

Kim accepted the sample cup from Mr. Higgins with a tight smile, not even bothering to exchange pleasantries today.

She normally liked Mr. Higgins just fine. He was one of the sperm bank's most reliable donors, and she had seen him almost every week since she started the job. Even though they probably had a freezer full of Mr. Higgins' samples back at the storage facility, the bosses would take all that they could get. Dale Higgins was a tall, fit forty-something with a PHD in Astrophysics. He looked great on the menu of sperm donor options, and, frankly, Kim wouldn't be shocked if he had dozens of biological sons and daughters throughout the city that he would never meet.

He was a nice guy too, but today Kim had no patience for anybody, even him. She just took his filled sample cup with a curt nod.

Kim had been having a rough couple of days. The night of the dinner with Eliza had been a total success, but for some reason ever since then Kim had been wrestling with... well, hunger wasn't the right word. She could eat until her belly was stuffed, and it didn't affect the nagging feeling at all. It was like an itch deep in her mind that she just couldn't figure out how to scratch.

For some reason, the craving was connected mentally with the banana pudding she had eaten the night of the dinner... But banana pudding wasn't what she was craving, she had already tried that. She must have eaten a dozen bowls of the stuff since then, without having any effect at all on the strange craving building inside her.

Next to her, her friend Gloria watched Mr. Higgins' taut behind as she left the clinic, practically licking her lips. "That man can leave me a private donation any day," she said in an undertone.

"Gross," said Kim automatically, pulling up the forms on her computer to log the sperm sample into the system. Working in a sperm bank with coworkers her age, Kim tended to hear a lot of sexual jokes. It just came with the territory. But, despite the bawdy humor popular at the bank, nothing made cum lose its sexual mystique like handling jars of it for hours at a time, day in and day out. It didn't take long for semen to become just another body fluid. There might be porn magazines (old and creased) and DVDs (hilariously outdated) in the donation rooms down the hall, but the job was just as unsexy as any nursing position.

"I think he's married anyway," said Kim sourly, punching the date and time into the computer, then printing the label.

Gloria raised an eyebrow. "Well, look at you, little Miss Comedy Critic. Who pissed in your cornflakes today?"

Kim didn't respond because she didn't have a good answer. She was being unreasonable and pissy today, and the only thing she could point to as a reason was the mysterious craving that she couldn't explain. She just got up and scanned her badge at the sample fridge, opening it up and placing the still-warm cup on the shelf next to the others.

Gloria harrumphed, and Kim knew she would have to apologize for being bitchy at some point. She just didn't have it in her right now. Just a few more hours and then she could go home and try to figure out what was wrong with her. Could it be sexual frustration? Her libido had been high the last few days as well, but her increasingly intense masturbation sessions didn't seem to satisfy this craving either. Maybe she just needed some good dick. It had been a little while. She hadn't gone out and found a hookup since David had been staying with her. But he had finally moved back in with Eliza two days ago, so maybe now was the time.

Kim was so deep in thought that it took her a second to recognize that a new person had entered the clinic. The newcomer cleared his throat, gruffly saying "Excuse me, darling," and making Kim jump a little.

Just seeing him, it immediately felt like her day had gotten worse. He was short and broad, with a hard, protruding gut beneath his short-sleeved button-up and wide but rounded shoulders. To make matters worse, he was balding and had a sort of scruffy, unshaven look that was not quite clean-shaven but not quite facial hair. And all of that might have been excusable; people can't help it if they're ugly after all. But he also had a permanent smug sneer across his face, along with a look in his eyes like everything he saw was beneath him.

The sight of him immediately pissed Kim off. Maybe she shouldn't judge a book by its cover, but he looked like just the sort of arrogant prick that got on her nerves. Kim had to push herself hard to adopt her normal plastic customer service smile.

"Welcome sir, how can I help you today?" she said, hoping to God that this guy had just wandered into the wrong building.

The man's leering smile made her want to shudder. "Afternoon," he said with a broad smile that showed off a gold-capped tooth, "I'm here as a first time donor. Name of Frank Penn."

Kim sincerely doubted it. New donors were carefully screened before they ever made it to a donation room, and just looking at this guy, Kim could tell he wasn't donor material. Who would look at Frank's picture in a brochure and decide they wanted his genes in their child? This guy's sperm was worthless. But she checked anyway. Once she had confirmed that this walk-in was full of shit, she would take great pleasure in kicking him out. She hadn't particularly enjoyed being called "darling".

To her intense annoyance, Kim discovered that there was, in fact, an appointment for a "Frank Penn" today, to check the health of his sperm. Damn. So she wouldn't be allowed to kick him out. His paperwork was all in order, and there was even a picture of him attached to the file. For reasons she didn't understand, Frank had passed the initial screening.

"I see you right here, Mr. Penn," said Kim, seething internally as she grabbed an empty sample jar. "Let me just show you back to a room and we can have you on your way before you know it."

Frank gestured for her to lead the way, and Kim swore she could feel his eyes on her butt during the entire short walk back to the donation room. When they got there, she couldn't shove the sample cup into his hands fast enough. She wanted to get this guy out the door as quickly as possible. She wasn't in the mood for this shit today. "Ok," she said, opening the door to the donation room with a fake smile, "you can have a seat right there. There are some visual materials in the basket by the chair and, as you can see, a DVD is available if you require it. Bring the sample back up when you're finished."

The slimy little man (actually a little taller than Kim, but she was petite enough that she was used to men towering over her) raised an eyebrow, and started to say something, but Kim pretended to notice and closed the door in his face. She got the feeling he was about to make a joke about her coming in to help him produce the sample, and the last thing she needed today was to explain to her boss why she had slapped a prospective donor.

Gloria gave her a sympathetic look as Kim settled back into her chair at the desk, Kim's earlier rudeness forgotten for now. "You think he's... eager?"

"Definitely," said Kim darkly, shooting an annoyed look back down the hall to make sure he hadn't come out of the room to follow her. "Eager" was the euphemism that they had at the clinic for fetishists. Mostly, the initial screenings weeded them out, but you still saw them sometimes. Men who got some sort of sexual thrill from the thought that they were knocking women up with their sperm. It wasn't technically forbidden for a pervert with otherwise healthy sperm and good genes to donate, but typically, the clinic found some excuse to remove them from the donor list. Guys like that were just creepy...

This guy gave off the same vibe. Like he was getting off on being here somehow. Kim could only hope that his swimmers weren't up to snuff and the lab would reject him. Or the higher ups would finally recognize that no woman in their right mind would want the cum of a troll like him.

Another donor came in, and Kim was distracted from thinking about Frank Penn. She didn't think about him again until he reappeared at her desk, that same faint smugness on his face, carrying a sample cup that was almost full to the brim with thick, yellowish cum.

There was no lid on the sample cup.

Kim's nose instantly wrinkled in disgust. God, she didn't have the patience for this today. 'Sir,' she said tersely, failing to fully hide her annoyance and disgust, "Your sample needs to be sealed. Where is the cap of the sample container?"

Frank raised his eyebrows in mild surprise and set the sample cup on the counter, patting his pockets. "Oh shoot! I guess I must have left it in the room. One sec." He hurried off down the hall, and Kim was left grimacing in distaste at the nearly full sample cup. God, there was so much fucking cum. Had this creep jerked off like three times?

And then, something happened that changed Kim Meyer's life forever. She got a whiff of the warm, potent sperm in the open plastic container on the desk in front of her.

That strange hunger in her belly seemed to wriggle and twist, a greedy feeling of desperation gnawing at her. Her mouth was suddenly sloppy with drool, and her mind flashed back instantly to the delicious taste of the banana pudding at her party the other night. Her pussy instantly reacted, growing hot and damp between her thighs.

The reaction to the smell of cum was so intense and immediate that Kim pushed her self back from the desk in her rolling chair before she could even think about what was happening logically. She stared at the thick, pearly slime, wide-eyed with confusion, her body covered in goosebumps.

What the fuck? She took another tentative sniff. Logically speaking, the smell of this semen wasn't different than normal. Bleachy and musky. Average, if maybe a bit stronger than a typical sample. So what was with her bizarre reaction?

Gloria was staring at her in confusion. "Get a grip, girl," she said in an undertone. "You're acting like this is your first time seeing jizz. You know what we do for a living, right?"

Gloria was right. Kim needed to calm down. She had never had a particular sexual focus on semen before. Any belief that cum was sexy died after handling hundreds of cups of it a week. Before she could think about it further, Frank returned with the cap, slamming it down on the sample cup with a grunted apology and handing it over with a grin.

Even when he was out the door, and the sample cup had been logged, labeled, and stored in the sample fridge, Kim couldn't stop thinking about it.

Why exactly was she reacting this strongly to the scent of cum? And why did it seem like the taste of banana pudding was lingering on her tongue?

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Eliza woke up before her alarm and stretched. She felt the warm bulk of a male body in the bed beside her, and her mind instantly whispered to her that it was Gene. Her master, her tormentor, her lover. Even that thought of him sent a thrill of eager lust racing through her body.

Then, as the haze of sleep cleared away, Eliza realized she was wrong. No, she no longer slept next to Gene like she had for the past week. The sheets were crisp and clean instead of stained with cum and sweat, and the man next to her wasn't her master. It was her husband.

