

## Part 14 Rough and Raw Edition

David sighed and rubbed his hand wearily over his face. He felt drained. Completely empty. Worn out like an old sponge. He had experienced the most intense emotions of his life over the course of the past week, and now his sister, the woman he trusted most in the world, was asking him to believe the stupidest fucking thing he had ever heard.

If she hadn't given him that disturbing demonstration of how this supposed oil affected Eliza, David wouldn't have even considered believing her.

Eliza... she was sitting there right now, an ice pack pressed to the back of her head, looking sheepish and wearing some of the sluttiest clothes David had ever seen a woman willingly put on their body outside of a porno. Kim swore that his wife had been an innocent victim forced into betrayal by Gene. But even if that were true, emotionally it wasn't that simple. It wasn't possible for David to forgive a woman at the drop of a hat after he had seen... what he saw.

"Ok, fine," said David, holding up a hand. "I think I get the general outline of what's going on. Gene has the two of you addicted. So what are we supposed to do about it? Capture him and fucking milk him?"

Kim snorted and rolled her eyes. David loved the hell out of his sister, but she could be sort of a pain in the ass at times. "No. Wouldn't work. Eliza has to do what he says, remember?" Eliza looked miserable, staring down into her lap and blushing. She had been fairly quiet in all of this, apparently stewing in what David considered well-deserved shame.

"Ok, so let's quit the guessing game. Tell me your plan," said David impatiently. He was operating on about three hours of sleep and had been at the end of his rope before Kim had appeared with Eliza dressed like a slut.

"Simple. We get more of the oil, and we get Eliza addicted to someone who will treat her right."

Eliza and David glanced at each other, just for a moment, sharing a moment of incredulity as husband and wife before they both looked away. "Wait... how do you know that will work?" asked Eliza, finally contributing to the conversation.

"I talked with Bitsy the other day. It worked for her," said Kim with a sharp grin.

David had no idea who Bitsy was, but that also didn't really matter in the broader scheme of things. He was disturbed by the implication that Eliza might get addicted to his cum... he had seen the depths that his wife was willing to sink to based on that addiction, and the idea that that sort of single-minded dependency might be turned on him was... a very strange thought, and one he didn't want to process right now.

"Even if it did work, how are we supposed to get our hands on this magic oil?" asked David testily, unable to keep a twist of contempt out of his voice when mentioning the supposed substance.

A shadow of doubt clouded Kim's confident expression. "Well... I admit that that is the tricky part," she said reluctantly. "We know where masters get the oil, but not how exactly. I'm not sure they even know themselves. People seem to be chosen from their Kaos server almost at random. And that's not the only issue with the plan, if I'm being honest."

Kim pointed at Eliza with a rueful twist of her lips. "Unfortunately, we can't trust her. The second that Gene catches even a whiff that we are plotting against him, all he has to do is ask Eliza to tell him the truth, and that's the ballgame."

David looked over into the beautiful blue eyes of the woman that he loved. The woman who had broken his trust so badly, he wasn't sure he would be able to love her again. And all he saw there was guilt and fear. Eliza agreed with Kim. She didn't know if she could trust herself.

"So what is the point of this then?" Asked David wearily. "You're saying that the second that Gene suspects something, we're fucked? Then why even start? That guy is a paranoid egomaniac. There is no possible way we can pull this off with him never suspecting a thing."

Kim crossed her arms, and a smug smile of confidence crossed her face. "Oh, I know he'll get suspicious. But the very fact that we know that can be used to our advantage. There is a way through this..."

She winced a little as she looked back and forth between David and Eliza.

"...but I'm not sure either of you is going to like it."

...

Eliza felt every last bump in the road through her aching nipples as they sped back to Gene's apartment. But the pain in her nipples and the throbbing lump on the back of her head were a welcome distraction from the chaos running through her mind.

Meeting David again had been heaven and hell. Seeing his face was like a tall cool glass of water to a woman dying of thirst... but the hatred and heartbreak in her eyes was almost as painful as losing him the first time. Even if Kim had somehow managed to convince him of the truth, fixing their broken bond wasn't that simple. It wasn't clear if it could ever be repaired at all.

And that wasn't even to mention Kim's insane plan. Just the idea of it twisted Eliza's guts into knots of anxiety. Eliza had reawakened inside her, and her determination to fight back against Gene's control was strong... but Lizzie lurked just under the surface, that slutty, submissive part of her didn't like the idea of betraying her master for a pathetic little pussy like David at all.

How could they defeat Gene if David couldn't trust her? How could they have even a chance if she didn't trust herself? Kim seemed confident, but she had always been a little impulsive. They would need a miracle to somehow pull this off.

"Ok, so if we are lucky, Daddy hasn't made it home yet," said Kim as they approached Gene's apartment building, using Gene's preferred honorific in her distraction. "Then we can just..." she trailed off with a frustrated click of her tongue as they both saw Gene's shitty old car parked in his usual space. "Ok, scrap that, I guess. We'll have to go with plan B."

She threw her car into park and turned to Eliza, reaching over to grab her shoulder. "You ready? We can do this. Just follow my lead and remember what I told you."

Eliza sighed, shaking her head. "I... I don't know if I can, Kimmy. I'm... I don't think I'm as strong as you're assuming. I'm going to let you down."

"Hey." Kim reached out and cupped Eliza's face, turning it toward her. "Eliza, you're the one who taught me how to fight back against this prick. To make him think he's won and stab him in the back. That's exactly how we are going to do this. I need your help. We can do this, Eliza. But only together."

Eliza looked into Kim's fierce green eyes, seeing the trust and confidence radiating from them. And somehow, she found the strength she needed to go on.

"Let's do this," she said in a voice more confident than she felt.

Gene was waiting for them when they entered the apartment, sitting back in his chair with a face like a thundercloud, eyes narrowed with fury and suspicion.

"Well, well, well," he snarled, leaping up from the armchair and closing the distance toward them as his face flushed red. "My two little prodigal bunnies return. I don't remember sending you two out Kimmy... and I know Lizzie wouldn't think to leave on her own. So where exactly were you two?"

It was just like they had feared. Gene was a naturally paranoid and controlling man. If their goal had been to operate secretly and never have him catch on to their plans, that ship had already sailed.

"I got you a little surprise, Daddy," said Kim, cool as a cucumber despite Gene's angry accusations. "Show him, Lizzie."

Eliza bit her lip and lifted the bottom edge of her tube top, letting her firm tits bounce out into the dull light of Gene's apartment. Gene's face went from anger and suspicion to faintly pleased shock as he saw her nipples.

They were bright pink, swollen and enflamed, throbbing painfully from the brand new metal studs that they had gotten at a hurried appointment after they left David behind at the house. A necessary cover story if they wanted to lower Gene's guard.

Eliza whimpered, and Gene reached out and palmed her sensitive breast, brushing a thumb over her sore, stiff nipple. He looked like he was deep in thought.

"I know you like it when Lizzie is nice and slutty for you," said Kim in a purring voice, reaching down to rub the front of Gene's pants enticingly. "Now the little bitch is going to be pressing those metal bolts against every top she wears, showing the world what she wears for you. Pretty hot, right, Daddy?"

"Hm." Grunted Gene. Eliza could see a bulge forming in his pants, and she thought that they almost had him...

Then he stared right into Lizzie's eyes with a piercing gaze. 'Is that right, Lizzie? Did you go out with your sister to get your nips pierced?"

Eliza felt a bead of sweat form on her forehead. "Y-yes master."

"And is that all you did? Tell me the truth, Lizzie."

Eliza felt her guts twist in fear. Gene wasn't exactly a genius, but he could be surprisingly sharp in some cases, and reading people for weakness was a particular skill of his.

Now that he had ordered Eliza to tell the truth, she couldn't lie to him. It was a physical impossibility.

"We... We went to visit David," she admitted haltingly. Some of the suspicion flooded back to Gene's eyes, accompanied by smug triumph. "And you thought you could hide it from me," he said over his shoulder to Kim, half accusatory, half mocking.

Kim shrugged, still giving no indication of the emotions that no doubt swirled beneath the surface. "Yeah, I was hoping to make it a surprise." She looked toward Eliza and nodded. "Go on, Lizzie. Tell Daddy what we discussed with your husband."

Eliza swallowed, took a breath, and stared into her master's eyes as she said,

"We tried to convince him to become a cuckold, master."

...

"I think you need to become a cuck, David. Or at least act like one<' said Kim grimly.

David stared at her for a moment as if he didn't even understand the words she was saying. Then his eyebrows creased. "No way. No fucking way, Kim. How the fuck could you even suggest that?"

"Listen to the plan before you get angry!" snapped Kim. "There are two very good reasons you need to let Gene cuck you. First of all, because he wants it bad. He's obsessed with you acting like a weak pussy and getting off on him fucking Eliza. If we dangle that in front of him as a carrot, he'll be so eager that it will blind him to what is really going on. And secondly..."

Kim pointed toward Eliza. "This is how we're going to get around Gene's complete control of you. You need to be able to give Gene a 100% truthful story about what we were doing here today if he asks. But do you need to tell him everything that happened? No. I don't think so. So tell David you think he should be Gene's cuck, Eliza."

Eliza had never thought about it that way. If Gene told her to only tell him the truth, she would have to answer honestly, but she wouldn't necessarily have to tell him everything... it was risky, but it just might work.

But for it to ring true, she would have to be involved. And that meant doing something that would hurt David's feelings.

She bit her lip, then looked her husband in the eyes, butterflies of embarrassment filling her stomach.

'Honey... I think she's right. I think you should be Gene's cuck...'

...

It was clearly the last answer that Gene expected. His eyes darted back and forth between Eliza and Kim. "What? Really?"

"Of course," said Kim lightly, with a teasing smile drawing up the corner of her lips. "Lizzie can't lie to you if you tell her to be honest, remember, Daddy? I knew you wanted my pussy of a brother to become a pathetic cuck for you, so Lizzie and I went over to do a little groundwork."

Gene had been on the warpath a second ago, and it was obviously difficult for him to change trains of thought on a dime, but he was obviously intrigued. It had been easy for Kim to tell last week that Gene wanted something more from David. And when it came to his desires, Gene struggled to hold himself back.

"Oh... so how did it go?" Gene asked cautiously, allowing himself to be drawn out of his suspicious rage.

“He’s thiiiiis close, Daddy,” purred Kim, squeezing the growing bulge in the front of Gene’s pants. “I’m positive that with juuuuust a little more pressure, he’s going to be positively begging to watch you fuck his wife.”

The temptation was stark on Gene’s ugly face. Maybe he even realized that they were dangling bait in front of him, but he couldn’t resist either way.

“And what do you think it will take?” He asked in a growl, his growing erection beneath Kim’s hand giving him away.

‘I think you could convince him in one more session if you could get some alone time with him, right, Lizzie?’ Asked Kim, turning to her fellow Cumbunny.

Eliza nodded, trying to look as sincere as possible. “I think so, master. If I make it seem like we can be together in the end, I think I can get him to agree to almost anything.”

Gene rubbed his chin while Kim continued to rub his bulge. Finally, he rolled his shoulders and said, “Fine. Set up a meeting. But he’s still not allowed to fuck you. And you had better get some fucking results, Lizzie.”

“Yes, master,” said Eliza humbly, keeping her eyes downcast. A tender shoot of hope sprouted in her heart. This was going exactly like Kim had predicted. Maybe this wasn’t impossible after all.

“Yayyyy, this is going to be so fun!” gushed Kim. “That means that you and I can spend a day together while Lizzie is busy. I already have some thoughts on what we can do.”

“Yeah, yeah,” said Gene gruffly, “Maybe. As for right now, get both of your asses to the bed. I need to teach you both a lesson for going behind my back without running it by me first.”

“Yes, Daddy,” said Kimmy, overlapping with Eliza’s “Yes, Master”. Gene grabbed Kim’s ass, beckoning Eliza to follow as he led them into the bedroom.

It felt like they would both have to endure and enjoy another long evening of marathon sexual humiliation... but as Kim looked over her shoulder at Eliza, for once, there wasn’t just dull hopeless lust in her eyes.

Eliza could see a gleam of triumph there. She hoped it was justified.

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Gene stared out the window as Kim’s car sped through the bright sunshine of the beautiful late morning, but his eyes didn’t see the city rolling past. He was too deep in thought.

There was something going on with his bunnies. They thought he was stupid. It was a big part of why they would never succeed in wriggling away from him. They were probably scheming with David right now.

But in the end, it was something to keep an eye on, but not something to panic over. Gene knew David, all the way down to his soul, and that little pussy was not going to be a problem. In fact, by working together with him, the girls were more likely to sabotage themselves than to actually receive meaningful help. David might think he was setting a trap, but he was actually walking into one. Poor Davey was going to be Gene's cuck, one way or another. Because Gene had a trump card. He controlled Lizzie utterly, and any plan involving her cooperation in any way was guaranteed to blow up in their faces.

In any case, the one-on-one trip that Kim had arranged today was likely meant to distract him while Lizzie and her cuck husband plotted behind his back. That was fine. Gene could focus on two things at once. And it had been a little while since he had had the chance to play with Kimmy, his bratty little Daddy's girl bunny.

