Cumbunny

by RabbleLaid

Part A

Everyone goes through life with different motivations driving them forward. Some people are motivated by glory. They want to be widely known and admired. Others are motivated by love. They want to find their soulmate and live in harmony.

Eliza Meyer had always thought that people with better, more high-minded motivations had better success in life. A sort of karma, although she didn't think in exactly those terms. She herself had only the purest desires. She wanted love. She wanted to help her fellow man. She wanted to make a difference in the world. And her life had borne that out. She had married Mr. Right, got a job at a prestigious accounting firm in the HR department, bought a beautiful house, and was already choosing decorating options for the future nursery.

She didn't attribute that purely to her motivations, but she tended to believe that doing things for the right reasons led to better results.

On a Friday afternoon about six months after her wedding, Eliza ran a few copies of an announcement reminding employees about the rules regarding shared fridge spaces. She radiated the cool, confident calm that had been her trademark since junior high. Many of her detractors and even some of her friends in college had called her "The Ice Queen", although that was only partially because of her unshakeable poise. Her looks also added to the impression, with her tall, supermodel build, straight, glossy dark hair, and skin so pale that it almost had a translucent glow, she looked the part of a radiant, icy royal as well.

As she waited for her copies to complete, Eliza caught a glance of Gene across the office floor and shuddered.

Eliza, and all right-minded people, were motivated by pure desires. But other people were driven by… baser urges. Lust. Gluttony. Petty spitefulness. Gene Crowder was like the poster child for all the less savory motivations that could carry you through life. The very sight of him was repugnant to Eliza. He was an older man in his mid-forties, with a hanging gut, thinning hair, and a perpetual broad, leering grin that showcased his gold-capped tooth. As if he somehow sensed her eyes on him even from this distance, he glanced up from the secretary he was bothering.

He winked.

Eliza stiffened in affront, wondering whether this constituted a violation of the no-contact order. But before she could even think about it further, she heard a warm voice in her ear say, "Fancy meeting you here! What are the odds?"

With her usual self-possession, Eliza turned smoothly to her husband with a raised eyebrow. "At the copier?" she asked dryly. "I would say the odds are pretty good."

Eliza had been looking. Eliza tried to grab his arm to distract him, but it was too late. David saw Gene across the office and his sunny expression went sour. Well, perfect, there went his mood for the rest of the day.

Eliza's husband had a complicated relationship with Gene. Well, no, that was inaccurate. Their relationship was actually dead simple. They loathed each other. Before she married her husband, David used to come home from work every day with stories about how Gene tried to haze and bully him. It had become a sort of personal crusade for David to defeat and one-up Gene. Eliza used to think it was a little… silly. Gene was no doubt abrasive, rude, and competitive, but surely David was exaggerating in the work stories he told.

Then Eliza finally got a job in the same office as David, and saw the truth for herself. If anything, David had probably been underselling the lengths Gene would go to to annoy and tear David down. But her arrival seemed a good opportunity. As a member of the HR department, she would be able to call Gene into her office and force him to shape up.

Doing so turned out to be a major mistake.

In addition to being a swaggering bully, Gene was a serial sexual harasser. Most of the old-school creeps like him had been cleared out long ago as workplace harassment became less and less acceptable, but Gene was a cockroach… the one percent of germs the hand sanitizer didn't kill. He was careful and subtle. He knew exactly where the line was and exactly how to toe it.

And the fact that Eliza was the fiance of his biggest target made her his new project. His visits to her office became a daily affair. His eyes wandered, but not in a way that could be proven. He used double entendres that could have, if reported, been easily explained away. The fact that it was widely known that David hated Gene actually made it harder to report his behavior… It could be seen as a weaponization of her position in HR.

Eliza knew she was being used as a pawn in Gene's ongoing rivalry with her fiance. Both she and Gene knew that if David heard about the way Gene was openly, aggressively flirting with his fiance, he would be furious. That was the entire point of the exercise.

So Eliza simply didn't tell David. That seemed the easiest way to solve the problem. Once Gene realized that his little plan was a flop, he would lose interest and look for a new way to fuck with David.

So Eliza was subjected to weeks of demeaning flirtation from her husband's worst enemy. Things came to a head when David accidentally walked into Eliza's office while Gene was giving a long-winded, leering speech about "pretty young women" who were "Wasting their lives with wimpy betas".

Long story short, David had instantly understood the situation, snapped, and punched Gene's lights out.

As much as Eliza disapproved of anything barbaric as violence as a solution to life's problems, things had actually worked out. Eliza had been worried that David would be fired, but it seemed like her explanation of the circumstances rang true to the head of HR. David wasn't fired… but neither was Gene. At least not right away. Because the dispute involved a member of HR, and the evidence against Gene was slim, the entire issue had become an intense investigation, with both Gene and David being put on probation.

But things looked promising. Although he was always covering his tracks, practically everyone in the office had circumstantial evidence about how much of a creep Gene was. As the investigation worked slowly, it became more and more clear to Eliza that David would receive a slap on the wrist and Gene would be fired. The company just needed to cover their legal bases first, but she was confident everything would land in their favor.

"Was he looking at you?" asked David as his face clouded over. "Did he try to speak to you or something? God, I'm ready for round two. I'm going to punch that smug look right off his face again."

"No you aren't," said Eliza firmly, physically turning her husband's face back to her. "You're going to patiently wait until the HR investigation finds in our favor, and then…" She looked around slyly and whispered in his ear, "...Then we're going to celebrate. With champagne."

David grinned at her and said, "Yes, ma'am. May I have a kiss to make me forget that troll?"

"HR policy forbids public displays of affection," said Eliza airly, then gave him a quick peck anyway. "Now get back to work. I need to hang up these notices and stop the fridge bandit." She bit her lip, holding up the stern notice on only eating food that you brought and labeled as your own.

David snorted with amusement. "I can only hope we catch that menace before they strike again," he said dryly. "I'll see you later, Sweetie." He cast one more venomous glance across the office, but Gene was no longer hanging out at the secretary's desk. "Try to to look at him. Or even think about him, ok?"

"That goes for you too," said Eliza gently, patting her husband on the arm, "You can't let him get under your skin like this." She knew that this process had been hard for David. Her husband trusted her implicitly, but Gene had been dropping infuriating hints to anyone who would listen that the reason Eliza had kept his visits quiet was that she welcomed his advances. David's loathing for his older rival was so deep that just the thought of Gene pursuing her was enough to drive him into a white-hot rage.

David huffed, smiled at Eliza to let her know it wasn't her he was angry at, and moved off toward his desk.

