

"It's a terrible idea," said David wearily, stuffing his hands deep into his pockets and leaning back in the driver's seat. The three of them had decided to meet just a few blocks from Gene's apartment, so if he happened to come back early, Kim and Eliza could hurry back without him realizing they had been meeting with David.

"David, we've been through this," said Kim, punching the back of his headrest lightly for emphasis. "He's at his weakest when he thinks he's invincible. We need to make him think he can't possibly lose. That's when he'll let his guard down."

Eliza was happy that Kim was so certain about this aspect of the plan. It made her job as a traitor much easier. "She's right, David," said Eliza seriously. Her master's commands compelled her to play the part of co-conspirator the best she possibly could, so her voice was steady and sincere. "If Gene even *suspects* that something is going on, there's no way we will be able to dose him."

David stared over at his wife with a look of fear haunting his eyes. "Eliza... I mean, you do realize what he wants me to do, right? Sit there and watch while... while he..." He gulped heavily.

*Pussy.* The sneering thought bubbled up from deep inside Eliza, a product of her master's insidious conditioning. Gene had been coaxing and training her for months to view her husband as a lesser man. And, like in all things, the oil's insidious influence was difficult to resist. "Isn't it worth the sacrifice?" asked Eliza sweetly, reaching out to cup her husband's face in her hand. "To know that you can be together with me again? That we will finally defeat Gene?" It made her feel sick to betray Kim and David like this, but it was what her master demanded, and she was powerless to disobey. She was leading them right into a trap... one that would leash David in the same sickening servitude that had already captured his wife and sister.

"I just... I don't know why the sacrifice is necessary at all," said David gruffly, looking away. "We have the oil in our hands, why not just get you addicted to my cum, find Kim some other donor, and not even worry about the creep who makes this weird fucking oil?"

Eliza shook her head. At least here she had a much more convincing reason to object. "That won't work. We promised whoever makes the oil that we would ensnare Gene and update him on what happens. He has power and influence we don't understand. I'm not sure I would feel comfortable crossing him."

"Me neither," said Kim firmly from the back seat. "We definitely have to dose Gene."

"But what are you going to do then?" asked David sharply, craning his neck around to stare at his sister. "Just stay addicted to that creep?"

Kim shrugged with a mysterious smile on her face. "Don't you worry about that, bro. I have a plan."

In the end, it didn't matter what Kim and David's plans were. In reality, they held no cards, and every scheme they came up with was pointless. Yesterday, when the oil had been left in a non-descript box on the doorstep of Eliza's former house, she had managed to get to it before David realized it was there. She slit the box open, found the vial of oil, and emptied it into a small bottle to take to Gene, filling it back up with olive oil before David even saw it.

Kim and David were going into battle with only blanks loaded into their guns, and they didn't even realize it. Gene was going to reign supreme. It was inevitable.

"Well how about this," said Kim, distractedly checking her phone, "we don't need to necessarily go through with the cuckolding, just so long as Gene *thinks* we will. Let's set up a meeting with him to plan out logistics. During that meeting, if you act the way he wants, he'll probably be relaxed enough to drink anything I hand him. Once we have Gene dosed, the rest will be a piece of cake."

David licked his lips and sighed, the tension seeming to flow out of his body. With a pang in her heart, Eliza realized that David had been dreading the necessity to watch her get fucked by Gene. She didn't blame him. If Gene had his way, it would be deeply humiliating. "Oh... yeah, that's fine," said David, almost limp with relief. "Wait... what exactly do you mean by 'act the way he wants'?"

Kim grimaced. "Submissive. Pathetic. Like the idea of being a cuckold turns you on and you just can't want to see him stretch your wife's holes."

David's face twisted in hurt and anger. "What the fuck, Kim?" he snarled, "do you really have to say it like that?"

Kim shrugged. "He's going to say it ten times worse David. If you can't act like a good little cuck, we might as well just go through with the idea of dosing him during the threesome. Up to you."

The anger of David's face faded into disgust, then grudging acceptance. "Ok... fine. Set up the meeting," he said in a defeated tone.

Eliza just smiled and nodded. Technically, to follow her master's orders to push the threesome idea, it might be better for her to dissuade them from this plan, but Eliza had an even better idea. One that would further Gene's plans even better than talking them out of it. If she told her master what Kim and David's little plan was ahead of time, he could avoid the indignity of drinking David's cum... and also make David and Kim think they had wasted half of the oil they had available. Which would make them even more desperate. Which would make them willing to do anything... maybe even sitting by and watching as Gene fucked her.

"I think we have a plan," said Eliza firmly, a false smile painted across her face.

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They met in a cafe downtown. It was actually one of the first places that David and Eliza ever went on a date, although Eliza hadn't felt the need to share that with her master.

She almost wished that they had chosen a less familiar spot. This one would probably feel tainted by what Eliza helped with today.

Eliza and Kim arrived with Gene, of course, one on each arm, allowing him to project the image he had always craved. The big man, desired and fawned over by his loyal sluts.

Kim and Eliza looked the part as well. Gene had decided to really play up the bratty, Daddy's-girl image of his younger Cumbunny today. Kim had her hair up in pigtails, was practically bursting out of a bright-pink cut-off top that read "sweetheart" with a sparkly heart design stretched across her braless tits, and wore high-waisted hot pink shorts that were cut off to let half of her ass cheeks hang out.

Eliza's outfit wasn't any better. The strapless black-and-white striped top she was wearing was cut low enough that you could almost see the blushing pink of her aerolas, and, although her leggings in theory covered her body a lot more than Kim's ridiculously skimpy shorts, they were tight and thin enough to hug her like a second skin, leaving nothing to the imagination. Eliza was certain that anyone who looked closely enough would be able to tell through visual examination alone that she wasn't wearing any panties. The leggings hugged the slightest contours of her ass and pussy. She might as well have been wearing body paint.

Eliza saw David at the table as they walked in and watched the misery spread across his face as they approached. It was an important part of Kim's plan that Gene feel like it was the three of them versus David... If only she knew that Eliza secretly was on her master's side after all.

Gene grinned broadly and strutted through the cafe with a hand on each Cumbunny's ass. He had gotten his moment of triumph in the sex club, when he had revealed Eliza's infidelity to David in graphic detail, but Eliza had come to realize in the following weeks that that one moment of catharsis just wasn't enough for Gene. He didn't just want to crush David. He wanted to rub it in. He wanted to gloat. He wanted David to beg and plead and snivel, becoming a cuckold in the face of overwhelming superiority.

It was a misread of David's character. David was still the same man who had taken a swing at Gene for daring to flirt with his wife, not the useless pussy Gene had always imagined him to be. But, Eliza reflected uneasily, it seemed like thanks to the oil and Eliza's secret betrayal, Gene would get what he wanted after all. If Gene managed to turn David into a "Jackrabbit", the slang that masters used for male Cumbunnies, Gene would have leeway to rewrite David's character as he saw fit.

They reached the table, and Gene pulled the chairs together so that Eliza and Kim could sit with him, across the table from David.

Three verses one.

“Davey, so good to see you!” Said Gene crudely, plopping down in the seat across from his and slinging his thick, hairy arms over the shoulders of his two sluts. “I was so sad to hear that you requested a transfer from work. People CAN'T stop talking about what might have upset you so badly.” His eyes sparkled evilly as his broad hands rose to grip his two Cumbunnies by the neck casually, but firmly. “The rumors are just *flying*.”

David looked like every instinct was telling him to launch across the table and beat the smug look off Gene's face. But he couldn't. The whole point was that he was supposed to be here requesting that Gene let him watch. Eliza could see it eating him up inside...

And it sent a flush of humiliated lust pulsing through her. Fuck, it was just too much! Her master's strong hand on her throat in front of her powerless cuckold of a husband... it made Eliza's slutty, submissive, cumbunny self rise up inside her, filling her with eagerness to serve her master. Her pussy suddenly throbbed with perverse heat, her nipples stiffening to press up against the fabric of her top. Part of her hoped David didn't notice how turned on she was. Part of her hoped that he would.

David cleared his throat, keeping his eyes down and clearly managing his rage with difficulty. “Look, Gene, you won, and I lost. Everybody knows it. I just wanted to see if there was a way I could maintain a relationship with my wife moving forward.”

Gene chuckled deep in his throat. “We're all adults here, Davey. We all know what you're really asking for. So why not say it loud and proud? You want to watch a bigger, better man fuck your wife. Is that right?”

David swallowed heavily, his face going white with suppressed emotion. “Yeah,” he said in a cracked voice. It sounded like the word was dragged out of his depths with chains.

Gene lifted his arms from the Cumbunnies' shoulders and leaned forward, his expression ravenous. “Then I want to hear you say it. I'm not sure if I like the idea of a little pussy like you jerking off while he looks at my dick. The least you can do is actually ask for what you want.”

David's jaw worked, clenching his teeth hard. Eliza glanced over and saw that Kim was tense, a bead of sweat forming on her forehead. As far as she knew, this performance from David was essential for the success of their plan. Could David throw away his masculine pride completely in order to fight back against Gene? Or was that just too much of a sacrifice to ask of him?

Eliza knew the answer that David would reach before he opened his mouth. It was written in the painful defeat shining in his eyes.

“Please,” he said in a rough, despairing voice, “Please let me watch as a... bigger, better man fucks my wife.”

*God...* Eliza felt her whole body crackle with an intense blend of sorrow, guilt, and lust. Her master was just so unthinkably dominant... forcing the lesser man to bow down and acknowledge him. To give up the woman he loved to the man with the bigger cock. To take twisted pleasure from the act of surrender. Eliza’s guilt and anger were there too, deep inside her, fighting to keep her sane, but it was hard to focus on them when she knew the dark truth behind this little meeting.

David thought he was acting, but it would be real soon enough. He really would surrender to Gene’s superiority in the end.

Silence hung in the air above the table for a moment, tense with Gene’s obvious pleasure and David’s equally obvious discomfort. Kim broke the tension, turning to kiss Gene on the stubbled cheek and saying in a cute, high-pitched tone, “Should I get us all something to drink, Daddy?”

Gene’s eyes flicked to her, and a little smirk crossed his face. This was another part of Kim’s plan... they had prepared a sample of David’s semen mixed with the oil earlier. Kim planned to dose Gene’s coffee and complete their mission in one fell swoop. However, Eliza had already briefed Gene fully on the plan, and now he had a reverse plan all his own.

“Go for it, Kimmy,” said Gene happily. “Me and the happy couple have to lay out some ground rules anyway.” He watched Kim’s curvy body hungrily as the petite blonde rose from the table, then gave her plump ass a little swat to send her on her way before turning back to David.

“Ok, loser,” said Gene harshly, smugly grinning at David, “Let’s go over the rules.” His hand wormed its way around Eliza again, except this time it rested on her breast, groping and squeezing in a way that made David grimace and Eliza flood with helpless submissive desire.

“When we’re in the bedroom, I’m the one in charge. You do what I say, when I say it, got it?”

David couldn’t take his eyes off the way his hated enemy’s paw-like hand was grabbing Eliza’s tits.

“Yes,” he said, a sour look twisting his mouth.

“Yes, sir,” corrected Gene sharply, with a bark of a laugh. “You need to show the proper respect to the man who finally fucked your slut wife the way she deserves.”

David’s eyes flickered with smoldering hate as he locked gazes with Gene. If Gene hadn’t already figured out what their plan was, David probably would have given things away with only that rage-filled glance. “Yes, *sir*,” he managed to get out.

“Good, as long as you understand,” said Gene, relishing his victory. “Because you might see some stuff that hurts your feelings a little, sport.” He turned to Eliza and tipped her chin upward with his free hand, leaning forward to seize her in a sizzling kiss right in front of David.

Eliza burned with twisted lust. From the corner of her eyes, the glare of anger and helplessness from her husband made the sickening heat between her thighs roar higher. She couldn't help it. Teasing David was what turned her master on, and her master's pleasure was her pleasure.

When Gene pulled away, he whispered to Eliza just loud enough for David to hear, “I'm feeling a little wound up, Lizzie. Why don't you take care of me under the table?”

“Her name is Eliza,” said David sharply, drawing both Gene and Eliza's attention. His face was set into stony defiance. “She hates nicknames. You would know that if you had even tried to get to know her for even a second. This is why she'll never actually like you, even if she obeys.”

With a thrill of disquiet, Eliza realized that for the first time today... for the first time in months, Gene was actually stung. His face twisted into an ugly snarl as he stared across the table at David. He took a deep breath in and out and visibly got a hold of himself before replying.

“Lizzie,” he said, heavily emphasizing the Cumbunny name, “do as I said. Take care of your master while I tell this pathetic cuck how things work between you and me.”

Eliza glanced around the cafe nervously. They were off in a corner, but hardly in private. Regardless, their relative exposure didn't matter to her master. He had given a command, and she had to execute it, no matter what the potential consequences might be. With shaking fingers, Eliza reached down and unzipped her master's pants, fishing around inside his fly to extract his already-inflating cock.

Since David's view was blocked by the table, he couldn't see what Eliza was doing as she slowly began jacking her hand up and down her master's cock. But he heard the zipper and saw the look of gloating pleasure in his worst enemy's eyes.

“Here's what you don't understand, cuck,” said Gene roughly, sneering down his nose at his uncomfortable, powerless foe. “It doesn't matter what your precious little wifey liked before she met me. I know exactly what the fuck she likes these days, because I'm the one who decides what she likes now.”

His cock was at full mast now, throbbing against Eliza's pumping palm. What he was saying was humiliating, but true. Everything Gene wanted sounded good to Eliza as well. Every one of his turn-ons had become her fetish as well. Even though there was still part of her that wanted to break free and return to her husband, watching Gene brutally emasculate her husband was making her wet.

“That’s why she loves you so much, right?” asked David quietly.

Eliza could feel the change in Gene’s cock instantly. It was something she had never experienced before while pleasuring him. It actually deflated a little. David was somehow getting under Gene’s skin in a way neither of his two Cumbunnies had ever been able to.

Gene leaned forward across the table, his nostrils flaring and his face growing red from the depths of his disbelieving rage that anyone might dare defy him. He could take it from his Cumbunnies... he knew that he had the power to punish them later and make them apologize in humiliating ways. But David, the object of his hatred and obsession from the beginning, was a different story.

“We’ll see how much she loves her dear husband when we have this little session we’re planning, tough guy,” said Gene in a murderous voice, reaching over to openly grope Eliza’s tits in a display of compulsive possessiveness. “I’m going to show her the real you, Dan. I’m going to show her the whiny little beta male that has always lurked under the surface. And when she sees you in the cuck chair, crying and jerking off while a better man fills her with cum... that’s when the ‘love’ you think is so important is going to die on the vine.”

“Well! This looks like you’re all having a great time without me,” said Kim brightly, arriving with a cardboard drink carrier filled with cups of coffee. “Who’s thirsty?” Gene seemed to realize that he had risen to David’s bait and leaned back with a grunt, pushing Eliza’s hand away from his now-deflated cock.

Eliza watched closely as Kim distributed the drinks. One of them was spiked with a potent mixture of Mjolkhare oil and David’s cum. It was what Kim and David were hoping would turn the tables on Gene.

