balls that she had been worshipping.

"Come on, bunny," said Gene with a nasty grin, scooting back from the table with his plate in hand. "Time for you to have a good meal as well." He crossed the kitchen to the dog dish he had bought special for her earlier in the week, scraping the remnants of his breakfast off his plate into the bowl and then handing it over to his Cumbunny, who was already kneeling in position, breathless with horny anticipation.

"Go on now, Lizzie," said Gene, looming above his perfect little slut, flexing his cock to make it bounce and throb menacingly. "You've earned it. Time to eat."

"Yes, Master. Thank you, master," purred Lizzie. Her eyes, once so sharp and intelligent, were filled with dull heat. A line of drool dripped from her soft, glossy lips, as she leaned forward to take Gene's cock into her mouth once again.

Gene stood with his hands on his hips, beaming down as he watched Lizzie's pathetic, slutty performance. She held the dog dish of breakfast leftovers in front of her heaving tits, going hands-free with her submissive blowjob. Her neck bobbed swiftly, taking his cock deep into her warm, wet mouth again and again... then deeper. Lizzie was well-practiced in deep-throating by this point, and before long, his thick cock was stretching her tight throat.

She was working hard, and her desperate blowjob was fueled by more than just hunger. Eliza used to fight back, only performing sex acts because of her addiction to Gene's cum. But now, she was much further gone than that. She stared upward as she forced her master's cock deeper and deeper down her throat, her eyes submissive and wide, as they met his. At this point, all Lizzie wanted was to please her master. Gene had defeated her completely and utterly.

It felt amazing to really, truly win for once in his life. This is what Gene felt he had always deserved, yet been denied. His smug sense of satisfying victory, combined with the feeling of his Cumbunny's tight, slick throat, was enough to send him over the edge.

"Alright, bunny, here it comes," he grunted. Lizzie knew the drill by now; she pulled back from his cock, red-faced and gasping, and immediately reached up to begin jerking her master's cock.

"Please master... please feed me!" she moaned desperately, her gaze smoldering with pathetic need, based half on deep arousal and half on primal hunger. The rapid saliva-lubed hand job and the moaning whines of the degraded woman beneath him would have been enough to push any man over the edge. Gene felt his balls tighten to the base of his cock, and a moment later, the first thick rope of semen erupted from its tip, splattering all over Lizzie's upturned face.

She groaned in satisfaction, her slippery, feminine fist continuing to pump rapidly, milking every last drop of life-giving jizz out of his cock. The majority of his powerful, pearly spurts landed on the scraps of food he had left for Eliza, glazing the leftover pancakes and bacon with a special sauce that Lizzie preferred to syrup these days. Lizzie's long tongue was busily licking around her lips as she continued to work, collecting every drop of thick, salty semen she could reach.

Finally, Gene sighed in satisfaction, pushing Lizzie's hand away and shaking off the last few drops of semen onto his Cumbunny's breakfast. Lizzie watched him with laser-like intensity, the avid stare of a dog who knew that she needed her master's permission before wolfing down her treat.

"Go on," said Gene with a chuckle. "Eat up. We have a long day of training ahead of us."

Eliza got to work, setting her dish on the ground and sticking her face in it directly, slobbering and slurping as she greedily ate the foul food and licked every inch of the metal dish clean.

Gene watched as her pretty face was smeared with his sexual fluids and leftover food, basking in the complete power he had always wanted.

But, for the first time since Lizzie moved in, he felt... oddly dissatisfied. Lizzie did whatever he asked. He was now the center of her world. The only source of happiness and pleasure she had. She lived to serve him.

So why didn't he see the same look in her eyes that she used to give to David? He knew what Eliza would say, before she became a hopeless slut. She would bring up some bullshit like "love". But what was love except dependance and sexual attraction? How could that pathetic little worm David still have something that Gene wasn't able to extract from his new Cumbunny? Gene knew for certain he didn't feel anything like love for Lizzie. She was just a warm wet hole for him to fuck. A pathetic, pretty plaything that demonstrated his power and sexual prowess through her abject submission.

But even if he didn't love her, Gene deserved everything his Cumbunny was able to give. She should be in love with him at this point. Right?

Gene made the decision as his Cumbunny licked and slurped up her breakfast. Today, he was going to push Lizzie to her breaking point. He would push her to the edge of orgasm and not let her cum until he saw the love in her eyes.

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Kim pulled into the visitor's space at Gene's shitty apartment and killed the engine, simmering with hunger and discontent.

*He didn't even fucking call me!*

It should have been fine. Better than fine. Kim should have been celebrating. The evil bastard who had messed with her mind had, for the time being, lost interest in her. She should be celebrating her relative freedom.

But it wasn't that simple. All of the bullshit that Cumslut told Kim last week at Rabbit Season kept running through her head. About how much more fulfilling the sexual ecstasy of being a Cumbunny was than the rest of her life before getting dosed by the oil. And Kim had to admit that, now that Gene was so utterly distracted by Lizzie, the rest of her life had started feeling dry and boring. Work was long and tedious, but when she got home, the evenings stretched out in front of her, barren and pointless. The only times she felt alive was when she was having sex with Gene.

But that had dried up too, now that he had his shiny new toy.

Kim called ahead on her way up the stairs to Gene's apartment, but she didn't receive an answer. She would have tried Lizzie's phone too, but she didn't have one anymore. Gene had, in fact, given it to Kim and told her to pawn it. He didn't envision his Cumbunny ever having a need for independent communication ever again. In any case, Kim was forced once again to just walk right up to Gene's front door and knock, hoping that he would let her in.

She stewed on her Daddy's doorstep for three long minutes, occasionally pounding on the door, before Gene finally appeared to swing it open. His face snarled with annoyance at being interrupted as he opened the door, but when he saw her, his expression faded to mild surprise. He waved her inside impatiently.

"Oh. It's you," he said flatly, as if she were some vague acquaintance he had run into at the grocery store rather than the woman he had converted into a fuckdoll for his amusement. "Well, come in. I'm right in the middle of a training session."

Kim bit the inside of her cheek as she flounced after him. *A training session. Of course.* Once again, one hundred percent of Gene's time and energy was devoted to Eliza. What exactly had been the point of being promoted to head bunny if Gene only had eyes for his bottom bitch?

He didn't even spare a glance at Kim's outfit: a scandalously tiny skirt with ripped fishnets beneath and a tube top so narrow and thin that it barely hid the shape of her nipples at all, leaving a significant portion of underboob hanging out. She had hoped that dressing like a fucking streetwalker would be enough to get her pervy Daddy's attention, but apparently nothing was good enough to distract him from Kim's pale, perfect sister-in-law

As Kim followed Gene into his apartment, she marveled again at how different it looked. The kitchen still had the same old splintery, cheap cabinets and crappy linoleum, but the years of grime had been cleared away. It looked like having a live-in fuck maid was useful for more than just draining your balls.

How Nice.

The sounds of Lizzie's moans were obvious as soon as Kim entered the apartment, and despite her sour mood, she couldn't help but get turned on. Lizzie could be annoyingly perfect at times,

even as a slutty fuck toy, but that didn't change the fact that she was smoking hot, and in Kim's sexually frustrated state, the low, desperate moans of her sister-in-law made her wet before she even reached the living room and saw what kind of training Gene was doing.

Kim froze as she entered the living room, a jolt of hot sexual arousal pulsing out from between her legs. Gene had used soft rope to bind Lizzie onto the ratty old easy chair in his living room, tying her ankles to her thighs and then splaying her luscious legs wide to leave her pussy completely defenseless and vulnerable. A thick sleep mask covered her eyes, her hands were bound with a silly-looking pink fuzzy handcuffs, and a vibrating wand had been crudely taped to her pussy, buzzing wetly there as Lizzie's hips shifted and squirmed endlessly, trying to somehow increase the stimulation above its current maddening buzz. She let out endless whining moans, clearly driven past the point of articulate speech by Gene's cruel sexual torture.

Kim's prickly jealousy still gripped her heart tight, but she couldn't help but feel an odd sense of loss as well. Eliza had always seemed to have a stubborn bedrock of resistance. She had been the one scheming and plotting behind Gene's back. Kim had come to rely on that. The fact that Eliza was trying something, anything behind the scenes to resist their slow corruption had been a source of secret hope.

But after Gene's cruel masterstroke, Eliza had been reduced to this. An over-sexed submissive bunny, desperate for her master's cock and unable to think of anything else.

Gene stared down at the beautiful writhing Cumbunny, and Kim was surprised to see a look of dissatisfaction on his face. The evil son of a bitch had won completely. What the fuck else could he possibly want?

He turned to Kim with a sharp glance, and what he asked next only deepened her confusion.

"You heard from Davey lately?"

Kim hid her bewilderment the best she could. She had, in fact, heard from her older brother recently. He had crashed at her house for a few nights until it became clear that Eliza had moved out of their shared home and he wouldn't risk running into her there. David was another reason that her life was so hard right now. He had been an emotional wreck ever since discovering the depth and depravity of his wife's betrayal, and Kim wasn't sure she had the strength to be a supportive sister while lusting after the same man who had ruined his life.

"Yeah," she said cautiously, keeping her eyes on the moaning, writhing slut strapped to the chair beneath them to avoid looking her Daddy in the eyes. "He's been in touch."

Gene grunted, leaning forward to roughly palm one of Eliza's heaving, milky-white tits in his hand, rolling her bubblegum-pink nipple between his thick fingers. "So when do you think he's going to crack?" he asked thoughtfully.

“What do you mean?” Kim genuinely had no fucking idea what Gene was talking about. David had already “cracked” by any standard imaginable. Every time Kim saw him he had either just finished crying or looked like he was about to start. Her brother was shattered into a million pieces, and she was doing a shitty job of supporting him. How could she help him when all she could think about was her Daddy’s thick cock? Gene couldn’t break David further than he already had.

Gene flashed her an annoyed glare. “I mean, when is the little cuck going to come crawling back? We all know he’s a little submissive bitch. So when is he finally going to admit it to himself?”

*Oh fuck. He’s insane.* Kim had always known that Gene wasn’t exactly a genius. He had a certain level of cunning, but when you had an unfair cheat code like the Mjolkhare oil, it didn’t take a mastermind to succeed. Apparently, his untouchable power when it came to his Cumbunnies had given Gene an utterly deranged view of the world.

David wasn’t a cuckold. And Gene didn’t know her brother at all if he thought David would accept a relationship with a woman who fucks other men. David might be a little mopey and self-pitying at times, but he didn’t get off on submission. And Gene didn’t have the chemical hold over David that would allow him to enforce his perversions like he did with Eliza and Kim.