Eliza moved toward the breakroom. She started a cup of coffee brewing, then dutifully posted the notice on the outside of the fridge. With a sly look behind her to make sure that no one else was in the breakroom, she opened the fridge to see if there was anything good inside.

Yes, Eliza Meyer herself was the culprit in the ongoing food thefts. Although in her mind even calling them that was blowing the issue out of proportion. It wasn't like she was ever taking anyone's whole lunch. She would just sample little bits of food that looked interesting. She did it more for the thrill than anything. One naughty little secret that no one knew except her and her husband. There wasn't much interesting today… except for the fact that someone had bought a new bottle of creamer.

Perfect. A little treat to supplement her morning coffee, and it would be very difficult to prove that any was missing.

Eliza grabbed her steaming cup of coffee and popped open the cap of the bottle of creamer, pouring a small portion of cool, off-white cream into her coffee. She glanced at the bottle and wrinkled her nose a little. "Mixed Nuts" didn't sound like a delicious flavor.

But when she took an experimental sip, her eyebrows rose in appreciation. It was a delicious combination of salty and sweet. She might need to "borrow" some of this tomorrow as well.

Eliza went about her day, forgetting about the creamer. But when she had her second cup of coffee in the afternoon she remembered. Since the breakroom was empty again, she took a little more creamer.

It was just as good the second time.

…

Eliza moaned against her husband's lips as he thrust inside her, slow and deep and tender. His hand sought hers and their fingers entwined. David's breaths were getting deeper and shakier. Their tongues slipped against each other in warm, loving passion.

David came. Pulling away from the kiss and letting out a ragged gasp. Eliza smiled up at him, flexing and working her hips through his orgasm to give her man the deep, satisfying climax he deserved. She could feel him twitching deep inside her as he bent back down to resume their kiss.

After a few minutes of sweet nothings and cuddling, Eliza excused herself to the bathroom to clean up. She loved her husband and enjoyed the intimate, loving act of sex with him, but she could really do without this part.

Eliza's nose wrinkled in distaste as she sat on the toilet and thoroughly wiped herself. Cum. The sticky, smelly residue of male sexual pleasure. It was like a man blew his nose all over your most intimate parts when he climaxed. Disgusting.

David was the only man Eliza had ever been with. She hadn't exactly saved herself for marriage, but she and David hadn't started having sex until she was sure that they would be together forever. Sex had definitely been a learning curve. By now they had a wonderful sex life (though a little vanilla, if her conversations with her friends were anything to go by), but she still struggled to deal with the aftermath.

She had tried to sell David on the idea of using condoms. He had tried to sell her on the idea of cumming on her breasts.

They ended up with a compromise. David could cum in exactly one place, and Eliza would learn to live with it.

When she returned to the bedroom, David was lounging back in bed on his phone. His toned, muscular body looked incredible. And he was all hers. Eliza got into bed and snuggled up against him, putting her head on his firm chest with a sigh of satisfaction. Everyone out in the world got to see Eliza the cool, competent professional, but her warm, loving side was only for David and their close friends. That was the way it should be.

"So," said David with amusement, looking down at her, "Everybody was talking about those new signs today. Do you think that they'll be enough to stop the lunch thief?"

Eliza tried for a stern look, but broke into a giggle that would have surprised most of her coworkers. "Probably not," she admitted. "They sort of have the fox guarding the henhouse."

"Well if stealing food is ok, maybe I should just go and take that slice of cake out of the freezer and have a little snack," teased David.

"Don't you fucking dare," said Eliza firmly, slapping him playfully on the chest. "And stop joking about that. We are waiting a full year and that's that."

"It's going to be so stale by then!" groaned David in mock annoyance. Apparently he had never heard of the tradition of saving a slice of wedding cake in the freezer to eat on the first anniversary before Eliza told him about it. He seemed to find the idea funny, although it didn't seem so strange to Eliza.

"The point isn't for it to be tasty," explained Eliza again for the millionth time. "There's more to life than eating and drinking. It's about the sweetness of our relationship and our first newlywed year together."

For once, David didn't argue back to tease her, he just pulled her into a warm, loving kiss. That night, they had a rare round two.

…

Three weeks later…

Eliza hummed to herself as she prepared her morning cup of coffee, reviewing her tasks for the day. It was a busy time of year with the holidays coming up. People would need reminding of what was and wasn't acceptable about asking for PTO.

Without thinking, she went to the fridge and pulled out the bottle of creamer. It had become a daily habit that she had increasingly started looking forward to. Oddly, she even found herself missing the "Mixed Nuts" creamer over the weekend. No other creamer she had ever had tasted the same, with the tantalizing mix of salty, sweet, and nutty flavors.

All that came out was a tiny trickle. Shit. Maybe she should have been a little more careful about the amount of creamer she used. She had been using a bit more each time lately, but it was hard to resist. It just tasted so fucking good. She set the creamer back in the fridge with a sigh. Hopefully whoever owned it wouldn't put two and two together and realize she had used most of it.

She would just have to buy her own bottle of the stuff. It was that good. The idea of just going without it wasn't even an option.

…

The next day, Eliza unwrapped the crinkly plastic from the top of the new bottle of creamer and poured a healthy shot into her coffee. It hadn't been easy to find. She had been forced to go to three different grocery stores before she found it in stock at a small health food grocery in the city.

But the taste was worth the effort. Eliza closed her eyes, took a deep sip of her coffee… and frowned. Her eyes opened.

She took another drink.

It wasn't the same. It didn't have the taste that she had grown to love. Eliza went to the fridge and took out the empty creamer bottle she had left there yesterday. Yes, just as she thought, the labels were identical.

So why didn't the freshly-bought bottle satisfy her the same way?

There was nothing Eliza could do but take her inadequate coffee back to her desk. She tried her best to drink it, but it was so viscerally disappointing that she let it go cold and poured it out after lunch. She felt cranky and on-edge the rest of the day, inexplicably bothered by the disappointing mismatch in taste.

That night, in a foul mood, she drove back to the health food store and bought three more bottles of the “Mixed Nuts” creamer. David tried to get her to come to bed, with the mischievous grin that said he had sex on the brain, but Eliza was in no mood tonight. She brewed herself a cup of coffee, poured it into three cups, and tested all three creamers.

None of them were right.

…

The next day, with bags under her eyes and determination in her heart, Eliza made a beeline for the breakroom. Whoever owned the creamer must have added something to it. Some sort of spice or flavor syrup. Eliza needed to know. It would be embarrassing to admit she had used someone else’s creamer, but that would be better than having this constant, nagging desire for its flavor buzzing in the back of her head.

Luckily, whoever owned the creamer still hadn’t realized it was empty apparently. It was still sitting in the fridge.