As much as she wished that realization would cause her pure joy, the feelings that rolled through Eliza's mind were complicated. There was definitely relief there, and love, too. She was happy that David was back by her side. It had been painful to be separated from him, to know that he was confused and hurting. But, at the same time, Eliza felt a pang of disappointment and sexual frustration. If it had been Gene who she woke up beside, she could have woken him up with a blowjob and sucked some of his creamy, delicious cum straight from the tap. Instead, she had this *limp-dicked little pussy who couldn't even...* Eliza stopped that cruel train of thought. That was her addiction talking in Gene's voice. Her Cumbunny self, not the real her. She had to hold back those instincts at all costs.

With a sigh, Eliza rose from the bed to start her day. By the time she showered and dressed, David was already up as well, leaning back on his pillows and yawning as he looked at his phone.

He glanced up at her with a smile, and Eliza couldn't help but smile gently back. No matter what Gene put her through, David was her man. He was the reason she had to resist and find some way to fight back against Gene's corruption. She had to remember that... no matter how good submission to her master was beginning to feel.

"I'll never understand why you still wake up early on your days off," said David in a fond, sleep-roughened voice.

"I like to keep busy," said Eliza lightly. She would be very busy today in fact. Gene had informed her yesterday that he would be taking off from work for a few days to pursue his careful corruption of David's little sister Kim. Eliza had been confused, but the way that Gene explained his plans, it made a certain amount of twisted sense. When Gene had ensnared Eliza, he had given her over a month of time drinking the tainted creamer to increase her dependency on his cum before revealing what he had done.

Gene had no opportunity to give Kim regular doses of semen, and if he revealed who he was and what he had done right now, she would immediately raise the alarm and tell David. Her dependency just wasn't strong enough yet to convince her she had to stay quiet. So Gene was playing a longer game of some kind, depending on the fact that, although Kim had heard about Gene from her brother, she had never met or seen him in person and therefore wouldn't recognize him if he gave a fake name.

Eliza didn't know the exact details of how Gene planned to conquer Kim, but if she knew her master, it would be simple and cunning, and Kim would never see it coming well enough to resist. But, regardless of what Gene was doing, his absence meant that Eliza had a chance to move forward with discovering a way to break his control.

Eliza crossed the room and gave David a gentle kiss on the lips. He grinned up at her and grabbed her hand, gently tugging her toward the bed. "Hey... maybe we could make a little time before work to..."

Eliza extracted her hand from his grasp, her heart thumping in her chest. She managed to control her voice as she said, "Sorry, not right now, mister. I just showered, and you'll be late for work. Maybe tonight." David grumbled, but accepted the excuse.

Eliza wondered how long she could keep it up. She had sworn to Gene the last time they had sex that she would cut her husband off from all penetration. She had hoped it would be easy: David had been experiencing stress-based erectile dysfunction for the past few months. But whether it was the time he had taken away from Gene or the excitement of reconciling with his wife, David had been rock hard and eager for make-up sex when he moved back in two nights ago. It had been touch and go for a moment there. It would have looked extremely strange if Eliza had flatly turned her husband down for sex the first night that he moved back in. Luckily, she had managed to "accidentally" make him cum while dirty talking him and giving him a handjob.

She had managed to dodge a bullet again just now, but denying David was going to become more and more obvious as time went on if he continued to get it up.

Eliza breezed down the stairs to the kitchen to make some coffee for them both, and took a second to appreciate the fact that she had her house back, no longer required to wait on Gene hand and foot like some perverse combination of wife, maid, and sexdoll. Not that the arrangement hadn't been without some obvious perks. Her Cumbunny self, who she called Lizzie, had adored serving her master and being his slutty fuckdoll, and she had grown used to being fucked hard by him multiple times a day.

But now her body burned with unfulfilled lust. Her cum addiction was one thing, but it wasn't the only type of craving she had learned to live with since Gene had dosed her. Whether it was a side effect of the oil, or just a new preference that had been unlocked by Gene's rough sexual prowess, Eliza's libido was off the charts these days. And, thanks to the prohibition on sex with David, she had no outlet other than secret, guilty masturbation sessions after her husband went to sleep, often to old dick pics that Gene had sent her.

Eliza poured her husband a travel mug of coffee, then poured out a steaming cup for herself.

Before she took a drink, Eliza guiltily stared over her shoulder toward the stairs, making sure that her husband wouldn't come down at the wrong time. The coast was clear, so she hurried to the fridge and pulled a creamer bottle out from its hiding place deep in the back. It was a gift from her master... and a sign of his trust. A small supply of his semen to carry Eliza through for a few days while he was too busy to feed her directly. It was upsetting to Eliza that Gene thought it was safe to give her a stockpile like this. A few weeks ago, she would have used this

opportunity to run and try to escape his control. The fact that he wasn't worried about that meant that Gene thought she was completely broken.

He was wrong. Eliza planned to take the first step toward proving that today. She had taken off of work herself to pursue one of her few remaining leads. If all went well, she would learn a whole lot more about the mysterious oil that had ruined her life.

But, despite her defiance, Eliza didn't hesitate to pour a thick, salty dollop of her master's semen into her morning coffee. She might want to escape Gene, but her physical addiction to his semen was a fact of life. She licked a stray glob of semen from her finger hungrily, then tucked the stash bottle back into her fridge. Eating cold semen was nothing compared to the feeling of Gene's cock spurting a hot, fresh load into her pussy, but it did help to take off the edge.

She had just managed to stir her morning dose into her coffee when David came down the stairs, already looking a little stressed by the prospect of a day at the office. At least Gene wouldn't be there right now to bully him...

"Have a good day, honey," he said hurriedly, pulling Eliza in for a kiss. She realized too late that he was going to kiss her right after she had licked up a large glob of his worst enemy's cum, but it was too late to avoid it without seeming even more suspicious. David's lips were on hers, his tongue sneaking cheekily into her mouth as a little tease. Eliza prayed he wouldn't notice a strange taste... thank God that the sperm Gene supplied her with didn't have any of the Mjolkhare oil in it!

"Y-you too!" said Eliza as her husband pulled away, unexpectedly aroused by the unintentional humiliation she had just subjected him to.

With that, David gave her one last squeeze and pulled away, heading out the door and speeding away in his car.

The silence of the house wrapped around Eliza as she psyched herself up for her audacious plan, taking a deep sip of her hot, semen-infused coffee.

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Kim's leg jiggled nervously beneath her desk, and she realized with annoyance that she had just been reading the same sentence on an intake form multiple times without really seeing it.

"I'm going to head to lunch, babe," said Gloria, grabbing her purse and standing up from the desk. "Be back in an hour."

"Yeah. Sure. Fine," said Kim tersely, trying to force herself to pay attention as she read the intake form once again. It wasn't until Gloria bustled away muttering huffily under her breath that Kim realized that she had been a little rude.

She couldn't help it. It was too hard to focus on things like social niceties when her stupid brain couldn't stop thinking about cum.

She would be working on some paperwork, or signing a donor in, or talking to Gloria, and then it would flash into her mind... the image of Frank Penn's sample cup, almost all the way full with thick, hot, sticky jizz. And the smell... the memory of it seemed to echo through her mind. It had smelled so fucking good. Well, actually, that was the weird part. It didn't smell that good. It smelled like average, bleachy, rank stink of any other guy's jizz, a smell that Kim was deeply familiar with and disgusted by at this point in her career. But for some reason, that one sniff had made something deep inside Kim perk up and take notice. Just the memory of it made a warm flicker of arousal flare up low in her belly. She could remember every nuance of the scent, and it made that strange hunger inside her grow even stronger.

Kim had always trusted her willpower. She might be a little impulsive and reactive sometimes, but no one could make Kim do anything she didn't want to do. So, without Gloria there to observe, Kim leaned back in her office chair and closed her eyes, trying to force herself to let the smell of the gross donor's cum go. But she had no luck. Trying hard not to think about the cum just made the thought of it grow stronger in her mind.

Kim let out a quiet growl of frustration as she opened her eyes. She needed to take more drastic measures to clear her mind of this inexplicable fixation. She glanced around the clinic. Empty, which wasn't unusual; lunchtime wasn't a popular option for donation appointments. With an expression of nervous anticipation Kim turned toward the sample fridge.

This morning had just been an odd fluke. Some combination of sexual frustration, stress, and her annoyed, antagonistic reaction to the new donor had hit her brain in a weird way and gotten her wires crossed. That was why she suddenly got aroused by a semen sample for no reason. And she would prove it. She would take out the sample right now and take another whiff. It would smell normal and gross, and Kim would be able to forget all about her odd reaction. So... why did the idea of taking another sniff make her heart beat faster?

Why the fuck did it make her mouth water?

Pushing aside her objections and acting impulsively as always, Kim used her badge to unlock the sample fridge. She began to reach confidently for Mr. Penn's sample... then hesitated. Maybe it would be better to try out a different sample first. She picked up Mr. Higgins' most recent donation instead and pulled it out. Her heart thumped in her chest as she unscrewed the lid. She was about to find out the truth. Had she developed a humiliating cum fetish out of the blue? That would be a fucking liability for a nurse at a sperm bank. If Gloria found out, Kim would never hear the end of the teasing.

Kim steeled herself and raised the container to her nose, taking a big sniff. She blinked. Nothing. Just the regular old stink of cum. The same scent she smelled a dozen times a week,

even though in theory she was only handling sealed containers. Kim breathed a sigh of relief and chuckled to herself. She had just been overreacting to a random synapse firing in her brain. She resealed the sample container and put it back into place on the shelf.