But she couldn’t say that to Gene. Bursting the delusions of a man who had utter control over your mind and body was bound to end poorly. So Kim simply said “I’m not sure, Daddy,” in a non-committal tone.

Gene looked dissatisfied, but shrugged and let it go with a muttered, “Only a matter of time. Help him realize the truth, Kimmy.” He was already focusing intently on Eliza once again, kneeling down next to the chair to continue his rough groping of her naked tits. The vibrator buzzed noisily between her thighs, providing a dull undertone beneath her continuing, whimpering moans.

“She’s had enough vibing,” said Gene, his eyes intense as he stared down at his favorite Cumbunny. His gaze flicked briefly to Kim, and he added, “Get on your knees and eat her out. Use the vibrator on her ass.”

Kim’s worries about David faded to the background as bitter jealousy swelled up inside her. Yes, it was true that she was in a dominant position here compared to Eliza. She wasn’t the one strapped to a recliner after all. But that was small comfort when the entirety of the situation was focused on Lizzie.

Still, there was no disobeying her Daddy. Kim fell to her knees and ripped the taped vibrator up from between Lizzie’s trembling thighs. It came away with thick, glistening strands of arousal dripping from it. *Jesus.* Kim had never seen any woman in such a state of profound physical arousal. Lizzie’s pussy was bright pink and dripping with syrupy love honey. Its lips gaped open

sloppily, loose and ready for any and all penetration. A flood of dark, molten lust welled up inside Kim. She may have preferred to be sucking her Daddy's cock right now, but eating out this pulsing, horny cunt wouldn't be a difficult assignment at all.

She began her assigned task with gusto, burying her face in her sister-in-law's pussy and slurping greedily, tonguing Lizzie's quivering hole before swinging to lapping her tongue over her stiff clit over and over again, drawing raw slutty moans from the slim, pretty woman even louder than the ones the vibrator had caused. As she worked her tongue deep into the bottom bunny's quivering hole, Kim raised the slimy vibrator and nestled it below her chin, sliding it between Lizzie's plump cheeks and up against her tight anus.

Lizzie's hips pulsed upward rhythmically into Kim's plunging tongue, and for a moment, Kim forgot about her frustration and jealousy, focusing instead on the raw sexual heat of her mouth on Lizzie's wet cunt. The taste of her fellow bunny's arousal on her tongue. The way her own sex grew hot and steamy beneath her tiny skirt. There were the only moments that made her feel alive these days.

Gene spoke up from where he knelt next to Eliza, his voice a smoldering growl as his hand grasped and rubbed relentlessly at his bound bunny's sensitive tits.

"Who's better... me or your worthless cuckold husband?"

Kim could feel Lizzie's pussy clench hungrily around her tongue at the question. Lizzie didn't hesitate for a second. "Yoooouuuu. You're so much better masteeeeeer!" She gushed, her voice raw and sloppy with overwhelming, mind-unraveling desire. Kim wondered how long Gene had been teasing her to get Lizzie to this desperate state. Her pussy tingled at the thought of that sort of intense sexual focus from her Daddy, and her heart burned with twisted jealousy once again. She lashed Lizzie's throbbing clit with her tongue as if somehow she could punish her greedy sister Cumbunny with her mouth.

"Whose cock is bigger?" demanded Gene, hissing into Lizzie's ear.

Once again, there was no hesitation. "Your cock is bigger, Master, so much fucking bigger," whined Lizzie, straining to hump her hips harder into Kim's mouth despite the ropes that held her back. "Please fuck me, Master, I need it sooo fucking bad."

Gene took one of her nipples into his mouth for a moment, sucking heavily. There was a dangerous look in his eyes that Kim didn't like. She could feel that this long, slow erotic torture of Lizzie was leading up to something, but she couldn't tell what. All Kim could do was continue to eat her sister-in-law out, enjoying the taste of Lizzie's warm, wet pussy as the moaning slut writhed in pleasure beneath her working mouth.

Gene released Lizzie's nipple with a wet pop, licked his lips, and asked in a growl, "And who do you love more, me or him?"

Kim's tongue stopped moving for a second as a bolt of shocked disbelief flashed through her. *What the fuck is Daddy thinking? Love? Did he really just fucking ask that?* Nothing that Gene had ever done for the past months had been anything close to love. Obsession, maybe, but certainly not love. Even hearing him ask the question was shocking to Kim. She didn't think an evil pervert like Gene even thought in those terms.

Lizzie apparently shared Kim's surprise. Unlike with the other questions, she hesitated, her mouth a round "O" of surprise. Lizzie recovered relatively quickly, but when Kim's eyes flicked to her Daddy's face, she could see that he had noticed the pause. "I love your cock, Master," gasped the bound slut on the recliner, her voice utterly sincere. "I love the way you fuck me!"

Based on the look in Gene's eyes, it was the wrong answer.

Without a word of warning, he reached down and pushed Kim back onto her ass and took her place between Lizzie's legs. She moaned in ecstatic need as Gene slid his cock upward between her plump cheeks, pressing hard against the tight pink asshole that Kim had just been teasing with the vibrator.

"I'm everything to you," grunted Gene roughly. "I'm fucking *everything*. There is nothing you have to give that doesn't belong to your master." His voice was quiet enough that Kim wasn't sure he even intended for her and Lizzie to hear it. Lizzie definitely didn't seem to care about whatever hangup her master had right now. She was wriggling her hips eagerly down into the feeling of his thick cock, whining and babbling about how badly she wanted him to fuck her.

*Oh, how the mighty have fallen.* Kim could remember clearly how she used to think that her brother's wife, the tall, elegant sorority girl with the refined manners and the impeccable sense of style, was infuriatingly perfect. Like a living doll or a model out of a magazine rather than a real person. Right now, the only kind of magazine Lizzie might model for was the filthy kinds sold under the counter when no one was looking. She had been broken down and remade by the insidious oil and her evil pervert of a master into a perfect slutty fuckdoll. A living sex toy built to take cock and love every second of it.

Once, that would have horrified Kim. Now it just made her annoyed that Gene hadn't even bothered to complete that same process with her.

Gene pushed forward, using the copious lubrication that had dripped down from Eliza's drooling pussy as lube as he speared her tight asshole, sheathing himself in her tight, slimy heat. Eliza threw her head back in animalistic ecstasy, a throaty moan pouring from between her glossy lips, chest heaving with passion as her Master began to fuck her.

Gene thrust deep and slow, a strange passion flaring in his eyes. Most of the time, Gene's style of fucking was hard and fast and selfish, designed purely to maximize his pleasure, without caring too much how good his bunnies felt in the process. But today was different. As Kim

picked herself up and knelt to the side of the chair, completely ignored for the moment by Gene, she watched her Daddy's face with keen interest. Something had clearly gotten under his skin today. Even though he had just claimed a complete victory, something about it wasn't sitting well for some reason. Something to do with David and Eliza's relationship, even though he had effectively ruined it.

Kim wanted to know what was going on... maybe if she watched carefully, she could discover some way to not only be the top bunny, but also the bunny that Daddy cared about the most.

As he slowly thrust his cock in and out of Eliza's ass, Gene glanced to the side. For a second, Kim's heart fluttered. He had realized she was there. Maybe now he would finally involve her more fully. Instead, without a word, he snatched the vibrator out of her hand, then turned back to Eliza, pressing it up against her pussy as he continued to slowly, sensually fuck her ass.

"I've made you feel things no one else has," he growled. "I made you mine like he never could." His cock was slowly speeding up as he pressed the vibrator down into Eliza's sloppy pussy. Her mouth was wide, but no sound escaped. Her whole body arched and strained, and in that moment, Kim realized that Gene must have forbidden Lizzie from orgasming until he allowed it. There was no other way a woman could experience the level of pleasure coursing through Lizzie right now and not climax.

Gene strokes slowly but surely sped up. His breaths were rough and harsh, bursting out of his mouth in ugly gasps. Kim had never seen her Daddy this passionate before, and it twisted her guts with frustration. She hated Gene, never wanted to see him or his monstrous cock ever again... but she needed him. Felt like she was being slowly starved of his sexual power. All while Lizzie received all of his wild passion.

In a swift, violent motion, Gene reached up and tore the sleep mask off Lizzie's face, leaving her blinking stupidly in the light of the living room, her eyes muddy with animal lust. With his hips pumping hard into her, impaling her ass and pushing her hard backward into the seat, Gene stared down intensely into Lizzie's eyes, his gaze almost seeming to search for something. His face twisted in frustration.

"Cum for me!" he commanded harshly, his hips a blur and the powerful vibrator digging into Lizzie's overstimulated pussy, "Show me how much you love this cock!"

Lizzie let out a piercing cry of pleasure, her whole body flushing pink and straining hard against her bindings as a mind-blowingly powerful orgasm enveloped her. Gene stared into her eyes the whole time, especially when his hips finally snapped forward and he pumped her asshole full of his hot cum. But whatever Gene saw in his Cumbunny's eyes must have disappointed him, because his expression was flat and sullen as he stood, leaving Lizzie writhing and panting in sheer bliss on the chair, cum leaking from her asshole and pussy spasming with powerful orgasmic pleasure.

Gene ran his hands through his thinning hair and collected himself.

“Daddy, I was thinking that maybe we could spend a little time together,” said Kim, speaking up hopefully. It was a bit of a long shot, considering the fact that Gene had just cum moments ago, but at this point, Kim was desperate. She hadn’t been fucked by Gene in days, and the only cum she had been allowed to eat was scraps and leftovers.

She could tell right away that she wouldn’t be getting what she needed today. When Gene’s eyes flickered to where she knelt on the ground next to Lizzie, his gaze was dismissive. “Not today, Kimmy,” he said flatly, already turning toward his bedroom. “I’m busy.”

Kim took a few shuffling steps toward him on her knees, a sharp sense of unfairness rising within her. “But Daddy, I really need something to eat!” she whined, big, puppy-dog eyes filled with submissive longing.

“Then eat up,” said Gene dismissively, gesturing to the thick cum leaking from Lizzie’s ass. “When you’re finished, untie her, then go out and pick up some groceries. We’re running low, and I’m going to be too busy to go out tonight.”

Kim swallowed her disappointment with difficulty. If she lashed out, it would only make it harder to get what she wanted from Gene later. Without another word, Gene turned and stormed into his bedroom, and a second later, Kim heard the shower turn on.

She turned with a bitter, dissatisfied expression toward her meal, possibly the only one she would get today: the thick, lukewarm cum leaking out of her fellow cumbunny’s ass. Kim considered talking to Lizzie for a moment, but her fellow Cumbunny seemed to be in some sort of swoon, eyes lidded with lazy pleasure from the combined sensation of her overwhelming orgasm and the cum that Gene had pumped into her ass.