Eliza had never checked who had labeled it. She typically didn’t when it came to the sneaky bites she stole from her coworkers. It made the whole thing feel a little less personal, and helped Eliza not feel guilty about it. But she didn’t even remember seeing a name on the bottle of creamer, let alone reading it.

There was a reason for that. Carefully scanning the bottle, she saw that the name written on it was tiny, almost like he had been trying to hide it.

Near the bottom of the bottle, beneath the “best by” date, was a name that made Eliza’s stomach sink.

“Gene Crowder”

…

Eliza did her best. She really did. It would be stupid to ask Gene about the creamer. He was a total asshole, so he was likely to make a big deal out of her creamer theft. Maybe even turn her in as the lunch thief.

Even more important than that, Eliza and David had been told to not speak to Gene at all while the investigation was ongoing. Breaking that directive could have even more serious consequences than outing herself as the one stealing things from the fridge.

Most importantly of all, there was no way that her current explanation would make sense to David if he found out she had deliberately sought out Gene to talk with him. He could barely stand it whem she accidentally glanced at his hated rival across the room. Gene was well aware of this. If Eliza went to see him, he would be sure that the word got out that David's wife couldn't resist talking to him.

So she resisted. For three whole days.

Despite the excellent reasons to leave the issue alone, the thought of the tasty, salty-sweet creamer was constant in her head, distracting her. She realizes she must look stupid to her coworkers, with the amount of time she spent staring into space and the way she kept losing track of conversations.

What tipped the scales was the dark suspicion that something was seriously wrong with her. Food cravings shouldn't be this intense, deep, or prolonged. Maybe Gene had tainted the creamer with some sort of addictive drug. If that was the case, she would need information, if only to know what to tell her doctor. That was the excuse she told herself as she marched up to the door of Gene's office. But in the back of her mind, beneath the excuses, all that she wanted was to feel that creamy coffee hit her tongue again.

When Gene looked up from his computer to see her standing there, there was smug pleasure in his eyes, but no surprise. That immediately made alarm bells ring in Eliza's brain… but she had come too far now to be put off.

"Well, well, well," said Gene in his low, raspy voice, kicking back and disgustingly putting his feet up on his desk. "I knew you couldn't resist crawling back from a little more of my charm. What can I do for you, Lizzie?"

Eliza felt a wave of icy distaste for the crude man and his slimy, leering grin. She hated when people shortened her name, and Gene knew that. As usual, he was relishing the opportunity to get under her skin. She could almost feel the physical sensation of his eyes as they creeped up and down her body. She needed to wrap this conversation up soon, or she would be the one in trouble for attacking Gene.

"I'm not here to chat, Gene," said Eliza in a clipped tone, "I'm here to discuss your use of the community fridge. There was an anonymous complaint about the creamer you left there. Someone believes that you may have spiked said creamer with an illicit substance."

It was a thin excuse, and Eliza could tell by Gene's nasty chuckle that her pretense was useless. "Well sweetie, in this case, the 'anonymous complainant" was right on the money. I definitely added a substance to the creamer, and it was certainly "illicit"."

Eliza felt her heart beating faster as she prepared to learn the truth. Had she been drugged? Was painful withdrawal in her near future? Rehab?

Gene's grin was wide and oily as he leaned forward, his eyes blazing with filthy lust.

"I came in it."

Eliza stared at him blankly. The words he said to her were so repulsive and unacceptable that for a moment, her mind simply refused to process the concept. "Wh-what?" she heard her numb lips say. "You… you…?"

"Jesus, Lizzie, I knew you were innocent and inexperienced, but this is too much," said Gene with an earthy chuckle, scratching his gut with a smug look painted on his face. "Cum. Jizz. Splooge. I jerked off and shot a few nice squirts of baby batter into the creamer, shook it up, and put it in the fridge. Well… that and one other secret ingredient."

The horrible things Gene was saying finally penetrated Eliza's resistant brain. She felt a roiling wave of disgust as the truth dawned on her. She had been unwittingly ingesting the sperm of her husband's worst enemy for a month. And licking her lips at the creamy taste.

"You sick bastard!" she snarled, her eyes alight with fury, her normal cool, calm exterior shattered for the moment.

"Keep your voice down," said Gene with his infuriating smile plastered on his face. "Or do you want your loving hubby to hear this conversation? Wouldn't look good if he lost his cool on me again, now would it?"

"What you did was beyond illegal," hissed Eliza, drawing closer and wrapping her arms around herself tightly. "You're not just going to be fired, you pervert, you're going to prison."

"It was my creamer," said Gene with a shrug, "Maybe the infamous lunch thief should have known better."

"That's not how it works, you idiot," said Eliza, swallowing down another wave of nausea. "For the same reason you can't just put poisoned cookies in the fridge to kill a thief! Ugh… it's even worse than fucking poison. You're going to be sorry you ever had this twisted idea you sicko."

Gene just shrugged, not looking the least bit concerned. "Yeah, maybe. If you called the cops they might put me away… But then you would never get to taste my special creamer ever again."

Eliza was about to give a scathing response when she was suddenly gripped once again by a powerful craving, rising up and overpowering even her deep disgust. Shit. Even knowing the tainted origin of the creamer, she still wanted to taste it again on a deep primal level that warred with her repulsed ego. The contemptuous response she had for Gene died on her lips as her face reddened.

“God, you’re really jonesing, aren’t you, Cumbunny?” asked Gene in a dark, amused voice.

The crude name meant nothing to Eliza, but she bristled at the obscene, casual way that he said it. He really thought he held all the cards. He knew why Eliza had such deep cravings for the tainted creamer. And she intended to find out what he knew.

“What was this mystery ingredient?” demanded Eliza, trying with only partial success for a tone of cold control. “Besides your… semen. What did you put in the creamer? I’m warning you, Gene, if you don’t tell me I’ll…”

“They call it the ‘oil of mjölkhare’ online,” said Gene casually, surprising Eliza into silence. Why was he so willing to give up this information? “I thought it had to be an urban legend. Just a bunch of horny perverts making up kinky stories to get each other off. I mostly ordered it as a gag once I found someone claiming they could make some for me. But I’m glad that I did.” Once again his eyes made a slow pass down Eliza’s professionally-clothed body. “You and I are going to have a lot of fun.”

“Whatever,” said Eliza coldly, refusing to give Gene the flustered reaction he clearly wanted. “You just gave me all the information I need to bust you. Goodbye forever, Gene. I’ll let the cops do the talking for me from now on.”

“See you soon, Lizzie,” said Gene with a careless wave of his hand, already turning back to his computer.

“And remember, if I'm in jail, you won’t taste the creamer you love so much ever again.”