Today would be fun. Dealing with Eliza could wait for afterward.

Kim was a tempting enough sight to distract him from his brooding. She looked fresh and young and fun today, with her blond hair up in a loose ponytail, dark sunglasses, a shirt tied up at the front to display her tanned, taut belly, and a tiny little pair of cutoff jean shorts that left her silky bronze legs bare. She caught him looking, and her glossy lips pulled up into a smirk. "Like what you see, Daddy?" she purred, reaching over to grab his crotch.

Gene felt his cock immediately swell from the teasing contact. How could it not? Kim was exactly the sort of giggling, flirty young girl who loved to tease and taunt older men like him with their tight bodies while mocking them behind their backs. But Gene wasn't like those other leaders. He had done the impossible and tamed the untamable, making this little vixen his alone. Gene put his arms behind his head and leaned back in his seat, relishing the feeling of Kim's slim, feminine hand on the crotch of his jeans. Yes, this was going to be a very fun day.

After a satisfying trip of ten minutes or so with his Cumbunny fondling him, they finally made it to the parking lot of the beach.

At first Gene hadn't been that enthusiastic about the choice of venue for their outing. He had never really been that big of a fan of the beach. He was the kind of guy who preferred smoky bars and the privacy of his own home more often than not. Unattractive people like him usually didn't relish exposing that much of themselves.

But, although he had been a little lukewarm on the idea when Kimmy first suggested it, it hadn't taken long for Gene to warm up to the beach. So far, Gene hadn't really gotten his chance to flaunt his Cumbunnies publicly. True, he had gone with them to Rabbit Season, but everybody there was a master as well, so Gene hardly stood out as special. He had taken Eliza for a gang

bang at work, which had been satisfying in its own way, but a dozen people in an otherwise deserted office was hardly public.

He wanted to flaunt the sexy young women who were now hopelessly obsessed with him, and the beach, with all its public display of scantily clad bodies, seemed like it could be the perfect venue.

“I got you something,” said Kim with a broad, wicked grin. “Just a little gift to make today a little spicier.”

Gene looked sidelong at her suspiciously, but a faint smile played over his lips. Kim was someone he needed to keep an eye on. She had been a little brat to begin with, and, unlike Eliza, the oil hadn't seemed to crush her spirit. She was still utterly addicted to her new Daddy, but that just meant that he was on the receiving end of her preferred form of affection: constant needling and teasing.

He had to admit it was refreshing, and he had missed it a little, focusing on Eliza. He wondered what she had up her sleeve for today.

Kim fished in her back seat for a second before snatching up a folded-over shopping bag and pushing it into Gene's hands. ‘Just for you, Daddy,’ she said with a wink and a giggle of anticipation. “I hope you like it.”

Gene shook his head and opened the bag. He frowned, then reached inside to pull out the small piece of clothing. Too small in fact. It was a speedo. Not comically undersized, and certainly big enough to fit even his bulky frame, but a speedo nonetheless.

“No. I think not,” he said flatly, giving Kim an unimpressed stare.

Kim sighed and pouted. “Awwwww, you're no fun, Daddy! I thought we were going to give all the people on the beach a show! How can we do that if you're wearing jeans?”

Gene grimaced. She had a sort of point. If he was going to display his sexual mastery of his hot young bunny, it didn't make much sense for him to be fully clothed from head to toe. Kim had been deliberately provocative by buying him a speedo rather than trunks, but that didn't mean she was wrong on that point.

Kimmy gave him a wicked little grin and reached down to pull her t-shirt up and off. Gene felt an immediate surge of lust as she revealed the pornographically tiny micro bikini top that he had bought for her. The tiny patches of shiny cloth barely covered her nipples, letting the soft pink of her areolas peek out around the edges and exposing the entire soft swell of her perfect, round breasts to the light.

It was the kind of suit that a woman wore in bed to get her man's dick hard. No one with even a shred of self-respect would let herself be seen in public wearing it.

And that's exactly why Kimmy was teasing him with the prospect of hanging off his arm on the beach, wearing her slutty suit. She knew he liked to embarrass and display his property to the jealous eyes of other men. She knew exactly which of his buttons to push...

"Come on, Daddy," she said in a low voice, leaning back and jiggling her barely-covered tits a little, calling attention to the stiff nipples beneath the tiny cloth scraps. "I want everybody to see how powerful and manly my owner is. Why don't we show them the beast that conquered this beauty?"

Gene knew what his Cumbunny was getting at. Women tended to look at his squat, hairy body with disgust. That was part of the power rush of becoming Lizzie and Kimmy's master. Even though he would normally repulse them, they had no choice but to lust after his brutish, unattractive physique.

Kimmy was suggesting they play that up today. She wanted to enhance her humiliation by revealing as much of her Daddy's disgusting body as possible. She was going to play the part of the poor, entranced nymph captured by the lustful satyr. Gene had never been proud of his body, but he had to admit that flaunting his success in spite of his ugliness was kind of hot.

"You nasty little bitch," he growled, matching Kim's grin with his own. "You want to be the public slut of a man old enough to be your father? Well, you've got it."

Changing into the speedo was a little awkward in the car, but it was pretty entertaining to watch Kimmy get all hot and bothered as he struggled out of his jeans and pulled on the snug swimsuit. It was definitely not made for a man with a cock his size. Especially when the perversity of the situation had him at half-mast. It was easy to see the rounded curve of his cock head pressed tight against the material. Shit, if you looked close, Gene thought you could probably count the fucking veins.

Kim slipped out of her tiny shorts as well, revealing the band-aid-sized bottoms of the scandalous micro bikini that were barely big enough to hide her slit and left her light-stubbled public area out completely.

They would be lucky if they didn't get arrested.

They must have looked like quite a pair as they stepped out of the car with beach towels in hand. Gene was a squat mountain of hairy flesh, with a hard, protruding gut, broad, powerful shoulders, and a head of thinning, greying hair. And on his arm was a sight that would make any red-blooded man's cock hard. A sweet, petite little bombshell blonde, nearly naked in a humiliatingly tiny bikini that left every mouthwatering asset jiggling in the hot sun.

It took them a second to come within sight of other beachgoers, but it was a hot, sunny day, so the beach was reasonably full.

Gene's cock began to swell as he crossed the sand, looking for a spot to set up. Conversations died and eyes glued onto them as they passed, the women silent in disbelieving disgust, the men in stunned lust and jealousy. By the time they laid out their towels, it felt like they had the rapt attention of all of the surrounding beachgoers, and the front of Gene's speedo was straining to contain his stiffening cock.

Kim cast a heated gaze around them at the silently watching crowd, a teasing smile pulling up the corners of her mouth. Then she pulled out a bottle of tanning oil from her bag.

"What do you say, Daddy?" she said in a raspy voice, loud enough for their audience to hear, "Do you think you can help me oil up all my hard-to-reach places?"

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Eliza took a deep breath to calm herself before getting out of the car and walking up the driveway.

She couldn't believe it. She was going to be together with David again. Even after everything he had seen.

Well, "together" for this afternoon at least, in order to secretly work on the plan to defeat Gene. Unfortunately, her husband hadn't yet shown signs of forgiving her. He might not ever be able to... The thought was glum, but Eliza chose to stay determined. It might be small, but Kim had given her a chance to snatch a happy ending out of the jaws of defeat.

Kim was taking Gene on a beach trip currently, in hopes that some slutty antics could distract him from what they were trying to pull off right under his nose. Although Eliza wouldn't be surprised if there were some ulterior motives there as well. She knew Kim lusted after Gene almost as much as she did, and despite her determination to fight back, even now, Eliza felt the dull ache of lust and jealousy over the fact that Kimmy had their master all to herself for the day.

She had said goodbye to Gene just an hour before as she left the apartment, but she already missed him. Not in the same way she missed David, of course, but that didn't make the dull, hungry lust any easier to bear.

Gene himself had seemed uneasy about letting his Cumbunny go, despite his strange eagerness for her to corrupt David. He had only allowed it after giving Eliza a strict set of commands.

She was allowed to touch David. Even his cock. But the prohibition on penetration was still in place.

More importantly, she needed to work to convince him to accept a position as a cuckold. That wouldn't be too bad, since David pretending to submit to Gene was part of their overall plan anyway, but it certainly wouldn't help with their reconciliation for Eliza to keep bringing it up.

Eliza was all out of time. She couldn't waste precious minutes fretting in her car when they had a nearly impossible task in front of them.

David met her at the door with an expression of mingled reluctance and yearning. They just stared at each other for a moment, both wanting to reconnect, but held apart by circumstances beyond their control. Eliza had once again been forced to wear a slutty outfit by her master's standing command. She had done the best she could today, but the tiny corset and booty shorts would hardly be considered appropriate apparel outside of a club.

"Well... um. Come in," said David awkwardly, stepping to the side and holding the door open for her. "I guess it's a little weird to invite you into your own house..." His laugh sounded bitter rather than joyful, and Eliza couldn't help but wince at how badly this meeting was already going.

"No, I completely understand," she said softly. "I appreciate you agreeing to this after... everything that happened."

David stood in the entryway of the home they had once shared awkwardly, hands stuffed into his pockets. He sighed heavily, facing half away from her as if he couldn't stand to look in his wife's eyes.

"I've been thinking about it," He said heavily, "and I want you to know that... if this is all true, the way that Kim described, I don't blame you. It sounds like you did everything you could."

He did look at her now, and the raw pain and anger in his eyes made Eliza almost flinch away. "But understanding something in your head is one thing. I can't look at you the same way now that I saw you do that with a man like him. After I saw how much you enjoyed it. I don't know." He looked down at his feet, his mouth twisted. "I want to just forgive you and say it didn't matter. But I can't. I'm trying."

Eliza wordlessly laid her palm on his shoulder, and he didn't pull away, but he was stiff and tense beneath her hand, obviously uncomfortable.

Eliza let her hand fall and broke the silence. "Well. We have some work to do. Let's get to it."

They proceeded to the living room, where David had already set up a laptop logged into the Kaos server "Cumbunny Acres" using the account that Kim had provided him.

David sat in front of the computer, and Eliza sat around the corner of the table, doing her best to avoid looking at the screen.

David gave her an odd look, gesturing to the other chair available right next to him, but Eliza shook her head. "He forbids me from using electronics," she said with a humiliated blush. "Even looking at a screen makes me uncomfortable now."

David's expression was a hurtful combination of disdain and pity, but he shook it off as he focused on his screen.

"Ok, what exactly are we trying to do here?" He asked with a keen expression of focus.

At least this was a topic they could cover without awkwardness between them. "This is where all masters get the oil they need to make someone into a Cumbunny," she explained, feeling a strange twist of heat as she explained her downfall to the man she loved. "We need to somehow do the same thing. The issue is that there are dozens of perverts who also want the oil, and it isn't clear how the supplier decides who gets it."

"Well, our first step is simple. We know at least one person who got the oil. Let's see if we can find out what Gene was doing on the server before he got picked."

It was easy enough to find Gene's screen name, and David's face grew more and more grim as he scrolled up, looking back through time at the posts that Eliza's master had made.

He made a sound of discomfort and disgust, which finally prompted Eliza to ask, "What's wrong?"

David shook his head, his face growing beet red. "The son of a fucking bitch..." he muttered, not looking Eliza in the eyes, "has been posting nothing but gloating progress updates about you and Kim for months."

Oh. Yes, come to think of it, Eliza had seen the same thing when snooping through her master's account, but the updates had seemed fairly tame to her, having lived the original events. She was sure the descriptions were a lot more... distressing for David, with all the vivid, disrespectful descriptions of the woman he loved being slowly ruined and corrupted.

Finally, after wading through more and more of Gene's obscene boasting, David found the post that Gene made right around the time that he had received the oil.

"It's just more of the same," said David in disgust. "Except at that point, he was just talking about what he wanted to do to you and me and hadn't done it yet. Seriously, that's basically all he posted. Fantasies about what he wanted to do to you."

It felt like a dead end. "Let's try some other master I know of. Search for HareoftheDog."

David dutifully typed it in, and a second later, he was absorbed again in a backlog of filthy posts from one of the twisted masters frequenting the Kaos server.

But this time, much to her surprise, Eliza saw something different in her husband. The way he shifted in his seat and cleared his throat wasn't born from pure disgust this time, and his eyes seemed a little more... avid than they had been before as they reflected the scrolling words on the screen.

Is David getting turned on by this?

He seemed to notice her attention on him, and his eyes flicked to hers. He seemed a little flustered. 'It's sick,' he said awkwardly, not managing to convince Eliza of his disgust. "Doing that to your own step-mother? Insanity."

"Uh-huh," said Eliza. She bit her lip. Lizzie was stirring inside her, interested in this unexpected reaction from her husband. It was only natural after all... a lot of men would probably get turned on to hear about such an obscene display of dominance. She might have expected that David would be turned off on the whole Cumbunny idea simply based on the fact that it happened to his own wife, but apparently not.