This wouldn’t stand. Kim had to find some way to correct this new state of affairs, or she would be in an even worse position than becoming a degraded sex object: she would be an *abandoned*, degraded sex object.

For now, there was nothing she could do. Kim’s hunger wouldn’t be denied, and Gene had given her no alternative options. Kim nestled her face between Eliza’s cheeks and started sucking.

...

Kim narrowed her eyes and tapped her fingers against the steering wheel as she drove through the sunny suburban neighborhood. Gene’s shitty apartment building felt like just the sort of sleazy place for a Cumbunny and their master to live, but this place was too picture-perfect and pristine. It felt off. But, regardless of how it felt, this was her destination. The GPS on her phone insisted that she was just two minutes away from a meeting that might solve her problem.

Kim had made up her mind about halfway through slurping her dinner out of Lizzie's asshole. She hated Gene. Hated what he had done to her. Hated how she wanted him so badly, even though he was the worst person she knew. But that hate didn't make her burning desire for him any weaker. Kim wasn't the type of person to sit back and play second fiddle to another woman. Not even in the fucked up situation she and Lizzie had found themselves in. But it was becoming more and more clear that that's where things were headed. Even after Gene finished breaking Eliza in and turned her into the perfect Cumbunny, he was never going to obsess over Kim in the same way. It didn't matter if she was the "top bunny", Kim was always going to be the second most important slut in her Daddy's eyes.

Unless Lizzie was somehow out of the picture.

Kim had sympathy for Lizzie. She knew that her sister-in-law hadn't chosen this any more than she had, but her calculations were ruthless. If Kim wanted to be her Daddy's obsession, Lizzie had to go. She wouldn't go so far as to hurt Lizzie, of course. That wasn't her style. But Kim did consider going behind Lizzie's back to tell Gene all about how she had planned to betray him. In the end, she figured that ratting out Eliza's attempts at resistance had too much of a chance to backfire. It would no doubt make Gene angry with Lizzie to know that she had been plotting to break his control, but getting angry would probably backfire. He would want to "punish" his Cumbunny, and that would just make him focus on her more.

The real solution was to complete the scheme that Lizzie had been working on behind the scenes. If Lizzie was no longer a Cumbunny at all, Gene would be furious, but Lizzie would no longer be around to punish. All of Daddy's frustration, obsession, and passion would be reserved for Kimmy alone.

And yes, if Kim succeeded and managed to free her sister in law, then she would be free as well. And she might take advantage of that... eventually. Lusting after Gene was degrading and humiliating after all. But Kim couldn't stop thinking about what Cumslut, the sexy, utterly corrupt redhead, had told her at Rabbit Season. What exactly had been going on in Kim's life before Gene had ensnared her? A decent-paying but unfulfilling job... a series of relationships that crashed on the rocks of her lurking Daddy issues... a couple of hobbies she usually felt too tired to pursue. It had been average, boring, and unimpressive. At least with her new Daddy, even with the shame and hate, she felt alive.

So maybe if Kim could free Eliza, she would take that same escape route herself. But first, she wanted to experience what it would be like to be Gene's sole obsession. His only bunny. That was why she was in this eerily perfect suburb today.

When her Daddy told her to pawn Lizzie's phone, Kim had instead just given him some money, and he had forgotten all about it. Gene didn't seem to fully realize that, since he hadn't been corrupting her as long, Kim could still disobey his orders if she put her mind to it. And since she had kept Lizzie's phone, it was a simple matter to contact Bitsy and find out the results of the experiment they ran on the night of Rabbit Season.

Eliza and Kim had conspired to allow HareoftheDog to give Bitsy a second dose of Mjolkhare oil. And if Bitsy texts could be trusted, the results were more significant than they had ever expected.

Kim's phone navigation chimed, letting her know that she had reached her destination. Kim squinted at the house doubtfully. A picture-perfect two-story home identical to all the others on the same street. If the text from Bitsy wasn't some sort of trick, this was where she was.

A tall, broad man was running a push mower over the lawn as Kim pulled up, and killed the engine as she parked, staring over at her intensely. His blonde, grey-streaked hair was dry and overly long, hanging shaggily over his ears. He could have been anywhere between his mid-thirties and early fifties, although his lined face and hollow eyes made the latter end of that scale seem more likely. He just stood there on the lawn, arms crossed and staring at Kim's car with a brooding expression. For a second, Kim considered just driving away. But she had come this far, and a little awkwardness wouldn't be enough to stop her.

She got out of the car and made her way up the lawn toward the glowering man. She opened her mouth to greet him, but he held up a hand, cutting her off sharply by grunting, "Friend of the new girl?" His voice was rough and raw, as though he didn't use it very much, and he wouldn't meet Kim's eyes, instead staring just over her left ear.

Kim thought for a second, then shrugged uneasily. "Yeah, I guess I am."

"Then head inside," said the odd older man dismissively, already turning back toward the lawn mower. Kim stared at him for a second longer with a troubled frown, then hurried toward the front door. If the strange, unpleasant man didn't have anything else to say to her, she certainly wasn't going to pursue him.

Knocking on the front door and ringing the doorbell produced no results for several long minutes, and Kim was about to turn and ask the gruff man mowing the lawn for help when a pleasant voice behind the door asked, "Who is it?"

Kim recognized that voice immediately. Even hearing it brought heated memories of that night at the sex club back. It was Cumslut. Just as Bitsy had said, this was Hare's house, where he lived with his Cumbunny and former stepmother.

"It's Kim."

There was silence behind the door for a few moments, then it swung open to reveal Cumslut, looking immaculate as always. She looked like Betty fucking Crocker in fact, in a blue-checked house dress straight out of the 1950s. Her expression, however, didn't convey her usual cool confidence. Cumslut's eyes blazed with fury kept on a tight leash, and her lips curled into a cold sneer as she peered into Kim's eyes.

“Here to consult with the new princess of the castle, no doubt,” said Cumslut lightly. Her tone was perfectly pleasant, although Kim thought that she could sense the tectonic forces of hate hidden beneath it.

Cumslut moved slightly to the side, allowing Kim to squeeze past her into the entryway of the light, airy suburban home. Cumslut slammed the door behind her and locked it with a sharp click, then immediately reached behind her and unzipped her dress, letting it fall to the ground and revealing her nudity beneath. “Come on,” she snapped, “They’re in Master’s bedroom.”

Kim trailed after the tall, gorgeous redhead as she led the way to a staircase. Cumslut’s perfect, swaying ass was normally a distracting feast for the eyes, but Kim had bigger issues right now. She was supposed to be here to speak to Bitsy, but the idea of a confrontation with Hare, the little blonde piece of shit who had dosed Bitsy, was massively unappealing.

But it seemed she didn’t have a choice. They had already reached the bedroom, and Kim was about to come face to face with another Cumbunny master, whether she wanted to or not.

Cumslut raised her hand to knock, then looked back at Kim with a calculating look in her eyes. “She’s playing a game she can’t win,” said Cumslut in a flat, cold voice. “Tell her that from me, if you don’t mind.” Then, without waiting for a response, she knocked crisply on the closed door.

“Come in!”

Strangely, the voice that called out from inside the room wasn’t the weaselly tones of HareoftheDog, but soft, high-pitched, and feminine.

As Cumslut swung the door open and gestured Kim into the bedroom with a raised eyebrow, Kim took in the scene with a sense of mild shock. She remembered HareoftheDog from Rabbit Season. He looked just as mean and spoiled as ever, sitting back on his bed with a gaudy, expensive gaming laptop open in front of him. Bitsy was snuggled up at his side, her hand on his chest and one leg slung over his. They looked for all the world like a young dating couple rather than a cruel Cumbunny master with his sex slave. Especially considering Bitsy’s wardrobe. Unlike any Cumbunny Kim had ever seen, Bitsy was dressed modestly and comfortably. Her pajama shirt was perhaps a little tight, and she clearly wasn’t wearing a bra beneath it, but no master would ever let a Cumbunny wear baggy grey sweats like Bitsy had on currently.

The cute young Asian smiled as Kim entered the room, waving with a broad grin. “Kimmy! So glad you can make it. Say ‘hi,’ Curt.”

Hare glanced up at Kim, his eyes sullen, but, shockingly, he only muttered, “Hi, Kimmy,” before turning back to Bitsy. “Beth, I don’t like other strange Cumbunnies in my house,” he said in a tone that sounded more whiny than commanding.

Bitsy smirked and planted a kiss on his cheek before getting up off the bed beside him. "I just need to talk with her for a little and then she'll be gone," she said lightly. "Besides, I told you that I would do that thing you've been asking for if you let me have a guest, right?"

Curt muttered something under his breath, then nodded and turned back to whatever game he was playing with a frown on his face. But he didn't put his foot down or insist on Bitsy doing as he said. It was behavior that Kim never would have expected from the master of a Cumbunny. She stared in bewilderment at Hare (or Curt?) for a second, until Bitsy grabbed her arm and led her out of the room, closing the door behind them.

Kim turned toward her immediately. "Bitsy, what the fuck was that?" she asked, utterly shocked.

Bitsy beamed. "I know, right? And call me Beth now. I don't let people call me Bitsy anymore. Come to my room, I'll tell you all about it."

Beth's room was a clean little room simply furnished with a bed and a desk, which had probably once been a guest room. They sat on the bed, and Beth immediately began gushing, telling Kim all about her triumph.

"I really thought that I might be sacrificing myself," said Beth solemnly, lying back on her bed and stretching her legs. "As far as Eliza and I knew, I could have gotten addicted to both Coach and Hare at once. But after Hare dosed me, he snuck me out to the bathroom and made me suck him off."

She said it as if it were inconsequential, and Kim realized that, for them, it was. Giving a blowjob was almost quaint at this point.

"When he came down my throat, I realized the truth," continued Bitsy, her eyes shining. "I wasn't addicted to both of them. I was addicted to *either* of them! It was one semen addiction that either man could satisfy. I confirmed it after I went home with Coach that night. Now whenever I get a craving, cum from either man will do."

Kim felt her pulse quickening as she considered the possibilities. "But... how did that lead to..." she gestured to Beth's comfortable clothes and the house surrounding them, "This?"