For a second, she tried to convince herself that it wasn't necessary to try Mr. Penn's cum. She clearly didn't have a cum fetish, so what did it matter. ...But she knew it would bother her if she didn't test it. After all, that had been the cum sample that caused the bizarre reaction, not Mr. Higgins'. She grimaced, then snatched the nearly-full sample cup off the shelf and unscrewed the cap in one quick motion before she could talk herself out of it.

She raised the sample cup to her nose, moving more carefully with this one because it was so fucking full. She took a deep sniff, anticipating the relief of finding out there was nothing to worry about.

Kim's pupils dilated, and the hunger inside seemed to wake up and roar like a lion. She felt a wet, squirming heat flood through her core as her pussy instantly moistened and clenched hungrily around nothing. Her mouth was suddenly sloppy with drool, and her breathing felt ragged in her throat. Her nipples were twin points of hard, throbbing desire, pressing tightly against the material of her bra.

Kim had to control every instinct to throw the sample away from her in shock. She stared down in wonder at the thick, yellowish cum glistening in the cup. It even looked fucking good to her for some reason right now. A perverse desire welled up within her as she breathed in the strange scent that was both disgusting and delicious at the same time... If it smelled this fucking good, how would it taste?

A soft chime announced someone entering the front door of the clinic. Kim hurriedly replaced the lid on the sample and returned it to the fridge. Forcing herself to put the cum away was much, much harder than she thought it would be for some reason, but she managed it. She couldn't be caught sniffing sperm samples by a donor or she would be fired in a heartbeat.

By the time she finished signing in the donor, another had arrived, and work picked up until Gloria returned from lunch.

By that time, Kim was panicking. Her attempt to quiet her obsession with the infuriating cum sample had badly backfired. Her work was slipping further and further because now not only was she obsessing over the smell of the cum...

...Now she was dealing with powerful, uncomfortable, irrepressible arousal as well, filling her body with shameful, nasty heat.

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It hadn't been easy to find the house, but desperation and hard work were enough to accomplish almost anything.

Obviously, most of the members of the Kaos server named "Cumbunny Acres" weren't keen to expose their actual addresses. It had taken careful analysis of the pictures CoachS had posted and context clues from his stories to discover which high school he taught at. With that information, along with the extra details that he was named "Stu" and was the gym teacher, Eliza had been able to find the house where he lived with his two Cumbunnies, Mitsy and Bitsy.

Eliza sat in her car, parked a good distance down the street from the house, occasionally raising a pair of binoculars. She had two thermoses of coffee beside her spiked with her special creamer to help stave off her cravings, and was prepared to wait all day if necessary. She wasn't certain if CoachS himself had left by the time she arrived, but she waited just in case. Her objective was to speak with Bitsy. Alone preferably, but if she had no choice, she would try with Mitsy present. Making contact while CoachS was in the house was out of the question.

She was glad that she waited. After observing patiently for about two hours, Mitsy and CoachS left the house together, the giggly blonde Cumbunny hanging on the paunchy old man's arm and fawning over him like the bimbo she had become. They entered the detached garage, and Eliza was thrilled to see that two cars pulled out and drove away. She wasn't going to get a better chance than this. Eliza took a deep drink of her cum-spiked coffee, then got out of the car, swiftly making her way to CoachS' house and knocking sharply on the front door. She had never seen Bitsy leave... so unless she already left the house for some reason before Eliza arrived, she should still be here.

There was no response, so Eliza knocked again. She waited awkwardly on the doorstep for a few minutes in silence. No noise came from inside the house. She knocked one last time, more out of desperation than any real hope. Bitsy must be out of the house for some reason. Or maybe her master had instructed her to never answer the door. Eliza turned away with a bitter sigh, and just then she heard a hesitant voice from behind the door say, "...Hello?"

She felt a rush of relief. Maybe this risk would pay off after all. "Bitsy! It's me, Eliza. Let me in, I need to talk with you."

But if Eliza had been hoping for an enthusiastic welcome, she was disappointed. "Who? I don't know anyone by that name," said the muffled voice behind the door. "I'm sorry, but you'll have to come back with Coa... When Stu is here."

Shit. Well, Eliza supposed it made sense that Bitsy wouldn't recognize that name. Eliza hated going by the name that her master had given her... it put her into a submissive mindset these days, and right now she needed to be sharp. But it looked like right now she had no choice. Quickly, before Bitsy could get too far away from the door, Eliza said, "Lizzie. My name is Lizzie. We met each other at the... the offline meetup."

It was silent behind the door for another second, then there was a *chunk* of a heavy deadbolt sliding back, and the door opened a crack, showing only Bitsy's, lovely, long-lashed eye. "Lizzie?" she asked in confusion, her eyes darting over Eliza's face. "What are you doing here?"

Eliza put all the sincerity she could muster into her words. If Bitsy didn't let her in, her whole plan would be worthless. "Bitsy, I've been reading conversations my master has been having online. There's something I need to tell you. Please, let me in."

Even from the small slice of face that was visible through the door, Eliza could read Bitsy's obvious reluctance. "I don't know... if Coach got back while you were here, it would be really bad for both of us."

"I wouldn't be here if it wasn't important," said Eliza, a tone of desperation creeping into her voice. "I'm taking a bigger risk than you, after all. My master doesn't know I'm here. If CoachS comes back, just tell him that I broke in and I'll take all the blame."

The eye in the crack of the door closed as though Bitsy was deep in thought, then she sighed heavily. "Shit. Ok, just give me a second to go... no, you know what? There isn't any time. Just don't fucking laugh, ok?"

Bitsy opened the door wider and allowed Eliza inside the dim entryway, which smelled a little like old, stale cigarettes. Eliza immediately noticed at least one reason why Bitsy had been reluctant to meet with her.

The lovely young Asian woman was wearing a ridiculous, pornographic parody of a maid outfit. The top was more of a harness with white frills along the top than a bra, lifting Bitsy's firm little tits, but not covering them in any way, leaving her stiff brown nipples open to the air. Thigh-high, lacy stockings with cute black bows on the front clung to her long, sexy legs, held up by a matching garter belt. The outfit was completed by tall heels, a lace choker, and a tiny frilly cap... but no panties whatsoever, leaving her tight pussy bare and visibly wet with arousal.

Eliza couldn't help but stare, but contrary to Bitsy's fears, her first instinct wasn't laughter. Eliza felt her sexual frustration from the past few days flare up in her belly as she finally forced herself to look away. Eliza had never really thought deeply about same-sex attraction before her recent ordeals. She sometimes found females attractive in a way that might be a little less than purely platonic, but she had always been more attracted to men, so it was never something she felt she needed to explore.

But a few weeks ago, her master had made her eat his cum from another woman's pussy. And Eliza, despite her reluctance and embarrassment, found the experience arousing. And right now, with her sexual arousal and desperation at a high ebb, seeing Bitsy dressing in such a tempting and openly slutty way, Eliza found an unexpected hunger rising inside her. "Lizzie" stirred to life inside her, speculating over how it would feel to run her hands over Bitsy's soft curves... to feel her plump lips on her own...

It was more difficult than Eliza expected to tear her eyes away from Bitsy maid uniform as the young woman blushed and held a hand bashfully between her legs to hide her glistening pussy. "Well, uh..." said Bitsy, stuttering with embarrassment, "We've been splitting up tasks. Mitsy buys groceries, and I... well..."

"You clean the house," said Eliza understandingly, Unable to stop herself from peeking at Bitsy's luscious legs, so well-displayed by her cute stockings.

"Yeah," said Bitsy with a sigh. "Speaking of which, I had better clean while you say whatever it is you had to tell me. If I don't have the kitchen sparkling by the time Coach gets home my ass is on the line... literally."

Eliza followed Bitsy deeper into the house, watching the cute, petite Asian's bubble butt bounce lightly as she clicked across the floor in her massive heels. "So," said Bitsy sharply, "What was so urgent that you had to go on a secret mission just to talk with me?"

Before they reached the kitchen, Eliza was able to smell the mess that Bitsy was supposed to clean up. It didn't have the particular musk of her master's addictive cum, but Eliza had learned to recognize the smell of semen.

"I was reading some messages between HareoftheDog and my master," said Eliza as they rounded the corner. Her eyes darted over the scene: thick splatters of semen were dripped over the linoleum of the kitchen. It made the hunger rise inside her so even see the obscene mess: no doubt the result of a steamy fuck session right before CoachS left the house. Inside her, Lizzie practically licked her lips, wishing it was Gene's cum splattered all over the floor. Eliza had to shake her head to clear it before turning back to Bitsy and continuing, "Your name came up."

"Hare?" asked Bitsy with a confused scowl. "That little blonde prick? Why is he talking about me?" As she spoke, she absently-mindedly knelt on the cum-splattered floor of the kitchen.

"He wants you," said Eliza, watching with fascinated horror as Bitsy brought her face to the ground and extended her tongue, cleaning up a rope of jizz with a long sloppy lick. Eliza had assumed when Bitsy said she was supposed to clean up the cum, she meant with a rag or mop, but it appeared that CoachS had a very different method of cleanup he liked his slutty little maid to use.

Bitsy rose and gulped the cum down, quipping, "What? That little loser wants me? Gross..." She looked up at Eliza and caught the expression on the older woman's face, only then realizing how humiliating her actions must look. She blushed and looked away, embarrassed anger twisting her expression. "What?" She snapped. "I just... Coach told me to..."