The part of her that Gene had trained to see her husband as weak and pathetic rose to the surface. She was supposed to convince David to be Gene's wimpy cuckold after all. Her master had commanded it. Surely it wouldn't do any harm to push David a little further into his reluctant arousal.

"Such a shame," said Eliza in a voice a little lower and throatier than her usual tone. "Just imagine how she must have felt... suddenly having these dark cravings. Lusting after her husband's son without really knowing why. Wanting an obnoxious younger man to own and control her..."

Eliza reached out, just barely brushing David's thigh with the back of her hand. He definitely flushed at that, flinching away from her and rapidly scrolling the mouse wheel.

"It's the same," he said hurriedly, his voice strained and his face red. "Before they got the oil, this Hare guy just had endless posts about his 'bitch of a stepmom' and the perverted stuff he wanted to do to her."

"Let's try one more. CoachS." Eliza was keying off her husband's embarrassed arousal now, her whole body beginning to throb with dark, dirty heat, especially between her thighs.

David had avoided looking at her slutty clothing before, but a hot shiver of arousal passed through her as she noticed his eyes travel down her body and back up to her eyes. David must have been so lonely the past week. Not to mention the fact that she had been denying him sex

for even longer before that. Maybe it would be a kindness to tease him a little bit... a way to reconnect with him...

Those were all excuses, and Eliza recognized it. But her master's training made the idea of watching her husband squirm irresistible.

As he focused back on the screen, Eliza scooted her chair a little closer. David gave a sharp little intake of breath as he read the screen this time.

"Pretty dirty, right?" asked Eliza with a faint smirk.

David looked over at her and reluctantly nodded. "This one..." he cleared his throat and shifted in his seat a little. "This one has pictures."

"I guess I'm not surprised. CoachS is a dirty old man after all." Eliza could barely control the strong arousal that was welling up inside her. Gene had turned her into a horny, eager slut, and just talking about Cumbunnies was getting her hot and bothered. Add her husband's aroused reaction, and she couldn't hold back any longer.

Eliza reached over and gently touched her husband's crotch, feeling the throbbing hardness beneath his pants.

"Wh-what are you doing?" asked David, squirming back from her touch. Eliza didn't let him get away that easily, scooting further forward to press her hand against the throbbing (too small) length in his pants.

"We're supposed to be getting inside the heads of the masters, right?" she asked, feeling her blood thumping through her veins, deep heat pooling between her thighs. "It's ok if you're horny, honey. It's good in fact! Let's chase that feeling... if we understand how these perverts were feeling and thinking, we will be one step closer to discovering how they won the oil."

David's face was a nearly comical mix of reluctance and yearning. Eliza could see his desire for her, his continued hurt from her betrayal, his confused arousal at learning about the debauchery of Cumbunnies, and his desire to solve this mystery warring on his face. But in the end, his simple male biology won out. When a beautiful woman he longed to feel closer to offered physical affection, he wasn't able to refuse.

"Maybe you're right," he said nervously, licking his lips. He still sat stiff and awkward as Eliza began rubbing gently up and down the front of his jeans, but he no longer tried to shift away.

"I want you to focus on those naughty pictures..." said Eliza in a smoky voice, just loud enough that her husband could hear. "And I want you to think about what it would feel like to be Coach S."

“What a bad, bad man. Taking an innocent young woman, one who looked at him with only disgust... and making her want him. Making her beg for his cock. Tearing down a cute, bright young teacher until she was his utterly depraved cock slave.” Eliza’s voice was low and compelling as she wove the story, her hand moving with steady, teasing pressure up and down the length of her husband’s straining cock. David’s eyes were troubled, but Eliza could sense how horny he had become, despite his misgivings.

“Fuck... he really is bad,” said David vaguely, his eyes still darting over the lurid logs that CoachS had posted.

“So bad. You know,” she continued, “I heard it all from Bitsy. Martha used to be the smartest teacher in school. She used to lord it over poor CoachS, how he was just a sexist old idiot. Dumb as a rock compared to an enlightened mind like hers. So you know what CoachS did once he got poor Martha addicted to his jizz?”

“What?” asked David, his eyes meeting Eliza’s as she squeezed his cock tight through his pants.

“He turned her into a brainless little bimbo,” purred Eliza. “Took away all that sharp wit she was so proud of and left only giggles and thoughts of thick, yummy dick in her new tiny mind. Martha turned into Mitsy, his devoted bimbo slut. And then, when her favorite student came back from college to save her dear teacher, he made Bitsy into her submissive playmate. Teacher and student united in their love of cock.”

David shook his head. “That’s... that’s fucking awful...” he muttered. But his raging erection gave him away.

“It is. But it’s still kind of hot, isn’t it?” asked Eliza with a giggle. “That incredible power that CoachS had. The ability to do whatever he wanted, and make two sexy young women love it, no matter how fucked up it was. It’s the ultimate male fantasy... to be the sexual obsession of a beautiful young slut. The oil made it happen, even for an old slob like Coach S.”

David cleared his throat and squirmed a little, scooting back from his wife’s hand. Eliza had to hold back a laugh. Had he been about to fucking cum from a little dirty talk and an over-the-clothes handjob? True, he had probably been a little under-stimulated lately, but even for him, that was pretty pathetic.

“Anyway,” he said awkwardly, “I reached the point before CoachS got the oil. It’s just more of the same. He’s laying out what he plans to do if he gets it... in sickening detail, I might add.”

Eliza made a face and tried to concentrate. Her training and mission from Gene made it feel interesting to tease her husband, but she was here trying to rebel against Gene first and foremost, and she had to do her best to remember that. She focused on the problem at hand, willing her lust-addled, submission-trained mind to work the way it used to.

Three people that they knew of who had received oil... and the only thing they seemed to have in common was that, before they were selected by the oil's mysterious creator, they were regular posters fantasizing about what they would do if they got the oil.

"There are two things I don't understand," said David, running his hand through his hair in visible frustration. "First, why do only total fucking creeps like Gene get their hands on this oil? If it were random, you would think you would have more users who were average guys. And, more importantly, if this oil really works the way you say it does, why hasn't it changed the world yet? Why hasn't someone dosed a billionaire or the president or something? I mean, the person who gets addicted to your cum has to do whatever you want, right?"

Eliza stared at him in shock, the pieces falling into place in her mind. It was simple when you thought about it.

"Because that's not what he wants," she said numbly, staring into space. "Whoever makes the oil, I mean. They screen for that. If they get the sense that anyone actually has any ambitions like that for the oil, they wouldn't give it away."

David reached out and grabbed her knee, and Eliza met his intense gaze. "What do you mean?" he asked harshly. "What the fuck do they want then?"

Eliza couldn't help but laugh. It was just too ridiculous. "They want to fucking get off, of course! Whoever makes the oil is just as big a pervert as the rest of the people on the server. That's why only the most fucked up losers get selected. The ones with the most perverted ideas for how to use the oil. Whoever makes it picks out the scenarios he thinks are twisted and wrong in just the right way, and then gets off to the training logs."

"So what are we supposed to do?" asked David blankly.

"Simple," said Eliza, her arousal roaring back as she leaned forward to unzip her husband's fly. "We're going to come up with a scenario fucked up enough to get this mystery user's attention... and I'm going to help get you into the right headspace to do it."

...

Gene stared down at his teasing little bunny, already lying forward, her plump, spankable cheeks wobbling a little as she shifted into position, completely uncovered except for the tiny string of the thong threaded between them. Her naked back was somehow just as sexy, lightly toned and muscled from Kim's countless hours at the gym. As he watched, she reached back and plucked apart the knot tying her bikini top together at the back, letting the straps fall loosely to her sides.

“Well, Daddy,” she said in a teasing voice, turning toward with a smirk and a sultry wink, “if you don’t oil me up, your darling bunny might burn!”

Gene cast one look around at the half-disgusted, half-aroused crowd of onlookers... and his ugly face cracked into a broad grin. A chance to demonstrate his ownership by touching every inch of a bratty little bunny? With an audience? This was exactly the kind of thing he had wanted the oil for in the first place.

He squirted a healthy amount of oil into his broad hands, rubbed them together, then set to work. His broad hands slid up Kim’s toned back, sliding over her soft, young skin and drawing an appreciative moan from her throat. “Yeeeeeeesss, harder Daddy,” she insisted, arching her back beneath his finger and wiggling her butt teasingly. “I’m soooo stiff, and I need you to work out all my... kinks. Get a little rough with me.”

Gene could hear a mutter pass through the crowd as he set to work, leaning way forward to rub slick, shiny oil all over his teasing Cumbunny’s tight body. He was straddling her thighs from behind now, and Kim took the opportunity to press back a little, mashing her bubbly ass cheeks against his cock. The rush of blood was instant, and soon the front of his speedo was oily and bulging, barely holding back the size of his massive erection.

Kim was unrelenting, despite her Daddy’s growing problem. She continued to press back against him, grinding her ass into his cock. Gene snorted in lust, reaching down to maul and rub oil all over his bratty Cumbunny’s fantastic ass. Gene could tell some of the other beachgoers were averting their eyes in disgust, but not all of them. Gene wasn’t the only man on the beach who was suddenly sporting an obvious erection.

Gene lived for this. Let them all watch. Let them all wonder why an ugly bastard like him got to rub his thick cock all over this young slut’s ass cheeks. Let them throb and leak in their trunks, dreaming of being like him. Kimmy was really letting plausible deniability fall by the wayside at this point, humping backward into him desperately, sliding her thick, oily ass up and down the front of his double-stuffed speedo, grinding with a feverish intensity as if her goal was to make him cum in front of all these people. They were practically having public sex at this point; the only thing between his throbbing cock and her hot, wet pussy was two tiny scraps of thin, oily cloth.

“Daddy,” moaned Kimmy beneath him as her hips continued to work up and down, “I’m a little worried that the rest of me might get burned unless I’m careful. Could you do my front?”

Gene could tell from the wicked, teasing twist in her words that she was teasing him on purpose, but Gene fucking loved it. He could sense the arousal beneath her bratty words, crackling with powerful erotic energy. She wanted to be challenged. To be tamed. And Gene was just the Daddy for the job.

"I don't know, sweetheart," he chuckled, gripping her slick, oily hips in his powerful fingers and pulling her grinding pussy even tighter to his cock, "You had better put your top on first, otherwise maybe all these people might see everything..."

"But Daaaaaddy," pouted Kimmy performatively, wiggling and pressing her soft cheeks back into Gene's cock, "I don't want to get any tan lines! Couldn't you just..."

Without warning, she turned over, revealing her big natural breasts, splaying softly and jiggling a little from the force of turning over, rosy nipples rock hard in the blazing sun.

"...oil me up real quick? Before anyone notices?" she finished, staring up at her Daddy with wickedly gleaming bedroom eyes.

The ship had already sailed on people not noticing. The disturbed murmur ran through the watchers again, although this time Gene caught a definite aroused edge to it. Kim had just brazenly revealed her tits to the whole beach, and was staring up at him with a challenging grin as if daring him to take things further. His little Cumbunny brat wanted to see how far she could push her Daddy before he became too embarrassed to continue...

But if that was her aim, she was about to find out that Gene fucking loved to put on a show. He snatched up the bottle of tanning oil and sprayed it downward, splattering Kim's big, bouncy tits with fat drops of slick, warm oil. Kim's face broke into a naughty grin and she held her breasts up in both hands, presenting them for the shower of oil from above. The scent of coconut and sweat filled the air for a moment, and, staring down at the slutty topless blonde presenting her tits to be covered, Gene thought that his speedo might burst open from the sheer force of his raging erection.

With a growl of dominance, Gene tossed aside the bottle and pounced. This time, he made no pretense of a massage, simply palming Kimmy's tits directly, feeling nothing by hot skin, slippery oil, and still nipples beneath the fingers sinking deep into their feminine softness.

"Yes, Daddy!" moaned Kim, reached up to grip the back of his head and pull him into a fierce, hungry kiss, "Take me! Show all these losers what a big, strong Daddy I have. Show them how I belong to you!"

Gene was hunched over her now, his bulky, hairy body hiding Kim's alluring form from the people watching... Unless they came closer to see what was going on, of course. And some did. Mostly men, but a few blushing women as well, drawn forward to see the obscene spectacle of an ugly old man like Gene and the oily, nearly naked young woman moaning in sexual ecstasy beneath him.

Kim really did look pornographic. Her bikini top had been inadequate, but now her tits were bared for all the world to see... when Gene's hands weren't covering them that is. The tiny wedge of cloth between her legs left nothing to the imagination, and the oil now covering her

body gave her a Shiny, wet appearance that felt more at home in a sleazy porn movie than on a beach.

Gene felt overwhelmed by lust. He was a beast, a raging bull, ready to rut with the mewling bitch in heat writhing beneath him. His hips began to thrust down into her, sliding the oily, straining surface of his speedo against the thin scrap of cloth barely covering her hot, oily pussy. God, he wanted to tear that annoying little fig leaf aside and plunge himself balls-deep into her hot, welcoming wetness. To feel her squeeze around his thick, conquering cock, welcoming her daddy in an obscene submissive embrace. To take her raw and hard in front of all the jealously watching beach...