“Here you go, Daddy,” said Kim, selecting one of the steaming cups and holding it out to Gene. “Here’s yours...”

She was a good actress. If Eliza didn’t know what was really going on, she wouldn’t have suspected a thing. And neither would Gene, probably. A big, oily smile spread across Gene’s ugly face, and he seemed to forget about David’s annoying defiance. It was hard to be upset at someone fighting back during your moment of triumph.

All that Gene needed to screw David and Kim over completely was an innocent little “accident”. As he reached for the cup in Kim’s hand, he fumbled it slightly, knocking it down and out of her hands and making the creamy drink spill across the table to drip into David’s lap.

Eliza had to bite her lip hard to control the volatile mixture of despair and amusement bubbling through her as she saw David and Kim’s shocked, bug-eyed reaction to the crippling blow Gene had dealt to their plans, apparently by accident. That cup held half of the precious dose that was

supposed to break them free. Now it was spilled over the table top and staining the front of David's pants, his cum sample ironically returning home to roost.

"Whoopsie Daisy!" said Gene with a manic grin. "Guess I was a little clumsy there. But that's ok... I wasn't all that thirsty anyway."

He motioned Kim to sit again, and with an expression of sour reluctance at odds with her formerly chipper attitude, she did so. "Anyway, let's talk logistics," continued Gene eagerly. "Let's do this at your house. I like the symbolism of it better that way. Stealing your woman in your own marital bed. Doesn't get kinkier than that, does it, Davey?"

Eliza, Kim, and David shared a three-way glance of apprehension. Their first attempt had failed, and if they planned to dose Gene, they only had one more shot at it. David had an angry, defiant look in his eyes for a second, but Kim's meaningful glare overpowered his silent objection, making him deflate and say in a broken voice, "Fine... we can do that... When do you want to... to get it done?"

They had tried their best to avoid it, but now David was stuck. He was going to have to play the role of cuckold anyway if they wanted a second chance to dose Gene...

A second chance that was just as doomed to failure as the first.

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"Fuck!" screamed Kim again, slamming the door behind her as she, David, and Eliza entered the door of David and Eliza's home. "We almost fucking had him there! We were this fucking close!"

They hadn't been close at all. The only reason that Gene had even bothered with the spill was to keep them on the hook... well, that and a natural distaste for drinking David's cum. The mixture of olive oil and cum that Kim had stirred into the coffee was meaningless.

"Well, what are we going to do now?" asked David plaintively. He had looked white and shaky ever since he realized that he would be forced to actually go through with the cuckolding session that Gene so desperately wanted.

Kim shot him a tight-lipped, sympathetic glance. "Sorry, David... We're going to have to go through with it. We're out of time, and if you refuse, he's only going to get more suspicious."

Gene had insisted that they should do the cuckolding tonight, removing any chance that Kim and David might have to regroup and come up with an alternative plan. He had sent Eliza along with them to "prepare" for the session, by which he meant spying on any last-minute ideas they might come up with to wiggle out of it.

David groaned and put his head in his hands. "I can't! I can't fucking do that! There has to be something else we can try!" Despite his distress, Eliza thought she detected reluctant arousal lurking under the surface. Had Gene's demonstration of sexual dominance at the coffee shop sparked some of the same cuckold desire in David that Eliza had teased out of him the other day? Eliza thought that maybe it had.

"This is the only way," insisted Kim.

"But why does it even matter anymore?" asked David, his voice nearly breaking in frustration. "We only have one dose of the oil left. What's the point of dosing Gene? You'll both still be addicted to him!"

Eliza stepped in to make Kim's job easier. It was important for Gene's master's plan that David felt like he had no choice but to be cucked. "Once we have Gene under our thumb, we can force him to treat us better," she said, touching David's arm reassuringly. "You've seen how he orders us around. We can do the same to him."

"I couldn't have said it better myself," said Kim, pinching the bridge of her nose. "Ok... I know this isn't ideal, you two, but it's happening. I'll head back to Gene and get him as horny as possible. Maybe if I tease him enough, the... festivities will be over quicker. Either way, it will make him less suspicious. See you both soon."

She turned and left the house, and Eliza and David were alone together again.

David ran his hands down his face. "I... need a drink," he sighed. "You want anything?"

"I'm fine," said Eliza, with a false smile painted across her features. The second that David left the door, she slumped down onto a chair, her mind reeling.

It was hard to describe the emotions roaring through her right now. The arousal and amusement and glee at her master's plans succeeding were artificial. A product of the oil. But that didn't make them any less strong. Beneath those false emotions lay an abyss of sorrow, guilt, and despair.

It was a long time coming, but Eliza felt like she was coming apart at the seams. Losing herself. She had already come close once, when she thought David was gone forever. She had let Lizzie take over and simply enjoyed being Gene's submissive Cumbunny pet in a warm, pleasant, thoughtless haze. And, at this point, that almost sounded like a relief. But she couldn't. Before, even if David was heartbroken, she had been able to let him go, confident that one day he might heal and be happy again. There was no chance of that if Gene won.

Eliza had to find some way to foil her master's plan, even though a huge part of her wanted him to win.

She couldn't work together with David and Kim anymore. Gene was sure to ask her about anything she discussed with her husband and sister-in-law. To make matters even worse, Gene had told her she couldn't give any signs that something was wrong. In fact, she had to encourage David and Kim to go through with the cuckolding threesome no matter what.

That left her options extremely limited. If she could somehow get her hands on the other sample of oil that Gene had, she might be able to do something... but she had little to no room for maneuvering now that Gene had demanded the cuckolding session take place tonight. She was supposed to be here, keeping an eye on David and encouraging him to go along with Gene's desires. Gene would definitely be suspicious if Eliza showed up at his apartment snooping around. And she had no idea where Gene might have hidden the leftover oil anyway.

But there was one other way Eliza could derail Gene's plans... at least temporarily. If she got up right now, walked out the door, and stayed hidden for the rest of the evening, there would be no way that David and Kim would go through with Gene's planned cuckolding threesome. There would be no reason to, without Eliza there.

It also might clue them into the fact that something wasn't right. And, while it was true that Gene had instructed Eliza to act like nothing was wrong in front of David and Kim, his instructions hadn't been iron-clad. She thought she could probably just run away and hide, without considering herself to be breaking the rules.

It was a last-minute, Hail Mary plan, but it was the best one Eliza had. She got up from the couch, taking a deep breath to steady herself, and moved toward the front door. Gene would be beyond angry when he found out about this sneaky act of defiance. Eliza would have to bear the brunt of his wrath. But it would be worth it if she were able to spare her husband from becoming his cruel rival's plaything.

Just as her hand hit the knob, she heard David behind her.

"Where are you going?" he asked, troubled.

Eliza couldn't tell him what she had been considering. Couldn't tell him what was wrong at all. All she could do was paint another fake smile on her face as she turned, saying, "Nowhere, dear. Just thinking about getting some fresh air."

When she turned back to him, Eliza was surprised to see that David hadn't fetched himself a drink at all. Instead, he held in his hands a plate with a small slice of wedding cake.

He smiled sheepishly. "I... I know that we didn't get a chance to do the tradition before. I wasn't sure we would get another chance."

Eliza's eyes welled up with tears. Their wedding cake. The slice that they had saved to eat on their anniversary, before Gene's evil plans had ruined everything. Things had seemed so simple

a year ago. All that had mattered was that she loved David and they were going to build a life together. Eliza's hand fell from the knob. She couldn't turn her back on this. Even though she was once again betraying her husband, she couldn't deliberately hurt his feelings.

"I... I didn't think you would want to eat it with me anymore," she said ruefully, returning to the living room and sinking to sit on the couch. "I've done a lot of things that I'm not proud of. And I understand if you can't forgive me."

David set down the slice of cake and took her hands. "I was thinking about that. Kim has been telling me how hard you are fighting for us. How hard it is to resist the oil. How you can't help it when it comes to... all that stuff with Gene."

Eliza shook her head silently, tears slipping down her face. Part of her didn't think she deserved to be forgiven. It was true that Gene had snared her and she couldn't disobey... But David didn't understand the dark truth. He didn't understand how much she had enjoyed it. How Gene's cruel sexual degradation lit her on fire and consumed her world. She had howled in orgasm while getting fucked in the ass in front of her husband. How could he sit there and say she was worthy of forgiveness?

David squeezed her hand again. "This is our chance to turn over a new leaf. Once I give you the oil, you won't have to obey him anymore. We can be together again. I can save you from that monster."

Eliza froze, staring sharply at her husband. "David... we don't have two samples of the oil anymore. Remember? We don't have enough for you to give me a dose."

David looked nervous but determined. He pulled the half-empty vial of useless olive oil from his pocket. "I can't do it. I don't want to wait another second. What if our next plan to dose Gene fails just like the first one? I need to know that you're safe, and the easiest time to do it is now, before Gene can mess this up."

Eliza stared at him, breathing heavily with her mind working a thousand miles an hour. It was actually a fairly logical decision when you thought about it. As far as David knew, right now he had a guaranteed dose of the oil he could use to prevent Gene's total victory. True, using it would be a bit heartless when you considered that Kim would be left high and dry. But if David had had actual oil, Gene would be totally fucked in this moment.

But, even though David's oil wasn't useful, Eliza still couldn't allow this to happen. If David went through with dosing her, there would be no reason for him to participate in his own cuckolding, and Eliza had strict orders to encourage his presence to the best of her ability.

"We can't," she said solemnly, her heart beginning to pick up pace in her chest. "It isn't right. What about Kim? She'll be fucked if we can't force Gene to compromise. Besides, what will happen if the oil maker finds out we didn't dose Gene?"

David growled in frustration. "We can figure all of that out later! We can find another way to get the oil we need to free Kim. We can ghost the oil maker. I know it won't be easy, but we can think of how to solve those problems after you're safe and with me. You're my absolute top priority, and everything else can come afterward."

Eliza was touched. Her husband, in the dark for so long, then beaten down by a monstrous, unexpected betrayal, wanted nothing more than to fight for her. The last thing she wanted was to deny him... But she was bound by invisible strings. She was just a puppet now, and she had to ensure that her husband showed up and sat right where her master wanted him: in the cuck chair.

Eliza took her husband's hand and said in a sad, serious voice, "That's very romantic, dear... but we can't do that to Kim. She has been fighting so hard for us. I can't just leave her behind."

David sighed, and his angry, determined posture slumped a little. He looked down at the olive oil vial in his hands, then back up to Eliza. "What if we kept it a secret?" he asked suddenly.

"I don't know what you mean," said Eliza, narrowing her eyes cautiously.

"I mean, I dose you with the oil, but we still go through with the... the thing," said David heavily. "I mean, I'm not thrilled about it. Obviously. But if we just pretend for a little while, you can secretly be free while we find a way to get Kim out. I mean, I'm sure she won't be happy. But it means that you'll be safe, and Gene won't get suspicious."

Eliza stared at her husband, conflicted. He looked so earnest. So impassioned. It was a welcome change from the scarred, broken man she had interacted with this past week. Now that he had found a way to reclaim her, he was desperate to fight.

Maybe it would only hurt David more in the end if she gave him false hope now... but Eliza found it hard to resist. Why not have one more sweet moment with him now, and let him think he had won?

"Ok, David," she said with a smile, pulling him into a hug so he couldn't see her expression. "Let's do it. There's nothing I want more than to be together with you again. Like we used to."

David's arms were firm and warm around her, and for a moment, she forgot all about Gene being strong and David being weak. He was just her husband. The man she loved. No one else mattered.

When they pulled away, Eliza had a twinkle in her eye and an eager smile on her face. "Well, hubby," she purred, "I guess we had better... make ourselves a little frosting, shouldn't we?"

David gulped, and Eliza could see the front of his pants tent almost instantly. It was cute. The idea of winning back his wife had finally allowed him to pierce through his feelings of anger and weakness. There was no hesitation to his arousal anymore, although he did object a little bit on other grounds.

“I mean,” he said sheepishly, clearly desperately aroused, “We don’t have to. I could just go... take care of it. I know that that asshole ordered you not to do anything with me.”

Eliza shook her head with a little smirk, slowly sinking to her knees in front of her husband. “That’s right,” she said lightly. “There are some things we can’t do right now.” She reached up to teasingly unzip his pants, and had to stop herself from giggling at the look of eager, horny joy lighting up her husband’s face. They were married. They had had sex many, many times, but due to the circumstances, he was acting like this was prom night, and it was the first time he had ever been touched by a girl.

She only wished there was more that she could do for him.

When Eliza got David’s cock free, it was already diamond hard and dripping precum, nearly bursting out of its skin with his passionate arousal. Eliza took it in her hands. Lovingly, worshipfully. Her fingers caressed up the thick vein, then over the swollen head, gliding through the beading precum and slowly smearing it around his tip.

*Too small.*

Her breath caught for a second as she crushed down the feeling. Comparing her husband to the magnificent size and girth and power of Gene’s cock was unfair, and totally inappropriate right now. But Gene’s insidious training was deeply ingrained in her at this point, and even when trying to connect with her husband, she had to fight through it. Gene was detestable... but her mouth was watering and her pussy throbbing for something to fill and satisfy her and what she was holding in her hands... it just wasn’t worthy. It was a paradox of loathing hatred and longing desire that was ripping her mind apart.

She pressed her warm lips against it in a soft, tender kiss, staring up at her husband with her big blue eyes, feeling gratified as his cock twitched against her lips and he let out a little groan of satisfaction. As she concentrated solely on her husband, the dissatisfaction she felt and her longing for Gene’s bigger cock were fading away. She focused on that feeling of connection, and tried to ignore the lingering traces of frustrated desire for something bigger.

“You know...” she said in a throaty whisper, planting hot little kisses up the length of his shaft, tasting the faint salt tang of sweat, “once you give me that oil mixed with your cum... you’ll be my master instead of Gene.”

David's eyes widened, and he shook his head. "No, baby," he protested, "I would never want to order you around and control you like he does." Despite his words, Eliza could feel his cock throb against her skin. David might think the idea was wrong... but he thought it was hot as well.

"Oh, I know you wouldn't, sweetie," purred Eliza, nuzzling her cheeks over her husband's cock, letting him feel the warm softness of her skin. "You're a good man. But doesn't a good man deserve to be treated like a king every once in a while? Don't good guys deserve a taste of power every now and again?" Eliza thrilled at the pulsing heat of her husband's cock beneath her slim, skillful fingers... against her cheeks and lips. She wanted to take it between her lips and drink his cum down straight from the source... but it wasn't possible. Not with the restrictions that her master had put in place. She couldn't allow David to penetrate her in any way.

But that didn't mean a girl couldn't dream.

"When you give me that oil," she lied in a smoky voice between running her lips all over her husband's cock, opening her mouth and letting her tongue slide out, tapping his tip against it. A little loophole. David wasn't inside her mouth. He wasn't penetrating her. But he was damn close to being inside the warmth and wetness of her mouth, "I'm going to suck this cock so good, my love." She cooed. "I'm going to beg for it. I'll become your eager little cocksucker twenty four seven. Sloppy. Wet. Messy. I'm going to suck my husband's cock raw, swallowing and gargling and smearing your sticky seed all over my lips. It'll be my favorite protein drink. Don't you want me to be desperate for your creamy cum?" David's cock was dripping more and more, pulsing harder. "Do you like that idea? Hmmm? Of your wife being not only in love, but head-over-heels in utter lust for this fucking dick?"