“We do what we have to,” said Eliza, sharing Bitsy's embarrassment. But the idea that Bitsy was only doing this because she was forced to was a polite fiction. They both understood the truth. Bitsy's nipples were tight and crinkled with desire, and hot, slick juices of arousal were trailing down her thighs. CoachS had told her to clean up his cum with her tongue, but it was her pleasure to obey. And Eliza couldn't help but feel an answering heat building between her thighs as she watched Bitsy's slutty submission to her own degradation. This might not be as easy as she thought. She had come to Bitsy in the first place because of Bitsy's fiery defiance the night when they first met. But it had been a few weeks, and it was obvious that Bitsy had been corrupted more since then. If she could take such obvious pleasure for being commanded to lick up her Coach's jizz off the floor, maybe she wouldn't be willing to try Eliza's risky plan. As Eliza watched, Bitsy lowered herself to the ground again, unable to stay away from the jizz her body craved even with her embarrassing audience. No wonder she hadn't wanted to let Eliza in.

“So... Hare told my master that he's planning to try to slip you his own dose of Mjolkhare oil,” said Eliza grimly, hoping against hope that she was wrong about Bitsy, that she still had some of that fire inside her.

Bitsy paused mid-lick, looking up at Eliza in shock. She swallowed her mouthful and asked in stunned disbelief, “He fucking *what?* Is this kid an idiot? What would that even do, to have two doses from two different people?”

“I have no idea,” said Eliza softly. This was the tricky part. What she wanted Bitsy to do was stunningly dangerous. It could even put Bitsy in a worse position than what she was in already.

“Ok, well, sorry for being a bitch about letting you in earlier,” said Bitsy, shaking her head and going down for another quick lick before saying, “I'm glad you told me. Now I can watch out for the little creep.”

“I think you should let him dose you,” said Eliza grimly.

Bitsy sat up sharply and looked Eliza directly in the eyes, her expression shocked, but neutral. She didn't get angry or laugh. She could tell that Eliza was dead serious about this. “Explain,” she said calmly, still looking a little ridiculous in her porny maid costume despite her solemn expression.

“We know barely anything about the oil and how it works,” said Eliza, putting as much conviction into her words as she could. “The men who use it insist that it's foolproof and ironclad. But that's just what they want to believe. What if two doses cancel each other out?”

“Or what if it kills me?” asked Bitsy, raising an eyebrow.

“I don't think that that's...” said Eliza impatiently.

“Why not?” demanded Bitsy, cutting across Eliza and getting to her feet again, her lips still

smear with cum. "You said yourself we have no idea how the oil works. You're hoping that two doses will magically free me or something? What if I just end up starving unless I get both men's cum? Doesn't that sound more likely? What kind of existence do you think that would be?"

Eliza shuddered at the thought. The kind of men who used the oil generally seemed to be selfish pigs. She couldn't imagine them sharing Bitsy. But still... "No one else has a chance like you have," she said firmly, still meeting Bitsy's eyes. "We need to take any chance we have to escape, no matter how small."

"You want me to be a guinea pig for you," accused Bitsy bitterly. "To sacrifice myself just so you can find out a tiny bit more."

Eliza could feel the chance slipping through her fingers. She knew she was asking a lot, but she was desperate. She would take this chance if she had the opportunity that Bitsy had, because... "What's the alternative?" Eliza asked softly, bringing Bitsy up short. "Give up? Become your Coach's obedient slut? Bitsy... no... Beth..." She could see Bitsy's eyes widen as she heard her real name for the first time in a long time. "...Do you know why I approached you with this? Because you were the only one I saw at the meetup who was willing to fight back. The only one who still had a spark of defiance. Do you still have that spark? Or has it died out already?"

Bitsy looked tired, and angry, and deeply aroused, like every Cumbunny was, all the time. "That spark you saw was more fear than defiance," said Beth uncomfortably. "It was desperation. I'm not some sort of brave hero. I... I've given in a lot to Coach since we met. In a lot of ways. I'm not as strong as you think I am."

Eliza took Bitsy's hands in hers, surprising the younger woman. "Please, Beth. You're the only one of us who has this chance. I wish it were me... but you're the only hope."

Beth bit her lip, then nodded, and Eliza felt a wild swoop of hope. "Fine," said the cute young Asian heavily. "Like you said, what do I have to lose? Next time we meet up, I'll try to give Hare the opportunity he's looking for... and hope for the best, I guess."

Eliza felt like she could collapse from relief. "Thank you, Beth," she said, although she didn't think the words really showed the depths of her gratitude at Beth's bravery. "Let's stay in touch from now on. To coordinate our plans and also just to encourage each other. Can I get your phone number?"

Beth shook her head. "It's not safe. Coach has all my passwords now. Tell you what. Buy me a burner phone and leave it for me behind the trash cans by the garage. I can go out and text on it when I get the chance. I'm the only one who takes the trash out anymore, so Mitsy and CoachS won't find it."

"Sounds good," said Eliza with a worried frown. She had never considered herself lucky in her current situation, but Beth was putting things into perspective. Because of the double life that

Gene was making her lead, Eliza still had a private life with her husband that Gene couldn't access. Bitsy was under CoachS's control at all times... kind of like the week where Gene had lived in Eliza's house, ordering her around, making her serve him sexually whenever he wanted. Eliza had to tear herself away from that memory before Lizzie started fantasizing about it. The Cumbunny inside her longed for that type of control, and those cravings scared her more than any cum addiction. "I can probably have the phone in place by tomorrow, so we should..."

They both heard the front door open, wide eyes meeting each other's gaze in terror. They were frozen like that for a moment before Bitsy moved, tugging Eliza's hand and pulling her toward the back door of the house. 'You've got to get out of here!' She hissed. 'If Coach catches you, he'll talk to your Master, and they'll both watch us carefully! It would ruin everything, even apart from the punishment!'

But it was too late. Before Bitsy could open the back door, Mitsy had already walked into the kitchen.

Luckily, it didn't appear CoachS had returned with her, but just Mitsy was concerning enough: from what Eliza knew, Mitsy was utterly broken: completely loyal to her master's will.

The curvy, petite Cumbunny giggled with her usual dreamy smile, twirling a lock of golden hair with a finger. She was wearing a sort of sexy country girl outfit, tiny pink plaid shirt tied up beneath her braless tits and itsy-bitsy, tight white denim short hugging her hips. Mitsy looked exactly like the airheaded bimbo slut CoachS had molded her into, but Eliza could see a cold, steely gleam of suspicion deep in her eyes. Eliza couldn't help but remember that, according to what she had heard, Martha had been brilliant teacher before she was turned into Mitsy... and that sort of intelligence didn't just disappear, even if it was shrouded in a slutty, dumb act. Getting out of this wouldn't be as easy as counting on Mitsy being an idiot.

"Lizzie!" Said Mitsy in a pleased coo, "So nice to see you. I never expected to see you here... alone with my favorite little Cumbunny sister." Her voice was cheerful, but her eyes were suspicious as she asked, "Whatcha talkin' about?"

Eliza looked over to Bitsy's panicked face, then back to Mitsy, and gulped. She had to think of something quick. And it had to be fucking convincing, for both their sakes.

...

Kim's body seemed to ache and throb with arousal. Her pussy buzzed and burned between her legs, rubbing distractingly against her moist panties whenever she shifted even a little. But even apart from that, every inch of her skin felt flushed and sensitive, responding to every breath of air.

She had never been this horny in her entire life.

It didn't make any fucking sense. Even if Kim had been attracted to the guy who came in this morning, which she wasn't, she would never get this turned on from semen. Hell, Mr. Higgins' cum had grossed her out as usual, and he was a silver fox a thousand times hotter than the fat, balding asshole who had her all hot and bothered.

But logic wasn't helpful. Getting frustrated did nothing. Kim's body knew what it wanted, and it was the little jar of baby batter sitting on the shelf of the fridge. She ached to stick that jar beneath her nose and take a huge lungful of that gross, fascinating scent. She wanted to touch it and rub the slimy goo between her fingers. She wanted to get a big sticky glob on her finger, extend her little pink tongue, and...

No. She wouldn't even think about doing... that. It was humiliating and disgusting enough to want to smell the stuff.

Gloria clearly noticed that something was up with Kim during the afternoon. As much as Kim tried to act normal, it was hard to hide her pink blush and heavy breathing. Her coworker asked if she wanted to just go home and rest, but she couldn't just give up and take a sick day, for several reasons.

Firstly, because at work, she at least had things to distract her. Kim was worried that if she went home, she would immediately start masturbating and keep going until she fell asleep. It had already happened once last night, when the sexual frustration and hunger inside her had grown too strong to bear. That experience was also why she knew that finger-fucking herself all evening wouldn't relieve this arousal either, only leave her drained, exhausted, and just as horny as before.

Secondly, that would feel too much like running away. Kim was the type of gal who faced her problems head-on. Taking a sick day and heading home just because she was afraid of a jar of cum just didn't sit right with her. She would sit right here and figure this out instead.

And, lastly, Kim didn't want to go home because she still felt the siren pull of the semen calling to her from the fridge. It was just sitting there on the shelf... so tempting that Kim could practically smell it from here. As much as she hated to admit it, Kim wanted to take it out again badly, and if she went home, there would be absolutely no chance of that.