Kim gripped his head and pulled him lower, hissing in his ear, "I know what you want, you bad boy... You want your Cumbunny's pussy right here in front of everyone, e don't you?" She nipped his earlobe, her breath hot and wet in his ear as she continued in a moaning voice, "Do it. Fucking do it ,Daddy. It's so wrong, but I need your cock now. Fuck me in front of everyone. Show that this pussy belongs to only you."

Gene gritted his teeth, trying as hard as he could to hold back and not rise to Kimmy's taunting challenge. The last thing he needed was to take a ride home in the back of a cop car with a charge for indecent exposure. But he had an itching need in his soul to put Kimmy in her place. To fuck her hard and deep in front of everyone until he brought her to deep, shameful, toecurling orgasm.

With a rough grunt, Gene reached down to tear away the oily bits of cloth holding him back...

And then he heard a disturbance in the crowd. A deep masculine voice was speaking up, and people on the edge of the knot surrounding them were turning to look. Someone was approaching. Someone who wasn't exactly pleased with the public display that Gene and Kimmy were enacting.

Eyes darting, Gene took stock of the situation. Kimmy was covered in oil and practically naked., he bikini top lay beneath her on the oil-splatter beach blanket. She might be able to plausibly claim some sort of mistake or wardrobe malfunction, but Gene was in a more desperate situation. His erection strained powerfully against the thin material of his speedo, adding a decidedly sexual air to their appearance.

Gene had only a split second to make a decision. Whoever was coming to bust them was making his way through the crowd. By the way that Kim was staring up at him, biting her lip in amusement, he could tell she had done the same calculus as him, and had no intention of making things any easier.

"Get rid of him," said Gene gruffly, getting swiftly to his feet. "I'm headed to the bathroom to... calm down."

Kim gave him a sarcastic salute, and Gene turned and pushed his way into the crowd just in time as he heard a voice behind him ask, "And just what exactly is going on HERE?"

He barely caught Kim responding, "I don't know what you mean, Mr. Lifeguard... I was just catching a little sun and my bikini happened to..." before he was out of earshot and storming off toward the bathrooms.

Fuck, his cock was throbbing with frustrated sexual longing. When he got back, he was going to take that little brat somewhere a little less public and teach her a lesson about teasing her Daddy...

...

"Wh-what exactly do you mean?" asked David nervously. His body language was a little uncomfortable, but he didn't try to move away or stop Eliza as she fished his cock out of his pants. It looked... small. Cute and non-threatening compared to the thick, manly rod between her master's legs. But that didn't matter. Her goal today was to move David further down the path of being a cuck... *wait. No. My goal is to get a sample of the oil and use it to escape Gene. I can't forget that.*

In any case, she scooted her chair even closer to her husband and closed her delicate fingers around his cock, slowly and teasingly stroking up and down his shaft. "Don't play coy with me," she said with a smirk. "I just had a breakthrough. We need an utterly perverse and depraved fantasy to sell the mysterious oil maker, and the little stiffy..." she paused to give her husband's cock a few rapid strokes, "... tells me that you are on exactly the right wavelength to help me come up with something truly obscene. Don't hold back now, David. I want you to dig into those deep, dark fantasies."

It was true enough. It did seem like coming up with an erotic scenario would be a good next step... although maybe the handjob part wasn't strictly necessary. But, despite his wariness and estrangement from his wife, David didn't seem to be in a state to resist her affections. He tensely nodded, closing his eyes as his cock throbbed, stiff and trembling in his wife's teasing hand.

"F-fine. So how do we do this?" he asked, breathing heavily through his nose. "Just... think of a sexy fantasy or something."

"Not just any fantasy," corrected Eliza, swirling her thumb over the swollen head of her husband's cock, smearing slick, warm precum all over its velvety skin. "Something perverse. Eyecatching. Think about all those evil men who got the oil they wanted... They wanted ultimate power over the forbidden fruit. Young women. Women who hated them. Were disgusted by them. They wanted what they could never have, and they got it."

David nodded, his eyes closed, his legs spread, and his cock hard as a fucking diamond in Eliza's stroking fingers.

"Think, Davey," prompted Eliza. "Think of a woman who would be totally inaccessible. Who would never even consider fucking you. No matter how much you might want it." Her words carried a hazy, teasing note, needling him over the fact that her pussy was forbidden to him. But David didn't rise to the bait. Instead, his answer surprised her.

"Lesbians," he blurted out, before snapping his mouth shut rapidly, as if embarrassed by the speed and intensity of his response.

Eliza couldn't help but let out a little laugh, rotating her fist as she worked her hand up and down her husband's cock to give him even more teasing sensation. "Now there you go!" she said approvingly. "Look at who is getting right into the spirit of things."

"I mean," said David awkwardly, blushing and squirming in his seat a little from the intense pleasure of the slow, steady handjob, "You just asked for women who wouldn't be interested normally, and I thought..."

"No, no, no, don't misunderstand me," Eliza reassured David, "I think it's a great idea. Who is a more taboo and forbidden object of lust than a woman who has no interest in cock at all? I think that's an excellent place to start. So... some pretty young thing... pussy makes her hot and wet and eager, but cock leaves her cold. At least, until you get your hands on her, you dirty man."

"Jesus, Eliza, it's just because you told me to," said David, embarrassed.

"That's right, I did. And you're doing wonderfully. Now I want you to tap into that even deeper. What would it feel like? To take this beautiful woman who wouldn't even normally look twice at you and turn her into your devoted plaything?" Eliza's voice was soft and calm, and her hand moved ceaselessly, coaxing the tortured arousal out of her husband, pressing him to wallow in the obscenity of the world of Cumbunnies.

"Not just her," said David in a voice thick with reluctant arousal. "A couple... to take two young women, in love with each other, and make them both obsessed with my cock. It would be so wrong... but it would make me feel so fucking powerful."

"I had no idea my husband was such a pervert," said Eliza with a teasing giggle. David's cock was slick with copious precum now in her hand, making little squishing noises as her tight fist pumped up and down it. "Taking two beautiful young women in love, tonguing each other's hot pussies every night, and making them yours. To take two lesbians with no interest in cock and turn them into devoted worshippers. To steal them at the same time, and from each other. Imagine sharing that sweet young couple..."

“Oh Godddd,” groaned David, his posture stiff and resistant, but his cock throbbing with lust despite that.

“Tell me what you’re imagining,” demanded Eliza. “I want to hear it. I want to see all the filthy things running through that head right now.”

“They... They’re kneeling in front of me,” said David reluctantly, closing his eyes once again and unconsciously pressing his hips forward into his wife’s slow, relentless handjob. “They’re staring at my cock... Part of them disgusted, but part of them drawn forward by a strange new desire they don’t understand. A desire to suck and lick and please me. Their new master.”

“I can see it,” said Eliza with a grin, feeling perverse lust bloom through her as she quickened the pace of her handjob. “Two lovely young ladies looking up at you with wide eyes, brimming with disgust and arousal. Reaching out and touching a cock for the first time. Together. Exploring their new obsession with trembling hands. Then lips. Then tongues. Make a twisted new sexual discovery about the pleasure of submission to a man. Together as a couple.” The entire image was even more amusing and arousing to her because Gene had gotten the same kind of scene from her and Kimmy multiple times before at this point. The same twisted power that David was getting off to right now had been wielded against his wife... Now if only Eliza could find a way to spark some connection between David’s current fantasy and the erotic humiliation of his wife being turned into another man’s loyal sex toy. That would be the perfect way to prepare David for his new role... all in service of their ultimate plan, of course.

“Fuck...” said David with a shuddering breath. “Plunging into one tight wet pussy while the other sits on her wife’s face, making out with me. Both of them are treating me like a king as they slowly bend to my will.”

“I love it,” purred Eliza. “They are both supposed to be devoted to each other, but now you are changing them, making yourself the center of both of their worlds. Perverting their marriage bonds into just more fuel for how kinky their submission is. Bound by cock now instead of love... Fuck my hand now, darling. Imagine it is that sweet lesbian cunt you’re conquering. I can’t give you my own pussy sadly, since another man has claimed it... so I guess my hand will have to do, won’t it?”

David didn’t push back on her insulting wording, too lost in the fantasy to protest. He did as Eliza said, humping his hips upward, fucking her fist wildly with his desperate little dick. Eliza felt the ecstatic pleasure of obeying her master’s commands pulse through her, centering with a dirty, dark heat between her thighs. Her husband was weak now, vulnerable emotionally and sexually. Her master had ordered her to make him a cuck... and it also worked with their plans, didn’t it? She needed to push this further while his guard was down.

“And while you fuck one, the other has to watch,” said Eliza in a throaty whisper. “Burning with jealousy. Watching as a hateful man takes what is hers. She’s powerless to stop such a superior man, but she finds a twisted arousal in watching how you rock her wife’s world in a way she

never could. It's the ultimate display of your strength and her weakness... to pluck a flower that doesn't belong to you in front of the person she loves... and have her cum from the sight."

"Fuck! Fuck I'm going to cum," grunted David.

But Eliza stopped, instantly withdrawing her hand and leaving him foolishly humping the air for a few seconds. His eyes flew open, and he stared at her mouth agape, frozen in a look of shock as she denied his imminent orgasm.

"Sounds like we have the perverted core idea," said Eliza sweetly, wiping the copious precum off her palm onto her husband's pants. "Turning a lesbian couple into your submissive cock slaves. Now we need to flesh it out. How do you know them?"

David stared for a second longer, a fresh welling up of precum sliding down his still-throbbing cock. "I..." he shook his head as if clearing it. "What if I were their marriage counselor? I'm someone who they should trust, and it deepens the betrayal that I'm perverting their relationship." He reached down to tuck his cock back into his pants.

"Leave that out for now," said Eliza firmly, slapping his hand away. He gave her an odd look, but the intense eroticism of the handjob and his clear hope that he might yet get to cum made him obey the command. "Good idea. Yes, a perverted marriage counselor would work perfectly."

She gestured to the computer. "Start typing it up. Introduce yourself as a lurker, explain how you know these young lesbian targets, and go into detail about what you want to do with them once they become your Cumbunnies."

As David's hands hit the keyboard, she reached out and took his cock in hand once again. "You'll need to go into extreme detail," she said with a grin, "So I'll help keep you in the mood."

And then, when you're so horny from riding the edge that your masculine pride takes a back seat, I can talk to you a little about what my master has done to your poor innocent wife, and see if we can plant some cuckold seeds in your mind.

...

Gene dropped back onto the toilet seat in the dim beach restrooms with an explosive sigh. His nose wrinkled a little at the state of the bathroom. The wet cement floor was streaked with dirty sand, and the cave-like room smelled like piss. The sort of disgusting restroom that you get when it has to serve a lot of people but doesn't have a particularly high cleaning budget.

Well, at least the gross restroom might distract him enough to lose his massive fucking boner, because the size of his erect cock was completely incompatible with the size of speedo Kimmy pushed him to wear. He had practically been an anatomy lesson as she made his way across

the hot sand to the bathroom. It wouldn't surprise him if you could have numbered the veins through the thin oily cloth

Fuck, Kimmy was getting under his skin today... in the best way possible. He had sort of put his younger Cumbunny on the back burner for a little while now while he focused on breaking Lizzie completely, but if this was her attempt at making a play for his attention, she was doing a hell of a job. She had almost taunted him into getting in serious trouble with her cock-teasing.

He sat back on the toilet, breathing the fetid air and trying to calm down, but he couldn't stop thinking about Kimmy's curvy little body, naked and gleaming with oil in the hot sun. Fuck, he wanted to go track her down and fuck her hard. His whole body burned with the need to put his bunny in her place. But he wasn't even sure if she had managed to talk her way out of trouble with the lifeguard.

Gene considered jerking off in order to finally get his raging cock to deflate, but rejected the idea angrily. He didn't jerk off anymore as a matter of principle. Not when he had two Cumbunnies to use as jizz rags. But he had grown used to instant gratification over the past months since he had slipped Eliza the oil, and denying himself even for a few minutes felt like torture.

It was all Kimmy's fault, that little minx. When he got her alone, he was going to teach her such a satisfying lesson.

The door flew open, banging hard against the cinderblock wall and letting in a blast of light and heat.

"Oh my god, dude, I know!" said a loud, brash male voice. "That girl needs dick in the worst way."

"And did you see that old fatty she's with?" said another voice as they made their way across the dim room, flip-flops slapping against the moist pavement. "She's clearly a slutty little golddigger, and you know what that means. She's probably starving for some attention from a real man."

Gene felt blood rush to his face and away from his cock as the two beach bros chuckled amongst themselves. His hands bunched into fists, and his nostrils flared. Those two little shits... they were treating him just like everyone had... until he had a pair of his own Cumbunnies that is. Apparently, even the public display he and Kimmy had put on on the beach just now hadn't been enough to shake their instinctive belief that ugly older men like Gene were sexually worthless.