…

When Eliza got back to her desk, she immediately called up a form to file a formal complaint. She was sure that this would speed along the process of getting Gene fired. After she filled it out, she could make a police report as well.

Speaking of which… Eliza got up and hurried to the kitchen. It was important to gather the physical evidence that she needed to nail that sick fuck. Her heart pounded as she moved quickly to the fridge. What if Gene had thought of this first and gotten there ahead of her? But her worries were unfounded. The empty creamer bottle was sitting right where she had left it. She snatched it up and brought it back to her desk, holding it between thumb and forefinger like

the filthy thing it was. Now Gene was as good as convicted. His disgusting DNA was all over this bottle.

But as she sat typing, her fingers slowed and stopped. Something was bothering her. It was the same thing she had been feeling all week. The dull, aching buzz of desire. A bone-deep craving for the salty-sweet taste she had grown used to. She raised a shaking hand and covered her eyes. She tried to force down the taboo hunger. Now that her conscious mind knew the true origins of the taste, she never wanted to even think about the tainted creamer again.

But it seemed her body hadn't got the memo. It didn't care where the creamer had come from. It just wanted more. Eliza's eyes were drawn to the creamer bottle like a magnet. There was a tiny drip of creamer oozing out from underneath the flip-top of the cap. No doubt it was swimming with Gene's grotesque little tadpoles. She had always been disgusted even by her husband's cum. Her distaste for Gene's sperm was on a whole other level.

Eliza's stomach growled and roiled with a strange mixture of powerful disgust warring with equally powerful hunger. A war with herself, Eliza reached out, hesitated, then wiped the foul droplet onto the tip of one slim finger.

This was it, the disgusting mixture she had been tricked into consuming for a month. The sperm of her husband's hated enemy that he had gotten her to drink as a sick joke. It disgusted her. It attracted her on a deep level she didn't know how to resist.

She raised her finger to her nose and sniffed. A low animal moan escaped her throat as the scent assaulted her senses, dilating her pupils and filling her mouth with drool. This was the taste she had been missing.

Eliza's breaths were harsh and ragged and her face was flushed as she stared cross-eyed at the creamy droplet on her finger. She couldn't. Being unknowingly fed Gene's cum was one thing. She was a victim. But tasting it when knowing what it was… purposefully taking the sperm of her husband's worst enemy into her drooling mouth… That was a betrayal, A filthy, slutty betrayal of the worst kind.

But her finger was moving on its own. Her hunger wouldn't be denied. She let out a pitiful whimper as her plump lips sealed around her finger. Her tongue swirled and licked, lapping up the sweet, salty cream. The satisfaction that she felt in that moment cackled down her spine and directly to the moist heat between her legs, unexpectedly but undeniably sexual in nature. She released her finger from her mouth with a gasp, grappling with what she had just done.

It hadn't been enough. One drop didn't even go part way toward satisfying her craving.

The taunting words of Gene echoed in her mind. If he was locked up, she would never taste the tainted creamer again…

After staring at the half-done report on her computer in a sweaty, nervous daze for twenty minutes, Eliza deleted it. She still planned to see Gene brought to justice, but she needed more information first. She would do a little research and figure out a way forward. Then, when she had figured out how to manage these horrible cravings Gene had somehow given her, she would have him locked up.

She brought home the bottle for safekeeping that night.

…

It took a little while for Eliza to find anything to do with “oil of mjölkhare” online. First, she had to figure out the spelling, which wasn’t easy. A “mjölkhare” was some sort of monster from Swedish folklore, but it had very little to do with what she was going through, so Eliza spent little time researching it.

Searching for an “oil” specifically didn’t turn up much. A few scattered references to some sort of oil or herbal preparation that could make another person addicted to your cum. She wasn’t surprised that Gene had dismissed it as made up initially. Eliza wouldn’t have believed it either if she didn’t feel the insistent dark hunger growing inside her.

But all of the references she found read more like urban legends. “A friend of a friend” type of bullshit, no firsthand accounts. She finally found what she was looking for in a shady link to a Kaos server. She had never used Kaos before, but it was simple to download and set up an account, and using the link, she was able to access a chat server titled “Cumbunny Farms”. The title immediately struck Eliza with a shock of dread. It was exactly the same term Gene had contemptuously called her in the heat of the moment. This must be the place.

While she knew that this must be where Gene got his information, it was frustratingly difficult to get a handle on what exactly the members of the chat room were talking about. Most of it seemed to be people whining that no one would send them any oil and asking for sources on how to get it. Beyond that, the members all seemed to already be intimately familiar with the subject they were discussing, and used specialized terms and phrases like “Cumbunny”, “Jizzy Thinking”, “Jackrabbit” and “Hop for the Carrot” without bothering to explain what they meant.

For example, one message read:

[Hey all you donors. Could use a hand with my newest addition to the stable. She is definitely in the jizzy thinking stage, but I just can’t get her to hop for the carrot. I think it might be a jackrabbit attachment issue, but I’m not sure how to proceed. Any help?]

The reply was just as cryptic.

[All Cumbunnies will hop for the carrot at some point if you motivate them correctly. Jackrabbits shouldn't be a barrier at all. Put her on a diet. No carrot juice until she hops. That's almost always the answer if a Cumbunny gets stubborn.]

It made no sense, and Eliza had neither the patience nor the stomach to scroll through years of back-and-forth messages by these perverts to get the necessary context. There was a section of the chat board labeled "troubleshooting" that consisted of questions and answers. Her account was anonymous… she might as well ask and see what she could discover.

[I was wondering if there was a way for someone to cure their addiction. Is there a way for someone to stop being a Cumbunny?]

It felt gross to even type the repulsive word, but she needed to know the answer. It took a few minutes for someone to reply.

[Holy shit. A fucking Cumbunny found the server.]

A laughter emoji popped up under her message. Then another.

[Holy shit! She must be early in the process too, if she's this clear-headed. Listen, Bunny. Everything is going to be ok. You just need to get used to the fact that you belong to your donor now. That's probably hard to accept right now but trust my word as the proud owner of a three-bunny stable. The harder you fight, the worse it will go for you. Giving up now is the best thing you could do for yourself.]

Eliza felt a furious flare of anger at this condescending pervert. Of course he would say that. He had a vested interest in believing it was true. She would never submit to a disgusting asshole like Gene, the man she and her husband hated most in the world.

[Bullshit. Are you going to tell me the way to reverse this or not?] She typed, punching the keys viciously.

More and more laughter emojis were piling up on both of her messages, with users commenting what a "dumb bunny" she was.

[Sorry bunny, there is no way. You're fucked. In more ways than one.] replied the user. Then the application went blank, with just a message that she had been banned from the server.