About an hour before work ended, Kim realized that a rough plan had formed in her mind without much conscious thought. Everyone usually left the building promptly at closing time. If she lingered for a few minutes afterward, she would be all alone with no chance of being interrupted. She could just quickly and discreetly take a deep whiff of the frustrating sample and scratch that strange itch growing inside her, then be on her way.

She couldn't believe she was actually thinking about doing this. It was far and away the most perverted thing she had ever done in her life. She needed a therapist to spend a couple of years unpacking whatever weird sexual hang-up she had stumbled on today... But first she needed to

smell that fucking cum and satisfy the impulsive, obsessive curiosity that had gotten a hold of her.

As the last few minutes ticked away, Kim found herself growing more and more anxious, as well as hornier and hornier. She pressed her thighs together tightly, rubbing against each other subtly as she bit her lip, trying to get some sort of stimulation without just rubbing herself in front of Gloria like a fucking pervert. She kept her head down, pretending to work, but she knew getting any real work done would be impossible while her body was burning like this and her thoughts dripped with thoughts of jizz.

Finally, the last patient left. The staff slowly began trailing out. Kim looked up at the clock, shifting in her seat, her movements stimulating the buzzing wet heat between her legs. 4:58. Almost there. So close. The scent of cum felt like it was overwhelming Kim ability to think. She knew the smell was just a memory, but it seemed so fucking real. Her mouth was watering now, and she wiped it apsently with the back of a trembling hand. She checked the clock again. 5:01. Passed quitting time. Why was Gloria just sitting there? Why wasn't she leaving?

After what felt like an eternity, Gloria sighed and stood up. "I'm headed out," she said with a smile as Kim silently urged her to hurry the fuck up.

Out loud, Kim said, "I j-just need to get this last form in before I leave. I'll see you tomorrow."

Glorai nodded at her with a worried frown. "Hm. Ok, girl. You get some rest now, ok? You looked a little... off today."

"Yeah. I will. For sure," said Kim, her leg beginning to bounce again from nerves. Bad idea. That caused some friction between her legs that was both distracting and delicious. But luckily, Gloria didn't seem to notice the change in Kim's expression from the sudden flare of pleasure the movement caused. She walked toward the door (too slowly in Kim's opinion) and then through it. When the glass door shut behind her, Kim was left alone in the building.

She immediately turned to the fridge, her heart thumping wildly in her chest. She knew it was probably safer to wait a few more minutes in case someone forgot something and came back inside, but Kim had waited long enough. She still had some half-baked notion in her head as she scanned her badge on the fridge lock that she smelling the sample of cum one last time would somehow straighten everything out. That everything would suddenly click into place and make sense, and she wouldn't feel these inexplicable urges anymore.

Kim had one last moment of hesitation as she pulled out the sample cup and gripped the lid, ready to twist it open. Something was wrong here. Both times she had caught the scent of this semen sample, it had effected her deeply, ratcheting up the horny hunger building inside her. Why was she so certain that trying again wouldn't just make things worse? It was probably smarter to put the sample back and go home. Maybe buy a big, thick dildo on the way and really make a night of it.

But even if it was the wiser decision, Kim couldn't make her arm reach out to return the sample jar. Her deep animal instincts insisted that she had to experience the sight and smell of the ugly stranger's cum one last time.

And Kim had always been one to follow her instincts.

She unscrewed the jar, bringing it up to her nose and closing her eyes. The musky, bleached smell seemed to flood her senses, sending a wave of powerful, muscle-weakening desire rolling through her body. She let out a low, unconscious moan as the feeling spread through every nerve, Fuck! It was just an old man's dirty jizz. It shouldn't be able to do this to her. What the fuck was this bastard eating?

But as pleasurable as it was to hold the thick, reeking cum beneath her nose and take deep, ragged breaths... it was frustrating too. It made the powerful cravings swell inside her, like a burning sexual itch that was impossible to scratch. She found that her hand was resting lightly between her legs... then not so lightly, pressing her scrubs tight against the hot, moist flesh beneath, mashing her soaking panties into her aching pussy.

Kim caught herself, glancing up at the shiny eye of the security camera above her. She had to be careful. Kim knew for a fact that the security footage was almost never reviewed in normal circumstances, but even the smallest chance that someone might see her masturbating while sniffing a donor's sperm sample like a creepy pervert was unacceptable.

But it had felt fucking good. Touching herself had turned up the blazing, perverse heat of this embarrassing act even further. She had done what she set out to do already. She had gotten one more smell of Frank Penn's cum. Really, she should put back the sample and head home.

Or, she could take things one little step further and go home truly satisfied.

Moving quickly and smoothly, Kim recapped the sperm sample and stood, holding it low to her side opposite the view of the camera, then heading for the staff bathroom at a brisk pace.

When she got to the bathroom and locked the door behind her, she paused for a moment, leaning her head against the door and breathing heavily, feeling her body pulse with desperate arousal. This was insane. She had stolen a donor's sperm sample to use as a masturbation aid. She was deep in uncharted waters, sexually speaking. But her body knew what it wanted, even if her mind was totally lost. She gripped the cool plastic of the semen sample tightly in her sweaty fist and hurried to the toilet to sit, fumbling with her pants as she went.

Her haste and arousal made her clumsy as she stripped her pants and panties to her ankles, exposing her hot, throbbing pussy to the cool air of the bathroom. She couldn't resist exploring her dripping folds for a moment with one hand, gasping lightly at the intense sensation of her

own probing fingers on her sopping sex. But that left the sample capped... and more than anything, Frank's semen was what she wanted.

With a grunt of frustration, her legs spread wide as she sat on the toilet, Kim withdrew her hand from her pussy to uncap the sperm sample. The smell hit her like a revelation, sending a wave of helpless sexual pleasure through her just like it had before. Except right now she no longer had to be careful. She could really let loose and explore the perverse desires that she had been resisting all day.

Kim held the full cup of thick, pearly goo up to her nose with her left hand, breathing in deep huff of tainted air as her right hand dived back to her pussy, rubbing her throbbing, desperate cunt with tight circular strokes. As insane and perverted as this was, Kim couldn't remember ever feeling this fucking incredible. Her hips began to hump forward into her firmly rubbing fingers as the her deep sniffs and the wet sloppy sounds of her pussy filled the air.

The thick, suffocatingly masculine scent overwhelmed her, drowning her in pleasure as low animal moans grew in the back of her throat, sounding almost as angry as they did aroused. This feeling was fantastic, a scorching, powerful erotic pleasure better than anything she had ever known. But it wasn't satisfying. The musky scent rising from the cup fed the sexual itch inside her, but didn't scratch it. She needed more. Something else.

She needed to fucking taste it.

The thought was disgusting. Impossible. Alluring. She had been dancing around it all day. In her rational mind, the thought of taking the creepy, arrogant, ugly man's semen into her mouth was humiliating and repulsive. But the deep, animal part of her that brought her back to sniff his semen again and again didn't care how degrading it was to taste the cum of a man she looked down on. That part of her was just pure sexual hunger without shame, and it wouldn't be denied. Just considering the vile act made Kim's pussy clenched hungrily, her back arching as a small orgasm ripped through her, taking her breath away. It was another reckless, self-destructive idea, but Kim was, as always, an impulsive person.

If she dipped just the tip of her finger in the sample... just to take the tiniest taste and satisfy her curiosity, that wouldn't be the end of the world.

With one hand continuing to rub and tease her slick, swollen sex, Kim placed the sample cup precariously on one thigh and dipped the tip of her index finger into the thick slime, still cool from its time in the sample fridge. She held the finger up in front of her face, staring cross-eyed at the glob of off-white goo coating her finger. Her breath was hot and humid in her throat. Her hair stood on end. This was the grossest thing she had ever done, but just the thought of tasting this asshole's cum was tying her insides into hot, slippery knots of lust and anxiety. Her fingers made wet, obscene noises between her thighs as they began to plunge deep and fast into her hot, greedy pussy.

In one swift motion, she sealed her glossy lips around the tainted finger, swirling her tongue over it to lick away the stranger's sperm.

Fireworks lit up in her mind, and a ragged moan tore from her throat. It felt like her veins were set afire, and her pussy clenched and spasmed around her fingers in sexual delight. Kim had been around the block before sexually. This wasn't the first time she had ever had semen in her mouth. It had never been something she particularly enjoyed, of course. She usually preferred her lovers to warn her beforehand and stroke them to completion rather than have her mouth flooded with salty goo.

This was different. Somehow, as the taste of the tiny sample spread through her mouth, her whole body seemed to scream out in joy. The hunger inside her sent a primal, bone-deep message roaring through her body...

MORE.

But, unfortunately, her body reacted on its own in another way as well. Her hips pressed forward into her fingers, shifting the open container of cum.

Kim noticed in time to grab the container, but as she fumbled it a thick streak of pearly slime spilled out onto her thigh. Kim gasped in shock, still reeling from her first taste of the stranger's cum, looking down and the slimy splotch of jizz on her thigh. It was actually tingling on her skin for some reason. A thick drop began to roll down the outside of her thigh toward the floor, and a sudden powerful instinct told Kim that she couldn't allow that cum to be wasted. Still holding the sample cup, she extended a finger and wiped up the cum slipping down her leg. Then, without another thought, brought the larger sample to her lips and greedily sucked it off.

If anything, it tasted even better than the first little bit, filling her mouth with a taste that turned her stomach and made her whole pulse with filthy pleasure. Her fingers began moving again, plunging deep into her throbbing pussy three at a time, augmenting and intensifying the pleasure this man's sperm was causing her. Kim looked down and saw that there was so much ooey-goey, salty sperm still lying there on her trembling thigh... just going to waste.