Gene was about to burst out of the stall and... he wasn't sure. Maybe just intimidate the two younger men a little, but then one of them spoke again, this time with a note of bitterness creeping into his voice. "But she's not going to put out for either of us, man. Fucking lifeguard Josh already has his eye on her. And you should have seen the way she was looking up at him

when he busted her topless. Nipples hard as bullets, dude. She's going to be choking on his cock within the hour and getting what her sugar-daddy can't give her."

"Fucking Josh," said the other guy with disgust. "Wish he would save at least a little of the puss for the rest of us." The two young men left the bathroom, laughing and moving on to other topics. But Gene remained, stewing on the toilet, a frown etching his face.

Fuck... What the fuck had those two been talking about? Who was this Josh asshole, and had Kimmy really been making eyes at him? Gene felt a sudden surge of angry, acidic jealousy. He knew well enough that Kim would never be able to resist his cock. It was a physical impossibility for her to prefer another man to him at this point. But Gene had a long, knee-jerk hatred for young pretty-boys who thought they were better than him. He had been dealing with men like that his whole life.

And he wasn't going to allow some douchebag lifeguard named Josh to try to steal the woman he had won fair and square. Gene stood, his hands still balled into fists. At least now his erection had gone down. He strode forward with a determined step, a scowl on his ugly face. Kimmy better not have flirted with that lifeguard just to tease him.

When he made his way back across the sand to their blanket, he found that the lifeguard was now gone. Kimmy laid on her stomach, chin propped up on one hand as she read her phone. She was still topless, although her tits were now pressed down into the blanket, hiding her nipples. Her plump cheeks jiggled and glistened with oil as she kicked her legs idly behind her. There was no longer a dense crowd surrounding her, but she was still drawing plenty of attention, as any curvy beauty covered in oil and almost naked would.

She looked up as Gene's shadow fell over her, biting her lip, then saying, "Sooo, finally back, Daddy. I can't believe you left me alone with all those horny guys around me. Who knows what could have happened?"

Gene narrowed his eyes and plopped down beside her, dropping his hand to loudly slap against her juicy, oiled ass in something that began as a spank and ended as a grope. "I knew I could trust you. And I can, can't I? What did you tell Josh to get out of trouble?"

Kimmy giggled and rolled over, draping an arm across her chest to lazily hide her breasts as she stared up into Gene's eyes through her dark sunglasses. "Oh, Daddy, you know how easy it is to trick boys. All you have to do is get them horny and they'll overlook every detail except for your naughty bits. All I had to do was flutter my eyelashes and streeetch..." She demonstrated, briefly raising her arms above her head and arching her back to thrust out her gorgeous, glistening tits with their stiff pink nipples before returning her arm to its place, "... and that poor lifeguard was putty in my hands. He just told me I had to keep my nipples covered. And I have been more or less..."

“So you flirted with him,” said Gene stonily, feeling a flare of angry jealousy swell inside him as he looked down at the teasing brat grinning back up at him mockingly.

“Yeah, I guess I did,” said Kim with mock sadness. “I’m soooo sorry, Daddy. I was just so scared when you left me all alone, and he was just such a tall, handsome man, I couldn’t help but be a little naughty. Are you mad?”

Gene tried to control himself. He knew, based on the quirked-up corner of Kim’s sultry lips, that she was needling him deliberately. She wanted him to get mad and teach her a lesson. Her tight little pussy was probably dripping in anticipation just thinking about how rough he would fuck her. He was the master. He was in charge. And that meant he had to appear cool, calm, and in control. But he also had to make it clear that he was in control.

“Maybe I am,” he growled, running a rough hand up Kimmy’s smooth thigh. “Maybe I don’t like it when my bunny talks to other men like that.”

Kim lowered her sunglasses, and Gene felt a surge of blood to his cock as he saw the mischievous twinkle in her startlingly green eyes. “Well, if you don’t like that, Daddy, I’m afraid you’re going to be especially mad when I tell you what I had to say to get him to go away.”

Gene’s hand slid over his bunny’s slick thigh, heading toward the center. “Tell me,” he grunted. His cock was inflating once again as he felt something that hadn’t troubled him for months. Sexual frustration. He had no idea how a Cumbunny completely reliant on him for semen was managing to get his goat like this... but he loved it. It was all a game in any case. He was the one with the real power here, and they both knew it. He could order Kim to suck his cock right here and now in front of everyone and abjectly apologise for disrespecting him, and she would humbly obey.

But this was an interesting contrast to Eliza’s abject soft submission, and variety was the spice of life. So he let himself get annoyed at Kimmy, safe in the knowledge that she would moan out apologies for each and every slight later.

“Well, Daddy, I’m afraid he wouldn’t take no for an answer. He was trying to pressure me to come with him right away and do who knew what terrible things to your sweet, loyal little bunny,” said Kim with a pout, spreading her thighs a little to welcome Gene’s hand as it slid up and over. “So I sort of had to promise my new friend Josh that I would meet him somewhere more private.”

Gene stared down at her in open-mouthed shock. How could a Cumbunny do something that her master so obviously wouldn’t like? True, it wasn’t like he had ordered her not to, but at this point, Kimmy should be obsessed with him and be desperate for his cum at all times. The idea that she could try to sneak around his back with another man wasn’t just infuriating; it was impossible.

Gene's fingers found the tiny scrap of pink cloth that was the only thing shielding Kimmy's tight pink pussy from the summer sun and began massaging it down into her quivering sex. "What the fuck, Kimmy. You told him that you would meet him? You know what he wants to do with you, right?" It was a stupid question, of course. Kimmy might act like a bimbo for his pleasure, but she wasn't stupid. Gene was just so confused by her making that promise in the first place, he needed to find out why.

"Of course, Daddy," moaned Kimmy, spreading her legs ever wider and rolling her hips upward into Gene's possessive fingers. "He wants to touch every inch of my tight little body. He wants to grab my fat ass, suck my tits, and hold me tight." A bratty little smirk crossed her face, and she stared into Gene's eyes through her sunglasses, clearly enjoying his scowl of annoyance as she continued. "I think that bad boy even wanted to stick his hard little cock all sorts of places, Daddy. I think maybe he wanted me to suck his cock. To hold me down and fill this hot little pussy until I moaned for more."

Gene had been tested to his limit at this point. He pressed his fingers deep into Kimmy pussy, leaning down to give her a deep, bruising kiss on the lips, silencing a little teasing giggle. "But he fucking won't get that chance, will he, Kimmy?" growled Gene, feeling the throbbing heat of her tight cunt through its thin cloth covering. "Because you belong only to me."

Kimmy stared at him for a long moment, biting her lip and savoring the fact that she had truly gotten under his skin. Then she finally relented, saying in a voice dripping with pleasure from his rubbing, groping fingers, "Of course not, Daddy. I would never let another man have what belongs to you. How could you even suspect something like that from your good little bunny?" She writhed for a moment beneath his hand, swiveling her hips to press herself upward into him needily, then she spoke again in a throaty whisper. "The reason that I told him to meet me is because I thought of something really fun we could do, Daddy. I know that you've been wanting to put another man in his place lately. My brother, right? You want to show him that you won and he lost. Well... I know this isn't quite the same thing, but I thought it might be fun if we both went to my little rendezvous with Josh together."

She reached up and cupped the back of his head, letting her perfect, round breasts hang free once again as she whispered in his ear, "And you can crush that douchebag's confidence by showing him who really owns this pussy."

Gene's speedo was feeling uncomfortably tight once again. Kimmy might enjoy needling him a little too much, but he had to admit that her wicked mind came up with intriguing ideas. "When did you say you were going to meet with the poor guy?" asked Gene with a lopsided grin. Kim smirked back at him, but this time it was a cheeky smile of co-conspiracy rather than just teasing. "HmMMM, he seemed to want to meet me right away... so I think he's probably waiting for me under the boardwalk right now, Daddy."

Gene let out a rough laugh and withdrew his hand from between his Cumbunny's legs, instead holding it out to pull Kimmy to her feet.

“Well then, I guess we had better go meet him,” he said as his cock bulged harder and harder against the front of his speedo. “It wouldn’t do to keep your new friend waiting.”

...

“Ok, ok, it’s finished,” said David shakily, stabbing a finger down at the enter button and leaning back in the chair. He looked jittery and distracted. Probably because Eliza had been edging him mercilessly for the past half hour while he typed up the fake scenario about the perverted marriage counselor and the lesbian couple he planned to ensnare.

“All we have to do now is wait,” said Eliza with a smile.

“Y-yeah, and now that it’s written, you can, you know,” David glanced down to where Eliza still kept up a slow, steady, maddening pace with her hand, slowly stroking up and down his cock.

Eliza chuckled, raising an eyebrow. “Stop? I suppose I could. Or did you mean that you want to cum? Is that right, Davey? Do you want your wife to jerk you off until you cum?”

“I... well I just thought,” said David, looking away with a face red from embarrassment, his cock throbbing needily in Eliza’s tight fist. All of the bitterness and anger had been drained out of him for now, driven away by the endless unfulfilled arousal and sexual frustration. Just like Eliza had planned. Now he was softened up, this was the perfect time to bring up the mission Gene had sent her on today.

“There’s actually one other topic I wanted to discuss, while we wait to see if we get a response,” said Eliza smoothly, scooting closer to her husband and staring deep into his eyes as her hand continued its slow, measured pumping. “Have you given any more thought to... playing the role that Gene wants to see from you?”

A shadow passed over David’s face, and he shook his head. For a second, Eliza worried she had gone a step too far and killed his arousal by bringing up his past trauma once again. “I don’t know,” he said with a twist of his lip. “I know that you and Kim think it’s a great way to make him let his guard down, but I don’t think I can play that role. Sitting back and watching you... with him again?” He swallowed heavily. “I don’t think I could just sit there without trying to take a swing at him.”

“Oh sweetie,” said Eliza in her best soft caring voice, feeling a dark pulse of heat between her thighs, “you don’t need to actually like watching Gene fuck me. You just need to pretend to like it. You just need to get into that mindset just enough to fool Gene.”

Eliza watched her husband carefully, hoping that her crude pronouncement hadn’t crossed the line and made him angry. She knew she was walking a delicate line here between pulling her husband down a rabbit hole and setting off an angry outburst once again. She slightly

increased the speed of her pumping hand just in case, twisting her palm a little to deliver increased pleasure that would hopefully keep her husband on the hook.

"I... I don't know, Eliza," said David reluctantly. He seemed torn between his desperate arousal and the masculine pride that had kept him at arm's length from her since the incident at the club. For a moment, Eliza felt a stab of guilt. She knew it was wrong to manipulate her husband and encourage him to find pleasure in his betrayal... but she had no choice. Gene had given her an order, and she needed to use every trick at her disposal to corrupt her husband.

And shamefully, the oil made the process much more arousing than it was guilt-inducing.

"It's important, baby," said Eliza pleadingly. "I know you can do it if you try. You were this close to cumming your brains out thinking about breaking up a happy marriage a second ago. I think if you shift your thinking just a little bit, you can see the eroticism in our situation too. Or at least pretend you do," she added hastily.

"There's nothing erotic about you fucking Gene. You betraying me. Moaning for..." his voice broke a little. "You moaning for more as he fucked you in the ass."

Fuck. I'm losing him. Eliza decided to do something daring. A risky play that might ruin this whole thing.

"You say that," she said, her voice suddenly firm. "But if it isn't the slightest bit arousing to you, then why is this thing still hard as a rock, ready to spurt in my hand?" She squeezed his iron-hard cock in her hand and stared challengingly into his eyes, daring him to disagree. It was high-risk, high-reward. This could either make him back down in confusion and arousal or blow up and scrap the whole game. The argument was bullshit, of course. The reason he was hard was that a woman he loved and was attracted to was jerking him off... But if there was even a glimmer of shameful arousal deep inside him based on what he had seen at the club that night, he might be confused and embarrassed enough for this accusation to give her an opening.

David stared at her for a moment, his face red, his nostrils flaring, and his cock throbbing, painfully stiff in her grip. Then, to Eliza's delight, he looked away, dodging the confrontation. "That's... It's not what you think. I don't think that kind of thing is hot. I'm just confused."

Eliza had no doubt in her mind that it was true... but her job was to convince David he was wrong. "Well, let's find out," she said with a wide, eager smile, beginning to slowly move her hand up and down his cock once again. "I'm going to give you a little... motivation. Describe to you how a hypothetical cuck, who definitely isn't you, might find it arousing to watch another man fuck his wife. If by the end you are unmoved, I'll go back to Kim and tell her that you can't play the part we need from you, and we need to find another way. But if you let go and drain your balls into your wife's soft hand while she tells you all sorts of kinky things about cuckolding..." she paused for a moment to swirl the flat of her palm of the swollen head of her

husband's cock, making him hiss at the unexpected pleasure. "...then I guess that this was the role you were born to play."

"Eliza, I don't think I'm comfortable with..."

"No complaints," said Eliza. "You said it will be hard for you to act like a cuck, and now I'm giving you a chance to prove it. All you have to do is listen to me for a few minutes and not cum. It should be easy, right?"