…

Eliza was thirsty. So fucking thirsty. And hot. The sun beat down on her mercilessly.

Luckily, in her hand there was a cool, creamy iced coffee, beaded with condensation and frosty against her palm.

She gratefully closed her lips around the straw and sucked, drawing the sweet, creamy liquid into her parched mouth. Its flavor burst on her tongue, sweet and rich. A nostalgic, mind-blowing flavor that made her suck harder and deeper.

But something was wrong.

For some reason, as delicious as it was, the creamy drink wasn't satisfying her thirst at all. If anything, it was making her even more thirsty. She sucked harder and harder, and her perceptions began to warp.

The straw grew bigger in her mouth. The coffee grew warmer and thicker… almost soupy. The taste was delicious, but it didn't satisfy the desperate craving within her. She heard a deep, rumbling chuckle above her and looked up to see that it wasn't the hot midday sun that was beating down on her with overwhelming heat, it was Gene's smug eyes.

And she didn't have a straw in her mouth at all. It was…

Eliza woke up to see David leaning over her with a look of concern. The sheets around her were tangled and sweaty. Her heart was beating with a frantic rhythm, and most disturbingly, she could feel a tingling wetness between her thighs.

Are you alright, baby?" asked David gently. "You were thrashing around in your sleep and groaning. I caught a few kicks before I realized what was going on."

Elize raised the heels of her hands to her eyes, hoping the darkness hid her heavy breathing and the hot blush on her face. "It's nothing. Just a nightmare my love," she said shakily. "Just go back to sleep."

Giving her a worried look and tenderly smoothing back her hair one last time, David obeyed. He turned over and was lightly snoring again within five minutes. But Eliza lay awake, her mind racing and her pussy throbbing with traitorous heat.

..

By the next morning, Eliza had made up her mind.

She needed one more hit. Just to clear her head and get her back in the game. Once she tasted just a bit more of the… the creamer, she would be able to focus and make a plan to stop whatever Gene had done to her. It was just so hard to focus with the constant growing hunger distracting her all the time.

She was disgusted with herself for sinking this low… and betraying her poor husband. He would never be able to understand the unholy hunger that she had been going through. All he would

see was her willingness to eat Gene's cum. So he could never know. She would allow Gene to defile and mock her just a bit further, and then turn things around on him.

Gene once again looked more smug than surprised as she entered his office and slammed down a fresh bottle of creamer on his desk.

"Do it then," she said in a tight angry voice. "If this is the sick shit you get off on, then fine."

Gene's eyes were infuriatingly amused as he said, "I'm afraid I don't understand what exactly you want from me." This fucking asshole. Eliza took a deep breath and retreated to the icy calm that had served her all her life.

"Take the creamer," she said stiffly, Folding her arms tightly over her chest as an unconscious shield from Gene's leering eyes. "And do you filthy business. I'll play your sick game. For now."

"You're so shy about asking for what you really want," said Gene condescendingly. "But you'll learn, Bunny. You'll learn to beg me."

"Don't call me that," snapped Eliza. "I'm not some bimbo slut for you to toy with, pervert. I don't care what lies you read on the internet. Now taint that creamer like you so clearly want to. I'll be back to pick it up later."

Gene smirked. "No," he said simply.

Eliza looked at him with a blank, lost expression, her gnawing new hunger roaring back in full force as her heart skipped a beat. "D-don't play games with me, Gene," she said with a slight edge of desperation in her voice. "This was about making me… About humiliating me, right? Well, I'm playing along. I'm letting you win. What else do you fucking want?"

"I'll tell you," said Gene, kicking back with his arms behind his head, revealing pit stains in his shirt. "First, you're going to go to the panel investigating my conduct and take back your testimony. You're going to tell them that your husband got irrationally jealous and convinced you to make up lies about an innocent office friendship."

Eliza felt white hot, purifying rage momentarily overwhelm her perverse cravings. "Who the fuck do you think you are?" She hissed, her cool facade shattered once again. "I would never in a million years…!"

"Second," said Gene, holding up a finger to stop Eliza's tirade. "I'm not going to jerk off all alone in my office. I want you to be here the entire time as I add the… "Special ingredient"."

"Fuck you," said Eliza with all the dignity she could muster. "If you think I'm just going to surrender my dignity and betray my husband like that, you are an even worse judge of character than I thought." She snatched the bottle of creamer off his desk and moved rapidly to the door.

“It’s a standing offer, Lizzie,” said Gene placidly, his hands now folded on his gut and his expression one of patient confidence. “Let me know when you change your mind.”

Eliza was too angry to speak at this point. She left the office trembling with rage. This fucking chauvinistic pic though he could just order her around? As if his disgusting sperm was some sort of reward she would do anything for?

She found it almost impossible to focus on her work that afternoon.

Damn… she could really go for a coffee…

…

The answer came to Eliza as she and David were driving home. He was in the middle of a long story about how his latest project would finally show how much better he was than Gene. Eliza’s leg jiggled with nervous irritation as she half-listened. But then her idly wandering eyes fell on her husband’s crotch.

Of course!

Gene had somehow gotten her addicted to the taste of cum. But semen was semen, right? And she happened to have an unlimited source right at home. She still wasn’t thrilled at the prospect of swallowing cum, but David’s was infinitely better than Gene’s.

Her body heated up at the thought of finally satisfying her deep, perverse longing. And it was perfectly acceptable for a wife to give her husband a blowjob! True, she had never let him cum in her mouth before, but it wasn’t that strange to try something new.

She didn’t hear another word David said the rest of the ride home. Her head was too busy obsessing over the delicious, creamy flavor that she would soon taste.

When they got in the door, she pounced immediately, pinning him against the entryway wall with a wild look in her eyes.

“Eliza!” He yelped, confused and panicked for a moment while she fumbled hastily with his belt. ‘Wh-what got into you?”

His open-mouthed shock turned to stunned pleasure as his wife shucked his pants roughly to his knees, stroking his cock rapidly to stiffness as she planted a deep, forceful kiss on his lips.

“I can’t hold back,” she said in a dazed, lust-roughened voice, trailing hot little kisses down his body as she sank to her knees. “I need that cock in my mouth right fucking now.”

David certainly didn't resist. His wife had always been a strictly "in bed with the lights off" kind of girl, but he was thrilled and intrigued to see a wilder side peek out from beneath her cool, collected exterior.

The brief kissing and stroking were all the teasing that Eliza could stand to do, Her husband was hard and her mouth was already drooling with anticipation. She sucked her husband's dick into its warm, wet embrace with enthusiasm.

"Oh G-god," moaned David, leaning back against the entryway wall for support. "It's so fucking good baby!"