"Oh fuck..." groaned David, clearly already trying to hold back from cumming. "I don't... I don't want to just use you..."

"But that's just it, darling," said Eliza with a wink, extending her wet, pink tongue to swirl teasingly around the head of David's cock, "I'm going to crave to be used. I'll do anything you want. I'll let you fuck me in every eager hole. I'll wear slutty clothes and costumes. Because you're the boss, and I would do anything for you, as long as you give me that sticky warm treat I crave."

It was a lovely fantasy. And it broke Eliza's heart that it was a lie. She would never have that kinky, loving relationship with David. But it felt good to imagine, if only for this one sweet moment.

"I can't wait to feel this hot, hard dick plunging deep down my throat!" moaned Eliza, spreading her legs and beginning to rub her fingers over the thin cloth at the crotch of her leggings. She ran her hot little tongue all over her husband's cock... doing everything except what David really wanted, taking it into the warm, satisfying embrace of her mouth. David growled in frustration,

then lunged forward. Suddenly, he was on top of Eliza on the ground, panting heavily as he loomed over her.

His cock, slimy with her slick saliva, needily pressed and rubbed and prodded against Eliza's hot, wet pussy over the spandex. It smeared stains along the material, pressing against her. A thin barrier. There was something devilishly wonderful about having her husband so close, and yet so far. Teasing him. Tempting. David was nearly mindless with lust, desperate for what she couldn't give him, his body still seeking that warm comfort of sexual connection despite knowing that it wasn't possible

Eliza was taken aback by her husband's sudden, forceful dominance. Just knowing how much he wanted her made her heart thump and her body tingle with arousal in ways her husband hadn't been able to in a long time. She wanted to do something for him... anything to show that she cared, even though Gene had forbidden most types of sex.

"When you give me that oil," she said, staring deep into her husband's troubled, horny eyes, "My pussy will be only for you. My love. My master. My husband. My king." She raised her right hand in front of her face and spat into it, then curled it into a loose fist and placed it just above her throbbing, needy pussy. Then she gripped her husband by the back of his head and pulled him down to whisper hot and soft into his ear,

"Show me, David. Show me how you'll own my pussy when you're my only man."

Her offer was, perhaps, a little demeaning, but David took what he could get, pulling back his hips and sliding himself gratefully into his wife's slippery fist. His cock was hard and hot and eager as he began humping into it, sliding in and out of her hand, quickly adding hot trickles of precum to her saliva to lube up the only hole he could fuck his wife in.

Suddenly, in the ridiculous circumstance of her husband enthusiastically fucking her hand rather than her pussy, Gene's dark training rose up inside her stronger than ever. This was what cuckolds got. A sloppy handjob. A fake pussy.

Her lips almost moved. The evil words in her heart planted by Gene's twisted worldview and the oil's overriding force nearly spilled out. "You're a little cuck, David. How can you deny it any longer when this is enough to satisfy you? And this is all you're ever going to get. My hand. Some spit. Maybe if Master is generous he'll let me give this to you on special occasions. Just a few quick pumps, then a little mess to be rinsed down the drain. That's what your cum is good for David. You're nothing compared to Master and his cock. I deserve a real man and his cum is the only cum allowed in my body. Not yours ever again."

She stopped herself. David didn't deserve it, and the words didn't represent her true feelings. "That's it, baby," purred Eliza instead, holding back from laughter. "Own that pussy with your strong cock." She genuinely hadn't intended this to be a degrading mockery for her husband...but her programming was too strong to hold back when the comparison was this

stark. David was getting so excited and turned on as he busily fucked her fist... while in a few hours, he would be watching another man take her pussy.

"I love you, baby," groaned David, his hips moving faster and faster, his cock pumping in and out of his wife's slippery hand as he took the closest thing to sex she could offer him. "God, I want you so fucking bad."

Eliza felt her breath catch and her body flushed with needy heat, her pussy clenching hungrily around nothing. She felt the same desperate love and longing for her husband that she could sense radiating off him. In an instant, all of her amusement and dark thoughts over her husband's pathetic display was swept aside, and she felt ashamed that the mocking thoughts had ever surfaced in the first place. She wanted him just as badly as he wanted her, and she wished with all her heart that it could be true. She tightened her fist a little, pulsing it around her husband's pumping cock, gripping it the way she wished she could with her pussy. "Give it to me, honey," she said in a throaty voice. "I want you to cum inside me." She pulled him down into a deep, passionate kiss, and for that moment, they both lived in the fantasy that they were fucking again. Man and wife, with no swaggering bully between them.

David breathed in sharply and thrust forward one last time. Eliza gripped his cock hard and felt the thick spurts of his semen fill her hand, gooey and hot and full of his desperate love. David shook above her, trembling like a leaf from the force of his passion. Eliza would have given anything to experience the same passionate pleasure at that moment... but no matter how much she loved her husband, she wasn't going to get satisfaction from having her hand fucked.

David got up onto his hands and knees, staring down at her with loving, determined eyes. "It's worth it," he said simply. "I don't care if I have to watch you with him... as long as I know that you're mine deep down."

Eliza couldn't look at him. She would never belong to David again, but she couldn't let him see the heartbreak in her eyes. Instead, she looked down at the warm, sticky load filling her hand. "Are we going to do this?" she asked, avoiding what he had said entirely.

"Yes!" said David, getting to his feet and pulling his pants back up. He helped Eliza to her feet and led her back to the couch, with the slice of cake on the coffee table in front of them. First, he took a bite himself, cutting through the still-frozen dessert with difficulty. He popped the bite into his mouth and chewed, then laughed softly.

"What?" asked Eliza with a raised eyebrow.

"Nothing," chuckled David with a big grin that almost made him look like his old self. "It's just... you know how I always teased you that it was going to taste all stale and freezer-burnt? I was right."

“David Meyer, sometimes you are the least romantic man in the world,” Eliza said with mock disapproval, struggling to hold back a bittersweet laugh.

“Hey, see for yourself!” he said, pushing the cake toward her.

“I don’t think I’ll be the best judge of flavor, since I’m eating my bite with cum all over it,” pointed out Eliza, and then they were both laughing. It felt good to connect with David like this. But it was hard not to think that this might be the last time.

“Anyway,” said Eliza, sobered by that thought. She raised her hand with its sticky load. “We had better get this done before Kim and Gene get here.”

“Right,” said David eagerly. He carefully tipped the vial over Eliza’s palm, and she dutifully stirred the fake oil in with his load of cum, creating a little slurry of oil and semen.

It turned out that there was a good reason that Gene had mainly used liquid as a delivery method for the oil. Choking the mixture down on two dry bites of cake was pretty disgusting, especially since Eliza knew that the effort was pointless. Finally, Eliza managed to swallow the last of it, and hugged her husband back when he pulled her into a tearful embrace.

Once again, Eliza thought about how it might be best to run. It might be even harder now that David was convinced he had dosed her with the oil, but at least it would spare her husband from being corrupted himself. In the short term, at least.

“Something’s wrong, isn’t it?” whispered David in her ear.

Eliza went stiff in her arms, her pulse immediately racing. Shit. Maybe she wasn’t as good an actress as she thought. She immediately felt a spasm of discomfort rise inside her... her own subconscious punishing her for disobeying her master’s order not to let David know anything was wrong

She had to somehow convince her husband that she was fine.

“I don’t know what you mean!” she said in a bright, plastic voice. “We’re about to be free from that horrible man forever. I mean, it will be a little hard while I pretend to still belong to him, but that’s nothing we can’t get through now that you’ve saved me.”

David pulled away, his brow furrowed. “Eliza... I know you. And I know when you’re upset but don’t want to show it.”

Eliza shook her head, panic and discomfort bubbling up swiftly inside her, but David put a calming hand on her forearm and said soothingly, “You don’t want to tell me. That’s fine.”

He stared her deep in the eyes as he delivered the line that tore her heart to shreds.

“I trust you.”

Even though David had seen her betray him in the worst way, he still believed in her. And she was about to do something even worse to him. Eliza was silent, her face an expressionless mask. She couldn't trust herself to speak. If she did, she was positive she would give away the fact that something was wrong, just like David had guessed, and that was the one thing she had been ordered not to do.

“Kim told me, you know?” said David, rubbing her shoulders. “That you never gave up. That you fought against his control with everything you had. We are almost there now. You just need to fight a little longer. Promise me you won't give up.”

David didn't understand at all. There was nothing left to fight. The battle has been decided in secret behind his back. What was the point in being brave and standing up to fight when you had already lost?

But still, something in his voice called to her. There was one thing she could do... she had never really considered it in the past, and it was beyond risky, but if this wasn't the time for desperate solutions, what was?

Her mouth hardened into a determined line. “I promise,” she said solemnly.

...

A few minutes later, Eliza was able to slip away with the excuse that she needed to use the bathroom. Instead, she went to the kitchen and, slowly, to make sure that David wouldn't hear, slid the largest knife out of their knife block, tilting it to get a better look at its gleaming edge.

Technically, Gene had never ordered her not to stab him. He had probably assumed that she was so dependent and obsessed with him that she wouldn't be able to anyway. And maybe she wouldn't. It was hard to resist the sexual chemistry with her master when they were together. Even if Eliza wanted to be done with Gene forever right now, in the heat of the sexual moment, maybe Lizzie would think differently and eagerly betray her husband instead.

Regardless, Eliza had promised David she would fight. She knew Gene's plan. He intended to mix the oil with his cum right there in the room in order to feed it to David. Gene had always been more cocky than he was smart. It would have been far safer to have Eliza secretly dose her husband beforehand, but Gene wanted to roll it all into one massive, public victory.

That hubris could be her narrow path toward escape. Gene would bring half a sample with him tonight, and no doubt had the other half hidden away somewhere in his apartment. If Eliza could somehow find the strength inside herself to turn her back on the man who had enthralled her, she might have a chance to steal back the oil and save both her and her sister-in-law.

But if they couldn't find where Gene had hidden the other half...? Then things might get ugly.

It was the only path they had. While David was distracted, Eliza carefully hid the knife beneath a pillow in their bedroom. As she did so, her burner phone, the only electronics she was permitted to use, buzzed in her pocket.

[On the way there with Kimmy. What did you and hubby talk about?]

Eliza's mouth twisted as she felt the familiar blend of anger and longing that her master inspired. Even if she wanted to fight with all her strength against him, she had no choice but to answer when he asked questions directly. She typed out a brief paragraph explaining how David had, from his perspective, used the last dose of oil they had available.

[Ha! So the little cuck thinks he has me beat, then. Good. That will make it that much sweeter when he learns the truth. And at least that means Kim will stop trying to sneak me stuff with that runt's cum in it. Make sure you pull her aside and tell her before we start, so she doesn't try anything funny.]

[Yes, Master]

Eliza breathed a sigh of relief. He hadn't asked if she did anything else this time. Which meant that the knife she had hidden remained secret. She turned to rejoin her husband downstairs for one last moment together before Gene arrived, but before she could, her phone buzzed once again in her hand.

[Are you ready, Bunny? You, Kimmy, me, and David have been playing games for a long time now, but finally I'm going to make you all mine forever. My toys to play with however I want. It's all over tonight.]

Eliza gripped the phone so hard that if it wasn't a cheap brick-like burner, she might have cracked it.

[I can't wait, master.]

...

With his hot, slutty blonde Cumbunny hanging off one arm, Gene strolled up to the house like he owned the place. And... come to think of it, maybe he kind of did. He already owned one of the owners of the house, and was going to take possession of the other one tonight. *Maybe I should just move in here permanently after I turn the cuck into my Jackrabbit. Beats the hell out of my shithole apartment!*

He didn't bother to knock on the door, simply barging in so forcefully that the front door slammed back against the door stop. He was gratified to see Mr. and Mrs. perfect marriage jump in alarm at the sound. They were sitting on the couch hand in hand, the little lovebirds.

A nasty smile broke across Gene's face, and he took the opportunity to squeeze Kim's ass right in front of her brother. This was going to be fun. From what Lizzie had told him, David, idiotic little entitled pretty-boy that he was, probably thought that he had won. Taking all that hope and pride and crushing it beneath his heel would be the most fun Gene had had since the night he had first revealed Eliza was his Cumbunny during Bunny Season.

"Lizzie," he said commandingly, holding out his arm and gesturing her toward him. "Enough pity kisses for the loser. Your real man is here."

Eliza gave her husband a pathetic glance of apology, then rose and crossed the room to Gene, leaving her loving husband's side to join the man who treated her like a sex toy. She snuggled in under Gene's broad arm, and Gene had to hold back a laugh as he saw her face had grown pink with humiliation and shame. It used to be so fun to tease her in the beginning, but the shine had worn off a little as she grew more and more shamelessly slutty. Seeing her embarrassed and futilely resisting once again only inflamed Gene's lust further.

It turned him on so much that he decided to push things even further. That was what this evening's fun was all about after all. He pulled Eliza in for a kiss, making sure that her husband got the optimal view as he inserted his tongue between his wife's perfect lips and tasted her once-innocent mouth. He saw David squirm uncomfortably on the couch at the sight... so he decided to show him something he might like even less. He turned toward Kim and pulled the curvy little blonde into a kiss just as deep and passionate. When he pulled away, Kim bit her lip and gave him some of the filthiest fuck-me eyes he had ever seen, giggling and saying, "God, what's gotten into you, Daddy?"

Gene had to admit that he was impressed with Kimmy's acting talent. Eliza swore that the naughty little minx was plotting against him, but she played the part of cock-drunk whore perfectly. Looking into her sparkling green eyes, it was hard to imagine her wanting anything besides Daddy's thick cock.

Gene reached lower and mauled the asses of both of his loyal Cumbunnies, drinking in the helpless discomfort of his rival as he sat on the couch across the room. So close, yet powerless to stop his own humiliation. That feeling was only going to get worse as the night went on... And although poor Davey thought that the humiliation was just something he was putting up with for one evening, he was going to find that the situation was more permanent than he was expecting.

Gene gave both of his bunnies an encouraging slap on the ass, then gestured them toward the stairs with his chin. "Why don't you two go get pretty. Us men need to have a chat. Make sure we're on the same page." With Kim giggling and Eliza looking reluctantly aroused, the girls

quickly slipped out to the car to grab the garment bags that Gene and Kim brought along, then headed up the stairs. Gene waited until Eliza was gone, with one last apologetic look toward her husband, before rounding on David.

Gene just stood there for a moment, wearing a grin of proud victory. He had waited for this day for a very long time... the day that David would finally admit his defeat. David stared back at him, with a hidden core of defiance beneath the uncomfortable surface. Gene wondered how long it would take for that confidence to crumble.

“What?” asked David uncomfortably, the first one to break the gaze between them. Perfect. Embarrassed and uncomfortable was exactly where Gene wanted him. He stepped closer until he was looming directly above the poor little cuck on the couch.

“I just thought this was the perfect opportunity for you to thank me,” said Gene with a throaty chuckle.