David looked troubled, but his cock showed no signs of deflating. In fact, it leaked a fresh spurt of precum as Eliza continued, not giving her husband a chance to protest further.

"Ok, I want you to imagine a cuckold, sitting in a chair in the bedroom, watching as his wife kisses another man on the bed. He's nervous... filled with anxiety and jealousy and yes, even anger. But his little willy is stiff and eager in his pants anyway, despite all of those negative feelings. Can you guess why?"

David shook his head. "No. There's nothing hot about your wife being stolen. Fucking someone else in front of you."

Eliza chuckled, pausing at the base of her husband's penis to grip it tight, emphasizing its hardness for both of them. "You say that, yet you're hard just like him, despite your negative emotions. Well, don't worry, hubby. I'll make things clear to you. It's exactly the same feeling you were getting off to earlier! That twisted sense of absolute dominance and power... just experienced from the other end."

David was breathing heavily, leaning back in his chair, and covering his eyes with a hand. He was clearly distressed, but Eliza could see that her words were getting through to him, fanning the tiny spark of reluctant lust he felt into a flickering flame. She pushed further, her voice low and throaty and seductive, her hand never ceasing its graceful, liquid movements.

"So that poor cuck just sits there, watching. His eyes wide and his little stiffy aching with need as another man's hands explore every inch of the woman who should belong to him alone. And she moans, David... a little sound of need against the lips of the man brazenly kissing her. She's blushing, aflame with embarrassment from her audience of one, but still kissing this strange man with a hunger and heat that the poor cuck doesn't recognise. And do you know what the poor little cuck feels in that moment, David?"

"No," insisted David in a shaky voice. "I have no id..."

"I think you do know, David," said Eliza with a giggle, speeding up her handjob, filling the room with the squelching sounds of her husband's precum. "He feels weak. So fucking weak. The bull on the bed is strong. So powerful he can reach out and pluck a pretty flower right out of the hands of a pathetic man like him. Just like those masters you read about, he can take a woman

with no interest and make her obsessed with his cock. So the husband feels weak... but there is a certain twisted pleasure that comes from weakness. Trust me. I know. Gene taught it to me.”

Eliza slipped off her chair, kneeling in front of her husband, staring up at him with wide, wicked eyes, letting him peek down the front of her low-cut shirt. Enticing him with the pleasures Gene had stolen from him. She jerked her husband’s cock with both hands, hovering above it with her face so close he could feel the hot puff of her breath against his tingling flesh.

“She gets down on her knees, David. And that only gets the poor little cuck harder. Because she is willing to do things for this bull that he never gets. She’s going to suck this strange man’s thick, powerful cock right in front of her husband, while he only gets the pleasure of his hand. That’s what a fucking stud this bull is, Davey. He gets what he wants. The royal treatment. Any woman is willing to submit to him... even if she shouldn’t.”

“Oh Godddd, please, Eliza. Please,” breathed David as she opened her mouth just above his cock, staring up at him with wide innocent eyes. She snapped her mouth shut with a teasing grin, shaking her head and making a tsking noise.

“Sorry, hubby,” she explained with false contrition, “you know I can’t. Gene won’t let me, remember? He used that nasty oil to claim my mouth for his own personal use. The best I can do for you is this.” She extended her tongue to let a stream of warm saliva drip down onto her husband’s cock, lubing it up for her constantly pumping hand. She knew she was playing with fire at this point, but she couldn’t stop. She needed to see how far she could push David.

“So, of course, the poor, denied cuckold starts jerking his cock while watching his woman be conquered. In fact...” said Eliza with a teasing wink, “It probably feels just like my hand on your cock right now. Well... maybe mine is just the tiniest bit better. Anyway, he revels in his shameful weakness. Every stroke of his dick a celebration of his failure and his enemy’s victory. And his wife?”

Eliza dropped her voice lower, her icy blue eyes smoldering with inner heat as she whispered, “She’s just along for the ride. Giving in to her primal instincts. Enjoying the feeling of a bigger, thicker cock as it stretches her lips wide open and shows her who’s boss.”

“Eliza, I don’t...” David opened his mouth, panting heavily. Eliza could feel his cock twitch in her hands, and the combination of fear and arousal in his eyes told Eliza everything she needed to know. “I don’t like this. I *can’t* like this.”

“But we haven’t even gotten to the best part yet.” She reached up to tug her corset down, exposing her perfect, firm tits with their freshly-pierced nipples. “The part where that bad, bad, powerful man strips off every inch of innocent wifey clothing.” She removed one hand from her husband’s cock, running it up her body to grasp and pinch at her sore, swollen nipples. “Touches and tastes and makes every part of her his.” Her own body was filled with twisted heat

now, pulsing in time with her husband's cock. She was getting off to this fantasy of betrayal, and to her intense delight, she could tell that her husband was getting off to it as well.

And true, maybe it was more because she had been edging him for over half an hour at this point while pouring manipulative dirty talk into his ears, but that didn't change the fact that they were both fucking horny while fantasizing about cuckolding. Eliza wanted desperately to feel closer to him... and more importantly, to seal the deal and make him cum to the twisted scenario she was weaving. And she knew just how she could do it. She stood suddenly, shimmying her shorts down her hips to reveal her blushing, dripping pussy to her horny husband's shocked gaze.

'Eliza... what are you...?'" He gulped, unable to take his eyes off her gorgeous pussy that he had been denied for so long. "I thought you said that you can't..."

Eliza raised her hand and pressed it over his mouth, cutting him off. "Shut up. We're imagining, remember?" She lowered her hips until her husband's cock lay against the length of her pussy, hard and throbbing against it. So close, yet so far. "Imagine what it feels like for that poor cuck once the foreplay is over," purred Eliza, sliding her hips forward to grind her wet, naked pussy against her husband's dick. "When that powerful man has wifey on the bed, moaning and panting beneath him, her married pussy dripping and eager to be taken. The bull gets whatever he wants ,Davey, and what he wants in this case is to take what the wife isn't supposed to give to anybody but her husband."

David's chest heaved as Eliza's silky, wet pussy glided up and down the length of his cock, wetting it with her slick juices. Gene had forbidden penetration, but this didn't qualify... no matter how close it got.

"And that poor cuck just watches. Watches and jerks his unwanted dick," said Eliza in a rough voice. 'While the bull sinks into her, deep and slow and satisfying to them both. And the cuckold wishes to God that it was him in the bed instead... That he was the one who was inside his loving wife right now."

Eliza rose higher, until the slick, swollen head of her husband's cock pressed warm and wet against her lower lips, in perfect position to slide home into where he belonged. The pussy of the woman he had married. "But the cuck knows, at some instinctive level," moaned Eliza, "that he is right where he belongs. That the bull somehow deserves it more than him. That in some deeper, more important way than vows and rings and pretty white dresses, his wife's wet cunt belongs to the real man in bed with her now. And the only thing he deserves..."

Eliza leaned forward and whispered in his ear at the same time that she reached out to grab David's hand and bring it to his lap.

"... is his pathetic cuckie fist."

She smoothly withdrew, dropping to her knees in front of him once again and bringing her hand to her own crotch to join him as she insisted, "Jerk for me, David. Show me how hot you think it is. Don't hold back. Cum. Cum for me now."

David groaned, but he was too far gone to resist, horny and dumb and desperate for release. He jerked his cock wildly, staring down at his half-naked wife with open lust, using her pussy juices as lube, but not allowed to fuck her. He looked angry and sad and conflicted, but he still came. In thick, gluey spurts of cum.

And Eliza dodged them, letting her husband's cum fall to the floor rather than even touch it. She had always been a little grossed out by semen after all, and her husband didn't have the advantage of magic oil to make her obsess over his.

So while Gene got to cum down her throat, and deep inside her pussy, and all over her face, David got to cum on the floor, groaning as if his heart was breaking as Eliza looked on with glee.

"I guess that settles it," said Eliza smugly. "It seems like you find cuckolding a little hotter than you were willing to admit."

But Eliza saw a moment too late that David seemed to be in no mood for her teasing. As he sat panting, she could see clarity and shame and distrust returning to his eyes. Eliza began to feel a little guilty as well, her horny mischievousness fading away. She tugged her corset back up into place and stood, turning away while she pulled the tight little shorts back up her thighs.

"I'll get the mop," she said awkwardly. "Any hits yet on our post?"

David sighed deeply and tucked his spent cock back into his pants. "A lot of likes and some comments, nothing from the mysterious oil maker."

"Well, I suppose we'll just have to wait for it," said Eliza, hurrying to get the mop like she had promised. The little stunt she had pulled was fun in the moment, but it may have set her relationship with her husband even further back in the long run. But even so, as Eliza hurried to the closet to fetch the mop, she couldn't stop a secretive little smile from creeping across her face.

The mission her master had given her was a success. Even if he wasn't fully on board, she had certainly succeeded in getting her husband to think more deeply about becoming a cuckold.

...

Kim led Gene by the hand toward the boardwalk, her whole body thrumming with sexual energy, coiled like a spring, just waiting to be released.

She could feel the eyes of the other people on the beach as she went, men and women alike, their gazes crawling over every inch of her body, but especially the naked, jigglng tits she barely concealed beneath one arm as she marched off toward her date with "Josh". The entire day had been mortifyingly embarrassing... but exhilarating at the same time. Teasing Gene was like waving a red cape in front of a bull. Making someone in utter control of your life angry could have dire consequences. She was walking a razor's edge in being amusingly bratty without actually pissing him off.

But she had been pulling it off perfectly so far, and had gotten close to succeeding at her goals for the day. First and foremost, this was about getting Gene so horny and riled up that he didn't think too hard about his other Cumbunny and what Lizzie was up to at the moment. And, secondly and maybe secretly more important and far as Kim was concerned, she was attempting to make her pitch to Gene why he didn't actually need Eliza.

Kim still hadn't mentioned to Eliza and David that her goal was to free Eliza and leave herself, at least temporarily, as her Daddy's one and only Cumbunny. They wouldn't understand. They might even question her loyalty. But she needed the excitement and passion she had felt today with her evil, dominant Daddy on the beach. Maybe one day she would grow bored or depressed and want to clean up her life, and the oil would always be waiting for her then. But until that day... she wanted to experience what it was like to be Gene's bratty little Cumbunny. And today was the perfect taste of how erotic and exciting that life could be.

It felt like they had slipped into a different world as they slipped beneath the boardwalk. It was cool and dim down here, and the sound of lapping water was loud. The prying eyes of the crowd were finally off them, and as Kim pulled her Daddy forward by the hand, she was filled with a sense of intrigue and arousal. She was headed to a secret rendezvous, and more importantly, she was about to get fucked after teasing herself and her Daddy all day. Her body flushed and tingled with anticipation.

It didn't take long for them to find Josh. His lean, muscled body leaned against a pillar in a way that he probably assumed made him look nonchalant. But Josh was anything but calm and disinterested. The bulge in his little red trunks gave him away.

Josh was exactly the kind of tall, handsome, pushy douche that Kim used to select for her one-night stands. She had even felt a certain familiar tingle when she spoke to him before. An impulse to take and own Josh for a night. To push back against his control, squeeze his balls dry with her tight little pussy, then leave him heartbroken. The cycle that felt as familiar as an old song.

But things had changed now. She had been caught and domesticated by the ultimate pushy asshole, and the starter version no longer appealed. Bros like Josh were the easy mode compared to a real alpha male like Gene, and she would never go back to the petty games she used to play with them.

So in some ways, humiliating Josh was just as much for her as it was for her cuck-obsessed Daddy. It would be fun to utterly reject the same kind of guy that used to arouse and infuriate her.

Josh looked up with a confident smirk on his pretty-boy face, but his expression dissolved into confused displeasure as he noticed the broad, hairy form of her Daddy beside her. Gene was grinning like a maniac at the prospect of what was to come, and his cock was bulging against the ridiculous speedo that Kim had needled him into wearing. He looked like some dark force from a fairytale, and Josh could tell by his very presence that things weren't going to go like he planned.

"Wait... why the fuck is this old piece of shit...?"

His words faded into stunned silence as Kim wrapped her arms around her Daddy's thick neck and pulled him down into a performatively obscene kiss, tongues wrestling as his hands dropped to squeeze her ass hard and her naked tits pressed tight to his hairy chest.

Finally, she pulled away, thrilled to see that not only was Josh still standing there with a stupid look on his face, he still had a stiffy tenting the front of his little red trunks. Wonders never ceased. It seemed like some guys couldn't help but get turned on when they saw a dominant man take what was his... as much as they might prefer to deny it.

"I'm here to meet you, just like I promised, Josh," said Kim with a smirk. "Although I'm afraid I can't give you what you thought I would. I'm afraid my whole body is spoken for by my Daddy." Gene played his role of the dominant stud perfectly, leaning down to suck a fat pink nipple between his lips, mauling her other breast with a broad calloused paw while his Cumbunny taunted the younger, more attractive man about his defeat.

"Fuck this," snarled Josh, putting up a front of flustered, angry machismo. He began to storm away, but Kim stopped him in his tracks with a smoldering glare and a sharp, "Hold it!"