Eliza could count the blowjobs she had given in the past on one hand. One unsuccessful sexual experiment with her high school boyfriend, and three dutiful treats for David on his birthday. But despite her lack of experience, her desperate enthusiasm more than made up for it as she gave her husband a rapid, sloppy dick-sucking that would put a pornstar to shame.

"W-wait, slow down," panted David suddenly, his legs shaking a little. 'If you go that fast I'm going to…" But Eliza ignored his protests. This blowjob wasn't about pleasure, although her body pulsed with a filthy heat as her tongue swirled and her lips gripped. It was about hunger and primal desires that she could no longer deny. She moved even faster, desperate to receive her creamy reward despite her husband's whimpers.

David grunted as his cock twitched and jerked in his wife's mouth, spurting a hot, fresh load of cum down her throat.

Eliza swallowed… waited…

And then felt a crushing weight of disappointment. Her husband's sperm was the same disgusting warm goo it had always been. She felt nothing but distaste and annoyance as it slid down her throat.

Worthless.

She knew it wasn't his fault, but as she pulled back, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand in disgust, she couldn't help but feel a stab of annoyance at David, panting and leaning against the wall with his cock dribbling and softening between his legs.

The hunger still squirmed and roiled inside her like a living thing. David's cum hadn't affected it in the slightest. She should have known it wouldn't be that easy.

She spent the rest of the evening frantically researching. David caught her foul mood after the first few times she snapped at him, and diplomatically stayed out of her way. There wasn't much more to find. Clearly the men who used whatever awful substance had done this to her kept their discussions discreet.

She even created a new account and rejoined the Kaos server she had been booted from, scrolling back through months and months of discussions. But what she found wasn't encouraging.

The men talked about "Cumbunnies" that were stubborn or defiant… but the rebellion never lasted long. The common knowledge (on the board at least) was that once you found a way to trick a woman into consuming the oil and your cum at the same time, the hard part was already over. She would be yours completely in the end no matter what.

She also picked up on the slang the board members used, although she wished she hadn't.

It all added up to a tidal wave of despair. The mind-numbing craving inside her had felt unbearable a week ago. By now it was maddening. She could barely think. She was being a horrible wife to David.

Her defeated daze lasted through to the next morning as she sat at her desk, mechanically drinking flavorless coffee. She had gotten such little work done the past few days she might even be fired.

If she went to the head of HR and told them how Gene had tainted the creamer, he would be fired and likely arrested. It would be deeply satisfying to see the smug look wiped off his piggy face. For a moment.

But the hunger would last forever. And Gene would be locked away somewhere where she couldn't ever see him. How long before she went insane? Or she wasn't able to function at all?

The choice was heavy. One way meant endless hunger. The other meant betrayal of her husband and herself.

She stood up from her desk decisively. She had made her choice. It was time to talk to HR.

…

Around an hour later, Eliza silently entered Gene's office, her face calm and neutral.

Gene's eyes flashed to hers as she entered and closed the door behind her quietly. He was on the phone, twirling the cord around one finger as he swiveled back and forth in his chair. Eliza walked slowly up to his desk.

"Great to hear," said Gene, a broad smile creeping across his face. "Why don't we do it this Friday? Mmmhmm. Sounds good. Glad we could get this worked out. Yeah. Yeah. You too." He hung up the phone and turned the full weight of his attention toward Eliza.

“I just got the most interesting call from HR,” he said, holding back a laugh.

With a trembling hand, Eliza lifted the bottle of creamer to his desk and set it down gently, licking her lips. “I… I did what you asked,” she said miserably. “N-now it’s time to hold up your end of the bargain.”

“You need to tell me exactly what you want, Bunny,” said Gene, leaning forward with a smirk. “I’m not doing anything for a prim and proper princess who can’t even say what she’s begging for.”

Eliza took a deep shuddering breath, then, looking down with a flaming blush, she whimpered, “I need your cum.” it wasn’t just empty words. She could feel the need burning inside her like a devouring flame. She felt her heart begin speeding up as Gene reached lazily for the bottle of creamer, casually removing the lid and seal.

“Over here, Cumbunny,” said Gene with a sneer. “You did your job well. Time to watch me make your reward.” Eliza approached slowly, hating the fact that her mouth was watering. She didn’t want to see Gene jerk off his disgusting cock, but the fact that she was finally going to satisfy her monstrous craving made the whole obscene scenario exciting. As she circled the desk to stand above Gene, he for some reason handed her the bottle of creamer.

She looked down at it, confused, but she had no time to question what he wanted. Gene’s broad hand reached up, gripped her shoulder, and exerted pressure downward, pushing her down to her knees.

“Gene, I… you never said that I would…” spluttered Eliza, staring up at the horrible older man with wide intimidated eyes from her position on her knees in front of him.

“Relax!” chuckled Gene, unbuckling his belt. “Jeez, you’re a cute little Cumbunny when you're nervous, aren’t you? Your begging for my cum, right? I just thought it would be better if you begged from a humbler position, that’s all. Really get you into the spirit of things. You always were a stuck-up bitch, after all.”

He unzipped his pants and tugged them and his boxers down with one confident motion. Eliza gulped as his monstrous cock flopped out. Huge, veiny, and thick, it looked like a blunt weapon throbbing with masculine power. Eliza tried desperately to feel the repulsion for it that she knew she should, but all that she felt was anticipation for the creamy treat she knew would soon spurt from its tip.

“Hold the bottle up Lizzie,” said Gene commandingly as he wrapped his palm around his meaty cock. “It’s a small hole to aim for. Wouldn’t want to miss and splatter your cute little face.”

“You b-bastard,” muttered Eliza, but she obeyed, holding out the creamer bottle in supplication.

“I forgot to tell you the best part,” said Gene with a wicked smile. “The HR department was so eager to make it up to me after you admitted you lied about my offenses. They basically gave me a blank check… I had a long list of course. But I’m especially looking forward to your husband’s public apology.”

Eliza’s eyes widened. “No…” she whispered.

“Oh yes,” said Gene with a devilish chuckle. “Not only did I flirt with poor little Davidy’s wife, not only does everybody know that I did, he’s going to have to bow and scrape to me anyway in front of the entire office. And that’s just the beginning of his humiliation. You really delivered your husband right into my hands, Cumbunny.”

“I… I didn’t want to!” whined Eliza. “I just… I just…”

“Couldn’t resist,” said Gene smugly, his hand pumping up and down his massive hairy cock.

“Why?” asked Eliza with a spark of anger in her voice. “Why can’t I stop thinking about… your c-cum?”

Gene looked deeply amused by the question. “Have you ever heard of the hierarchy of needs, Bunny?” he asked with a grin.