David's eyes flashed with disbelieving anger as he looked back up at Gene. His brow furrowed and his hands bunched up into fists on the couch next to him, but he managed to keep his voice even as he asked, “And why exactly would I do that?”

“Well, first of all, because I managed to finally give your slutty wife the dick she deserves!” said Gene with false chumminess. “But I can see how you might not be especially enthusiastic about that gift. Anyway... the real reason you should be kissing my boots with gratitude is that I'm going to let you watch.”

David shook his head, growing red in the face. “Cut the shit, Gene,” he said through gritted teeth, “you're the one who has kept pushing this... this cuckold shit.”

Gene raised an eyebrow. “Oh, Davey... you really should thank me. Because this is the only possible way you are going to see your precious wife again. We don't need to beat around the bush here. I'm sure you know by this point that my control over the two most important women in your life is nearly unlimited. If I ordered your wife to stop speaking to you, you would never hear from her again.”

David set his jaw, his nostrils flaring and his eyes defiant. He didn't believe yet. But he would.

Gene leaned right down into the little pussy's face until they were eye-to-eye. “So I want you to treasure every single second that you see your wife bouncing on my fat cock, Davey. Because the only reason I'm keeping you around is that it turns her on to stab you in the back.”

He clapped David heavily on the shoulder. “Now, let's get upstairs, buddy. I bet the ladies are changed by now, and I want to get right into the action!”

...

Eliza's heart beat a sickening rhythm in her chest as she waited on the bed for her husband to arrive. Part of her didn't want him to see her like this, dolled up in slutty clothes for the pleasure of another man. But another part of her was hungry to see the helpless, impotent arousal in his eyes. To make him watch her utter submission to his hated enemy.

Gene had dressed his two Cumbunnies to make the maximum visual impact today. They wore bunny suits, practically traditional for women corrupted by the Mjolkhare oil, but with a twist. Rather than the normal opaque corsets and silk ears, the form-fitting tops and ears were made of sheer lacy material today, Eliza's in pure, almost bridal white and Kim's in lustrous, sinful black. The outfits were completed with matching garterbelts and lace-topped thigh-high stockings, but they wore no panties. With what they had planned today, they would just get in the way anyway.

She looked over at Kim, who took her hand and gave it a squeeze. Something was off about Kim today. When Eliza broke the news to her while changing that David had used the other half of the oil they thought they had, Kim had seemed only mildly concerned. She had shrugged off the news almost instantly, saying that she agreed with David that they should just pretend for a little while until they could get their hands on another oil sample.

It almost made Eliza suspect that Kim was never that interested in her freedom in the first place. In fact, Kim didn't look conflicted about the upcoming threesome at all, despite how crushing it might be for her beloved brother. Her big pink nipples stood stiff and eager, crowning the top of her large, round breasts and pushing out hard against the lacy surface of the sheer corset. One swift glance between her stockinged thighs revealed flushed, glistening arousal. Far from being nervous and angry, Kim was the picture of eager lust.

*Is Kim double-crossing David just as much as I am for some reason?*

Eliza had no more time to consider the question. The door to the bedroom flew open, revealing the two most important men in her life. The husband that she was about to brutally betray, and the man who had corrupted her.

Gene had a wide, predatory grin on his face as he strode confidently into the room, while David seemed shocked and hesitant, hanging back. Eliza couldn't blame him. The last time he had witnessed his wife in an outfit this rawly sexual, it had been with Gene's cock buried deep inside her ass. Seeing David's reluctance, Gene turned back, full of false concern. "Well don't get cold feet now, loser!" he said, gesturing him forward. "You're going to see some stuff way sexier than this tonight. Ladies, say 'hi' to poor David. Let's try to make him feel welcomed."

Kim and Eliza looked at each other, blushing a little. Neither wanted to hurt David, but in a certain sense, Gene was absolutely correct. David was going to see much worse than this before the night was through. "Hi, honey," said Eliza softly, demurely crossing her legs at the thigh in the hope that he hadn't seen how wet her pussy was for what was about to happen.

“Hi, big bro,” said Kim with a wink and a giggle, not even bothering to cross her legs. There was definitely something off about Kim. She wasn’t taking this as seriously as she should.

Gene gripped David by the shoulder and dragged the stunned, wide-eyed man into the room, whispering viciously in his ear. “Look at these two little sluts... Even Kimmy, you little perv. I mean, who could blame you, even if she is your sister? See those pretty pink nipples? Stiff as diamonds. See between those sexy legs? Slick and eager and desperate to get fucked. And it’s not for you, Davey. It never could be. I’m the one who turned them into this; Horny little fuckbunnies desperate for cum 24/7. Warm, wet, moaning holes for my superior cock. That’s what your wife and sister are now.”

David shook his head, but his eyes couldn’t stop staring at the way the two women he loved most had been dolled up like sluts for Gene’s pleasure. “You’re wrong...” he insisted weakly. “They’re more than that. They love me.”

That seemed to annoy Gene a little. “You like to use that word. Well... let’s put it to the test. Which is stronger, your love, or my cock? Lizzie!” He snapped his fingers to call his Cumbunny to his side. “Come here. Kneel down in front of us. I want to demonstrate to your hubby where your priorities lie now.”

Eliza had no choice but to obey. It felt wrong to be dressed in such a slutty outfit in front of her husband. The revealing clothes primed her mentally to be Gene’s obedient slut... and part of her hesitated to be seen that way by her husband. But another part of her thrilled at the exposure, heating up at the prospect of submitting to David’s bully while he could do nothing about it. She slipped off the bed and did as she was told, kneeling down between both men and looking up at them with wide, docile eyes. Gene stared down at her behind his double chin with an expression of smoldering possessiveness. David had a look of disturbed concern on his face. He had gotten a taste of Gene’s perverse control over her at the sex club and earlier today at the cafe, but if Eliza knew Gene, David was about to get a full lesson in how powerful and complete his dominance really was.

“Let’s start with your hubby,” said Gene in a taunting drawl. “Just to give him the biggest advantage possible. Pull his pants down for me, Lizzie. Let’s see what lover boy is working with.”

With an apologetic expression, Eliza did as she was told, reaching up to unbutton her husband’s pants and tugging them roughly to the ground. His cock flopped out, flaccid and underwhelming.

“Awwww, that’s sad,” said Gene with an evil chuckle. “Having a hard time performing, I see. Not like it’s the first time though huh? Your wife told allll about your bedroom issues you’ve been having with that limp little noodle... pretty embarrassing, I’ve got to say.”

David looked shocked and hurt, turning a wounded expression to Eliza, who blushed in shame. "Sweetie... you told him? *Him?*" he asked disbelievingly.

"Honey," said Eliza desperately, "I couldn't help it! I know that it was just stress, but Gene forced me to..."

"Ah, ah, ah," said Gene sharply, shaking a finger disapprovingly. "No whitewashing. No pleasant lies tonight. Tonight, Dave finds out exactly what you think of him. Give your hubby a hand. Jerk him off a little, and as you do, tell him what went through your head when he couldn't get his soft little pee-pee to work. The very worst parts, please."

Eliza gulped, her body pulsing with a filthy, twisted heat. It was fucked up that she was even horny at all right now. David clearly wasn't. But Gene had been priming her for months to think that talking shit about her husband was hot, and now that she had to do it to his face, the arousal was almost overwhelming.

"I'm sorry, baby," she said mournfully, reaching out to take her husband's cock in hand. "But I can't say no to him."

She could feel her husband's cock stir as she slowly, teasingly began stroking him, inflating beneath her fingers as she said hesitantly, "I thought it was pathetic. Every day you acted like a total pussy at work, getting bullied by Gene. Then you came home and couldn't even fuck your wife because he hurt your feelings so bad. Meanwhile, I was sucking the cum out of Gene's thick, hard cock on a daily basis. And he never had trouble getting hard, even after he was fucking your sister too."

David's look of heartbreak had deepened, but surprisingly, he had reached full mast in his wife's hand while she jerked him off, throbbing against her palm. Eliza dropped her eyes from his face, horny and flustered. "Anyway. Those are the worst things I ever thought. I didn't think like that all the time."

"Good girl," chuckled Gene, crowding forward a step. "Now that hubby's hard, it's time for the moment of truth. Get my pants off and let's see who wins."

*Fuck...* Eliza felt her pussy clench hungrily as she realized that she was going to have Gene and her husband's cock right in front of her, both at the same time. She knew where Gene was going with this, and although part of her was screaming that she had to find some way to derail this before she crushed her husband's ego forever, another part of her was simply screaming for more. Her hands fumbled as she unzipped Gene's fly and pulled his pants down to match her husband.

Unlike David, Gene didn't need any stroking to help him achieve erection. His cock practically burst out of his pants, long and thick and veiny, throbbing with masculine power. Gene didn't even need to ask Eliza to touch it. She felt drawn to it like a magnet, her hand reaching out by

itself to wrap around its base and feel the beat of his heart through his cock. The heat between her thighs leapt higher at his touch, her body aching for him to take her.

“So... how do they compare?” Gene’s smirking voice showed that he knew what the answer would be before he even asked.

Eliza looked over guiltily to her husband’s cock, throbbing needily in her left hand. Honestly, she had forgotten she had even been holding it. David’s cock wasn’t without its charms. In fact, she even felt a little tingle looking at it, which was more than she expected in the presence of her master’s cock. But there was simply no comparison.

She couldn’t look David in the eyes. Staring at Gene’s glorious cock was much more entertaining. “It’s yours, master,” she said in a shameful whisper, fidgeting from the intense moist heat growing between her legs. “Your cock is the one I choose.”

Gene looked over at David with a look of mock sympathy. “Hey! Sorry, pal. Well, we can’t all be winners. Sometimes your wife chooses the cock of her husband’s worst enemy over you. What can you do? But, hey! Maybe it was close! Tell me, Lizzie, why did you pick my cock over the man you supposedly love so much?”

“It’s just...” Eliza couldn’t help herself. She leaned in toward her master’s cock, rubbing her face against its manly stiffness. Touching it. Smelling it. Feeling its radiating heat. “It’s so much bigger. So much stronger. So fucking hot. David’s cock...” she glanced over at it again, and again felt a faint glimmer of attraction she hadn’t expected... but nothing compared to the devoted arousal her master caused. “It just can’t compare. It’s not good enough for me anymore.”

She didn’t even look up to see her husband’s expression. She was too busy kissing softly up and down Gene’s cock, her eyelashes fluttering with passion as she worshipped her master’s dick right in front of her disbelieving husband.

“Well then... I guess you had better let go of that disappointing dick and focus on the one that really matters!” said Gene sternly. “In fact...”

He reached up with one hand and pushed David, making him comically waddle backward with his pants around his ankles to keep from falling over. “I don’t think your poor hubby gets to feel your touch at all for the rest of the night, since you’ve made your choice and all. If he wants to cum, he’ll have to jerk that tiny dick off himself.”

“That’s... you can’t just fucking do that,” fumed David, brimming with impotent anger, his cock still standing stiff between his legs. “She can do whatever she wants.”

“She wants what I want, cuck,” growled Gene, pulling Eliza closer with one hand as she began to eagerly lick up his shaft with the flat of her tongue. “Tell him, Eliza. Tell him where he belongs right now.”

Eliza knew what he was talking about. Gene had insisted that they set it up in the bedroom before he arrived. She took a moment to pause her eager worship of her master’s cock and point across the room, where a chair sat, lonely and isolated. “Go sit in your chair, cuck,” she said in a smoky voice. “It’s where you belong tonight.”

She knew that it was what Gene expected from her, and if she wasn’t harsh enough, he would just make her say it again... but it still filled her with a pang of guilt as a look of defeat crossed David’s face and he slunk across the room toward the cuck chair. It would only be for a little while. Once Eliza retrieved the knife she had hidden beneath the pillow, this whole humiliating spectacle would come to an abrupt end. But until then... she couldn’t resist the temptation of her master’s dick.

“I know you two are having lots of fun,” said Kim from the bed in a pouty voice, “But I’m starting to feel a little left out, Daddy.” She sat with one leg up, lazily rubbing her pussy as she watched her brother’s humiliation and her sister-in-law’s submission. If she was uncomfortable at all over seeing her brother’s cock, she didn’t show it. In any case, it seemed like she only had eyes for Gene.

Gene barked a rough laugh, pushing Eliza away as she attempted to take his thick cock into her mouth. “Good point, Kimmy! This is supposed to be a threesome, and the limp-dick loser certainly isn’t invited. Come on the Lizzie. Up onto the bed. I have a little game in mind...”

...

David looked down at the chair for a moment before sitting. It was just one of their dining room chairs. One that he had sat in dozens, if not hundreds of times. But this time was different. Now the chair symbolized something new and disturbing.

But he sat anyway. He had to. The only way out of this was through. Everything would be alright if he just played the role of cuckold that Gene expected and got through this. After this, he and Eliza could be together.

He turned his attention toward the bed, where Gene was lounging back against the headboard, his stubby legs spread and his thick, veiny cock sticking up into the air. His two bunnies lay on their tummies in front of him, their faces right up next to his crotch, presenting their plump backsides to David’s view, showing off the fluffy tails at the bottom of their corsets that David hadn’t noticed until now.

David’s cock throbbed, painfully hard as he sat watching, distant from the action and neglected. Kim had slipped him a blue pill earlier in the day, telling him to take it before Gene got to the

house. She told him that it would help him to perform and “play his role”, and just as she had promised, it seemed to be allowing him to stay rock-hard despite the disquiet and heartbreak roaring through him.

In many ways, tonight was his worst nightmare. The very worst case scenario he had imagined when he first saw Eliza moaning and bouncing on Gene’s cock that night at the sex club. Even though he now knew that it was a little more complicated than Elia simply despising him, it was still deeply painful to hear those words come out of her mouth.

And some of those things had to be the truth... right? After all, Gene had insisted that Eliza be honest, and she had to obey his commands.

Luckily for David, he didn’t have time to stew over the painful things his wife had just said. Unluckily for him, that was because Gene was beginning the twisted game he wanted his Cumbunnies to play. “Ok, Bunnies,” he said with a wink in David’s direction, “Here’s the game. Whoever can come up with a good reason why I’m better than David gets to suck my dick until the other girl can come up with an even better reason. Since Eliza just started off by saying I have a bigger, better cock, she gets to go first.”

David felt his dick twitch with uncomfortable lust as his wife dived forward hungrily, taking her master’s thick cock between the lips he had kissed so many times before. It wasn’t just that watching her suck someone else’s cock was uncomfortable... it was how enthusiastic she seemed. The beautiful, innocent woman he married really did look like a desperate slut as she slurped and slobbered on the thick rod stretching her lips wide, a picture of horny contentment now that Gene’s cock was filling her mouth.

“Mmm, fuck, it’s not fair!” whined Kim, wiggling her butt in frustration as Eliza happily slurped and bobbed her mouth up and down her master’s dick. “Ummm, let me think...” She cast a glance over her shoulder at her brother sitting across the room all alone, his cock hard and unwanted, and David was shocked to see a little smirk on her face. His cock jumped slightly as a strange little zip of lust traced up his spine.

It was strange seeing his little sister like this. Uncomfortable. But in the general atmosphere of erotic humiliation, it was hard not to see her in a sexual light, at least a little.