"You could certainly walk away..." she purred, holding the confused and furious young man in her burning green gaze as she reached to cup the back of Gene's head, mashing his slobbering mouth deeper into her breasts. "But that tent you're pitching tells me that you might want to stay. Gene is about to... demonstrate his ownership, shall we say, and he's graciously agreed to let you watch."

"I don't... I don't want to fucking watch some fat old slob..." the hunky young lifeguard's eyes widened again, and his mouth dropped open as Gene impatiently tore away the flimsy thong that had been the only thing covering her all day, exposing her tight pussy, flushed and dripping with excitement from the long days of teasing. Her Daddy immediately slid a thick finger up between her lips, into her wet heat, drawing a little whimper of pleasure from her throat. She had been craving her Daddy's touch all day... but she needed to focus right now. She needed to draw Josh into her web, not only for her own pleasure, but to show Gene just how exciting an

audience could be... and make him crave a particular audience member even more. The more Gene was focused on David and his crazy cuckold pipe dream, the less he would pay attention to what she and Eliza were doing right under his nose.

"Come on now, Josh," said Kim with a giggle, grinding her hips needily into Gene's probing fingers as he slobbered and slurped over her nipples, playing the part of conquering brute to a "t", "There's nothing wrong with just taking a little look, is there? It's like a real-life porn, put on for your pleasure. Please? I want you to. Do it for me?"

"You're crazy," said Josh vaguely, licking his lips as his eyes played over Kim's naked, oiled body, shining with a mix of desire and wounded pride.

"I ammmm," moaned Kim. "But I'm crazy for my Daddy, I'm afraid... So I can't be your little slut, Josh. Sorry about that. But it's not all bad news. My Daddy has trained me into a bad little girl. I know you're curious what I see in him, and I pinky promise that you'll have a good time if you stick around to find out." Gene moved behind her, peeling off his tiny speedo to expose the full, veiny glory of his thick cock. Kimmy had to bite her lip to hold back a giggle as Josh's eyes locked onto his rival's cock and widened. Boys were so silly. They all wanted to believe that they were the big alphas who wanted to be the one in charge... but every boy she had ever met loved to watch bigger, thicker cocks fuck pretty women on screen. And with a little bit of pressure, she thought she could tease out that desire to watch.

"Stay, Josh," said Kim in a more commanding voice as she bent at the waist, her whole body shivering with lust. Gene dragged the bulbous head of his cock up and down her juicy slit, teasing her with her favorite thing in the world. "I want you to see what a real man can do to me. Maybe you'll learn something." This is what she had been longing for all day as she teased him: the feeling of being fucked into submission by him and put in her place. The fact that a man she would have once been attracted to looked on in mingled lust and defeat only made it hotter.

Josh looked torn for a moment, on the edge between staying and storming off. A big, confident guy like him probably got all the pussy he wanted. Especially when he had the opportunity to show off his washboard abs all day on the beach. Rejection wasn't something that Kim imagined that he experienced very often... especially not when competing with an ugly, old, balding man like Gene.

But men were men, and a moaned, oiled-up slut begging you to watch her get fucked wasn't something it was easy to turn down. "This is so fucked up," he said under his breath. But, fucked up or not, his hard cock still pressed up against his trunks, and he stood rooted to the spot as Gene positioned himself at Kim's tight, pulsing entrance.

"Good boy," said Kim in a gasping, throaty voice. "Now look in my eyes as you watch what my Daddy can dooooo!"

Her command trailed off into a slutty moan as Gene slid inside her slowly, inch by inch, blanking her mind out with pleasure and making her tongue loll from her mouth in utter sexual bliss. Fuck it felt good... it had been too long since Gene had fucked her, and feeling the thick rigid length of his hot cock fill and stretch every inch of her was pure ecstasy.

“Fuck Daddy! Fuck, it feels so fucking good!” she whined, squirming her hips backward, forcing him deeper. She wanted to feel every inch of his powerful cock inside her. For a moment, the poor sad-sack lifeguard watching with cock hard and jaw agape, slipped her mind entirely. All that mattered was her Daddy’s hard dick.

“Are you sorry, Kimmy?” asked Gene, his voice hot and rough in her ear as he withdrew, then snapped his hips forward again, slamming himself balls-deep into her needy pussy. “For being a little brat to your Daddy all day long?”

“I’m sorry, Daddy,” she whimpered, feeling her insides pulse and grip tight around Gene’s magnificent cock, wanting to hold it close. To never let it go. “I sooo sorry for being such a bitch. I just F-fuck! I just wanted you to punish me. It feels so fucking good.” Gene pulled out then slammed forward into her again, drawing a sobbing moan from her throat and making her bounce her plump butt backward into him. She didn’t just want him to punish her. She wanted him to break her. To imprint the feeling of his cock so deep into her bratty cunt that she could never enjoy another man again, whether or not she managed to free herself in the future.

Gene began a punishing pace, fucking his bratty little bunny hard and fast from behind. But Kim immediately ran into a problem. Bending over at the waist and letting Gene fuck her from behind just wasn’t a position that was easy to balance, especially with how hard he wanted to go. She kept having to reposition her footing to avoid falling over. Without something to brace herself on, it might just be impossible.

Gene saw the problem immediately, and as the man in charge, he moved to solve it. “Hey, you, pretty boy,” he grunted, snapping his fingers. “Get over here.”

Josh, who had been staring at the obscene sexual display of Kimmy getting stuffed, seemed shocked to be spoken to. “What? Me?”

“Do you see any other douchebag lifeguards standing around?” asked Gene acidly. “Come stand here so my slut can lean on you. I can’t fuck her right this way.”

Josh seemed more confused than offended at the suggestion, but mustered up a, “Hey, fuck you, dude! I’m not just going to do whatever you say because...”

“Do what he says, Josh,” said Kim in a strict voice, still a little ragged on the edges from her intense pleasure. “He’s in charge here. He’s the one with the bigger cock. The one who gets to call the shots. If you can’t handle that, you can leave.”

"I don't..." Josh gulped heavily, shaking his head and trying to dispel the strange sexual spell he had fallen under. "I don't know you people. I could just leave. I *should* just fucking leave."

"But then you wouldn't get to see me get fucked," said Kimmy with a giggle. "Enough. I don't want to hear any more whining. Stop being a pussy and come over hear and help me fuck a real man... or fucking leave, I don't give a shit. One of the pillars would work just as well."

Looking like he couldn't believe what he was doing, but drawn forward by the glistening, bratty temptress, Josh stepped forward. With a sultry smirk, Kim reached out to brace herself on his tall, muscular body, and a moment later Gene had resumed his punishing pace, Fucking her hard from behind, this time pushing her forward into Josh with every stroke, her juicy tits swinging and jiggling beneath her with his powerful thrusts. His heavy balls slapping wetly against her clit every time his hips pumped forward.

"It feels good, doesn't it, Daddy?" gasped Kim, speaking to Gene while she stared deep into Josh's eyes. "To show a pussy like this how a real man fucks?"

"Fuck you," said Josh, but his voice broke a little on saying it, and he made no move to get away. Kim felt like she had hit the jackpot with this loser. Surely it couldn't be this easy to convince any guy to accept such a submissive role. Or maybe all guys were this weak when compared to a man like her Daddy...

Maybe even David could be this weak if Gene and Eliza applied the right pressure...

She pushed the thought away as Gene let out a guttural, panting laugh. He reached down and gripped Kim's hair, pulling her hair up and forcing her back to arch dramatically as he hammered into her. "Shut the fuck up, loser," he said roughly. "My woman asked me a question. It feels fucking amazing, Kimmy. Because everyone here knows who the alpha is. Who gets the fuck, and who gets turned on from watching what a real man can do."

"I don't... I'm not fucking turned on by you, dude," said Josh defensively.

This time it was Kim's turn to laugh. It came out as a sound of half-amusement and half mindless lust, vibrating with pleasure as Gene's cock filled her again and again as he pushed her forward into the awkwardly standing lifeguard. "Not turned on?" she purred. "Come the fuck on. As if my face wasn't inches from this fucking... thing." She reached forward and yanked down the lifeguard's tight trunks before he could react, making his shameful boner flop out for all to see, dripping precum and hard as diamond from the taunting words of the fucking couple. It wasn't bad. Probably even above average in terms of length and thickness. But it simply couldn't hold a candle to the monster that was sending bolts of pure molten lust radiating through Kim's body as it pumped in and out of her hot, wet cunt.

Josh scrambled to try to reach down and pull his trunks back up, but Kimmy held onto them, breathlessly laughing and moaning as Gene fucked her from behind, reveling in the opportunity to put a pretty boy douche in his place, just like she had always wanted.

“Leave them,” barked Gene, making Josh freeze. “It’s only fair that you get naked too, considering the show we’re giving you. In fact... I want you to jerk off. Show us how much you enjoy seeing little Kimmy getting fucked.”

Josh’s face went red, and Kim could see that he was about to angrily refuse the obscene command. But by this point, she had had enough of his bullshit. “Josh,” she panted, staring into his eyes, her tits swinging wildly beneath her and her face just inches from his throbbing cock, “Jerk. Off. Now.”

Something about the raw lust in her voice, and the erotic sight of her utter sexual submission to the ugly older man got through to Josh, crumbling his prideful defences. He dropped his eyes from her blazing green gaze, then reached down to shamefully grip his cock, pumping his fist up and down in shameful pleasure as he watched another man fuck the woman he wanted for himself.

“That’s right, Davey,” grunted Gene, his hips working faster and faster, claiming every inch of Kim’s pussy as she desperately bounced back into his thrusts, savoring the feeling of complete submission. “That’s what you fucking deserve. Jerk off like the good little cuck you were born to be while I take what’s yours.”

“Who the fuck is Davey?” gasped Josh, his own slippery fist pumping his cock faster and faster inches from Kim’s face. But no one cared what poor little Josh had to say anymore. All three of them were caught in the grip of climax. Gene grunted in pleasure, his heavy balls drawing tight to the base of his pumping cock. His hairy belly and thighs slapped forward with fleshy wet slaps against Kim’s bouncing butt again and again. Her pussy gripped and milked every inch of her Daddy’s cock as he fucked her, her pleasure winding up tighter and tighter, her thighs trembling and her toes gripping in the grimy sand beneath the boardwalk as she roared towards orgasm.

Kim’s glossy lips parted in a low, passionate moan... just inches from Josh’s cock, and as she looked up, she saw a moment of hope in his eyes. Hope that she might lose herself in the moment and take his cock in her mouth. Or at least that he could “accidentally” cum on her face in the heat of the moment.

But that wasn’t his role here. Feeling Gene winding up to orgasm, and feeling her own fast approaching, Kim judged her moment carefully, then took it.

Just as Gene roared behind her, flooding her tight, hot cunt with his addictive seed, she pushed Josh hard, making him fall backward onto his ass. His arms flew behind him to catch his fall, but Kim had timed her cruel trick perfectly. Josh came just then, his cock erupting in a ruined orgasm, splattering himself with hot cum while Gene enjoyed a deep creampie.

But Kim was immediately distracted from the pathetic lifeguard's fate by her own overwhelming orgasm. For the past week, all she had enjoyed of her Daddy's cum was the spare scraps she could lick out of her sister-in-law's pussy. There was no comparison to a direct creampie of white-hot cum. It felt like every nerve in her body was soaked in electric pleasure, burning bright and hot through her veins. She choked out endless, breathless moans, feeling Gene's cock pump rope after rope of semen into her, emptying his balls into her greedily milking pussy.

By the time that the delirious pleasure of her orgasm was over, Josh was nowhere to be seen. He must have scuttled off in shame after the post-nut clarity hit him, but Kim didn't care much. He was a nobody. Just a stand-in. For Kim, he had represented all the men who had failed to win her and how they paled in comparison to her Daddy. And for Gene... well his Freudian slip had made things crystal clear, hadn't it? Gene wanted to cuckold David more badly than ever.

Speaking Gene, he finally released his grip on Kim's wide hips and gave her ass an encouraging slap as he pulled out of her. "Good work today, Kimmy," he said gruffly. Probably the highest praise she had ever heard him give anyone.

*So Daddy likes punishing his little brat, huh?* thought Kim wickedly. *Well, he is going to have a lot to punish me for soon, once I free Eliza. It will be just me and him, and he can punish me with that big cock all he wants.*

Gene plopped down and leaned against a pillar, rooting through the bag Kim brought with her to retrieve his phone.

"Why don't you go get cleaned up?" he said with a dismissive wave. "It's a long way home, and I don't want to drive with the smell of jizz filling the damn car."

Kim took a deep breath and bent to pick up her discarded thong, making sure to be cautious on her wobbly legs. "What about you?" she asked lightly.

"I'm fucking tired and hot," grumbled Gene. he was, in fact, pouring sweat after the strenuous fucking he had given his bunny. "I'm going to sit here where it's cool while you clean up. See you in a bit."

Kim nodded meekly, then let her face break into a broad grin as she turned away and headed toward the bathrooms. It had been a good day. She had gotten closer to her Daddy, increased his interest in cuckolding, and, most importantly, distracted him completely from what David and Eliza were up to.