And with that, the dam was truly broken. Kim went into a frenzy, scraping up every luscious drop of the spilled semen from her thigh, greedily sucking and licking it off her fingers as her other hand rapidly finger-fucked her hot, sloppy cunt. Animalistic groans of satisfied hunger blended with the wet sounds of self-pleasure as Kim lost herself to her animal instincts. Her body had never felt better than it did in this moment.

And then, when she had cleaned away all of the spilled cum... her lust-glazed eyes saw the half full sample cup still in her hand. If she wasn't cum drunk and in the middle of the most powerful sexual experience of her life, Kim might have realized that what she was about to do was a terrible idea.

She didn't even hesitate. Kim held the cup up over her face and tilted it, opening her mouth wide and sticking out her tongue in a slutty display of desperate sexual hunger. The semen landed in a thick drizzle, covering her tongue and spilling down the front of her scrubs, staining them with thick globs of translucent white slime. Kim didn't care. She was cumming. Brought to orgasm by the glorious fulfillment of the hunger that had been building inside her for days. Her back arched, pressing her spasming pussy up into her fingers as she swallowed the thick, salty gulp, defiling herself with a stranger's sperm.

As her Climax continued to rage through her, making her pussy clamp tight onto her fingers, Kim brought the sample cup to her mouth, extending her tongue to lick up every remaining drop clinging to the sides of the cup while letting out slutty, mewling moans. Her eyes squeezed shut to savor the taste as she basked in the glow of her deep, powerful orgasm.

Sexual itch completely and thoroughly scratched, at long last.

...

Eliza's eyes flicked to Bitsy, but the young Asian woman was frozen with shock. She couldn't count on her new accomplice to rescue her here. Eliza dug deep, fumbling desperately for an excuse that would convince the oddly-sharp-eyed bimbo in front of her not to blow the whistle and expose her visit.

And she found one, even though she was reluctant to pursue it.

"I... well, my master said he wants me to start, um, performing for him," said Eliza haltingly. Even with all the humiliations she had been through since this ordeal began, she still felt heat rising to her cheeks as she said, "Performing... with other women. I don't know much about pleasing women, so I wanted to learn from someone who knows how."

Mitsy's eyes retained their sharp curiosity even while she giggled and said, "Reeeeeally... you came all the way out here just to learn about munching cunt? What a good, dedicated bunny! Your master must be so proud!"

"It's true," said Bitsy, immediately on board with Eliza's deception. "She saw how you and I kissed and stuff at the meetup, and she wasn't sure who else she could ask. I've been giving her some tips."

"But, sorry Lizzie, I'm such a dum-dum," said Mitsy, knocking on her head in a cutesy way. "I just don't get it. Why wouldn't your master contact mine to set up this playdate? Whydja hafta sneak in?"

That... was an excellent point. Eliza floundered for a second, but this time, Bitsy had recovered from her shock enough to jump to Eliza's rescue. "Come on, Mitsy," said Bitsy pleadingly. "Be nice. Her master just sort of sprung it on her, and she's scared. She's never been with a woman

before, apart from that little bit of pussy licking at the meetup. Her master would have thought she was talking back if she said she needed help to learn how.”

The look in Mitsy’s eyes softened just a fraction, and for a second, Eliza thought she would let her go... but then a different look crossed the curvy blonde’s face. One that was just as concerning to Eliza: intrigued arousal.

“Well,” said Mitsy thoughtfully, clicking across the kitchen linoleum on tall heels. “A scared little bunny who wants to know what it’s like to kiss girls, huh?” Her chuckle was warm, but had a nasty undertone to it. Eliza’s eyes scanned Mitsy’s body, covered only by a thin top tied off directly beneath her large, braless tits and a pair of tiny denim shorts that clung to her hips like a second skin. She gulped as she saw the sudden predatory gleam in Mitsy’s eyes and realized that this other Cumbunny probably had the same ravenous sexual appetite that she herself was now struggling with.

Mitsy stood looking up at her now, not looking concerned in the slightest about the height difference.

“Strip,” the shorter woman commanded with a wide, deceptively friendly grin.

Eliza felt a shock of adrenaline run through her body as Bitsy made a mild sound of discomfort and said, “Mitsy, don’t you think that...”

“She wants to learn how to play with girls, Bitsy,” said Mitsy, her pale blue eyes flicking toward her sister Cumbunny for a moment. “You can’t do that through just talking about it. I think this nervous little bunny needs some... hands-on coaching.” Mitsy had cut Bitsy off instantly and effectively, without raising her usual sugar-sweet voice. That alone made the pecking order between CoachS’ two Cumbunnies painfully obvious. Bitsy was in Eliza’s corner, but she was also the bottom bitch in the twisted threesome with CoachS and Mitsy. Eliza couldn’t count on her to fight back against Mitsy. There was no getting out of this. If Eliza claimed that she was here to learn how to have lesbian sex... it looked like she would have to put her money where her mouth is.

Eliza felt Mitsy’s playful, expectant eyes on her like a burning weight as she took a deep breath and slowly tugged her sweater up and off. Between Bitsy’s pornographic maid costume, and Mitsy’s slutty cowgirl chic, Eliza had been the only sensibly dressed person in the room... but she was about to be the first one to get naked.

Eliza’s skin broke out in goosebumps as she shimmied her pants down her legs, stepping out of them to shiver in the dim kitchen light of a stranger’s home. It felt so strange to be doing something this slutty for someone other than Gene... he was the only reason she had gone down this path of corruption, yet here she was without his direction or knowledge, stripping naked so that Mitsy could “teach” her. Eliza found her body perversely warming up at the

thought. Lizzie stirred with interest inside her, intrigued by the prospect of learning a new type of sexual pleasure.

Mitsy's hot, predatory gaze made Eliza's belly fill with the uncomfortable squirm of nervous lust as she reached behind her back to unhook her bra. Surprisingly, Eliza saw that Bitsy was watching her as well, the young Asian's eyes shining with some unreadable passion as Eliza's firm, pale tits came into view, their pink nipples embarrassingly stiff beneath the eyes of her fellow bunnies.

Mitsy giggled at the sight, drawing closer and reaching out to roll one beautiful, rosy nipple between thumb and forefinger with a cruelly tight pinch. Eliza hissed in surprise, pain and pleasure just as Mitsy cooed, "You know, Lizzie... I was sort of thinking you might be lying to me for a second. But now that I see how... eager you are, I'm strating to think you really were so desperate to lick puss that you snuck over here. Is that true, Lizzie? Are you eager for Mitsy and Bitsy to teach you?"

"Yes," whimpered Eliza, feeling her whole body flood with helpless lust, "Please teach me!" What had she gotten herself into? The excuse had seemed like the only way out, but now she was falling into a sexual abyss she had never foreseen. And based on the way the other woman's touch was making her feel, maybe she didn't even want to escape. Mitsy's tight grip on her sensitive nipple sent sexual electricity crackling through her body, as the teasing bimbo giggled openly at Eliza's obvious arousal.

'Then you had better take those panties off, bunny," said Mitsy in a mocking whisper. "How else can we give you an accurate demonstration?'

Eliza could feel it even before she hooked her thumbs under the waistband of her panties and pulled them down, but it was still embarrassing to unveil her wet pussy, swollen with forbidden desire for the two women watching her every move. Mitsy's hand, with its ridiculously long pink fingernails, trailed teasingly down Eliza's body, raising goosebumps as it went. Eliza sucked in a hot, gasping breath as one slim, long-nailed finger slipped down to rest lightly against her lower lips, pressing gently there but not parting them. Mitsy's blazing eyes locked with hers as the giggly bimbo said, "Don't worry, hun. You're going to be an expert by the time Bitsy and I get done with you!"

Then, suddenly, the finger was withdrawn. Mitsy turned and swayed away on her tall pink heels toward the nearby living room. "Come on, Lizzie. Bitsy. It's time for lesson number one. An example to work from." She approached a beat-up plaid sofa, and beckoned Eliza forward, gesturing for her to sit. Eliza looked longingly at her little puddle of clothes, but moved forward hesitantly toward Mitsy, covering her stiff nipples and sopping pussy self-consciously as she gingerly took a seat on the sofa.

Mitsy giggled down at her, biting her plump, glossy lower lip with obvious gleeful anticipation. Eliza's heart hammered in her chest, and she felt weak. She had assumed that all of her intense

arousal from the filthy acts Gene had forced her into had been caused by her addiction to his cum. Even when she sucked off Carl, it was because her master had ordered her to. But now, here on her own, defying Gene, her body still pulsed with a craving to be used... to be commanded.

What exactly had her time with Gene turned her into?

“An example?” she asked with a tremor of anxiety in her voice, looking up at Mitsy, who now had her hand between her legs, lazily rubbing herself over the surface of her denim shorts. “Does that mean you’re going to...?” Eliza could feel her hot juices leaking out from behind the fingers pressed tight to her pussy at the thought of the beautiful, ditsy, oddly dominant blonde kneeling between her thighs.

But she got something unexpected... maybe even better, in a twisted way.

“Ohhhh, I would, honey,” simpered Mitsy with a wink. “I’m sure you are just super tasty down there. But I’m not the expert in pussy licking in this household... Bitsy! Get over here and show our guest how a real expert does it!”