His blonde, curvy sister turned back to Gene, one hand rubbing up and down his fat, hairy thigh coaxingly as she purred, “You’re sooo much smarter than him, Daddy. Look at the dumb fuck sitting over there, sad and horny with no one to keep him company. He walked right into your trap, and now he only gets to jerk off while you enjoy his wife’s throat.”

Gene laughed, his hard gut shaking. “He did walk right into my trap, didn’t he?” he said musingly. “Even more than you know, Kimmy. And now I’m going to enjoy his bratty little sister’s mouth just as much as his wife’s. Your turn, Kimmy.”

He pulled Eliza up off of his dripping cock with a whine of disappointment, and Kim eagerly took her place, sucking the monster cock greedily between her lips.

Gene laughed at Eliza's obvious annoyance at being replaced in her cock-sucking duties. "Hey, you could always go join your poor hubby over on his chair," said Gene mockingly. "He's all stiff and ready for you!"

"I don't want his cock, master, I want yours!" protested Eliza, sending another spike of pain lancing through David's heart. At this point, he would have assumed that his erection would be gone, blue pill or no. But for some reason, he was still hard as a rock. Even with the heartbreak involved in this scene, it was hard to watch two hot, depraved sluts deepthroating a huge cock without finding it at least a little erotic.

"Then I guess you had better come up with some way that I'm better than your husband. And make it good," said Gene in a smug voice, leaning back once again as Kim made sloppy throat noises around his cock.

Eliza thought for a moment, fidgeting and shifting on the bed in a way that jiggled her plump ass distractingly. For a moment, David felt a wild spark of hope that Eliza simply couldn't think of any other ways that Gene was superior. But finally, Eliza sighed and said in a husky, desperate voice, "You're just so much fucking manlier than him, Master. Every day, I had to listen to David whining about how you pushed him around at work. About how there was nothing he could do to stop you! You did whatever you wanted and my poor, weak husband just had to take it. That's why you're better than him."

David wanted to curl up into a ball and die. The devastating admission had come from his wife's mouth not only with a smoky twist of arousal, but with absolute sincerity. Every time he had come to her with his problems, counting on her support and love, she had been laughing at him behind his back, believing his bully to be superior. Gene apparently approved of her answer, because he switched the women sucking his cock once again, pushing Kimmy off of his cock and giving Eliza her turn once again.

David was shocked by his wife's technique, watching with disturbed arousal as she took Gene's cock down to the base, choking and face red with the effort as she sealed her perfect lips around the root of his cock, staring up into her master's eyes for approval and no longer paying the slightest attention to her husband. She must've had his entire cock lodged deep in her throat, a slutty feat that he had never heard of any woman outside of the filthiest pornos being able to accomplish. Gene had trained his wife into a talented cocksucker behind her husband's back, then forbidden David from ever getting to experience her slutty new skills.

But that would be over soon. This was all just temporary... a slight speed bump before their happily ever after. David kept reminding himself of that over and over as Eliza took Gene's cock balls-deep into her tight, wet throat again and again... after only teasing him with her tongue earlier. His cock throbbed with impotent desire as he watched, shifting uncomfortably.

"I've got a good one, Daddy," said Kim wickedly, staring up into Gene's eyes with a teasing smirk. "After our Dad walked out, David was always trying to look out for me. Trying to take care of me. He wanted to be a real father figure for his little sis, you know?"

Kim cast another glance over her shoulder at her pathetic, sidelined brother. She gave him a wink, then turned back to stare submissively up at the man who was now the center of her life.

"But you showed me what it really means to be my Daddy. You control and take care of me better than my pussy of a brother ever could. I don't need him anymore."

*Fuck...* that was even more of a punch in the gut. He and Kim had gone over this multiple times in the lead-up to this awful threesome... how she would tell Gene whatever she had to in order to make him let his guard down and relax. Kim was able to lie to Gene, unlike Eliza, who was months and months further down the path of slow corruption. But Kim's voice held an edge of taunting sincerity that made David question everything.

*Is it possible that she really means it?*

Eliza groaned in frustration as Gene made her switch places again. "Master, do we have to keep doing this?" she whined. "You're just better in every way! You're a real man, and he isn't. It's just as simple as that!"

Gene sighed in satisfaction. "I am, aren't I? Tell you what, Lizzie, I think the time for competition is over. Get in there with your sister and show David what teamwork looks like."

...

Eliza nuzzled her face down and gently kissed her master's balls, her head filled with a pleasant pink haze of lust.

She knew she was saying horrible things. Things that her husband might not be able to forgive, whether or not she was able to free herself from Gene. But it just felt so fucking good to belong to her master. Gene wanted David to be left out and humiliated, and the slutty little Cumbunny inside Eliza was more than happy to assist with that, filling her to the brim with guilty lust as she twisted the knife deeper and deeper into her poor husband.

But speaking of knives... Eliza had lost herself in the fun of being an obedient Cumbunny for a minute there, and almost forgotten her true goal. She sucked one of her master's heavy testicles between her lips and bathed the rough, hairy surface with her tongue, tasting the manly tang of his sweat. If she wasn't careful, she could lose sight of her goal completely. She had hidden the knife for a reason... to bring Gene's swaggering tyranny to an abrupt and bloody end.

But, just like she had assumed, it was harder in practice to harm the man who overwhelmed her with desire. As she lovingly sucked on Gene's balls, her ears full of Kim's sloppy slurping above her, the idea of hurting her master to end up with David almost seemed laughable. Could her sad, pathetic husband ever make her feel this weak, submissive, melting heat pulsing through her core? Make her pussy ache for his cock like Gene could?

Lizzie didn't think so. Lizzie thought that she should give up on David and just be her master's full-time slut. Gene had almost won completely by fooling Kim and David with the fake oil. All that Eliza had to do to live out the rest of her days as a slutty bimbo Cumbunny was... nothing. She just had to forget about the knife beneath the pillow, and she would belong to Gene permanently.

But even as Gene shifted his hips, pressing Eliza's face down to force her between his ass cheeks, a stubborn part of Eliza deep inside remembered her promise to David. That she would never stop fighting. That they would be together. There was only one way for that to happen now.

And so, as she poked her tongue out to run it along the puckered rim of her master's asshole, Eliza slid her hand up the bed, moving toward the stashed knife. It was one of the hardest things she had ever done. Lizzie inside her was fighting her tooth and nail, but Eliza pressed onward, slipping her hand beneath the pillow...

To find nothing there. A shock of panic went through her body. She slid her hand further up. Then side to side. Nothing. The knife simply wasn't there anymore.

'What's going on down there?' grunted Gene. 'You're supposed to be tongue-fucking my ass, Lizzie, not just taking a fucking nap. You know what? Get up here and share my cock with Kimmy. I know that will wake you up a little.'

Eliza felt a cold sweat forming on her body. It made no sense. She had made sure the knife was in place before Gene and Kim arrived. The only time that anyone would have had time to find the knife and remove it was...

Eliza raised her head up from Gene's ass and was met by Kim's sparkling green eyes, filled with gloating mischief. Gene's cock was still lodged deep in Kimmy's mouth, but her lips were curled up into a little smirk at the ends even as the massive phallus stretched them out.

No... it couldn't be. But... Kim had been all alone on the bed while Eliza, David and Gene were busy with the humiliating cock comparison. She could have found the knife then... but why would she get in the way? It came to Eliza as she stared into Kim's eyes. Of course. As far as Kim knew, there were no samples of oil remaining, which meant getting rid of Gene would commit her to a horrifying torture of endless hunger.

Kim released her Daddy's cock from her mouth with a wet pop and held it out teasingly to her sister Cumbunny. "You look like you lost something, Lizzie," she whispered evilly. "But everything you need is riiiiight here. Why fight it?"

Eliza felt her resistance evaporating. It was all over now. This threesome had been her last chance to get rid of Gene before he found a way to dose her husband. Her last attempt at resistance had failed, and all that lay ahead was becoming Gene's loyal, slutty cumslave along with David.

A huge part of her cheered as she extended her tongue and licked her master's cock from the root to the tip, tracing every ridge and vein as she let Lizzie take over. If there were no choices left, there was no reason not to enjoy her disgrace.

With a giggle, Kim joined her on the other side, and soon both of their tongues were slipping and sliding over every inch of Gene's dick, tangling with each other when they weren't pleasuring their master.

Gene groaned in satisfaction, reaching down with one meaty paw on each of their heads, ushering them closer as his two Cumbunnies worshipped their master. For a moment, all three of them forgot poor lonely David altogether, simply enjoying the intense act of dominance and submission.

Lizzie could tell that the sight and sensation of two beautiful women gently kissing and licking every inch of his cock was about to make Gene cum. Her hungry instincts kicked in, and she worked even harder, subconsciously pushing herself to do whatever it took to earn the salty cream she craved. Kimmy pressed in as well, mewling with need as she lapped and wetly smooched her Daddy's balls, eagerly calling up her dinner from its source.

But Gene had no intention of letting this end with a blowjob. He pushed his two bunnies away with a rough chuckle. Kimmy and Lizzie looked at each other with disappointed frowns, but knelt on the bed in front of Gene with downcast, submissive eyes. They knew that they would only earn his cum if they let this play out exactly how he wanted... and that meant much more humiliation for everyone involved.

Gene pointed across the room at David, who was staring wide-eyed and stricken at the debauched scene on the bed. His cock was dripping with precum, but he still had enough willpower that he hadn't yet begun jerking off. *But he should...* thought Lizzie wickedly. Now that all hope was lost, she wanted her cuck husband to enjoy humiliation just as much as she did. ...And after all, just like Gene had said, David had always been weak. Maybe this was just the natural order. Gene got to fuck, and David had to get whatever twisted pleasure he could out of being denied.

"Look at your poor cuck Lizzie!" said Gene with a sneer. "He looks like he's feeling a little left out! Well, bring your chair a little closer to the bed, pal. Don't be shy."

David hesitated, licking his lips. He could clearly tell that Gene's intentions were insidious, but on the other hand, he was getting sucked into the twisted erotic atmosphere of Gene's control almost as much as Lizzie and Kimmy. Seeing another man so effortlessly dominate the women you love has a certain effect on your confidence, no matter how hard you try to resist.

"Now!" barked Gene, and David instinctively jumped to obey the dominant male in charge, picking up the chair and scuttling forward until he sat with his knees touching the foot of the bed. He blushed and looked away afterward, conscious that he had just followed the orders of a man openly cuckolding him, but it was too late to take back, he sat and fidgeted, his cock hard and dripping, waiting for whatever twisted game Gene wanted to play next.

Gene reached around Lizzie and gave her a little stinging swat on the ass. "Why don't you go over and give your poor lonely hubby a big kiss?" he snickered. "Give him a little... taste of all the fun we're having."

Lizzie stiffened at the obscene objection, perverse heat worming its way through her belly. She had just kissed and licked and sucked Gene's cock, balls, and asshole. Kissing her husband right now, far from being a mercy, would be an emasculating and disgusting degradation.

She would be taunting him with her own abject submission to Gene. Her pussy throbbed and leaked as she considered it. There was nothing the little pussy would be able to do about it...

Lizzie turned and crawled toward her husband, her lustrous dark hair falling over one eye as she smirked at him. He really did look weak right now, barely holding back the tide of submissive cuckold lust that threatened to consume him. And he would always be weak from this point on. Gene planned to dose him tonight, and after that, Gene would be free to mold David's sexuality just like he had formed Kim and Eliza into his eager sluts. If Gene wanted David as a pathetic cuckold, the oil would make it possible, no matter how David felt about it.

And there was nothing that Lizzie could do to stop it, even if she wanted to. So there was no point in fighting anymore. She might as well embrace Gene's vision of her husband as a pathetic, perverted voyeur in his own bedroom and have her fun where she could. Lizzie reached the end of the bed, face-to-face with her husband. She glanced down at his rock-hard dick, then back up into his troubled eyes. "How does it feel, David?" she purred, so close that she could feel his rapid, nervous breaths fan out over her plump lips. "To see me with him?"

"I hate it," said David in a cracked voice, his eyes running all over the body of his beloved wife, displayed in skimpy white lace.

"You don't have to lie..." said Lizzie with a soft giggle. She reached out her hand until it was almost touching her husband's cock, but held it back at the last second, watching as another drop of precum welled and oozed down the side of his cock. "I can see how much losing turns

you on...” She tilted her head a little bit and leaned forward, and David didn’t resist, despite where her mouth had been.

Her tongue pushed its way forcefully into his mouth, delivering the traces of her master’s taste and scent to her poor, defeated husband. She could tell that he was thinking about it, his shoulders going stiff and taking in a sharp breath of displeased shock at the deep, cruel kiss. But his lips still gripped hers hungrily. His tongue still slid tentatively against hers, despite the taint she brought with her. He couldn’t help it. He still wanted her so badly, despite knowing that she belonged to another man now. And in the end, that had been his downfall. He would have been better off if he had told Kim and Eliza to fuck off and gone his own way.

She and David were so lost in their own world of taboo arousal that they didn’t even notice Gene coming up behind Lizzie on his knees. Lizzie’s pleasant shock as his thick cock rubbed firmly up against her sensitive folds was so strong that she bit her husband’s lip hard, a breathy moan bubbling up from the back of her throat.

“They say that a good husband should be someone to lean on, right?” asked Gene smugly. “Let’s put that little chestnut to the test.”

That was all the warning he gave as he positioned his cock at Eliza’s quivering entrance and slid it home.

“F-fuck,” gasped Lizzie, pulling back from the kiss but keeping her hands planted firmly on her husband’s shoulders. She was so wet and turned on that she needed no warm-up at this point. Gene’s cock slid in easy and deep, stretching her pussy open with its hot, bestial thickness. Fighting back no longer made sense to her as she felt Gene’s fat, hairy bulk press up against her from behind, his cock sheathing itself balls-deep in her hot, wet, cheating cunt. Why would she fight back against something that felt this fucking good?

“Oh shit, man,” groaned Gene, biting his lip and playing up his intense pleasure. “Your wife has a world-class pussy. It’s a shame that you’ll never get a chance to feel it around your shrimpy cock again.”

He began moving, slowly sliding out of Lizzie, drawing reluctant whimpers of submissive pleasure from her throat, then he thrust forward again, pushing her forward against her husband’s shoulders. “Because from now on, you’re only allowed to fuck that little cuckie fist,” said Gene with deep satisfaction. “Tell him, Lizzie. Tell your husband what pathetic little cucks deserve.”

Lizzie let out a little laugh, interrupted by little puffing moans. “S-sorry, baby,” she said in a breathy voice tinged with pleasure, “cucks don’t deserve pussy. They only fuck their hands.” Now that she was fully giving in, David’s sad, pathetic expression made a hilarious contrast with his stiff, dripping little dicklette. She was bending to Gene’s worldview harder and harder by the minute, internalizing his toxic ideas of alpha supremacy.

She began to bounce backward into Gene's thrusts as her master's thick cock plunged deep inside her again and again, taking her in front of her husband. Having David watch, helpless and weak, as her strong, dominant master claimed her completely was a massive turn on. Her tits swayed with every savage stroke, bouncing just inches from her cuckold's face, yet he was tortured and neglected, unable to claim the same intimate pleasure she lavished on Gene with her tight pussy.