She could only hope her brother and Eliza were doing just as well on their mission.

...

David slumped in front of the computer about an after he came, tapping his fingers listlessly on the desk. The air had been filled with awkward tension between them in that time, only amplified by the apparent failure of their efforts.

“Any word?” asked Eliza again, feeling anxiety bubble up inside her as she checked the clock on the wall. They were running out of time. After their day at the beach, Gene would expect Eliza at home, with a full report on how she had tried to convince David to become a cuckold. They had perhaps another hour or two. Tops.

“Nothing,” said David flatly. “I mean, do we know for sure that the oil creator even works that quickly? What if we have to post about it for weeks before he decides we are serious?”

“We don’t have weeks,” said Eliza nervously, biting her thumbnail and bouncing a leg. “Master... I mean Gene, will expect me to either convert you or give up before that.” Not to mention the fact that Eliza felt she was on the precipice of giving in to her master completely. She had already been headed that way before Kimmy’s last, desperate plan had pulled her back from the brink. Who knew what might happen in the next few weeks? Would any of Eliza be left, or would Lizzie be the only one left, dumb, happy, and devoted to her master’s cock.

‘I know,” said David in a voice pained with frustration, “But I’m not sure what else we can do. We gave them the most perverted, obscene scenario we could think up, and they didn’t take the bait. We’re out of options other than waiting.”

Eliza froze, a sudden idea sparking in her desperate mind. “Wait... actually, I think there is something even more fucked up we could say. Something that might get the attention of whoever it is.”

David frowned, catching the anxiety in her voice. “Which is...?”

“I’ll give you my login information. Switch to my account and get ready to type,” said Eliza grimly. This had a chance of exposing them, but it might also be the only thing fresh enough to grab the interest of a jaded thrill junkie like the oil creator.

It only took a moment for David to switch to the other account, hands on the keyboard, ready to hear her idea.

“Ok... type this: I am a Cumbunny, and I want a sample of the Mjolkhare oil to addict my master to someone else’s cum.”

David gave her an odd look. “Eliza, this is a server filled with Cumbunny masters and guys who hope to become Cumbunny masters. I sort of doubt that your post will be popular.”

“I know it won’t be,” said Eliza grimly. “In fact, I expect it to get me banned. But I don’t need the post to be well-liked. I only need it to get one person’s attention.”

David still looked skeptical. "Yeah, I guess," he muttered. "But we're talking about the same guy who gave all the masters their oil in the first place. What makes you think he will like the idea of a Cumbunny ensnaring her master?"

"Because it's something new. And if my guess is right, that's all that matters to this person. Trust me. Just type it in."

David shook his head, but typed out the short message and pressed enter. A moment later, he scoffed at the screen. "Wow. I don't know about our mysterious oil creator, but we were totally right about how popular this would be with the average user. The post is catching some serious hate from the thin-skinned guys on this server."

Eliza stewed in her anxiety, nervously checking the clock and chewing her nails as David kept up a running commentary on how many of the server's users were piling onto the post in their hatred.

Finally, she couldn't take the strain anymore. She stood abruptly and said, "I'm going to use the bathroom."

But just as she turned away, David straightened up at the computer with a gasp. "Eliza, wait," he said excitedly. "I just got a message... from what looks like a burner account, just like you said." His eyes held a volatile, nervous combination of hope and fear as they stared into hers. "I think it's him."

Eliza sat back down, clasping her hands in front of her so they wouldn't shake.

"Read me exactly what he says, and type exactly what I say in response," she said sharply. Maybe she was being rude at this point due to nerves, but David didn't apparently care, because the next thing he said was,

"Hello. I understand that you're interested in a sample of the Mjolkhare oil. Is it true that I have the pleasure of speaking to a Cumbunny?"

Eliza took a deep breath to calm herself. Even across the internet, even through her husband's voice, speaking to the creator of the oil, one of the most powerful tools for evil she had ever heard of, sent a chill up her spine.

"Yes, that's correct. On both counts." She tried to keep her voice firm and confident. The man on the other side of the chat couldn't hear her, obviously, but she needed to stay in the right frame of mind.

David waited for a moment, his eyes locked on the screen, then read the stranger's reply.

“Fascinating. I would have expected you to sound a little more... vacant. I’ve never spoken to a Cumbunny before.”

Eliza frowned. “I mean, don’t you speak to your own bunnies?”

David tilted his head in confusion at the reply, then read. “I don’t have any Cumbunnies of my own. I don’t need them. Who is your master?”

Eliza wasn’t sure if she was comfortable with giving out that information to the head of all creeps. In the worst-case scenario he could simply pass that information along to Gene.

“Tell him I belong to BossHog87,” said Eliza reluctantly. There was no other way. This was probably a test to ascertain if she was telling the truth about being a Cumbunny or not. She had to play ball.

“Ahhh. That would make you Kimmy... No, probably Lizzie if I were to guess. Pleased to meet you, Lizzie. So. Why do you think I would give a Cumbunny a sample of the oil, when I spend so much effort empowering people like your master?” David’s voice betrayed his growing discomfort and disgust with the person he was chatting with, but Eliza put her feelings aside. She felt like she understood this strange man, and if she was correct, the oil was within her grasp.

“Because you give out the oil to men who want to corrupt someone who considers themselves untouchable,” she said, choosing her words carefully. “Women who are more beautiful, or richer, or smarter than the masters who drag them down. It’s a fantasy of reversal. The ugly, downtrodden man dominating the perfect, beautiful woman. Dragging her down off her pedestal.”

She leaned forward in her chair as David furiously typed her detailed response. “But who is more arrogant and full of themselves than a master who has used the oil? Who could consider themselves more invincible? Talk about a fall from grace... to go from unquestioned power to the same servitude they have forced someone else into. The ironic justice would be... delicious.”

“Fascinating. I certainly have noticed the... arrogance that comes from being a master.”

Eliza waited with bated breath. The silence hung in the air as David glared at the screen. “Well, what is he saying?” snapped Eliza finally. The tension was killing her.

“Nothing,” said David back defensively. “He’s not even typing. I don’t know, maybe you’d better say something else before... Wait... Wait, no, now he’s typing again.” This time they had to wait for a solid minute, Eliza’s tension growing in her chest until she felt like she could barely breathe.

Finally, David spoke again, reading the reply.

“I’ll admit that you’ve piqued my curiosity. Something that is harder and harder to do these days. I’m inclined to accept your proposal. On two conditions. Firstly, and more mundanely, you’ll pay the associated fee. The price is high, but reasonable in my opinion, when you take the incredible power I am offering into consideration. Secondly, unlike the other masters, you will not post about this on the server. Knowing that they might face the same fate could potentially discourage new masters from coming forward. Instead, you will update me regularly on Gene’s descent, messaging this account. Are those terms acceptable?”

Eliza’s heart was nearly beating out of her chest. She couldn’t believe her luck. The most difficult part of their plan was about to succeed. They were about to get the oil they needed to break free from Gene’s command.

They might actually pull this off after all. Eliza had barely dared to hope that it could happen. Of course, there were a few things that gave her pause... She had pledged to addict Gene and send the creator of the oil regular updates on his descent, but dosing Gene hadn’t been their plan at all. In fact, since each vial included just two doses of the oil, if they used one on Gene, that would leave either her or Kim still solely addicted to Gene’s cum.

And something else bothered her... How did the strange man know that his name was Gene? As far as Eliza knew, he only used the user name BossHog87 on the server, and she and David had never mentioned his real name either.

What else did the creator of the oil know? And how did he figure it out?

It took David a few minutes to work out how to send the mysterious creator of the oil the bitcoin he requested, but then David slapped the laptop shut, a look of triumph crossing his face. “Done! He said that he’s going to have the oil sent to us by courier within two hours... God knows how. Maybe he’s headquartered in this city. Anyway... We did it!” he said with a broad grin. “We got the oil we need to ruin that bastard. And then...” he gulped. “Then we can finally get you back to normal. So you aren’t... doing such strange things anymore.”

The memory of her aggressive teasing hung heavy between them, and Eliza grimaced. She wished that she could just fall into his arms and apologise. And she would. Soon. After they had managed to remove Gene’s insidious influence from their lives for good.

Eliza’s burner phone began buzzing, and she pulled it out of her purse without thinking. Her blood ran cold as she saw who it was. Of course it was. Only he had the number. She looked up at David with her eyes wide. “I... I have to take this. I’ll be right back.”

Eliza hurried out the back door, her heart hammering in her chest as she took the call and raised it to her ear.

"Hello, Master," she said, trying her best to sound calm despite the butterflies raging through her stomach.

"Hello, Lizzie," replied Gene in a deep drawl. "Having a good time with hubby?"

"Well, Master, I don't know," said Eliza carefully. "I always like doing what you say, and you told me to..."

"Don't lie to me right now, Lizzie," said Gene firmly. "Just simple, direct, truthful answers. Now tell me. Did you have fun with Davey today?"

"Yes, Master," said Eliza, her mouth dry. "I did."

Gene grunted sourly, and Eliza closed her eyes, praying that he would just let it drop. That he wouldn't dig any further.

"What did you two do together?"

Eliza licked her lips, leaning back against the house to keep her knees from buckling. She had to get through this. She had to somehow satisfy him without giving anything away. Kim and David were counting on her.

"Just like you said, Master, I tempted him into becoming a cuck for you," said Eliza sweetly, feeling a bead of sweat drip down her brow.

"Good. Good. How did you do it?"

"I jerked him off while talking dirty to him about how hot cuckolding is," said Eliza, trying to inject a little sultry heat into her voice.

"Perfect... did the loser cum for you?"

Eliza could sense the interest in her master's voice. She seized on it eagerly. "Of course, master! He seemed really into it once I approached it the right way. I think he can be convinced."

"Ha! Hilarious. I knew that he was a cuck all along." Eliza could hear the satisfaction in Gene's voice, and relaxed a fraction. Then he spoke again.

"Was that all you did? Nothing else important?"

Fuck. "Um... we did other things," said Eliza nervously. "We ate lunch, and... ooh, we talked about our relationship a little!"

Gene was ominously quiet. Then in a calm, stony voice, he asked, "Is that it, Lizzie? Or is there something you're hiding from me? What else did you do?"

Eliza felt like she was choking. *No. Not when we're so close.* She looked for some way out. Some way to lie while telling the truth.

"Answer me, Lizzie"

Eliza tried to hold back, but her master had commanded her, and refusing him was physically painful. She tried to bite her tongue to stop herself, but it came spilling out anyway.

"We... Oh God! We convinced the maker of the Mjolkhare Oil to send us a sample!" Eliza's world felt like it was collapsing around her. The daylight seemed too bright, and for a second she felt like she might faint. It was like that time she had nearly escaped all over again. Once again Gene had been one step ahead, ready to crush her plans. There was no escape.

"Explain," rumbled Gene in a voice of deceptive calm.

Lizzie couldn't help herself. The whole plan came spilling out of her. How they had discovered Bitsy could have two masters at once. How Kim had distracted him today. How a vial of the precious oil was going to be delivered to their house within hours.

She slipped to the ground as she spoke, like a puppet with its strings cut, out of energy and out of hope. By the time she was finished, she slumped bonelessly against the wall, listening to her master's deep laugh over the phone.

"Well, I'm not going to lie, Lizzie, you almost fucked me there for a second!" he said jovially. "But don't worry. I forgive you. Because you just gave me the perfect opportunity to get exactly what I want. Here's what you're going to do for me, bunny. When the oil is delivered to your house, you are going to collect it for me and replace it with olive oil. Bring it to me later tonight. Then, you're going to pretend like nothing is wrong. You're going to be my perfect little double agent. Let Kimmy and Davey think their plan is going off without a hitch. Convince them that the only way to dose me properly is during a threesome, with David watching as a cuck. I'll take care of the rest."

"Yes, master," said Eliza wearily, her eyes glazing over.

"And hey... put a smile on that face, Lizzie. You want your poor hubby to think that good times are just around the corner."

"Yes, master."

A bright, shiny smile crossed Eliza's face as she stood up, dusted herself off, and returned to the house to wait for the oil.

...

Gene couldn't help but laugh as he cut the call.

Kimmy, Davey, and Lizzie must think he was a real idiot. It was obvious to him from the beginning that there was something fishy about this whole day. Kimmy had been trying too hard to occupy him. And why would Eliza need a whole day for a brief conversation with her husband?

But it had been brain-dead of them to trust Lizzie with any information at all. All it had taken was one stern command to unravel the entire conspiracy.

And now... now he would get exactly what he wanted. With a fresh dose of the oil, he would finally turn David into a cum-craving cuck. The perfect addition to his fucked up menagerie.

Gene looked up to see Kim sashaying across the sand toward him, a satisfied smile on her face. No wonder she seemed so smug. She thought she was pulling the wool over the eyes of the man who had debased and humiliated her.

It was so fucking funny that Gene had to laugh again.

"What's so funny Daddy?" asked Kim with a raised eyebrow.

"Nothing," said Gene, wiping away a tear, "You wouldn't get it."