Beth snorted and crossed her arms with a smug expression. "Stu and Curt may act all high and mighty when they have the power of magic oil on their side, but neither of them is very smart. And they hate... *hate* being told 'no'." Beth let out a delighted giggle. "When I started making demands that Stu treat me better, he couldn't even believe it. You should have seen his and Mitsy's faces when I just walked out the door to go stay with Curt. Of course, Curt had to learn the same lesson, but after I bounced back and forth a few times, I got the poor boys into a bidding war over who would give me a better deal. It's not perfect... I mean, I still need to fuck and suck whoever I'm with at the time. There's no getting around that. But the oil has taken care

of that as well, to some extent. Even Curt is starting to look kind of cute to me now. All I have to do is play these two man-children against each other, and I'm golden."

Kim shook her head in disbelief. It couldn't be that simple. "They might not be smart, but the type of guys who want a Cumbunny also aren't very nice either," she said nervously. "What happens when one of them gets the bright idea to lock you in the basement?"

"That's why I have this," said Beth grimly. She fished in her pocket and pulled out a knife, which she confidently flicked open. "Stu is overweight and pushing sixty, and Curt is a spoiled brat who hasn't lifted anything over ten pounds his entire life. I'm not going to let either one of them push me around."

Kim remembered the furious glare on Cumslut's face when she let her inside and the way Mitsy treated Beth during Rabbit season. "I think your fellow bunnies might be a bigger issue."

"I can take care of myself," said Beth confidently. "I'm more concerned about you and Eliza than my situation at this point. Without Eliza reaching out and motivating me, I never would have broken free. I owe her a lot. Let's talk about how we can save you both."

Kim shook herself a little and nodded. "Right. Let's save Lizzie," she said determinedly. She had been shocked for a moment by how Bitsy had been able to turn her life around so thoroughly, but this was why she was here after all, to break Eliza free from Gene's obsessive control and have her Daddy all to herself. For a moment, a strangled sprout of hope rose inside Kim as well. Maybe if she could figure out how to do what Bitsy had done, the idea of being Gene's plaything wouldn't even appeal anymore. She wasn't sure. Either way, this seemed like the best step forward. "I don't think finding Lizzie a more acceptable master will be a problem. The main issue is the oil," she said with a frown.

"Right," agreed Beth, her enthusiasm deflating a little. "I sort of lucked out. Curt had a half-vial left over and wanted to dose me anyway, but all of the masters we know have used up their original two doses. We don't have access to any more."

"So what can we do?"

Beth didn't look discouraged. "The masters have to get their oil somehow, don't they? From that fucked up Kaos server they all hang out in. Since I have a lot more freedom nowadays, I'll try to look around a little. See if I can figure out how to get my hands on a dose."

Kim nodded with a sigh. She had hoped that Beth would suggest something more solid than that. From what Eliza said, the Kaos server "Cumbunny Acres" was filled with hundreds of losers desperate to get their own sample of Mjolkhare oil. Kim had no idea how they could stand out amongst that crowd.

There wasn't much more to say. They had a plan, even if it seemed like a long shot. Kim left shortly afterward. Cumslut didn't reappear, but based on the enthusiastic sounds that Kim heard coming from Curt's room, she had decided to take advantage of Beth's absence to get some one-on-one time with her master. It made Kim feel a sudden pang of sympathy for Cumslut. It was clear that Beth had become Hare's main focus right now, and Kim knew what it was like to be sidelined by the man you were chemically compelled to adore.

The odd older man mowing the lawn stared at Kim silently as she made her way to her car, his eyes cold and empty. Kim was happy to drive away. Even with Beth's improved circumstances, the suburban home held almost as much tension as Gene's apartment.

As she drove, Kim got a text from her brother. He wanted her help to pack things up from the house. Kim sighed deeply and tossed the phone to her passenger seat. David was another problem altogether. He had always been a little sensitive, under that layer of false bravado that most guys insisted on cloaking themselves in. The horrible public betrayal by the woman he trusted most had the potential to break him.

Kim was going to have to do something about David's heartbreak. He had always been there for her, and right now he was fighting against forces he didn't understand. Besides, Kim was growing more and more convinced that her plan to pry Eliza away from her master wasn't going to work unless she could somehow reignite the fires of Eliza's resistance. Right now, Eliza had given up completely, and Gene's cock was all she had left. She would remain that way forever, unless Kim somehow did the impossible.

When she got home, Kim picked up her phone and began drafting a text to her brother.

...

Lizzie stared out the car window at the front of her former workplace, an odd mix of emotions running through her. It already felt like the bright-eyed, demure young woman who was hired here a year ago was a different person. Working in HR and sneakily stealing co-workers' food from the fridge had happened a lifetime ago.

But now she was back, for reasons that her master still hadn't seen fit to share with her. All that Gene had told her this morning was that she had to dress in the outfit he had bought for her so that they could go to work.

And what an outfit it was. Lizzie stepped out of the car onto shiny black platform heels, the kind of slutty footwear that her master had ordered her to wear exclusively. Her long, shapely legs were encased in dark stockings with lacy tops completely unhidden by the tiny, tight strip of skirt above them, which didn't even cover the bottom swell of her ass. On top, she wore a suit jacket with no shirt or bra beneath at all, just a tie dangling ridiculously between her bare tits. One button bound the jacket together and prevented her from flashing her full naked breasts to the business park.

It was a humiliating parody of professional office attire. Part for the course for Gene's desire to expose, embarrass, and show off his favorite bunny. It had been only a matter of time before playing with Lizzie in private became boring to him. But the fact that she was back here at the office was disquieting. This was a link back to Lizzie's old life. A place filled with people who once respected her. More importantly, this is where David worked, and coming back here in this slutty outfit might hurt him. Even if their relationship had been blown to pieces, that was the last thing that Lizzie wanted.

But there was no use in resisting. Eliza, the part of her that fought back against her master, had been buried deep in her mind. And Lizzie was up for any kinky games that would get her master hard. Gene took her hand and pulled her forward toward whatever was waiting for her inside her old office building.

Lizzie had walked in this door a thousand times, but, even when Gene had forced her to wear revealing clothes before, she had never felt this exposed. The wide, evil grin on Gene's face as he led her forward made her pulse thump wildly against her skin, heat building up throughout her body as she prepared for whatever her master had planned.

She could tell as soon as they entered the office that this wasn't a normal workday. For one, the reception desk was unmanned, which hardly ever happened. The office floor itself was too quiet, filled with a brooding energy that Lizzie had never felt before.

But the office wasn't completely abandoned. A group of maybe a dozen men stood around the watercooler near the center of the office floor, chatting with a strange, intense energy radiating off of them. Lizzie's stomach twisted, and she felt a sickening pulse of heat from between her legs as she put two and two together. It was all of the men who had been pushy and flirted with her, with Gene's permission.

All of the men who had looked a little too long and hard at her slutty outfits, or made obvious innuendos, or "accidentally" brushed past her a little too close. All of the men from the office who had obviously wanted to fuck her. All together in one place. While she was wearing this pornographic outfit.

It wasn't hard to see where her Master wanted this to go. As the men noticed they were there, they seemed to turn toward her together. Their eyes flashed hungrily as sharp, predatory smiles crossed their faces. A stifling feeling of intense lust suddenly filled the air as the group of men eyed Lizzie's slutty costume. She was a woman who had once been a married coworker they had been obliged to respect. Now she was a piece of meat, a sex object dressed in a pretty wrapper they couldn't wait to tear off. A slutty sex kitten built to please their cocks.

Lizzie could practically smell the intense tide of masculine arousal pouring off the small crowd. Her body eagerly responded to their powerful lust. Her nipples stiffened almost painfully with a swift rush of blood and a throbbing heat spiked sharply between her thighs. Once upon a time,

this type of naked lust coming from her coworkers would have disgusted her... but her master's training had done its work. Now her eyes locked greedily onto the crotches of the leering men, watching bulges form as her mouth began to water...

"I told you boys that skipping the conference would be worth it." It was Carl, his polished, professional smile seeming utterly out of place in the pack of lustful men. Lizzie's eyes flickered downward to his crotch as well. It was a bulge she knew well at this point. Gene had tasked her with sucking their boss's cock on a weekly basis to cover for his poor job performance.

Lizzie assumed that they wouldn't be stopping at just a blowjob today.

Gene led his Cumbunny forward by the hand, into the middle of the group of men, who closed in, forming a rough circle around them. It made Lizzie feel like she was surrounded by a pack of wolves... But maybe in this case, the poor little bunny wouldn't mind the feeling of teeth.

"Holy shit," said Hank, a timid-looking man from billing. "It's sort of hard to believe it's really her. She used to be the fucking ice queen!"

A dirty chuckle rippled through the men, who were crowding even closer. Lizzie felt the roiling, bubbling heat low in her belly rise even higher. The circle surrounding her now had conspicuous bulges tenting their pants. Their eyes roamed every inch of Lizzie's exposed body, making her break out in goosebumps.

"She was an ice queen," agreed Gene, reaching down to grip his cock through the front of his pants. "She was a modest little married professional, who I can personally confirm could be a massive bitch about even the lightest of teasing."

His hairy arm snaked around Lizzie's waist, gripping her ass and pressing her body tight to him. An excited murmur passed through the surrounding men. "But now? Now she's just the horny little slut she was always meant to be. This body was built for sex, boys, and I've unlocked alllll of this nympho's natural talent."

Lizzie's face burned with a shameful blush even as moist heat built between her thighs and her nipples throbbed against the silk lining of her suit jacket. Gene was making it sound like all it had taken to train her into his personal whore was his natural charm and dominance, leaving the truth of magic oil out completely. It made her look even more slutty and pathetic than she really was. But the truth didn't matter here. She doubted that the horny men surrounding her would care exactly why she had become a cum-hungry slut. All they cared about was the debauchery Gene was promising them. She had ceased to be a respectable woman in their eyes. Now she was just an object they could use to vent their dark desires.

"Obviously, I don't think our firm can employ a woman of such loose morals in HR," said Carl with a shit-eating grin, leaning back against a desk with a massive tent in his pants. "I'm afraid

I'm going to have to let you go, Lizzie! You would be far too much of a distraction. But we wanted to send you off with one last going-away party."

The men chuckled nastily once again, and Gene's fingers dug even deeper into Lizzie's plump ass. "Oh, trust me, boss," said Gene with a wink, "Lizzie is just great at parties. Maybe that could be a new position for her in the company. The... entertainment for get-togethers of managers and certain favored employees."

"Is that so?" Carl's eyes blazed with a filthy heat. "Maybe she had better give us a little demonstration of her entertainment skills then... since she turned out to be a disappointment as a respectable businesswoman."

The tension was thick enough to cut with a knife. The men could tell that things were coming to a head, just as they were promised. They crowded forward, their intense focus forcing Lizzie's lust to the boiling point.

Gene caught his Cumbunny's chin and looked her dead in the eyes, his gaze filled with possessive triumph.

