

Eliza let out a laugh, long and rich and free. Then she got up and put on the long coat she had hung up by the door, finally covering her naked body. Hiding it from Gene's piggy eyes forever.

Her "master" (God, the term already felt ridiculous) stared at her uncomprehendingly, sticky remnants of the cinnamon bun clinging to the corner of his mouth. "What the fuck are you doing?" he asked in a bewildered tone, completely unused to being defied by his Cumbunny at this point. "No one fucking told you to get dressed. I want to see those tits. Take it off."

Eliza felt a grin slowly spread across her face as, for the first time in months, she simply ignored an order from Gene, relishing the impotent fury in his expression. "No, Gene, I think I'm more comfortable like this," she said simply.

Even this small act of defiance made Gene's face twist in rage. "I don't fucking care, Cumbunny. When I say take off the coat, you'll take off the fucking coat. Or do you want to get cut off again? You're going to pay for this disobedience. Even with all the shit I've made you do, I promise it can get so much fucking worse."

Eliza laughed and shook her head. And now, even someone as slow as Gene was catching on that something was wrong. He ferociously took another bite of his cinnamon bun and narrowed his eyes at Eliza as his mind slowly turned.

Eliza sighed. "You know, for a man who likes to taint people's food, you are far too trusting, "master"."

Gene's chewing slowed. Then stopped. He looked down at the cinnamon bun in his hands and his eyes widened. He dropped the dessert and his small plate with a loud sound of shattering ceramic. He disgustingly spit out the piece he was chewing on and turned back to her with bloodshot eyes. "What the fuck did you put in it?" he snarled.

"What else?" said Eliza gleefully, "There's this magical substance called oil of..."

"Bullshit," said Gene, a fat drop of sweat trailing down the side of his face. "They don't just hand it out! The suppliers would never send it to a random internet stranger. You're bluffing!"

"Well it's lucky for me I know an idiot who keeps his own stash that I could borrow," said Eliza, feeling her heart soar at the look of panic in Gene's slimy eyes. The older man frantically fished the cord from around his neck, pulling out the vial of greenish oil. But before the relief could dawn in his eyes, Eliza crushed his hope again.

"Basil and olive oil got the color perfect," she said smugly, leaning back and crossing her arms. "You really ought to be more careful guarding dangerous substances like that."

"You dumb fucking bitch," said Gene darkly, tossing the worthless vial of olive oil to the ground. "You realize that I'm just going to force you to suck off whoever you tried to get me addicted to

and bring me the cum, right? This didn't change anything. You still belong to me, whether I'm addicted or not!"

Eliza leaned forward, her eyes alight with the satisfaction of revenge as she said, "I wouldn't be so sure."

Gene let out a laugh with a slightly hysterical edge. "Now I know you're lying! Once you become a cumbunny, there is no cure! That's the entire fucking point!" His eyes were wild, and his voice was starting to develop a desperate whine. Once you stripped away his unfair advantages, Gene just wasn't all that impressive.

"I read an interesting story on the Kaos server," said Eliza conversationally. "It took a long time to find. It was a couple of years ago and didn't generate many replies, so I'm not shocked you didn't see it. It was about two brothers who tried to become the joint masters of a childhood friend. It didn't work too well. Want to know why?"

Gene looked like he was having trouble following what Eliza was saying. "Bullshit. You're mine. You're fucking mine," he mumbled distractedly.

"It was because she was addicted to both of their cum," said Eliza excitedly. "And so she was able to play them against each other to get her fix. If one tried to withhold from her, she could go to the other brother. Most people just called the brothers dumbasses, but they missed the most important part..."

Eliza practically crowed the next part in triumph: "A cumbunny can be addicted to more than one man at once! And if they are? Well... hunger is hunger and relief is relief. I'm still technically addicted to your filthy jizz, pervert. But there was plenty of oil left over after I mixed up your concoction, and now my husband's cum will satisfy all of my cravings."

Gene's face was red with anger, but then it drained away, leaving only pale fear in its wake. There was nothing more he could say. His commands would no longer work. Eliza now held all the cards.

And there was something he needed from her very badly.

"Who?" he asked in a whining tone. "Whose cum did you use? Who am I addicted to?"

"You know that my sister works at a sperm bank?" said Eliza with a wide, evil smile. "She's really not supposed to, but I asked her a biiiig favor."

Gene looked like he was about to faint as Eliza said, "I asked her to reach into the big sample fridge with her eyes closed and pull out a random vial, then tear off the label without reading it."

"No," begged Gene weakly.

“Yes,” said Eliza with savage glee. “I have no idea who you’re addicted to, asshole. No one does. By all means, see if you can get your hands on the confidential records at New Life sperm bank. That might narrow down the pool to a dozen or so men. You can work your way through the list. But I guess you had better hope they are receptive to middle-aged men begging for their cum...”

“...Because otherwise, you’re going to have to get used to feeling hungry.”

...

This is just a proof of concept, and there would have to be reworks on this to harmonize with the plot. Also, there would be more wrap-up material at the end after this scene.

There could be a potential double twist where David begins to be tempted to take greater control over his wife now that she is addicted to him.

Let me know what you think!