Eliza looked at Bitsy, her heart suddenly in her throat. She felt a little guilty: after all, it had been her who had come up with this stupid excuse for why she was here, and now, because of what she said, Mitsy was going to force Eliza’s new ally to kneel and service her pussy.

But Bitsy didn’t look reluctant as she slowly crossed the room, lips parted and panting and fingers twisting nervously together in front of her. She looked fucking horny. And Eliza realized that she wasn’t hesitant either. From the moment she had walked in the door and seen Bitsy in that ridiculous, revealing outfit, a part of her had wanted to touch the young woman... to be touched in return. Eliza might find the idea of Bitsy being forced to eat her out repellant... but Lizzie the slutty Cumbunny loved the idea of the sexy Asian teen crawling between her legs.

As Bitsy knelt down in front of Eliza and placed gentle palms on her thighs, her upturned eyes filled with smokey heat, Eliza couldn’t help but feel a desperate hunger to experience the obscene “lesson’ Mitsy was promising. Eliza could feel a fresh flood of arousal as Bitsy drew close, just inches from her wet pussy which was throbbing with lust for another woman for the first time in her life. Bitsy would have to eat her out whether Eliza enjoyed it or not... so why not let Lizzie take over and relish the taboo experience?

The young Asian woman kneeling at Eliza’s feet was an image of slutty submission, biting her lip as she looked up into her friend’s eyes. The obscene maid costume... Her stiff little nipples showing her deep arousal... her smoldering gaze... CoachS had molded Beth into the perfect image of a eager-to-please young submissive whore: Bitsy, a perfect Cumbunny. And even a woman like Eliza, whose bisexuality was largely unexplored, wasn’t able to resist the urge to experience her humble service.

But one last shred of decency made Eliza hesitate. Bitsy was her friend now. Her accomplice. She needed to respect Bitsy, and this submissive sex act seemed like a poor foundation for a relationship of trust. Trying to give her new friend one last chance, she said, "Bitsy... you don't have to..."

It was too late, Mitsy reached down with a cruel giggle and pulled Bitsy's face forward, saying, "Don't be a stick in the mud, Lizzie! The little slut loves licking cunt!" And, in one explosive moment, Eliza felt another woman's mouth on her sex for the first time. She let out an unladylike grunt of surprise at the sudden intense sensation, her hips seeming to shift forward and tilt up on their own, offering Bitsy better access for her sloppy work as Eliza's conscious mind was temporarily stunned by the sensation.

Bitsy seemed to lose herself in the task instantly, her eyes closing as her wicked tongue snaked out, tentatively parting Eliza's lips, exploring her pussy. Eliza took a shuddering breath that nearly became a moan. The feeling was so strange... so different from the fingers or penises she had experienced in the past. She had never tried cunnilingus with David, and Gene certainly wasn't the type to be sexually giving in that way. So this was an entirely new feeling... and one that her inner cumbunny was eager to embrace.

Bitsy's tongue and lips worked together, tracing every inch of Eliza's intimate folds, sucking and slurping, flicking and teasing. Eliza fought back a sudden urge to reach down and grip Bitsy's hair, pulling her in tighter and rubbing and thrusting against her face. She no longer saw Bitsy as a brave young woman defying her master's control... in this heated moment, Eliza saw the obedient little slut between her thighs exactly how CoachS saw her: a sex object only good for pleasure.

'She's good, isn't she?' purred Mitsy, snuggling up to Eliza on the couch and looking down at Bitsy's eager cunt-munching with wicked heat leaping high in her eyes. "She was sooo bitchy early on in her training that Master thought it would be funny to make her into a mouth slut. Make her get all hot and bothered by the idea of serving on her knees... both men and women. It really is the ultimate submission. Humbling yourself both physically and emotionally."

Eliza saw with a thrill of arousal that one of Bitsy's hands had now withdrawn from her thigh, and was working busily between her slim legs, fingering Bitsy's hot little cunt with loud squishing noises. Bitsy moaned into Eliza's pussy, sending toe-curling vibrations through her. The little Asian Cumbunny clearly enjoyed giving the cunnilingus as much as Eliza enjoyed receiving it. "Coach turned you into a good little mouth slut, isn't that right, Bitsy-baby?" cooed Mitsy, reaching down to grip Bitsy's hair, mashing her cute little face deep into Eliza's hot, wet pussy, drawing a moan from both of them. Mitsy's eyes turned to Eliza, shiny and lustful and cruel. "And you could be one too, couldn't you, Lizzie? That's why you're here, right? I want you to focus on Bitsy's technique now."

She curvy blonde pressed herself right up against Eliza's naked body, her glossy lips just inches from Eliza's ear as she murmured, "Feel how she serves, Lizzie. Feel how her tongue worships

every inch of you... Feel the submission in every lick and moan. Memorize the movements... the passion. Are you taking notes?"

The hot, hissing words in her ear blended with the wet slurping noises of Bitsy's busy mouth. Eliza's whole body felt electrified, every nerve blazing with pleasure as Bitsy's skilled tongue worked her pussy. She felt herself rapidly sliding toward orgasm. Inside her, Lizzie took control. Defiance didn't matter. Plans didn't matter. Respect for her new ally didn't matter. All that mattered was that the little slut licking her pussy made her cum right fucking now. She reached down and grasped the back of Bitsy's head, pressing her hips forward and rubbing her new friend's face deep into her spasming pussy.

Far from being offended, Bitsy let out another moan, her lips and tongue working double time to bring Eliza to the orgasm she so desperately craved. Mitsy backed away with a giggle, letting Eliza revel in her first sapphic orgasm. Bitsy's tongue swirled and flicked over Eliza's clit mercilessly, and Eliza gasped, eyes staring wide, back arching and thighs clamping tight over Bitsy's face as she saw stars, a powerful orgasm finally releasing the building sexual need that David was no longer allowed to satisfy. Finally, she released Bitsy and fell backward, drained but fulfilled, glowing from a deep thorough orgasm.

But the party wasn't over yet.

Mitsy had unbuttoned her tight jean shorts and was busily tugging them down her thick thighs, revealing both her lack of underwear and her puffy shaved-bare pussy, dripping with need. Eliza met the curvy blonde's eyes and felt a thrill of sexual intimidation at the hunger she saw there. "I hope that you were paying attention during your lesson," purred Mitsy, her hand snaking up to grip Eliza's long, dark hair, "Because it's time for a pop quiz!"

In one painful yank, Eliza found herself on the ground in front of Mitsy, and she instantly knew how things felt from Bitsy's point of view. Mitsy towered above her, her pretty blue eyes blazing with dominant arousal. Eliza's lust came roaring back in an instant. It had felt deliciously foreign and strange when Bitsy was submissively licking her pussy, and Eliza had chalked that up mostly to her unfamiliarity with lesbian sex. But she was just now realizing that being in the dominant position sexually was just as much a part of why it had felt so different.

Even though she was now on her knees in front of a woman rather than her master, this position felt much more familiar. Submission and humble service were habits that had been branded into her soul by Gene... and now she was going to put those instincts into practice in a brand new way.

Eliza's pulse drummed in her ears as Mitsy pulled her closer. Mitsy's plump, glistening pussy was just inches away from Eliza's blushing face, lips lightly parted and oozing with lubrication. She could smell the tang of the blonde Cumbunny's arousal, and for some reason, it made her mouth begin to water, despite the twisting feeling of disgust that flip-flopped in her stomach. She had eaten another woman's pussy only once before, at the same meet-up where she had first

met Mitsy and Bitsy, and the humiliating memory of that experience seemed to taint this experience as well. Eliza had little time to think. Mitsy's grip on her head was iron hard as she cooed, "Theeere we go Lizzie... just like Bitsy showed you now. Make me proud."

Mitsy's sex was hot and wet against her face, smearing the slick juices of arousal around Eliza's closed mouth. She thought about resisting for a moment, more out of principle than anything. But what would that prove? She had already told Mitsy that she wanted to learn how to have lesbian sex and accepted Bitsy's humiliating service... she doubted that playing coy now would save her dignity. Besides, a deep, primal part of herself wanted to be pushed around... to be made to serve just like Bitsy had served her. Once again, Eliza gave in, allowing her slutty Cumbunny instincts take over. She might as well enjoy this if Mitsy was going to make her serve either way.

Eliza's tongue cautiously thrust forward, parting Mitsy's juicy lips and tasting her arousal. The dominant bunny above her let out a soft, encouraging sound of pleasure, her hand pulling Eliza even closer. "Remember how Bitsy used her tongue on you?" asked Mitsy sweetly. "Now do the same thing on me, honey. Make me fucking cum."

Despite the roiling blend of arousal and disgust warring within her, Eliza did her best. She tried to match the pleasurable writhes and wriggles of the little Asian's wicked tongue as she buried her face between the bimbo's plump thighs. Mitsy moaned, sweet and low, spreading her legs wider and pressing her hips forward as Eliza slid her tongue deep inside, then slipped it back out to circle the dominant bunny's swollen clit. "Thaaat's it, Lizzie..." said Mitsy breathily. "God. Your place is on your knees with Bitsy. You would be fucking wasted as a dominant."

Eliza's vision was limited in her humbled position between Mitsy's legs, but she noticed that Bitsy was watching the show with keen interest... her hand still buried between her thighs, rubbing and flexing busily. It was clear that there were no hard feelings over Eliza enjoying Bitsy's humble service: right now the cute Asian was clearly enjoying the sight of Eliza's submissive cunnilingus just as much.