"On your knees, slut."

Lizzie obeyed. Keeping eye contact with her master as she sank slowly to the office carpet. Her pussy throbbed with perverse longing as she knelt on the ground, the men surrounding her muttering to each other in words that almost sounded angry in their intensity.

"What a fucking slut."

"God, look at her fucking tits."

"Poor little Davey, Ha!"

"Can't wait to have those soft lips wrapped around my..."

All the words were silenced by the sound of a zipper. Lizzie's breath was hot and wet in her throat as her eyes and focus locked onto her master's crotch. After a few moments of fishing, Gene dragged his thick, powerful cock out of his fly, already rock-hard and ready to show all of his friends how to treat his new slut. Performance anxiety had never been a problem for Gene. He seemed to revel in the opportunity to show off his big cock. The surrounding crowd maintained a breathless silence, eagerly anticipating the public humiliation of their former coworker that was about to unfold.

Gene played up the moment for their benefit, slapping the veiny length of his shaft against both of Lizzie's cheeks as she blushed, drowning in a raging torrent of shame and desire. It had been one thing to get fucked in front of an anonymous crowd, but here she was on her knees in front

of men she knew. Men who had once treated her with respect. The cock of a man she had publicly accused of harassment was slapping against her face, and she was just taking it like the slut she was, getting hornier and hornier.

It wasn't quite as intense as when David had watched her get fucked in the ass, but it was pretty close.

"Suck my cock, Lizzie," grunted Gene above her, his eyes glowing with twisted lust. "Show them how much you love your new master."

Lizzie ignored the 'L' word. For some reason, it was a fixation for her master lately. Even in the depths of her total submission, hearing him talk that way made her feel uncomfortable. Instead, she focused on the burning gazes of the surrounding crowd. She extended her tongue and dragged it up the length of Gene's throbbing cock, then swirled it sloppily around his swollen head, feeling gratified at the bead of precum that almost instantly welled up there. The watching men let out what almost sounded like a sigh at the sight: the fulfillment of the sexual tension. Many of them had probably fantasized about Eliza sucking cock even before she had started acting slutty, and now here she was on her knees, making all their dreams come true.

Lizzie held Gene's cock firmly at the root as she pouted her lips and planted a warm, wet kiss right on its tip, then slid her lips over the swollen mushroom head, taking him deep into her mouth. The thrill of sucking her master's cock never got old. Feeling the hot, throbbing masculinity filling her mouth made her blaze with submissive lust, displacing even the humiliation of having an audience. The only thing she could focus on as her head started bobbing, deeper and deeper, was the hard, dominant eyes of her master and the feeling of the powerful cock stretching her lips.

Her hand slipped down beneath her tiny skirt, tugging her thong aside impatiently to rub at her wet, needy pussy. She lost focus for a moment, her brain fuzzing out pleasantly as her hand gripped the root of her master's hard cock and her lips glided up and down his shaft, her tongue swirling and licking every inch of his hot, hard rod. She was in her element. Completely at peace, with her fingers circling her throbbing clit and her greedy mouth slobbering all over her only remaining source of pleasure.

Reality snapped back as she felt the presence of another man looming above her. She nearly gasped as she looked to her right and noticed Carl standing with his cock bare as well, the first man bold enough to join in the fun. He halted a step away from the slut on the floor, giving Gene a questioning glance. He may have been the boss, but right now Gene was the one in charge.

Gene let out a rough chuckle. "Come on in here, boss," he said jovially, waving Carl forward. "Lizzie loves cock so fucking much that just one won't get the job done." Lizzie wasn't one hundred percent sure she agreed with that assessment, but her mouth was too stuffed with dick for her to protest, and Carl was already stepping forward. His cock, a little shorter than Gene's

but just as girthy, waved demandingly in her face, and she had no choice but to take it in her grip, if only to prevent him from putting an eye out.

Lizzie began slowly moving her fist up and down Carl's stiff shaft while bobbing her head up and down her master's cock. It was tricky to get the rhythm right, like patting your head and rubbing your belly at the same time, but Lizzie got the knack quickly. After all, she had plenty of practice in both hand jobs and blow jobs at this point. The second cock only made the shameful heat of her position roar higher. Not only was she sucking off her husband's worst enemy in front of all her coworkers, but she was jacking off her boss at the same time. Well... her boss for now. It sounded like this demeaning display was meant to be a send-off before she was fired in disgrace.

It seemed like she had only been working on the two cocks for a few seconds before another male shape loomed on her left, another cock being pressed greedily toward her upturned face. This long, thin cock was one she had never seen before, though she was all too familiar with its grinning owner. Max. Her husband's former friend and one of the most sexually aggressive of the men who had flirted with her at work behind her husband's back.

"Jerk my cock, slut," he sneered. "I always knew you were like this, even from the very beginning. Poor Davey should've chosen more wisely."

Hearing her husband's name stung, but Lizzie couldn't even say she disagreed with Max's cruel words. If David had chosen another woman, it probably would have saved him a great deal of embarrassment and heartache. Her hand slowed only for a moment as she reached out and wrapped her left fist around Max's cock, now with a dick in each hand in addition to the larger one stuffing her mouth.

It would be hard to imagine anything more obscene and degrading. Lizzie felt like exactly the slut they said she was as she double-fisted two cocks, jerking them the best she could as she choked on her master's fat dick. She could feel the shape of all three cocks at once... every vein and ridge as each pulsed against her palms and tongue. The idea of pleasing three men at once was so taboo that it made Lizzie's pussy pulse with desire between her legs. It was even more difficult to find the rhythm now, but she threw herself into her role, swirling her tongue around her master's stiff shaft while slowly pumping her fists up and down the cock in each hand, trying to please all three men, but her master above all.

"Look at that," said Gene with a grin, elbowing Carl next to him. "Finally performing above expectations."

Carl snorted a laugh, humping his hips forward slightly into Lizzie's stroking hand as he said, "You know what? You're right. Eliza never really seemed to find her niche at this company, but I think she finally found a position she can excel in."

"Just too bad her hubby isn't here to see her demonstrate her new skills," added Max darkly.

“Hey, he’s a fucking pussy, but I think I would quit too if my wife was doing this to my coworkers,” said Carl in a joking tone, nodding down to the degraded slut kneeling on the office floor, her hands dextrously gliding up and down two cocks while she continued to bob up and down the shaft stretching her lips.

“Enough about the cuck,” said Gene roughly, withdrawing his cock from Lizzie’s drooling mouth. “I think our friends are getting a little jealous. Let’s move this somewhere we can have a little more... group participation.” Without further warning, he knelt and scooped his Cumbunny up into his strong arms, carrying her across the office with complete confidence. It was only then that Lizzie realized that the surrounding crowd of men hadn’t been just idly watching. Every man now had a cock in hand, stroking with looks of open sexual hunger on their faces as Gene bridal carried Lizzie across the room. In an instant, all of them were transformed into sexual beings in Lizzie’s eyes, much like she had been turned into a sex object to them by her revealing clothing.

It was disturbing and arousing to be the sexual focus for such a crowd. Lizzie’s eyes widened and her pulse quickened as she looked around at the horny men crowding close, trailing after her as they moved. Gene had already shown a willingness to share her... what exactly was she in for during this twisted “farewell party”?

Lizzie should have known what their destination was. It was her desk. She had been so proud on her first day of work to take her place at such a reputable firm... There was still a framed photo of her and David on her wedding day on the top of the desk, along with all of the paperwork she had been working on last week, when she still had a real job. Gene knocked everything to the floor with one contemptuous sweep of his arm, laying her back onto her desk, ready to take her publicly on the symbol of her former pride and professionalism.

Lizzie gasped as Gene reached down. Roughly tearing her flimsy thong and exposing her flushed, dripping pussy to the eyes of the hungry crowd, which was already reforming around them. In seconds, Lizzie was surrounded by a forest of cocks, fists pumping up and down them wildly. The center of a swirling storm of aggressive lust. Lizzie’s chest heaved with passion, her stiff nipples scraping against her suit jacket, her tall black platform shoes dangling in the air as she spread her legs wide, welcoming the degradation of being claimed by her master cock.

The crowd was silent, the only sound the soft, fleshy sound of a dozen men jerking off. Gene slapped his cock down onto his Cumbunny’s sensitive, exposed pussy with an embarrassingly wet sound. Lizzie was humiliated, but had never been more turned on in her fucking life. She wanted this badly. Wanted to be claimed in front of all these watching men. She wanted them to see what her master could do with his magnificent cock. Wanted to be ruined in front of the same men who used to smile and ask how her weekend was at the watercooler.

Gene didn’t taunt her this time as he pressed his swollen cock head against Lizzie’s quivering hole. This wasn’t the time for words. It was time for him to display his utter dominance physically.

He slid his cock in slowly, really putting on a show for the watching crowd of masturbating men, showing them how his thick cock spread Lizzie's tender pussy wide. Showing them how he could drive his pet slut wild with penetration alone. Lizzie held nothing back, tilting her head back to gasp and moan, her thick thighs trembling with desire as her master sheathed himself inch by inch into her tight, velvety cunt. All around them, under the buzzing fluorescent lights of the once-familiar office, the watching men increased the speed of their pumping fists, turned on by the slutty display.

Lizzie remembered vividly when she had publicly accused Gene of harassment. All of her coworkers in the office had her back then, many of them assuring her that they always knew that Gene was a total creep. Some of the men jerking off to her degradation right now had said the same thing. And now they were watching her laid back on her desk, moaning and sighing with overwhelming pleasure as the man she had once despised filled her pussy completely with his cock. She had fallen, and people that she knew well were witnessing Gene's complete victory over her and her husband.

Her pussy pulsed hungrily around her master's cock at the thought. Humiliation was only more fuel for the perverse fire burning within her now.

Gene began moving, pumping into her with deep, forceful strokes. Her pussy was already slick and open for him; she didn't need any warming up. Lizzie's hands scrabbled over the scattered paper on her desk, trying to get any leverage that she could. They had once been important details for her, but now the papers were just trash, a cushion for her humiliating sex show. She let out a little whining moan with every thrust forward, and her pussy clung to Gene's cock with every backstroke, desperately milking it.

The crowd was surrounding the desk now, watching as Gene brutally fucked his obedient slut. Lizzie lost track of time in the powerful haze of submissive pleasure, but it seemed like they had only been fucking for a few minutes when the first hand reached out.

Lizzie let out a little squeak of alarm as a rough male hand reached out and slipped beneath her suit jacket, cupping a breast. "Let it happen, Lizzie," grunted Gene above her, not stopping his rhythm for a moment as his thick cock pumped in and out of her. "These guys want to give you a proper farewell. And you're going to do whatever they want."