“No,” admitted Eliza, feeling ridiculous but perversely turned on, on her knees in front of her masturbating enemy.

“Don’t worry Bunny,” said Gene condescendingly, “You don’t need to be a big thinker anymore. Leave the tough stuff to me. It’s the idea that people have trouble pursuing higher goals when their basic needs haven’t been met. People find it hard to give a shit about self-fulfillment when they can’t get enough food for instance.”

Gene switched to his left hand and leaned forward suddenly, making Eliza gasp in surprise. He reached out and tapped Eliza’s forehead firmly with a finger slimy from precum, filling Eliza’s belly with a squirming mixture of arousal and disgust.

“I just gave you a new basic need. Like food or water. When you can’t get my cum, you won’t be able to think about anything else. Not love, or loyalty, or dignity. Nothing. Only how you’re going to get your next gooey treat.” Gene leaned back with a look of smug satisfaction on his face. “Trying to quit would be like trying to quit oxygen.”

“I’ll find a way,” promised Eliza. But her voice sounded weak even to her own ears.

Gene scoffed. “No, Cumbunny, you won’t. You’re mine now. Get used to it.”

As much as she wanted to resist, Eliza couldn't keep her eyes off the hand pumping up and down Gene's thick cock. She licked her lips unconsciously and held up the creamer. She needed this. Just one sip, and then she could get back to planning. She could see her husband's rival was getting close. His big, balls were tightening closer to his shaft, and he was letting out soft grunts of pleasure as he stared down at his new sexual plaything.

And then suddenly he stopped. He took his hands off his throbbing, ready-to-cum dick and folded them behind his head.

"What is this?" demanded Eliza nervously, her eyes darting between Gene's beady eyes and his stiff prick, "What are you doing?"

"I'm doing nothing," said Gene stoically. "I don't feel like finishing myself off."

"That's bullshit," whined Eliza. 'You said that if I did what you said, you would… you would give me what I need!"

"You want my cum?" asked Gene in a hard, uncompromising voice. "You're going to have to be a good little Cumbunny and work for your supper. Finish me off and you can have what you want so badly."

Eliza wanted to throw the creamer at him and storm out. Betraying her husband by secretly sabotaging the investigation was already a deep betrayal. Physically making his worst enemy orgasm was a step further than even that.

… But the hunger was like burning hot chains she couldn't escape. She couldn't go one more night without tasting the semen her body had been forced to crave. She couldn't go one more hour.

With a moan of despair and mounting arousal, Eliza unclasped one sweaty hand from the bottle of creamer and reached out slowly…

… Clasping her delicate fingers around the hot, throbbing flesh of Gene's cock. She began stroking slowly, staring up into Gene's gloating eyes with a curious mix of hatred and soft submission. This was the man who she loathed. The man who had pestered her for months behind her husband's back. It was humiliating to give in like this. To stroke him off while humbly on her knees at his feet. Soon her fist was pumping with feverish, desperate speed, slick with her enemy's precum. Perversely, her body was heating up even further as well now that she could feel the rock-hard power of Gene's cock in her hand. Her body struggled to tell the difference between her desire for cum and genuine lust, and a twisted moist heat now throbbed between her thighs.

"Beg me," rumbled Gene above her. "Tell me what you want, Cumbunny."

“Cum for me,” panted Eliza, feeling the sickening throb in her palm as Gene approached orgasm. “I need to taste it.”

She held up the creamer bottle just in time, holding its small opening to the tip of Gene’s swollen cock just as thick ropes of cum began spurting out. They landed with gooey plops in the nut-flavored cream, pump after pump of semen filling all of the headspace of the bottle in Eliza’s hand. The shame and anger Eliza had felt was a distant, unimportant annoyance right now. She couldn’t keep her eyes off the potent, pearly semen spurting in thick ropes from Gene’s hairy cock. She was about to taste it. The obscene source of that taste wasn’t even a downside anymore in her fevered mind. The fact that it was cum that she was craving just made her twisted lust burn brighter.

As Eliza released Gene’s cock, a drop of cum from his cock fell onto her hand.

Just weeks ago Eliza would have been disgusted. Now she gasped and shuddered, but not with disgust. For some reason, just touching the cum was amazing. It tingled and warmed her where it made contact, causing buzzing, intense pleasure to flood her brain. Gene looked down with amusement at Eliza’s look of dazed pleasure and chuckled. “Oh, did I forget to tell you, Bunny? It’s not just the taste that gets you off. The sight, smell, and touch of my semen will be utterly pleasurable to you from now on. He reached down and wiped off the small drop of cum with a finger, then brought it to Eliza’s mouth. She stared up, with a half-hearted spark of defiance, but when he pushed his blunt finger forward, she parted her lips to admit it, her body obedient even if her mind wanted to resist.

Eliza’s pupils dilated and a ragged gasp tore out of her throat as Gene’s cum-smeared finger hit her tongue. Her back arched instinctively, pushing her hips forward to obscenely hump the air, and her hands flew up to grab Gene’s hand, pulling it deeper into her mouth. All dignity and resistance forgotten, she madly swirled and licked her tongue around Gene’s thick finger, her pussy pulsing with filthy wet heat between her legs. Forget the cheap nut-flavored creamer, this was the taste she had craved. It was like whatever she found most delicious of the creamer had been distilled down to an ultra-powerful concentration. She couldn’t have stopped licking if she tried.

“As you can see,” continued Gene smugly, “Taking my semen orally is far stronger than skin contact.” Her withdrew his finger from Eliza’s greedy mouth with a wet pop and pulled his hand out of her clutching fingers, reaching down to grab the now full-to-the-brim bottle of adulterated creamer.

“Of course,” he added with a nasty chuckle, staring down at the desperate Cumbunny at his feet with leering eyes, “Oral ingestion isn’t the MOST intense way to feed your addiction… but you’ll learn all about that in time.”

Eliza didn’t want to think about the implications of what Gene was saying. Her eyes were locked on the bottle of creamer that Gene was now sloshing back and forth in his hand. The drop of

cum on Gene's finger had only served to whet her appetite. She couldn't wait to finally drink another satisfying cup of coffee. Finally, Gene held it out to her. The prize she had paid so much to get.

"You earned it, Cumbunny," he said in an infuriatingly condescending voice. "Let me know when you run out and we can work out another arrangement."

Now that the ordeal was over, Eliza couldn't get away fast enough. She snatched the bottle from Gene's hands and got shakily to her feet, retreating to the doorway as fast as her wobbly legs could carry her. She tried not to notice Gene staring at her ass on the way out.