Mitsy groaned deeply as she rubbed her slick cunt all over Eliza's licking, slurping mouth, her breaths coming harsh and panting from above, her grip on Eliza's hair tight and painful. Then, just when it seemed like she was about to climax and end the entire session, she unexpectedly yanked Eliza's head away, leaving Eliza's eyes hazy with submissive desire and her mouth dripping with feminine lubrication.

"Not yet, slut," panted Mitsy with a loopy grin. "I have one last lesson to teach you before we finish this. She pushed Eliza back onto the ground and got down off the couch, lifting one of Eliza's shapely thighs to expose her throbbing sex. Eliza was confused... it was a position that almost felt like Mitsy planned to fuck her, but she wasn't sure how that could be possible.

But her body understood immediately when Mitsy took her position between Eliza's spread legs, sliding her own pussy dominantly up Eliza's thigh, The blonde bunny's pussy powerfully

mashing against Eliza's, teaching her the new sensation of hot, slimy female-on-female friction. Eliza had never scissored with anyone before, wasn't even sure how it could feel good, but her hips began moving by instinct as Mitsy rode her with aggressive thrusts of her hips, their clits sliding and grinding against each others' hot, slick flesh.

Eliza gasped and writhed, her whole body aflame with forbidden lust. She was so consumed by the sensation of her pussy messily grinding against Mitsy's that she didn't notice Bitsy until her new friend was looming over her face.

Bitsy's eyes shone with desperate lust as she looked down, own finger slowly pumping in and out of her tight little pussy. "P-please," she whined, looking into Eliza's eyes as sexual tension crackled between them, "Don't leave me out." She said it like she was asking for a favor, but Bitsy didn't leave Eliza much choice. She planted one slim thigh on either side of Eliza's upturned face, and suddenly her tight little pussy was descending, filling Eliza's world with its sight and scent.

When Bitsy's pussy pressed downward onto Eliza's moaning face, she felt a powerful crackle of sexual heat pulse through her. Here she was, with other Cumbunnies, in theory her equals, yet she was being vigorously fucked from one direction by Mitsy, while Bitsy rode her face from the other. Even here, away from her master, she was being used as a tool for pleasure. It was clear that Bitsy was the most submissive member of the twisted throuple that lived in this house, yet it appeared that Eliza was beneath even her in the hierarchy of submission. And, even though Eliza knew that thought should make her despair, it only drove her faster toward the powerful orgasm she could feel rumbling toward her. She was turned on by helpless submission now, with or without Gene involved. She was Lizzie, the submissive slut, and this was where she belonged: used for sexual pleasure.

Based on the moans tearing from both Mitsy and Bitsy's mouths, they were on the razor's edge of orgasm as well. Eliza's hips squirmed against Mitsy's wet pussy, her tongue thrust and swirled into the tight little cunt pressed against her face. Her body tipped over the edge, lighting up with a blaze of sexual electricity, every muscle straining and seizing as she orgasmed, muffled moans pouring upward into Bitsy's juicy pussy, her own cunt spasming against the slick sex of another woman.

Bitsy whimpered her own release, Reaching down to grasp Eliza's bouncing tits and grinding her hips downward, nearly suffocating Eliza with her wet heat. Mitsy climaxed last, increasing the movement of her hips to a frantic speed as she grunted in dominant ecstasy, gripping Eliza's ankle for leverage.

Finally, after a long moment of overlapping orgasm, the three woman collapsed back onto the grubby carpet, panting hot, harsh breathes. As they lay there, Bitsy snuggled in close to Eliza, gripping her arm and nuzzling her shoulder fondly. Maybe it should have felt odd to have Bitsy's hot, soft nudity pressed against her, but Eliza accepted it, and the strange comfort it brought. When Eliza turned to look into Bitsy's lovely eyes she was relieved to see that, despite the wild,

uninhibited sex Mitsy had just orchestrated between them, there was still a silent determination burning there... as well as respect, undiminished by seeing how submissive Eliza could be. Eliza took comfort in that, even though there was no way to discuss their plan further with Mitsy around.

Mitsy giggled on her other side, sitting up and grinning at the two snuggling Cumbunnies. "Ooooooh, looks like you two sparked a little connection, huh?" she asked with a snicker, her eyes darting hungrily over warm lovely flesh of Eliza and Bitsy pressed so close. "Well maybe we will have to ask Coach if he is open to more playdates when he gets back. I think he would just love to see you too explore this little crush together."

Ah. Shit. It appeared that Mitsy still intended to tell CoachS all about her visit. Eliza thought quickly. She needed to somehow convince Mitsy to remain silent.

"Mitsy... I was hoping you might be able to keep my 'lesson' a secret," said Eliza cautiously.

Mitsy's wide, loopy smile remained, but her eyes once again glittered with suspicion. "But why should I do that, honey?" she asked sweetly. "Coach just loves it when his bunnies play with other girls. Why would I keep it from him?"

"If you tell Coach, he is going to brag to her master about it," said Bitsy, her voice confident, still staring into Eliza's eyes. "Lizzie's master will get embarrassed. You know Coach. He's going to make it sound like Gene can't handle training his bunny and needs outside help. He's going to punish her... and she'll never be allowed to do this again."

Eliza glanced over to Mitsy, whose eyes had now grown thoughtful. It was easy to tell that the blonde bimbo bunny didn't like the idea of keeping secrets from her master, but she had enjoyed the session, and accepted the logic that if she told him, this kind of thing could never happen again. Maybe there was just a glimmer of sympathy there as well... Mitsy might be totally lost under her master's will, but that didn't mean she wanted to see Eliza suffer.

Finally, Mitsy grimaced and sighed. "Fine. Coach likes lesbian play, so we didn't do anything wrong. And if we did nothing wrong, then forgetting to mention it to him isn't working against him. But next time you come over, you need to get permission, ok, Lizzie?"

"Y-yes, of course," said Eliza gratefully. Bitsy got up next to her, motioning with a jerk of her head toward the kitchen, and Eliza's clothes. It was time to leave. Mitsy may have agreed to keep things a secret, but it was tentative, and besides, it wouldn't matter that they had convinced her to stay quiet if CoachS suddenly arrived home.

Eliza dressed as quickly as she could while Mitsy babbled inane small talk, as if they were three women meeting up for coffee instead of three sluts who had each other's juices drying on their lips and thighs.

Within a few minutes, Eliza was ready to go. Mitsy cheerfully waved goodbye, and Bitsy gave her one reassuring squeeze of her hand. With Mittsy right there, she couldn't tell Eliza that the plan was still on, but Eliza saw the determination in her new ally's eyes.

When Eliza got back to the car, she chugged the rest of her tainted coffee, feeling the euphoria of Gene's cum hit her, blending with the golden afterglow of her orgasm. Today had been... insane. And maybe the implications for her future weren't good if she was this instinctively submissive now even without Gene. But Eliza felt more optimistic than she had for a long time. Her plan with Bitsy might be a huge risk for just the small reward of gaining more information, but she finally felt like she was making progress. And she had an ally in her corner now... A really cute ally, with a naughty little body and a tight, juicy pussy.

Eliza shook off that arousing thought and pulled away from the curb. She had to get home and cleaned up before David got back from work so that she could tell him all about how she had pattered around the house and spent the day reading.

...

Five minutes after the best fucking orgasm of her young life, Kim sat on the toilet in her workplace bathroom, hair a mess, eyes wild, and chest heaving. Her panties were soaked through, there were streaks of cum all down the front of her scrubs... and she held a completely licked-clean sample cup in her hand.

Fuck.

Now that her mindless lust had cleared, Kim cursed herself for her stupidity. "Why couldn't I control my fucking sex drive for one fucking day?" she moaned in despair. She was totally screwed. Sperm samples, like any biological material, were carefully logged and tracked. She had logged the time when she placed Frank Penn's sperm sample in the fridge, so the system expected to be there. It was supposed to get picked up tomorrow with all the other samples to go to the central processing lab for testing. And when the sample wasn't there... there were going to be a lot of questions that Kim didn't have good answers to.

She could try reporting it as an accidental spill. Mistakes happened after all, and it certainly wouldn't be the first time. But logging a spill would raise the logical question of why she was handling sperm samples all alone in the building after closing time. She began cooking up an elaborate scheme where she would pretend to make a spill tomorrow morning so she could log it then, but she kept running into issues. How could she publicly make a spill and clean it up without anyone noticing there was no semen? What if someone checked the sample fridge and saw the empty cup before she got the chance to do her act? It just wasn't going to work.

And when the bosses sensed something was up, they would check the security footage. And the footage would show Kim sniffing Frank's sperm, then taking the sample to the bathroom.

Fuck losing her job, she might actually get in criminal trouble for this.

But there was one possible solution, as distasteful as it might be. The easiest way to avoid consequences for her actions was to ensure that when the van came tomorrow to pick up the samples, Frank Penn's sample cup was full again. Kim took a deep breath and stilled her panic, carefully cleaning off her sperm-splattered top in the sink as best she could before returning to the front desk.

With a look of intense concentration, she pulled up Frank Penn's information on her computer and punched his contact number into her cell.

He answered on the second ring. "You've got Penn," he said in a voice just as obnoxious as Kim remembered from this morning.

Kim forced her voice back into calm, cheery, customer service mode as she said,

"Good evening, Mr. Penn. I'm afraid that there was a small issue with your sample, and we're going to need you to come back in tomorrow morning to make another donation."