It was open season at that point. Hands reached out to her from all sides, opening her suit jacket and exposing her breasts. Multiple rough hands soon ran all over the swell of her tits, pinching and teasing her nipples. Her skirt was rolled up so that a hand could trace the curve of her hip. The crowd around her touched and rubbed and palmed every inch of her as Gene continued to stretch out her pussy. A finger entered her mouth, and she sucked in eagerly. Fingers ran through her long, dark hair. She felt her shoes come off, first the left, then the right. Lizzie couldn't tell where the attention was coming from: the crowd surrounding her was just one mass of lustful masculinity.

At first, the men simply touched her while they stroked themselves. Then her hand was pulled down, and her fingers were wrapped around a throbbing cock. Someone reached out and pulled her face to the side, a swollen, oozing cockhead rubbing suddenly against her soft lips. A pair of hands seized a dangling ankle, and a moment later a hard shaft was rubbing against the sole of her stockinged foot. The men around her surged forward, no longer content to just watch and stroke, rubbing their hard cock over whatever part of her that they could reach... her hair, her thighs... Some men even leaned way over the edge of the desk to rub themselves over her tits. Soon, both hands and her mouth were filled with cock once again. She was being utterly dominated by male attention from all sides while her pussy was being filled again and again by the cock that owned and controlled her.

Lizzie gave in, accepting the degrading, humiliating, but overwhelmingly exciting role. She was the subject of a gang bang, the center of attention for a dozen horny, disrespectful men. She reveled in the storm of powerful sexual energy surrounding her, touched and teased and defiled by a dozen hard dicks while her master thrust into her tight pussy.

She moaned around the thick rod thrust between her lips, humping and swirling her hips downward into Gene's pumping cock. Every inch of her skin throbbed with sexual heat. Slick precum now covered her skin, and the air was heavy with the smell of dick. This is where she belonged now, this swamp of suffocating obscenity. She climaxed, suddenly and harshly, her back arching up and choked moans pouring from her mouth, orgasming to the feeling of being so thoroughly and disgracefully used.

"That's my girl," laughed Gene as the men surrounding laughed and cheered raucously. "I told you boys the little slut loved cock... now clear some space. I think it's time to really make this bitch's wet dreams come true."

His eyes burned with infernal light. "...Let's make this bitch air-tight."

The low growling pronouncement sent a thrill of erotic terror through Lizzie and prompted a cheer from the gathered men. Lizzie felt Gene's cock withdraw, and then hands grabbed her from all sides, lifting her from the desk. She twisted and writhed in their grip... not exactly reluctant for what was about to happen, but still terribly intimidated by the powerful vortex of dark sexual energy she found herself at the center of. Rough hands slid over every inch of her exposed body, still sensitive from her mind-blowing orgasm. Greedy fingers rubbed and touched her thighs, her tits, her aching pussy. Her whole body throbbed with pleasure so powerful it was almost agony.

There was a sense of motion. Lifting and carrying. The crowd parted to show that they were taking her to Gene, who was lying on his back on the ground, massive, drooling cock jutting upward obscenely beneath his big, hard gut. Carl and Max stood nearby, stroking their cocks with a look of wicked anticipation.

Lizzie wasn't well-versed in the language of pornography. She had never heard the term "air-tight" before. But it wasn't exactly difficult to guess what the three men had in mind. She was in no mental state or mood to refuse; she wanted nothing more in this moment than to be used and degraded completely. To be her master's perfect, slutty Cumbunny. And if that meant being used in all of her holes, that is exactly what she would do.

Everything was happening in a blur. Rough hands seized Lizzie, still rubbing and groping even as they pulled her forward toward her master. Her knees hit the office carpet hard on either side of her master's waist, skidding slightly, rubbing raw. Gene's cock was beneath her, pressing upward against her pussy. Her breath came in rough panting gasps as he took hold of his cock, inserting himself into her sensitive pussy while grunting, "That's it, Lizzie. You're my Cumbunny. This is what you were made for. Show everyone what a good slut you are."

Lizzie gasped in delight as his cock slammed into her again, filling her completely. Gene was all that she wanted... but she was about to get much more than just his cock. Carl was already moving in behind her, red-faced and snorting with lust like a bull. Max crowded in from the front side, stroking his cock and grinning down at her like all of his dreams were suddenly coming true.

The surrounding crowd of men was a blur of leering faces and fists pumping up and down cocks. Their growling murmurs, filled with sharp expletives and filthy promises of what they would do to Lizzie, blended together into one low, toneless rumble of aggressive male lust.

Carl's cock pressed against Lizzie's ass at the same time that the head of Max's cock smeared over her soft lips, wetting them with slick, salty precum. Lizzie could feel her arousal spiraling upward into a powerful catharsis. She was about to be used and defiled in a way she wasn't sure she could ever come back from. But the way her master's cock stretched her pussy while he continued to whisper poisonous words of encouragement upward made her degradation seem almost like a victory.

Lizzie let out a gasp of surprise and pleasure as Carl surged forward, spearing her tight ass with his cock. Lizzie had gotten used to Gene's monstrous size, so Carl's smaller cock slipped in easily, and soon he was pumping into her from behind, stretching her open in time with Gene's upward thrusts. The feeling of being penetrated by two cocks at once was overwhelming, making Lizzie feel utterly dominated. She opened her mouth to let out an appreciative moan, only to have Max press forward, deftly slipping his thin cock between her lips. She swirled her tongue gently around it, but found it difficult to bob her head. In fact, she found it difficult to move at all. Her former boss reamed her ass with frantic strokes while her master surged powerfully upward into her from below. With two cocks penetrating her, Lizzie wasn't able to move her own hips much at all. She was merely a receptacle for their lust, rather than a participant. A set of holes for their cocks to fuck.

Just as Lizzie had that thought, Max grew impatient with her distracted blowjob and grabbed the back of her head, thrusting forward to fuck Lizzie's mouth while the two other men plundered her

ass and pussy. She was airtight now, every hole filled by cock as a dozen horny men crowded around, jerking off to her public humiliation.

Lizzie stopped resisting the intense pleasure and shame of being thoroughly used. Her eyes rolled back in ecstasy as three cocks pumped into her, her whole body throbbing and burning from the stimulation of ultimate submission.

When the first cumshot landed on her, it was a surprise... a sudden splash of hot liquid over her heaving tits. But, even though the man who had stepped forward first had been especially daring, he was far from the last. Other men stepped forward, and more thick splatters landed on her skin. One across her face, another on her thigh. The men of her office were marking her. Defiling her with their lust while they watched her get utterly conquered. More men crowded forward and began covering Lizzie. Her hair, her face, her tits. Soon she was dripping with the sperm of her disrespectful admirers, covered in the hot, sticky evidence of their lust.

If Gene was upset by the friendly fire dripping down on him, he gave no sign of it; he looked up with a savage grin at his slutty Cumbunny, fucked in three holes and splattered with jizz. The ice queen had finally been dragged off her pedestal and melted into a puddle of shameful, slutty lust.

Carl climaxed next, groaning and hunching forward from his position kneeling behind her to deposit a thick, creamy load of sperm deep into her bouncy ass. Giving her a farewell treat she would never forget. His departure allowed Lizzie to bounce her hips up and down on her master's cock, increasing both of their pleasure while she continued to suck off her husband's friend.

The men surrounding her grew even bolder, pulling her hands out and wrapping her fingers once again around their cocks. She tried her best to jerk them off, but she was distracted by Max beginning to orgasm, filling her mouth with hot, salty sperm. Her hips continued to buck and writhe, humping downward with wet, meaty slaps, her pussy milking and gripping her master's perfect cock with every downward stroke. More men pushed forward with gasping groans, firing hot ropes of pearly goo all over her bouncing body. She was no longer a woman. She had become a moaning, writhing sex object, and these men were baptising her with their sticky lust. But the load she really wanted was from the cock impaling her, spearing deep into her deepest core. She wanted her master's cum more than she wanted her next breath, and her hips pumped wildly, desperate to earn it.

She could tell Gene was close. His face was locked into a wild snarl of fierce, dominant pleasure, and his hands reached up to grip tightly around her waist as he hammered upward into her, not even caring about the sperm dripping downward onto him.

"What do you want, Lizzie?" he growled, his voice rough and deep. "Tell me. Tell all of them."

Lizzie let go of the cocks in her hands, planting them on Gene's chest as she focused wholly on him, bouncing her pussy up and down his cock with wild enthusiasm.

"I want your cum, Master! Please... please cum for me."

She could feel another orgasm building inside her, coiling like a snake about to strike. The crowd of faceless, stroking men still surrounded her, and she dripped with the hot juices of their lust, but right now it was just her and her master. The man who had claimed her for his own.

"And who do you want? Who do you belong to?" demanded Gene. His thrusts were short and fast now, plowing into her at a feverish pace.

Eliza felt herself tipping over the edge. Her thighs trembled, her toes curled, and her pussy closed like a vice around the cock of her owner. Her lover. Her master. The man who meant everything in the world to her.

"Youuuuuu! Only Youuu Maaaaasteer!" she moaned wildly. Her words choked off into breathy, wordless noises of ecstasy as Gene burst inside her, filling her insides with hot, molten pleasure. The other men's cum was worthless slime in comparison to the precious, addictive ambrosia that gushed into her, filling her pussy completely and sending cascading shockwaves of sexual satisfaction roaring through her body.

Every sexual experience she had ever had paled in comparison. Even the humiliating gangbang she had just gone through could never compare to just one load of cum from her master. She reveled in it, continuing to grind her pussy downward into him while letting out low, sloppy moans, milking every drop from his balls as her own powerful orgasm consumed her.

Finally, she stopped, her head clearing a little, coming back to reality. The crowd of men still surrounded her, staring hungrily at the sex-crazed vixen beneath them, wearing only a skirt hiked up around her waist and a pair of lacy stockings. She was filthy in every sense of the term, glistening with sweat and the cumshots of her former coworkers.

She had been disgraced forever in their eyes. She supposed that she should be grateful that this gang bang wasn't scheduled while the entire office was working.

Especially her husband. Did he even still work here? Lizzie realized with a pang of sadness that she didn't know. Hopefully he had quit. She couldn't imagine that working with these men would be a pleasant experience for him.

Gene broke the awkward silence by slapping Lizzie's ass and standing up from beneath her. "Well!" He said with a grin, "That was good for round one... But I'm assuming these boys have at least one more load left in them each. Why don't we show them everything I've been teaching you, Lizzie?"

Lizzie wished she could say she hated the idea... but as the men hauled her to her feet and their hands began greedily running over her body once again, all that she could feel was a helpless, needy lust.