Kim suddenly appeared right behind David, wrapping her arms around her brother from behind in what might normally be a loving embrace. She leaned down until she was close to his ear, her wicked green eyes watching the show along with him as Gene brutally fucked his first and favorite Cumbunny in doggy style, dominating her obscenely.

"I can tell you love this big bro," she said in a low, smoky voice, "even though you hate to admit it. But it's fine if you like it! Why hold onto pride when it would feel so good to humiliate yourself for us? Go on now, cuck. We all know you've been dying to jerk off this whole time. Do it."

David shook his head, his face white and his eyes focused between his wife's thighs where Gene's heavy hanging balls flopped forward again and again, slapping against Lizzie's tender clit as she moaned and arched her back in delirious pleasure. "I can't. I won't... It would be... L-letting him win!"

Kim's response was a low, pitying chuckle. Lizzie caught it too, giggling through her heavy moans as she was thrust forward into her husband again and again. Gene snorted with laughter too as David got redder and redder in the face, flushed with shame and arousal.

Kim finally let her brother in on the joke. "David... don't you see that Daddy has already won? Who do you think you're fooling, sitting there with a stiff dick, pretending that it doesn't turn you on to see him fuck your wife like you never could? We all know the truth... jerk off for us. Prove what we already know. That you're a weak little cuck that gets off to being a loser."

David shook his head, trying to protest once again, but this time Gene cut him off. "Jerk off, loser. Now," he said in a stark contemptuous voice, roughened slightly by the effort as he hammered into the moaning, submissive slut bouncing backward onto his cock. "I'm the boss here. I make the rules. And I say I need to see you cum for your superior. As a tribute to the bigger, better man."

Dave hesitated, his eyes lost, staring upward into his wife's ecstasy-twisted face. She opened her eyes, once sharp and intelligent, now clouded with abject submission. She nodded, a line of drool dripping from her lips. "Jerk that little dick, David," Lizzie gasped. "I want to see it. I want to be my cuck."

David closed his eyes... then reached over with a shaking hand, and wrapped it around his cock, gripping tight, then slowly pumping his fist up and down.

“That’s right,” whispered his sister in his ear, just loud enough for Lizzie to hear. “Give in to it. It feels good to submit, doesn’t it? Just let Daddy Gene get whatever he wants, and jerk yourself off to your defeat. That’s the place of a weak little man like you.”

“Good cuck,” grunted Gene as David picked up speed, matching the punishing rhythm of Gene’s thrusts, enjoying his tight, slippery fist while his worst enemy enjoyed his wife’s tight, slippery pussy. “In fact... I think you deserve a reward.”

Gene moved so quickly that Eliza let out a squeak of alarm, lifting her and looping his elbows beneath her thighs, rearing up on his knees and holding Eliza aloft, exposing her pink, dripping pussy to her husband’s eyes, less than a foot from David’s face. Gene’s throbbing dick, monstrously long, thick, and veiny, and dripping with Lizzie’s juices, hovered just inches beneath it, ready to continue the cuckolding sex.

“You couldn’t get a good view from the other position, could you, cuck?” asked Gene with a smug grin. “Well, I want you to get a really good look. I want you to see what a real cock can do to your wife.”

Lizzie breathed heavily, her tits bouncing with the intensity of her breaths, feeling helpless and used and filthy and fulfilled. She stared down at her husband, who now looked just as lost as her, his hand pumping rapidly up and down his cock, staring at the woman who had once been his alone as if she was just another porn star he had no chance of ever touching. That he wasn’t worthy to touch.

She thought about saying something, but right now, as amusing as David was, Gene’s cock was more important. She turned her head and begged. “Fuck me, Master. I fucking need you. Enough talking, just show him with your cock!”

“Watch and learn, pretty boy,” grunted Gene, then lowered Lizzie, slowly impaling her puffy, drooling pussy on his thick cock. Lizzie moaned in rapturous pleasure as her master’s cock spread her open right in front of her husband’s eyes. Her slick lips gripped tight around his shaft as she sank inch by inch, swallowing his cock whole. She felt totally helpless. Not just because she was in her master’s arms, but because of how he had outplayed them all. Gene’s victory was complete, and now everyone in the room had recognised it.

Lizzie gasped and closed her eyes in pure ecstasy, her hips squirming and shifting as she clenched her internal muscles hard around her master’s shaft. It felt so perfect inside her, packing every inch of her full with his powerful, throbbing masculinity. David had never filled her this full. He couldn’t, no matter how hard he tried. Lizzie bucked her hips desperately, but she was helpless in her master’s strong arms. “Fuck me,” she hissed, gripped by feral sexual need. “Fucking take me master. Show this little pussy how a real man fucks! Please!”

Gene chuckled and relented, pumping her up and down his stiff cock by bouncing her in his powerful arms. Using her pussy like a sex toy in front of the husband who loved and cherished her.

David stared up with an expression of horror overwhelmed by lust, not even focusing on his wife's face anymore. Instead, his eyes were locked between her spread thighs, where Gene's thick, throbbing cock stole what Eliza was only supposed to share with him, spearing upward again and again, impaling the pussy she had pledged to him on their wedding day.

Her tender lips gripped needily around her master's thickness, pink and raw as they stretched and pulled around his cock. Her slick, clear juices of arousal made it obvious, even if her wanton moans didn't, that she was having almost more fun than her master. Fat, hot drops of lubrication dripped down Gene's shaft and over his hairy balls as Lizzie pumped up and down his cock. Her firm tits bounced heavily beneath the white bridal lace shrouding them, nipples poking through the fabric, stiff and eager.

David's fist pumped his slippery cock as he watched and heard and smelled his complete defeat, so close he could feel the feverish heat of Gene and Lizzie's coitus. He must have been right on the razor's edge of ejaculation after the long, erotic, distressing sight of Gene's teasing cuckold session, because after watching a few sweaty, frantic, animalistic minutes of sex between wife and bully, he came. It was sad, really. A pathetic whimper of despair and a few unwanted squirts of pearly goo filling his fist. Compared to Gene's inhuman stamina, David had been a pathetically quick shot. The sight of his wife's close-up penetration had been all it took to send him over the edge.

Gene rumbled a triumphant laugh. "Jesus, cuck, I thought that you could at least last longer than that. Well, since you came, I guess it's time for me to get mine. But your wife and I are going to need a little privacy for this." He hauled Lizzie up and turned, pushing her back on the bed and entering her swiftly and brutally in a sweaty intense missionary position, pinning her down with his bulky body as he began thrusting. There was no more art and showmanship now. Gene was just letting himself go, rutting mindlessly, chasing a rapid orgasm.

It was a sloppy, rough, and self-centered way of making love. It should have been utterly charmless. But Lizzie found herself winding up for another orgasm anyway. Her body could sense that the load of cum she was craving was coming. She could feel it in Gene's frantic hip thrusts, hear it in his animalistic grunts. She ground her hips upward into his rough thrusts, milking his cock for all it was worth.

With the position they were in now, the only sight that David would have was Gene's bouncing, hairy ass. Denied even the sight of his wife as Gene got his rocks off. Yet another act of cruelty on the long list.

With a roar of triumph, Gene surged forward, releasing a torrent of molten hot seed into Lizzie's pussy, primally claiming her in front of her pathetic husband. Lizzie screamed in delight, eyes

rolling back in her head as she accepted the hot, sticky gift, the one thing that her master had that she couldn't do without. The awful, glorious addiction that had consumed her life and turned her from a proud woman into a slutty sex toy. As usual, it set Lizzie alight with white-hot crackling pleasure, overwhelming her with an ocean of ecstasy. She could hold back her loud sound of slutty delight, filling the room with a chorus of desperate moans. David was listening, but in the moment she had forgotten about him completely. All that mattered was the cum flooding her innermost parts, and the artificial joy that it brought her.

Lizzie was still in a state of muzzy half-awareness as Gene reached up to her lace bunny ears. He fumbled around at the base of the left ear and ripped off something that Lizzie hadn't noticed, hidden in the curled base of the ear.

A tiny vial.

It was a breathtakingly arrogant place to hide the key part of Gene's plan, but that hardly surprised Lizzie anymore. After all, it had worked as a hiding place. Eliza had never thought to check that he had hidden the oil sample in her costume. Gene gave her a leering wink and unscrewed the tiny vial. Working quickly and shielding the view from behind, he pulled out of Lizzie's pussy slightly, drizzling the oil over the root of his cock and the lips of his Cumbunny's pussy. With a few more strokes, he mixed the oil in with his softening cock, churning it together with the sticky cum he had deposited in Lizzie's flushed, throbbing cunt.

Then he turned back with a sharp, cruel smile to where David sat at the end of the bed, still looking stunned and heartbroken.

"Got one more thing for you to do, cuck," he said, beckoning David forward.

David looked at Gene's cruel grin, then down to his wife, lying back on her elbows, legs spread to reveal her gaping pussy leaking a thick stream of pearly white fluid. Lizzie watched with weary amusement as David did the calculations and realized what Gene wanted.

He shook his head wildly, but he looked more scared than angry now. 'N-no! No way! I draw the line there!' he said in a nervous, breaking voice, convincing no one with his pathetic little display of bluster.

With a growl, Gene surged forward, grabbing David by the scruff of the neck and manhandling him between Lizzie's thighs. "You're going to fucking slurp up a real man's cum," he said with murderous certainty, "and you're going to fucking like it. I let you see me with my women, you little worm. They belong to me now, and the only way you will be allowed to even see them again is if you do what I say. I need you to show me that you are completely obedient. Now... fucking do it."

Eliza held her breath. Now that she had her fix of cum, this suddenly felt a lot less hot. She wanted to scream. She wanted to somehow warn David of the trap that was laid here for him.

Tasting the insidious blend of cum and oil between her legs would bind David to a fate worse than death, and break him down into the cuckold that Gene wanted him to be, inside and out.

If he gave in here, it would be far from the last creampie he ate.

There was nothing Eliza could do. She had been forbidden from interfering. But still, she held out hope. David stared down at her glazed pussy with open disgust. He still probably believed that playing along was the only way to keep Kim safe, but surely he would draw the line here. Regardless of whether the heated atmosphere had made him give in to temptation and jerk off, he still wasn't the pathetic cuck that Gene suspected.

He had to refuse. He had to.

But just when it seemed like David would pull away, Kim spoke up behind him.

"Do it, David," she insisted, staring at him with a strange intensity in her sharp green eyes. "You heard Daddy. It's the only way."

David craned his neck around to look at his sister, and to Eliza's horror, she saw that her command had an effect on him. He turned back to her cum-filled pussy with a weary resignation on his face. Eliza bit her lip, every fiber of her being warring between shouting out in warning and staying quiet to obey her master.

She failed in her struggle. Before she said a word, David closed his eyes, swallowed heavily... and leaned forward, his lips making contact with the cum-slicked lips of her pussy. Eliza's despair blended with arousal as her husband licked and slurped, doing as he was told and cleaning the thick, copious load that Gene had deposited inside of her.

Eliza put a hand over her eyes, trying to ignore how good her husband's lips and writhing tongue felt on her sore pussy as he licked up every drop. His first taste of the cum. But not his last.

Gene couldn't stop laughing, staring at the humiliating spectacle from every angle, pulling Kim close so they could watch together. Eliza swooned into a funk of despair, trying to keep herself from crying as her husband surrendered his freedom without even knowing it.

Finally, it was all over. Eliza was clean, and David wore a queasy look on his face as he backed away.

Gene sighed in utter happiness. He slapped Kim on the ass and said, "Go get me a beer, Kimmy. I'm thirsty. After that, we can all have a nice loooong chat about how things are going to work in this new happy family."

...

By the time that Kim returned from the kitchen with an ice-cold beer cracked open for her Daddy, Gene had arranged things just the way he wanted for his gloating conversation. He sat back, propped up against the headboard, with Eliza snuggled under his arm. David knelt on the ground across the room, looking uncomfortable and justifiably disgusted with himself.

"I mean... aren't we done here?" whined David as Kim crossed the room and held out the beer to Gene. "I get it. You won. But I'm not sure what else you want from me."

"Oh, this is just the start, Davey," promised Gene with a leer. He snatched the offered beer from Kim's outstretched hand and downed it in one long chug, letting out a thick, powerful belch as he finished. "God, that tastes fucking good! Nothing like a cold beer after a good fuck. Anyway. I have a little bad news for you... that oil that you fed your innocent little wifey was actually just olive oil! Lizzie's been working behind your back all along! She switched the real oil out... and you'll never guess where I put it."

Eliza hung her head in shame. Here it was, the moment when Kim and David found out how badly they had been played, and how Gene would now own all three of them. She closed her eyes and got ready for the tears and anger.

But it didn't come.

Eliza opened her eyes and looked cautiously at her husband and sister-in-law. Both of them had oddly neutral expressions.

Gene, however, looked a little miffed. Somehow, his big crushing reveal wasn't landing the way he had hoped. He frowned, sourly saying, "Wow. I thought you guys might be a little more upset about becoming my sex slaves forever. I guess you're more pathetic than I thought."

Kim and David gave each other a glance with those same, strange, neutral expressions. "There's one thing I don't understand," said David solemnly. "When did Eliza change the oil?"

Gene rolled his eyes. "Do these little details even matter? You'll be feeling the cravings before long now. That will be all the proof you need." He gestured toward Eliza in frustration. "Fine. Lizzie, tell your hubby how you stabbed him in the back."

Eliza's heart was breaking. Clearly, their terrible fate hadn't quite sunk in with Kim and David yet, but telling them about her betrayal might finally get through to them how doomed they really were. Her master had told her to testify, so she had no choice.

"I did it before you even had a chance to see the package," admitted Eliza miserably, unconsciously shielding her breasts and pussy with her hands so her husband couldn't see how

aroused she still was. "All I had to do was quickly open the vials, take the oil, and replace them. I did it all while you were in the bathroom."

David shook his head with a wry grimace. "Faster than I thought. I couldn't have been gone for more than a minute or two."

"That's right," said Gene, crossing his arms behind his head and leaning back with a smile on his face. "Lizzie's been playing you both for suckers this entire time. Every stupid scheme you cooked up was brought straight to me by my pretty little mole. You didn't have a chance of beating me from the start."

He laughed, long and hard, thrilled with his complete victory despite David and Kim's continued subdued reaction. "And that's not even the best part! I hope you enjoyed that creamy treat your wife fed you, cuck, because it's the first of many! I used the oil sample I stole to turn you into a Jackrabbit, David! You and your wife have one more thing in common now... being addicted to my baby batter. I hope you're ready for a wild ride, Davey. I'm told being a Jackrabbit is an even worse fate than being a Cumbunny."

Even through Gene's smug tirade, David remained unmoved, and now Eliza was really starting to get confused. Did he just not believe Gene? Was he so devastated that he had become numb to his fate? It didn't make any sense.

Instead of lashing out or pleading for mercy, David glanced at Kim once again. "Think we've waited long enough?" he asked in a clipped, annoyed tone.

Kim shrugged, a smirk forming on her face. "I'm no expert, but I would think so."

David turned back to Gene, his eyes flashing with the same sharp rage that Eliza had seen so long ago, when he had decked Gene for flirting with his wife.