...

"A-are you sure that Master is ok with this?" asked Lizzie nervously, for what felt like the thousandth time.

Kim grit her teeth. You would think that a woman who had been cooped up inside an apartment for a week apart from one memorable gangbang would be eager to get out of the house. But no, Lizzie had to make a huge fucking federal issue out of leaving.

"Did Daddy order you to stay in the apartment?" snapped Kim irritably.

"Well, no, but..."

"This is why. He told me to take you to get nipple piercings, and that's what we're doing," lied Kim again. She was actually pretty lucky that Gene hadn't thought to order Lizzie to stay home. That would have made this crucial rendezvous impossible. Lizzie was quiet for the rest of the car ride, picking idly at her fingernails in the lap of her tiny, flouncy skirt. Lizzie had picked out the outfit herself, with a pale pink tubetop and tall, tacky heels to go with the scandalous skirt. Kim wished that Lizzie could have worn something a little more... demure. Her appearance right now was only going to make things harder. But this was a case where they'd run up against Gene's commands. He wanted Lizzie to dress like a cheap whore from now on, so she couldn't wear something more modest even if she wanted to.

Lizzie was so distracted that she didn't even realize where they were going until they pulled up in front of the house. When she finally put two and two together, the blood drained from her face, and her mouth dropped open with a squeak of alarm.

"K-Kimmy, what are we doing here?" she asked in a trembling voice, looking up at the house she had once shared with her husband in growing panic.

Kim turned off the car and turned to her sister-in-law with an exasperated expression. "What do you think? Looks like I need to play matchmaker again. We're here to talk to David."

Kim didn't think that there was any fight left in Lizzie, but somehow that old icy blaze of disapproval flared up once again in her clear blue eyes, washing away the haze of helpless lust that had clung there all week. "No. Absolutely not, Kim," said Eliza firmly. Despite the clear panic filling Eliza at the very prospect of talking to her estranged husband, her words were rock solid. "David doesn't want to see me, and I have no explanation for him that he could possibly believe. It's better for both of us if we just leave it as it is."

But even if Eliza had a talent for being firm and confident, Kim had a talent for bucking authority. She snorted and opened her car door. “Fuck that. That’s what I admired about you, Sis. You always fought back, despite all the evidence telling you your fight was impossible. And now you want to let your husband go without even *trying* to explain?”

“It would be humiliating for both of us!” fired back Eliza, crossing her arms over her ridiculously skimpy tube top as if just now realizing how slutty it was. “I am not going to put both of us through that when it has absolutely no chance of...”

Kim could see that this was going nowhere fast. Eliza had already given up on her relationship and was too cowardly and hurt from the traumatic moment when she lost it to attempt to get it back. If Kim didn’t give her a push, there was no way Eliza would be walking into that house.

Luckily for her, she knew Eliza’s buttons by now. Kim’s promotion to “top bunny” may have been hollow, but it did provide a useful framework for ordering Eliza around. Kim’s hand reached out and grabbed Eliza’s chin, forcing her stubborn sister-in-law to look her in the eyes.

“Listen to me, you cowardly little bitch,” said Kim in a low snarl. “I don’t really give a shit what objections you have to my plan. You’re going to do it because I fucking said so, whether or not you think it will be embarrassing.”

Kim could see, based on the way Eliza’s eyes widened and her breath caught, that her aggressive approach had made an immediate impact. Eliza had been remodeled by Gene into someone who caved at the first sign of dominance. The pale, lovely woman was clearly now struggling against her first instinct: to give in and do what her dominant sister-in-law demanded.

But she still had some fire left. A last protective instinct for David that made her resist, based on the assumption that any conversation would hurt him more than help him. “Kim,” she said miserably, “I can’t! Even if I had a chance to get back together with David, I don’t deserve it. I couldn’t help what I was doing... but doing it felt good. I enjoyed it in the end. And David deserves a woman who hasn’t betrayed him. No matter what my reasons were.”

Kim sighed. In a lot of ways, Eliza was right. After how badly David’s trust had been broken, she wasn’t sure that his relationship with Eliza would ever be the same, even if Eliza didn’t do it of her own free will. But David was key to all this. Kim had to believe that they could repair their relationship... because her own future happiness depended on it.

“Eliza, I didn’t just bring you here so you could beg David to take you back. I have a plan. Trust me. Anyway, if you don’t do what I say, I’ll tell Daddy you’ve been scheming behind his back. Ready or not, this is what we’re doing,” she insisted grimly, getting out of the car and adjusting her clothes. “So mentally prepare. Give me five minutes, then come in after me. I have to make sure he doesn’t just run away.”

Eliza continued to try to argue back, but Kim slammed the door on her and strode toward the house. She was confident that Eliza would follow in the end. Kim had just given her a couple of excellent reasons to obey, and she was sure one of them would stick. Now she just had to hope that the rest of her plan would work as well.

In a few short steps, she had reached the front door, knocked briskly, and let herself into David and Eliza's home.

It looked a lot different than the last time she had been here. Boxes were scattered all around, filled with crumpled-up newspaper and items haphazardly tossed inside. It looked like what it was: the work of a severely depressed man trying to pack up a house as quickly as possible. At least it was better than David just tossing all of his household items in the garbage. Kim had just barely managed to talk him off that particular ledge two days ago.

Almost as soon as she took in the sight of the mess, David himself came slouching down the stairs with another box in hand.

*God, he looks like a wreck.*

David's eyes were red-rimmed, and he clearly hadn't shaved in a few days. Maybe not even since that awful night at the sex club. He looked tired and sad and utterly lost. In that one look, Kim was reminded that, even though David wasn't fighting the same battle as her or Lizzie, he had gone through something that no man should ever have to.

He didn't deserve what Gene had done to him, and even though she firmly believed that what she was about to do would make things better for him in the end, things would get worse for him before they got better. But Kim had no choice.

"Kim..." he said in a voice that sounded rough and strained, as though he hadn't spoken out loud in a while. "Thanks for coming." He cleared his throat a little and broke eye contact, making his way down the rest of the stairs and carelessly tossing the box he was holding down into a chair.

"Don't mention it," said Kim, feeling a little twinge of guilt. *It's going to be better in the end... I swear, David.* She crossed the room and gave David a little punch on the arm. "How are you holding up, bud?"

David gave her a weary look, leaning heavily against the banister. "I... I don't fucking know, Kim. Not good. I just need to get the fuck out of here. Carl may have been a shitty boss, but he wrote me a decent letter of rec. I have a few interviews set up in Chicago already. I'll live on savings for a month or two until I can line up a job."

Kim nodded sympathetically, reaching slowly into her back pocket. None of that was actually going to happen. Her brother was going to be staying right here. Where she needed him.

It only took a second. David was tired and distracted, and he never saw it coming. In two sharp, efficient clicks, the fuzzy pink handcuffs she had swiped from Gene's apartment trapped his wrist, then bound it to the stair banister. Kim knew her brother, and there was no way he was going to willingly stick around for what came next.

David stared down numbly at the handcuffs now binding him to the stair railing, blinking stupidly, then frowning. "Kim, what the fuck do you think you're..." His words trailed off and a look of horror dawned on his face as he looked over his sister's shoulder toward the front door.

Kim knew that Eliza wouldn't be able to resist this chance. She turned to see her sister in law standing in the doorway, looking like the dirty slut she had become, biting her lip and looking as if she would rather be anywhere else.

"What the FUCK, Kim?" asked David, yanking the handcuffs hard.

...

If walking up to her old workplace the other day had felt strange, walking up to her old house felt utterly bizarre to Lizzie. Her heart was pounding a thousand miles an hour as she stepped out of Kim's car and wobbled toward the house on her too-tall heels.

Lizzie had sat in the car, insisting to herself that she wouldn't go into the house again and again for almost the full five minutes Kim had told her to wait. It wasn't that she didn't want to get back together with David. If she could wave a magic wand and put her relationship back together with her soon-to-be-ex husband, she would do it in a heartbeat. But it wasn't that simple. Gene had crushed their relationship so thoroughly with his perverse stunt that trying to fix it would just hurt them both. There was no point in trying to explain the unbelievable truth, especially not after the fact. Nothing she could say to her husband right now would get her the forgiveness she wasn't even sure she deserved.

But in the end, she left the car anyway. Maybe it was some sort of misplaced hope. Maybe she was just worried about Kim's plans to tell Gene about her failed scheme. Exactly why didn't matter; what mattered was that she was marching up to the house she once shared with the man she still loved, her hands sweaty and her mouth dry.

Lizzie froze as she walked in the front door. Her eyes locked with her husband's across the room instantly, before she was ready. Her breath caught in her throat and her mind went blank for a moment as she stared into his eyes. He looked perfect to her. Well... no, that wasn't exactly true. He looked like a mess; unshaven, with sunken eyes and pale skin. But something inside her that she thought was already dead stirred to uneasy life.

Inside her, Eliza woke up and sobbed.

“What the FUCK, Kim?” asked David roughly, his shock giving way to anger as he yanked against the cuffs that Kim had apparently bound him in. “What is *she* doing here?”

Eliza was stung by the venom in her husband’s voice. It made sense. The last he had seen of Eliza was her monstrous betrayal. A sickening act that had no logical explanation besides her being the most evil woman imaginable. But even if she understood his reaction, it still hurt when he turned away from her, unable to even look her in the eyes.

Kim crossed her arms and sighed, rolling her neck as if getting ready for an exhausting, unpleasant task. “We need to have a talk, David. All three of us. And I knew that you wouldn’t agree if I asked you. Thus the cuffs.”

David’s nostrils flared. He yanked at the cuffs again, making sure they weren’t novelty items he could easily snap. “You’re damn right I wouldn’t have agreed,” he muttered. “I have nothing to... nothing to say to *her*.” His voice cracked on the last word, letting a tiny glimpse of pain out through the mask of anger, and making Eliza’s heart break. She was suddenly painfully conscious that she was dressed like a slut. Not that she had much of a choice: thanks to Gene’s specific commands, she was unable to dress more modestly. But, even if Kim had some sort of plan to reconcile them, her outfit was a poor start. She crossed her arms self-consciously over her thin tube top, as if that would make it any less revealing.

“But I have something to say to you,” insisted Kim firmly. “About what your wife has been going through. So stop pulling at the stupid cuffs, David. You look like a fucking idiot.”

David sat in a huff on the nearest stair, one arm dangling from the cuff, the other over his eyes so that he didn’t need to look at Eliza. “I don’t care what she’s going through,” he said tonelessly. “Nothing would explain what I saw. I don’t want to think about her at all anymore. I want to leave this town and forget everybody in it ever existed. Except for you Kim... but now I’m not even sure about that.”