"You know what, Gene Crowder?" he said dryly, getting to his feet, "I feel bad for you. And I don't just mean that as an insult. Something broke inside you a long time ago, that told you you deserved to be handed things that can only be earned. Men like you are destined for lonely, bitter graves. And yeah, the fucking psychopath who gave you the oil managed to make your twisted dream come true for a little bit. But that's only going to make you more bitter about what's going to happen now."

Gene stared at David with his mouth open, his face growing red. "Listen here, you little shit... You think I'm the one who's entitled? You've gotten everything in life handed to you on a silver platter because you've got looks. And that little speech just confirms it! You think guys like me should just shut up and accept hate from the entire fucking world. Well, sorry to burst your bubble, cuck, but the oil has turned things upside down between us. I get the girl... and you get to watch her suck my cock as your new hunger gets harder and harder to resist. Lizzie! My dick

is all sticky with cum from our fuck session. Clean it off for me so your husband can see who you belong to.”

Eliza felt the irresistible pull of the command. She was going to suck off her master in front of her husband once again and crush David’s defiance once and for all. Maybe then he would finally put his foolish dreams of resistance to bed and understand the position he was in.

“Wait,” said David, holding up a hand with a faint, inexplicable smile on his face. “I have a better idea. Why don’t you punch the fat prick in the balls instead, Eliza?”

Gene roared with laughter, slapping his knee in disbelief and amusement at how dense David was being.

But Eliza felt something that she couldn’t quite explain. Usually, a command from Gene felt impossible to resist. Like she was being forced forward by strong chains preventing her from even the smallest resistance. But after David spoke, it felt... different. She still had the urge to suck Gene’s cum-glazed cock, but there was also a different urge there. A conflicting urge. And a choice.

“You still don’t fucking get it, do you?” howled Gene. “How stupid can you be after seeing so many examples? I OWN your wife, your stupid cuck! She is my loyal, slutty Cumb-”

His words cut off abruptly into a pitiful wheeze of pain as Eliza's fist hammered downward into his vulnerable testicles, making him double over in agony. His eyes almost popped out of his head as he stared at David with open-mouth shock and dismay.

Eliza stared down at her fist in wonder, then over to her husband, who had a grin spread across his face now as he stood up from the ground. “Come over here, sweetheart,” he said with a welcoming wave of his hand. “You don’t need to do what this fat sack of shit says anymore.”

Even in the depths of his rage and pain, Gene didn’t want to let Eliza go. One hand was still clutched over his crotch, but his other hand shot out to grab Eliza by the wrist. “No... Stay...” he wheezed, his eyes furious and desperate. “That’s... an order.”

Eliza felt the urge to obey him... but, miraculously, she once again had the choice of what she wanted to do. She stared down at Gene, and her brow furrowed. For the past few months, he had always looked strong to her. Thick and powerful and troll-like. But right now, he just looked like a fat old man.

Eliza shook his grip off and jumped up off the bed, running across the room to join her husband. He pulled her into his arms and held her close, kissing her deeply, and Eliza felt a sizzling spark that had been conspicuously absent between them since Gene had dosed her months ago. She had to catch her breath a little as she pulled back from her husband. Looking at him now, she reacquainted herself with the fact that her husband was a startlingly handsome man.

“How?!” snarled Gene, his face nearly purple with rage. “I knew every fucking move you made before you made it! Even the cuck admitted that he didn’t notice the oil get swapped!”

“A very smart lady once told me that men like you are at their weakest when they are positive that they’ve won, Daddy,” said Kim mockingly. She turned to Eliza with a sunny smile. “Sorry, sis. We knew that Gene was going to get to you eventually. That’s why we fed you false information. Nobody’s more reckless than when they think they hold all the cards.”

“But... she swapped the oil without you knowing!” insisted Gene. He was starting to recover from the unexpected blow, but his voice still sounded whiny and desperate. Eliza wrinkled her nose a little. She could still feel the pull of the oil forcing an attraction toward the pathetic man on the bed, but it seemed more artificial than ever.

David shrugged. “We knew she would at some point. Eliza never got a look at the screen when I was chatting with the supplier. I told him to deliver the oil to Bitsy’s address instead of ours. She swapped out the real oil, then got HareoftheDog’s Dad to deliver the fake oil to our house. Eliza had never met him, so even if she saw the man dropping off the box, she wouldn’t suspect a thing.”

“Fuck!” screamed Gene, his voice carrying a manic edge now. His eyes were bloodshot, and his stringy, thinning hair stuck to his red, sweaty flesh. “Well, I hope you’re fucking happy!” He pointed a shaking finger at Kim. “Because your sister still belongs to me! Too bad you wasted your chance at that cafe, because I’m going to take out every ounce of my anger and frustration on her tight little body, and there is nothing you or your bitch wife can do about it.”

Kim sighed and shook her head. “Oh, Daddy, Daddy, Daddy. You really haven’t been paying attention, have you? Who’s the thick one now? Every plan we shared with Eliza was a lie. Including when we told her we would try to dose you at the cafe. We still had the second dose all along.”

Gene was beside himself. He had clearly gotten used to winning struggles of will on easy mode these past few months, and effective defiance was making him nearly melt down. “Oh. I get it. You found some other guy to be your donor. Or maybe you just used your brother, you sicko. Fine,” he said darkly, standing and picking up his scattered clothes with an air of wounded dignity. “I guess I lose then! Congrat-u-fucking-lations. I’ll just have to get my hands on some more oil and train my next bunnies better.”

Kim and David looked at each other, then grinned.

“Oh... you didn’t think you were going to get out of this without consequences, did you?” David asked with a cold laugh, snuggling Eliza close with one arm. She still couldn’t quite believe this was happening.

Gene barked a dismissive laugh as he struggled back into his boxers, wincing as they touched his tender balls. “What, are you going to go to the police? Good luck convincing them that the girls were unwilling! I’ve got dozens of photos and videos that will prove otherwise. In fact... maybe some of those videos will accidentally leak out onto the internet. Oops.”

Kim and David looked utterly unimpressed.

“Oh no, Daddy,” said Kim with an evil smirk, crossing the room to Gene with a teasing, hipswaying walk. “I didn’t take the second dose... you did! Just as planned. That beer tasted reeeeeally good, didn’t it? Even better than usual, I’m willing to bet.”

Gene stared down at the beer can he had tossed aside in horror, then up to David, his face white.

“Don’t bother trying to make yourself throw up,” said David with a smirk. “We kept you talking a while just to give you some time to digest.”

As Gene realized what had happened to him... that he was going to be a slave to primal, disgusting desires just like Kim and Eliza had been, his face twisted into mindless rage. He charged toward David with a strangled yell of pure fury.

But it seemed like David had been waiting for this. He smoothly moved in front of Eliza, placing himself between her and Gene. When Gene got close enough, he delivered a swift, precise punch to the older man’s jaw, dropping him to the ground instantly.

Gene may have been broad and powerful-looking, but in the end, he was an overweight man twenty years older and eight inches shorter than David. He looked up with a dazed expression from the floor, rubbing his jaw, and Eliza felt a thrill of triumph as the cocky assurance that had always seemed to make him invincible evaporated, leaving him looking like a spoiled child.

“You’re going to regret doing this to me,” he growled sullenly. “I’m going to be a thorn in your side... and so will every other master in the country once I tell them about this. They won’t like one of their own being disrespected like this. Not to mention... Eliza might be addicted to you now too, pretty boy, but she’s still addicted to me as well. I’ll turn her against you in the end.”

David cocked his head in confusion. “What? Eliza and I aren’t ever going to see you again. I didn’t addict you to my cum. You think I want a fat old man begging for my jizz all the time? Disgusting...”

It looked like Gene had been through one too many surprises today. He didn’t even look mad anymore, just blank and confused and tired. “But then... who...?”

“They don’t know,” said Kim with a throaty chuckle, walking up behind Gene and ruffling his greasy hair. “Only I do. If you want the cum you need to live... you’re going to have to beg Mommy for it.”

Gene was finally struck speechless by the totality of his defeat. David sneered down at the deflated, unimpressive loser and said, “Kim, take this piece of trash back to his shitty apartment. I want to be alone with my wife.”

And then, within a few moments, Kim and Gene had gathered their clothing and disappeared out of the door, Kim happily chattering with plans for how fun her life with Daddy would be, and Gene looking numb and shell-shocked.

When the door closed behind him, Eliza realized that she might never see her “master” again, and it was like a massive, crushing weight was lifted off her. She didn’t realize right up until that moment how deeply and utterly she despised Gene from the bottom of her heart... that feeling had just been buried by artificial lust and attraction for too long.

“You... you ate cum,” she said wonderingly. “Just to throw him off the scent?”

“Ugh,” said David with a twist of his lip, “don’t remind me. Kim and I argued about it forever. I said it wouldn’t be necessary, she said that Gene had to feel absolutely certain he had won. I told her right up until today that I wouldn’t do it, but right there in that moment?” He sighed heavily. “I decided that I couldn’t let my pride be the one thing that kept me from saving you. It was...” he shuddered. “It was fucking disgusting, and I’ll probably have nightmares about it forever. But in my book, it was worth it.”

“You hated it so much, but you did it for me...” said Eliza in a shaky voice.

David saw that she was on the edge of tears and pulled her close again, stroking her hair as the enormity of her escape washed over her. She had done the impossible in getting free from the Mjolkhare oil. Although, come to think of it...

“I guess I was pretty useless, huh?” she said in a shaky voice. “I was such a liability that you two could count on me backstabbing you. I had to be saved like some damsel in distress at the end.”

David gave her an exasperated look. “Are you kidding me, babe?” he said dryly. “We never would have gotten the oil without you. The only reason we came this far in the first place was that you refused to give up. Kim had me watching you like a hawk to make sure you didn’t do anything drastic and ruin the plan.”

Eliza laughed through the tears now freely flowing down her face. “Yeah... I mean, I guess I did almost stab Gene.”

“You what?!”

Eliza turned and went back to the bed, wrinkling her nose at the smell of sex. She would have to burn these sheets... or maybe just the whole bed. Too many bad memories. She searched carefully and finally pulled the kitchen knife out from where Kim had stuffed it behind the headboard.

“Yep,” she said with a grimace, “If Kim hadn’t been thinking quickly, we would have a lot of explaining to do to the police.”

David could only shake his head in wonder and kiss his wife deeply once again.

They had both come through this... but not without scars. Both of them would need time to heal, but without Gene in the picture, they would have it.

Finally, the future looked bright.

...

*Months later, in a city that Gene can’t discover, no matter how hard he tries.*

It was a classic movie night. The kind that they used to have all the time before the unpleasantness. Wine and popcorn and snuggling on the couch. The movie was just ok, but the company was good. It finally seemed like things were settling back into relative normality.

Tonight was the first time that they would try to have sex again.

Immediately after escaping Gene, Eliza had kind of assumed that she would leap directly into her husband’s arms, sexually speaking. That turned out to be optimistic. The events of those months had been traumatizing to them both in ways that they only truly felt after everything was over. Eliza had had her free will stripped from her and been used as a living sex doll. It was hard to approach sex with a loving perspective after that. She was addicted to her husband’s semen now, and still felt the increased submissive tendencies and libido caused by the oil. But David wasn’t Gene, and only wanted to make love with her when she fully and authentically wanted to. It felt empowering, and Eliza had needed a few months to know what her desires were and how they were different from the wild lust caused by the oil. In the meantime, David had been happy to provide her with all of the cum she needed, so she never felt the bite of hunger like she so often had with Gene.

As for David, he had been through hell of a different kind. Eliza’s cruel words and sexual submission to another man had wounded him deeply. Eliza hadn’t been in full control of herself, but they both knew that her contempt wasn’t just an act. Gene’s influence had made her genuinely look down on her husband, at least at times, and that would be hard for anyone to accept from the person they loved.

It took time for them to rebuild love, intimacy, and respect between them again. And that process had been complicated even further by the stress of moving out of town and selling their house. Living in the same city was simply untenable. Too many of their former coworkers and residents of Gene's apartment knew too much. Besides, there was the ever-present danger of running into Gene himself, and neither wanted the small, bitter man to have any chance to get his revenge.

But the move had gone smoothly. They had a small apartment now instead of a house, and they had to work separately with a decent pay cut, but things were finally settling in, in life and with their emotions.

So when David had left that morning, sheepishly reaching out and taking her hand as he asked, "Honey, do you think we could... try tonight?" Eliza didn't have to think long before she answered, "Yes, dear. I'm ready," with a warm smile.

Eliza could feel it as she rested her head on her husband's broad chest on the couch... a slow, strong, lazy heat building up in her body minute by minute. A desire for him... to feel that connection once again. To feel united with him, physically and emotionally.

With Gene, her desire had always come blended with humiliation and shame, but she didn't feel that here. The pulsing heat between her legs and in her nipples was just as strong and compelling as when she had wanted Gene, but it was only now that she felt the comparison that she realized just how hollow that lust had been. Her desire for Gene had been an artificial shell over her deep disgust and hatred for the man. But now that super-charged lust was strengthened and deepened by her true trust and affection for her man... and that made it even stronger.

The movie simply wasn't holding Eliza's interest anymore. She had something more important she wanted to focus on. David's mood was completely in sync with hers: as Eliza turned her head to softly smile up at him with bedroom eyes, he leaned forward, capturing her in a warm, passionate kiss.

There was no sense of forced, humiliating surrender. David's tongue didn't slide roughly between her lips, demanding service. Instead, he was firm and eager, but gentle, his tongue meeting hers in a delicate dance of mutual desire. Eliza felt that slowly building heat ramping up, filling her body with desperate need. She read down to David's crotch, running her palm curiously over the bulge forming there for her.

It was smaller than Gene's. It was hard not to make these comparisons after Gene had been the center of her sexual world for so long. But a few months of freedom and breathing room had given her perspective. Size had never been important to Eliza before the oil. The only reason Gene's monstrous cock had seemed irresistible to her was that the oil made everything about him seem ideal. Now that the oil was affecting her feelings about David, her body thrilled at the

feeling of his stiffness. Her body yearned for it. The perfect size and shape. The key to her lock. A dick that wouldn't stretch and ram and make her sore, but would skillfully please her.

Eliza let out a little gasp as her husband's fingers slid down her belly and into the front of her panties, gently exploring, parting her lips and rubbing at the wet heat inside with tender passion.

Eliza spread her legs wider, pressing herself needily forward into her husband's hand. Her heart was beating wildly in her chest, her nipples like twin pebbles brushing against her bra. Even though she knew she needed the break, going a few months without sex had been hard with her supercharged libido. Her husband's fingers felt good on her overheated, horny pussy, but she needed more. Her hand clutched eagerly at her husband's cock over the cloth, feeling every detail. Lust built inside her fiercer and fiercer as her hips ground forward and her tongue slithered and slid more and more boldly against David's.

Fuck... she needed this. And not just this... she needed more.

Eliza pulled away from her husband with a gasp. "David... take me to the bedroom. Now," she demanded in a throaty whisper.