“Lucky for me, you’ve gotta listen anyway,” said Kim flatly. “Thank god for fuzzy handcuffs. David, your wife was roofied.”

David dragged his hand down his face to give her a disbelieving glare. “It didn’t look like a fucking roofie to me. It looked like she was screaming for...”

“Shut up. She’s been roofied over the course of the past few months. Using something called Mjolkhare oil. When a woman is dosed with a mixture of the oil and a man’s cum, she becomes addicted to his semen. She can’t live without it, no matter how hard she resists. And trust me, Eliza put up a hell of a fight.”

Eliza and David’s mouths dropped open. Eliza was shocked because Kim was just laying out the bare, ridiculous-sounding truth. David was shocked for... other reasons.

A grim, humorless chuckle bubbled up from between his lips, and he slumped back against the stairs. "What? Are you...?" his eyes searched Kim's stony face. "Are you fucking serious? Addicted to cum? That's the best excuse you could come up with? You should have just stuck with the roofie idea. Kept it simple."

"It's real," said Kim starkly, staring back at him with blazing green eyes.

David's eyes flicked to Eliza again, burning with anger and suspicion. She felt like she had to add something, so she quietly said, "David, I know it's hard to believe..."

"Stop!" said David in a broken voice. "Just... this is pathetic, ok? It doesn't make any fucking sense. Why would she... I mean, in front of everyone. I heard how much she liked it, Kim."

"It twists your mind. Gives him the power to order Eliza around. To make her like it. Even if she wishes she didn't," said Kim. Eliza could hear the bitterness echoing beneath her words. She wasn't just thinking about Eliza.

David was having none of it. "Well... Isn't that convenient?" he scoffed. "This magic oil just explains away everything! Seriously Kim. I was stupid enough not to notice my wife cheating on me for months. That doesn't mean I'm stupid enough to pretend she never did. Why are you even going to bat for her anyway? I know you never liked her."

Kim took a deep breath, glanced at Eliza, then gave her a nod, her lips pressed together into a determined line. Eliza only realized what Kim was about to do a second before she did it. She reached out a hand, trying somehow to stop her, but it was too late.

"Because I was dosed with the same oil, David. I'm also addicted to Gene's cum."

David stared at her, his confused expression slowly morphing into horror. "No. No... Kim. You can't be saying..."

"That's how I know," said Kim, her jaw set defiantly. "Because I've been going through the same thing."

The anger and tension seemed to leave David. He just lay back against the stairs, his eyes closed. Looking utterly defeated. Eliza's heart went out to him, but she knew there was nothing she could do right now that would be helpful. All she could do was watch this trainwreck and hope that Kim had something more than this in her so-far unsuccessful plan.

"David, what if..." began Kim.

"No. Enough," said David in a voice that was hollow, but forceful enough to cut through Kim's words. "I'm not listening to this anymore, Kim. I'm serious. Unlock these cuffs. I don't want to see either of you ever again."

“Listen to me,” said Kim firmly, but David refused to let her speak.

“Kim, it sounds like you’re admitting to fucking my worst enemy. Do you deny it?”

“No. That’s why you should believe me. Why would I admit it if I wasn’t telling the truth?”

“Because you think I’m an idiot. Like he does. I’m fucking done with this, Kim. Done with you. Just another person to forget about in this fucking town. Now unlock these cuffs, or I swear to God that I’ll just start yelling so I can’t hear you.” David kept his eyes closed. His posture was utterly collapsed and defeated, but he sounded dead serious. He hadn’t been convinced. Eliza commended Kim for having a decent idea. Using her confession as proof of her sincerity had been bold. But it looked like it had backfired. David hadn’t been persuaded. Eliza’s heart sank.

“What if I could prove it?” asked Kim sharply.

David’s eyes opened, once again fixing her with a dubious glare. “You can’t. Because it’s fucking stupid.”

“Would you let me try?” asked Kim seriously. “Would you be willing to accept it if I gave you solid proof?”

“I’m not going to get tricked by you,” said David guardedly, but strangely, Eliza could hear a strange hint of interest in his voice. Just a tiny scrap of hope.

“I’m not going to force anything,” said Kim decisively. “You’ll decide if the proof is convincing. If not, I’ll leave you alone forever.”

Eliza had no fucking idea how Kim could possibly prove the existence of the oil. Even if they had Gene here, how could you prove an internal craving? To David, it would just look like Eliza and Kim were sluts. But at this point, she was willing to try anything.

David frowned at his sister for a long minute, thinking hard, then shrugged with a look of discomfort and looked away. “Fine. You can try. And after you try to trick me, both of you can get out of my house.”

“Perfect!” said Kim, sounding unreasonably confident. “In that case, let me unlock you. I’m going to need those cuffs for the demonstration.” She crossed briskly to the stairs and released her brother, then, with the estranged couple both watching her curiously, she fetched a ladderback chair from the kitchen table and set it down in the middle of the cluttered living room. Then she turned to Eliza and patted the seat. “Sit,” she said simply.

Eliza still couldn’t fathom where her sister in law was going with this, but at this point, she was committed. David had already been hurt and humiliated, and if this had even a chance to work,

she was willing to try. She sat in the chair, and with a little fiddling and some sharp metallic clicks, both of her hands were bound firmly to the chair behind her.

“Perfect,” said Kim, rubbing her hands together. “Now I just need to grab a couple of things from upstairs. I’ll be right back.”

She turned and scurried past David up the stairs, leaving her brother sitting and wearily rubbing his wrist, looking as if he already regretted agreeing to this demonstration.

Husband and wife were alone together again for a few moments. Words tangled on Eliza’s tongue. There were so many things that she wanted to say. I’m sorry. I love you. How could you not notice the trouble I was in? I never wanted this to happen.

But nothing had changed between them. Not yet. Nothing she could say would be well-received. David didn’t look up at her, and a second later, the moment was gone. Kim came charging down the stairs... with a pair of Eliza’s sweatpants and running shoes in her hands.

“Look,” she said with an odd grin on her face, waving the clothing beneath her brother’s nose. “These are Eliza’s clothes, right? Stuff she wears all the time?”

“Yeah, I guess... where are you going with this?”

Kim crossed the room to Eliza and swiftly knelt, carefully removing Eliza’s platform heels and setting the running shoes in front of her. “Can you slip those on for me, Sis?” she asked lightly. “Shouldn’t be too hard, even without your hands.”

Eliza looked down at the shoes, then back up to Kim. “I can’t.”

“Why not? Explain it to him,” said Kim, jerking a thumb back over her shoulder at her brother.

Eliza blushed. This was going to sound bad. She hoped that Kim knew where she was going with this. “Because Gene ordered me to only wear platform heels,” she said, hanging her head. As predicted, a look of disgust crossed David’s face.

“And same with these sweatpants, right? You can’t wear them, because Gene ordered you to only wear slutty clothes,” said Kim, waving the ratty old around-the-house sweatpants Eliza had owned since college.

“Right,” said Eliza miserably.

“This doesn’t prove anything,” said David impatiently. “Just more lies. Easily faked.”

“Maybe so, but watch this next part and tell me if you think she could fake it.”

Kim knelt and took a running shoes in hand, seizing one of Eliza's feet with the other. Eliza finally realized what Kim planned to do, and her belly flipped and twisted inside her. "Kim, wait..." she said desperately, her whole body going stiff as her subconscious mind rebelled against Kim's plan.

"No waiting. Should be easy, right? These are your shoes, Eliza. Just let me put them on." She trapped Eliza's ankle in her armpit so that she couldn't move away, then slipped the shoe over Eliza's toe.

The effect was immediate. A powerful wave of discomfort swept over Eliza. It had been a little while since she had even tried to disobey her master's direct orders, and she was unprepared for the intensity of the sensation. She didn't even know it was possible to feel this uncomfortable. Every nerve cried out with a feeling like a grain of sand trapped under an eyelid: an unacceptable state that needed to be corrected immediately. "Fuck!" she gasped, wriggling and shifting as hard as she could to try to get her foot out of the shoe Kim had trapped it in. "Kim, stop!"

"Why?" grunted Kim, holding on for dear life as the frantic Eliza started to kick her with her free foot, her hands straining against the cuffs. "These are your... fucking... shoes, Eliza! Just put them on for a second."

David watched the two women struggle with clear confusion. "What the fuck is wrong with her?" he asked blankly, his brows furrowing.

"I... told you... what was wrong with her... idiot!" Kim was having a harder time holding on now as Eliza squirmed and bucked, trying to shake her off.

"Jesus F-fuck! Take that fucking shoe off of me, Kim!" growled Eliza. She knew that she probably looked fucking ridiculous, but that didn't matter anymore. She knew from experience that it was becoming more and more difficult to disobey her master's orders, but she had never been forced to cross that line before. It was more than she could bear... and unfortunate proof that the oil had corrupted her deeper than she even realized. Not only was knowingly obeying her master's orders impossible, but even being forced into it by someone else was pure torture. No wonder she hadn't been able to disobey Gene and fuck her husband.

With an almighty effort, Eliza planted a foot on Kim's shoulder and managed to pull her foot out of her sister-in-law's armpit, stripping the shoe off along with it. Unfortunately, the movement sent her toppling backward, knocking the chair over and bouncing her head off the carpet hard enough to make her see stars.

Kim stood above her, blowing a stray piece of hair out of her face. "Ok," she said grimly, holding up the pair of sweatpants. "Time for demonstration number two."

“Wait!” David said, standing up from the stairs with a troubled look on his face. “Stop. She’s going to hurt herself... or you, maybe.”

Eliza turned to her husband, a tender sprout of hope growing in her heart. Kim lowered the pants, a smile spreading across her face. “Does that mean...?”

“Shut up,” said David irritably around the thumbnail he was chewing. “Let me think. Magic fucking oil? It’s so stupid. But... if anyone would do something sick like that, it would be him. And Eliza always hated him.”

“I did!” agreed Eliza from the floor, unable to hold herself back from chiming in. “I would never get together with a man like him on purpose!”

David looked down at her, but his eyes were still angry and distant. He stared into her face for a long while, then let out a bitter sigh and turned to Kim.

“I... I’m not sure what to believe. And I can’t forgive her. Not yet. Maybe not ever. But I want to hear more... and if you have a plan for getting back at that fat, wife-stealing prick? That is definitely something I could get behind.”

His words were harsh. Conflicted. Tenuous.

But it was better than nothing, and even though she was lying cuffed on her living room floor with a lump already swelling on the back of her head, Eliza felt better than she had in a long time.