The happy grin across her husband's face was the only response she needed. He wasn't content to just lead her by hand. David scooped Eliza up in his arms and carried her to the bedroom, making a riot of warm butterflies erupt in her stomach as she slung her arms around his neck, burying her face in his chest and giggling. She felt like it was her wedding night again... or maybe like the night she lost her virginity to her high school boyfriend, filled with nervous, red-hot desire mixed with swoon-inducing, sincere affection for the man she was with. She was his again. Only his, and it felt so good.

David laid her back gently on the bed, kissing her deeply as one warm hand slid up her shirt, palming a breast beneath his strong hand. Eliza moaned against his lips. They had barely gotten to second base, and she already felt like she would faint from the intensity. She was hot and tingly all over, and suddenly desperate to get out of her clothes and feel her husband's hands directly on her naked skin. She ripped her shirt up over her head, interrupting their kiss. Her husband helped, reaching behind her with eagerly fumbling fingers to unlatch her bra. She wasn't wearing sexy lingerie this time, just her everyday underwear. David didn't need her to be displayed and demeaned for his pleasure. Her naked body was more than enough for him.

Her pants came next, stripped impatiently down her thighs along with her panties and yanked down off her ankles by her husband, leaving her naked and shivering with lust, her nipples throbbing and hot in the cool bedroom air, and her pussy dripping with need.

David stared down at his beautiful wife in wonder, his eyes feasting on her perfect porcelain skin, her rosy nipples, her feminine curves, her pink pussy. His pants were heavily tented now, and Eliza knew that he felt just as called toward her as she did toward him. "Take those pants

off,” she said temptingly, raising one knee and wiggling her leg just slightly to hide her pussy, then give him a little peek over and over again. “I want to suck your cock.”

David grinned and stripped his own shirt off in one smooth, confident motion, displaying his trim, lightly muscled body. *Fuck... Now that's a real man.* It felt almost dirty how much Eliza enjoyed running her eyes over her husband's body. There was nothing perverted about seeing your own husband naked, of course, but it felt wicked to enjoy *anything* this much.

“I have a better idea,” said David in a low, compelling voice. He put one hand on each of Eliza's thighs and spread them firmly and confidently. Eliza's heart was in her throat and her eyes went wide as her husband dived in, kissing her over-heated pussy deeply.

Eliza immediately let out a ragged moan, gripping two tight handfuls of sheets in white knuckles. The hot, molten pleasure that flooded her core as David's tongue lightly flicked against her clit felt like it was strong enough to drown her completely. She tangled her fingers deep in her husband's hair, pulling him closer, grinding her wet pussy hard against his face. Maybe it was a little rude, but she couldn't help it. She just loved him so fucking much, and the feeling of his tongue skillfully licking and plunging was making her unravel with intense pleasure.

“Oh God, honey, don't stop,” she moaned, biting her lip hard, her chest heaving with passion. This would never have happened with Gene. That asshole was the most selfish lover in the world. He might occasionally get amusement from the way he could force Eliza to cum, but never once had their sex been about her pleasure. But Eliza realized in that moment that she didn't really give a fuck what sort of lover Gene was anymore. He was a bad memory, and David was the bright rays of morning clearing away the nightmare.

David took her moaning encouragement as a challenge, pressing closer, sliding his tongue deep inside of her, his hands rising to hold her squirming hips firmly. Eliza's orgasm wasn't forced or pushed or wrung out of her now. It bubbled up joyfully from deep inside her, cathartic and powerful, pouring out of her mouth in a joyful sound as her thighs shook and her body flooded with wholesome warmth. “I love you... I love you, David,” she crooned, humping her hips forward needily as she basked in the sensation of his dextrous tongue.

David lifted his head up, breathing hard, his eyes full of need. An eager, welcoming smile lit up Eliza's face as she beckoned her husband forward. She was eager to reward her man... to feel the deep, steamy connection that only intercourse could bring. David removed his pants and boxers in swift, efficient motions, letting his stiff cock bounce free. Eliza focused on it immediately, another thrill of lust pulsing through her. She needed it, right now.

David mounted the bed, looming above her, his face a picture of devotion and arousal. Eliza was almost panting with lust. Her first orgasm had been satisfying, but she needed more. She needed her husband inside her. David reached down to touch and tease her with his fingers, but Eliza batted his hand away with a frustrated whine. “No, baby,” she insisted, grabbing him by the

back of the neck and giving him a bruising kiss before continuing, "I don't want your fingers, or your mouth, or any other kind of fucking foreplay. Give me your cock. I've waited long enough."

David kissed her back, crushing her down into the soft pillow with the force of his love. "Yes, ma'am," he murmured. He reached down, positioned himself, then pushed forward with aching slowness to enter his wife's hot, silky depths.

"Yessss," hissed Eliza in utter satisfaction, reaching up to claw her husband's back closer in an instinctual act of fierce claiming. Her legs rose to lock her ankles around his hips and her pussy clenched hungrily around his cock. She had never wanted another man this strongly in her entire life. Not Gene. Not even David himself. The powerful influence of the oil strengthened and deepened her desire for him, giving her warm affection a sharp, white-hot edge of primal lust. "Fuck me," she whispered, nipping his earlobe to spur him on. "Your bad, bad wife needs to be reclaimed. Show me who I belong to."

David grunted in agreement, and his cock began pumping into her, slowly at first, but then with greater and greater force, dominantly pinning her eager, submissive pussy down into the mattress with his firm, controlled thrusts. "Yes, Honey, yes," gasped Eliza, humping her hips upward to meet his thrusts over and over, rhythmically milking his cock with her slick velvet walls. She was his. All his. Forever.

One of the reasons that Eliza had been cautious about jumping back into bed with David, she had to admit, was a certain anxiety. A lurking fear that, once they had sex, she would realize that it still wasn't as good as when she had fucked Gene. That she might have a twisted chemistry with Gene that David could never match. That Gene was right: that she would never be able to be satisfied with her husband as a lover. She could feel that David had the same fear. She could feel his desperate need to prove himself. He wanted to reclaim her so badly from the man who had confused her and stolen her away.

Even in the heat of their passionate lovemaking, Eliza wouldn't let his doubts persist. She looked up at him with soft, adoring eyes and said, "Only you, David. You're the only man I need. You're better. You always were. I love you."

All their fears melted away like snow in the spring sunshine. David's face lit up with a smile and he ground his hips forward in a delicious rhythm. Eliza moaned and writhed beneath her husband, flustered and flushed with arousal so powerful she was almost embarrassed. David wasn't just matching Gene; he was better. Freed from the stress of cruelty and bullying at work, David's true colors as a confident and attentive lover were revealed. He was dominant, but not grasping and selfish like Gene's dominance always was. David didn't force his wife to submit as he fucked her, kissing her with urgency and passion, his cock pistoning with greater and greater speed into her, their mutual pleasure building up higher and higher toward its crescendo. He invited her submission, and she was glad to give it, spreading her legs wider and pulling him close, wanting to feel every inch of his skin against hers.

With one last contemptuous thought, Eliza let go of Gene's memory forever. She had something far better now. Something real. Instead, she focused on the deep, resonating connection with her husband, forehead to forehead with him as he slowed down, fucking her deep and slow, their gasping breaths mingling between them. She locked her ankles behind her husband's back once again, hissing in his ear, "I want your cum inside me. Cum for me, David. Claim me."

David pumped faster, harder, fucking his wife down into the bed as they joined again in a deep, smoldering kiss. Husband and wife united again. Eliza moaned hard against his lips, humping her hips upward to meet every thrust, milking his cock for the cum she desperately needed. Every cell of her body wanted more of her husband. Her nails traced stinging, bloody lines down his back.

Then, with one final forward thrust, David came, letting loose a torrent of his backed-up liquid desire into Eliza's eager depths. Eliza couldn't breathe, couldn't even make a sound as every muscle strained in unison. Then the moans came pouring out as the pleasure washed through her from head to toe. Her mind burst with fireworks as she accepted addictive sperm in a whole new way. She realized now that a part of her had always been holding back before, due to shame and hatred and guilt. Now, as her husband's thick, hot cum flooded her, there were no bad feelings to hold her back. She was right where she should be, with a man who deserved her. She let herself go completely into the incandescent bliss of her husband's addictive cum, pumping her hips to milk every last drop from his balls.

After what felt like a blissful eternity, Eliza and David lay panting side by side, sweaty, sticky, and deeply in love. They just smiled at each other, fingers interlaced as their chests heaved, catching their breath. If there was one silver lining to this whole affair, it was that Eliza couldn't imagine their sex life would ever be boring again.

"That was fucking amazing, babe," said David, limp with satisfaction and relief at how well the reclaiming sex had gone. "I love you so much."

"I love you too, babe," said Eliza sincerely, giving him a swift, gentle kiss on the lips. Her pussy still burned with pleasurable fire, sending little shocks of mini-orgasm up through her every time she shifted and the cum inside her hit a slightly different part of her insides. All she wanted to do was lie in bed and enjoy it for a few lazy minutes... or hours.

"Babe, could you maybe get me some water?" said David, panting and covering his eyes. "That really took it out of me."

Eliza was just about to teasingly tell him he should be the one to get them water when a funny thing happened. Instead of what she intended to say, a meek "Yes, baby" came out of her lips instead. Her legs seemed to move on their own as they swung out of bed and headed out of the bedroom toward the kitchen.

It was probably nothing. Just a subconscious desire to do something for her husband since she felt so close to him. And in the end, it didn't even really matter anyway. David was a good man. He would never take advantage of her even if it turned out she really had to obey his commands.

By the time Eliza slipped back into bed with her husband, she had managed to completely reassure herself that she had nothing to worry about. The loving couple spent the rest of the evening snuggling and enjoying each other's company, excited to begin the rest of their lives together.

...

Kim hummed to herself, bustling out of the bathroom with her hair up in a towel. The rest of her body was utterly naked, her skin soft and gleaming from the lotion she had just applied. She often hung around the apartment without clothes nowadays. It kept things spicy.

She had planned to write another update to the oil provider today over how her life with Gene had been progressing. The strange, demanding man had been pestering her lately for more details on Gene's development. But that would have to wait for later this afternoon. Gene sat on the bed waiting for Kim, glaring at her with the angry, suspicious eyes that were kind of his trademark these days.

"Tell me who he is," he snapped in a commanding voice. "That's an order." Kim's Daddy was normally a wily snake, trying to trick information out of her. He must be grumpy today if he was acting this straightforward.

Kim felt the compulsion to obey rising inside her. It was actually an effort to hold back from answering him. The months since Eliza and David had moved had progressed Kim's corruption to the point where she was probably at the point where Eliza had been when she left. Under normal circumstances, she would have been forced to answer.

...If she didn't have a countermeasure, that is.

"Take back the command," she said flatly. "That's an order too, Daddy."

Kim had made an important discovery about the effects of the oil in the past few months. Its effects were much more mental rather than physical. Even though the sperm she fed Gene obviously didn't come from her, he only knew her as the source of it... which made her commands just as binding as his.

Gene's face screwed up in effort, and sweat beaded on his forehead as both he and Kim fought against the growing discomfort of not obeying. Maybe one day Gene would win this kind of

battle of wills, and Kim would be fucked, but it turned out when he didn't have magic oil in his corner, Gene was no titan of willpower.

He broke first, like he always had so far, looking away with a snarl and saying, "Don't answer that," releasing Kim from having to answer his question.

Kim turned to start dressing as Gene fumed behind her. "You know that I'm going to find out eventually," he said petulantly. "You can't hide forever. I know that it must be one of the donors from the clinic. All I need to do is find out which one. And then... then I will make sure you regret it."

Kimmy's heart sang and her nipples stiffened a little at the anger in his voice. She was having the time of her life. Every day was an exciting game of cat and mouse with the man she lusted for despite his humiliating fall from power. He was right: this equilibrium probably wasn't sustainable forever. But then again, getting punished by Daddy sounded hot in its own way.

"Well, you can try getting in touch with every man on the clinic's donor list and asking if you can drink their cum if you want," she said with mocking skepticism, "But that doesn't sound very fun to me. I think some of them might get offended."

She began pulling panties up her thighs, but Gene stopped her.

"W-wait," he grumbled, averting his eyes in shame. "Do you think we could... I mean, can I at least feed you breakfast before you go?"

Kim smirked with her back still turned to him. She knew he was starting to lust after her just as much as she did him. She was careful to only feed him after he fucked her right, slowly training him to satisfy her the way he had trained her. He had been creeping slowly closer and closer to begging outright.

"Sorry, Daddy," she said, blowing him a kiss. "You were so greedy yesterday that I have two whole loads saved up. I'm good. Maybe if you're a good boy and fix the broken drawer like you promised to we can fuck tonight. Anyway, I've got some errands to run. Bye, Daddy!"

Gene grumbled to himself, stewing in the same rage he had been stewing in for the past few months. It was sort of sad, really. At his core, Gene really did believe he deserved to have two beautiful women under his thumb, and couldn't understand why he lost.

Kim paused at the door. "And what does a good boy say?" she prompted in a teasing voice.

"Goodbye... Mommy," said Gene grudgingly in a murderous undertone. He would learn in time to be more enthusiastic about it. Kim was positive.

In a few minutes, Kim was out the door and driving across town. She had been doling out Gene's "special medicine" in fairly small doses, but she still needed to make regular supply runs. The semen was absolutely essential for training Gene and maintaining her tenuous control. She couldn't afford to run out.

Contrary to Gene's expectations, Kim didn't drive to her work for her resupply. Instead, she drove across town to a row of grubby townhomes. She parked in front of number 4 and swiftly snatched a pair of latex gloves out of the box she had stashed in her center console. Then she hopped out and walked briskly up to the door.

She didn't usually call ahead or plan these sessions beforehand... too much risk that Gene might snoop. But that rarely mattered. Her milk cow was sort of a loser. He was never busy. In fact, he answered the door just a few seconds after Kim knocked.

Gene's former downstairs neighbor, Larry, as usual, tried to act calm and aloof, but Kim could sense his excitement that she was there once again. He had moved out of Gene's apartment building at Kim's suggestion last month, which made it much less likely that Gene would discover where his favorite treat came from.

"Hey, cowboy," said Kim brightly, pushing past him into his cluttered home, "Got time for a quick milking sesh?"

Larry folded his arms and tried, hilariously, to look intimidating. "Hey... I think I need to know what you're doing with my cum," he said in a voice intended to be firm and dominant, but just came across as grumpy. "I know you work at, like, a fertility clinic. Do I have kids across the city that I don't know about now?"

Kim rolled her eyes. "Trust me, cowboy, I wouldn't shoot your loser juice into my worst enemy's pussy. I told you before, you don't need to know what I use it for. All you need to do is sit back and receive free hand jobs from a woman way hotter than you'll ever be able to land."

Larry still looked unconvinced and seemed like he might be about to protest again. So Kim preempted him with a sigh. "Look... the only reason I chose you for this was because I thought you would jump at the chance and not ask questions. If that isn't true, I can go find a different guy to jerk off."

That, of course, was a massive bluff... but it was one that Kim knew would work. Larry wasn't particularly bright, and it wasn't like he was exactly drowning in pussy. There might be one day when the Larry situation got too complex to handle, but it wouldn't be today.

"I... whatever," said Larry sullenly, unbuckling his pants. "Let's get this over with."

Kim snapped on a glove with a grin. Men were too easy.