When she left Gene's office, she made a beeline straight to the breakroom. Her breath felt hot and ragged in her chest and her hands fumbled things clumsily as she tried to make a cup of coffee as fast as she possibly could. Come on. Come the fuck on. Had it always taken this long? The drip of the coffee from the upper reservoir seemed torturously slow.

Eliza stared down at the full creamer bottle in her hand. Her eyes flicked to the open doorway. Fuck it. She needed this more than anything she ever had in her life. She hurried to the restroom attached to the breakroom, locked the door, and popped open the creamer bottle. She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror just then. She looked like a woman in heat, face flushed, glossy lips parted, eyes wide. Miles away from the cool calm exterior she prided herself on.

But that didn't matter. Self-image was secondary to basic, primal needs.

She put the bottle of creamer to her lips and threw back her head, taking a long, thick, creamy swallow. Immediately, the most intense satisfaction she had ever felt in her life flooded her body with moist heat. She couldn't help it: suddenly she was right on the edge of orgasm. Her hand plunged down the front of her pants and worked frantically on her pussy, still hot and wet from her submissive ordeal with Gene. She swallowed again, letting the sweet rich flavor she had craved for weeks soak into every inch of her tongue.

Her pussy clenched hard around her fingers and an animal moan rumbled in her throat. Her thighs weakened and shook, forcing her to collapse onto the toilet. She was cumming. She was fucking cumming just from the taste of Gene's filthy sperm flowing down her throat. And as humiliating as that was, the deep relief of having her itch thoroughly scratched made the entire thing feel worth it.

After her orgasm subsided, Eliza managed to lower the bottle from her lips with a great effort. She panted and groaned, looking at herself again in the mirror. Thick sticky cream dripped down from her chin, and her hand was shiny with her own juices. If Gene's goal was to turn her into a pathetic slut, it looked like she was already most of the way there.

But she had to fight back. There had to be a way out of this. And, as humiliating and disgusting as it was, the new bottle of creamer gave her some breathing room. Eliza sloshed it and winced to hear that at least a quarter of it was gone already from her little self-indulgence. She would have to ration the rest wisely.

By the time she needed a refill, she had to have some sort of plan.

Part B

…

Weeks later…

Eliza took a deep breath and tapped the folders on her desk to straighten them. Time to go meet with the boss. As she got up and crossed the office floor, she saw the receptionist smirk and whisper something to the coworker chatting at her desk. They both stifled a chuckle.

Now that Gene had more power around the office, the rest of the team seemed to be more willing to… find the humor in his power games. Things had been going poorly for both Eliza and David ever since Eliza had given in to her hunger and betrayed her husband by lying to the HR investigation. The public apology that David had been forced to give had been brutal. Eliza had watched in real time as David stammered his way, red-faced, through the speech, the faces of her coworkers had shifting from mild pity to distaste.

Worse yet, the apology had been immediately followed up by Carl, their manager, announcing Gene's promotion to his right-hand man.

Eliza tried not to look at David through his office door as she passed, but it was hard not to. He had the same look of helpless frustration on his features that seemed to be there all the time these days.

Gene had been exactly the type of boss that both Eliza and David had feared. He rarely passed up an opportunity to humiliate his new subordinate David. It was starting to affect Eliza's husband outside of work as well, making him more anxious and frustrated every day. He was even struggling to perform in bed due to his stress, which only made his growing inferiority complex worse.

And that was unfortunate… because Eliza had been feeling particularly horny lately. She couldn't really explain it; she had never considered herself a particularly sexual person, despite enjoying her tame sex life with David. But suddenly, all that it took was a stray thought, a passing glance from an attractive stranger, or the sound of a deep, confident voice to make her pulse quicken and her hair stand on end.

There was only one thing it could be. Eliza had received her loathsome refill from Gene when she sold out David. Drinking the foul liquid daily in her coffee kept her cravings at bay… but it must be having additional effects on her libido. Her suddenly peaking sex drive combined with David's stress-based sexual disfunction meant that she felt almost constant sexual frustration, even though her hunger was under control.

She had been sneaking out of bed to guiltily masturbate after David fell asleep, trying desperately to keep a lid on her growing lust. She was only having limited success.

Finally, Eliza reached her destination. Gene's office. She knocked and entered when she heard his gruff welcome from within. The company must have thought that Gene had them over a barral legally-speaking, because they had given him a position of incredible authority. As the new assistant manager, he directly oversaw nearly a quarter of the business in the office. And that included daily updates on HR programs at his insistence.

Eliza closed the door behind her: another policy that Gene insisted on, seemingly just as a way to make these mandatory one-on-one meetings cause David even more jealousy and stress.

"You can toss those over there, Bunny," said Gene dismissively, gesturing toward a stack of other HR reports. "We have more important things to discuss today…"

He leaned forward with a greasy smile. "Like, for instance… if you need a refill yet." Eliza felt a by-now-familiar slither of blended lust and disgust in her belly. Her cheeks flushed as she looked pointedly away from her new boss, furiously willing her body to calm down.

Much to her horror and disgust, Gene had begun to turn her on these past few weeks.

It was an unpleasant new change that made little sense to her; yet another probable effect of the insidious oil Gene had tricked her into drinking. There was very little about Gene that was attractive, objectively speaking. But for some reason, hearing his hoarse laugh across the office… seeing one of his dirty winks… even catching the scent of his cheap aftershave sent an unwelcome, but unmistakeable pulse of lust through Eliza's core.

And, despite the fact that she was certain that the spiked creamer was the main culprit, Eliza had to admit that her mental circumstances didn't help with supressing her new inappropriate arousal. Something about being forced to drink Gene's sperm on a daily basis while he swaggered around the office had a certain overpowering psychological effect. And, shamefully, it was only enhanced by the fact that David was failing to perform in bed while Gene emasculated him constantly.

Once or twice when she masturbated at night, Eliza had caught herself remembering her hand gliding up and down Gene's massive cock… But she knew the difference between the twisted sexual Stockholm syndrome she was feeling and real attraction. David was by far the more attractive man, and she didn't really want a disgusting older man like Gene. Of course not.

"Not yet," she said primly, unable to look Gene in the eyes.

"Not yet, what?" said Gene sharply. Eliza realized with alarm that she could see Gene's large erection straining the front of his pants as he gazed across the desk at her.

"Not yet, B-boss," said Eliza in a miserable whisper. She fought back the tiny spark of heat inside her. Getting turned on by Gene's cruelty around the office was bad enough. The last thing she needed was to get turned on by his crude sexual advances.

“But you’ve got to be getting low at this point, right, Bunny?” asked Gene, stroking the bulge in the front of his pants unselfconsciously and staring at her like a prized possession. “You know where to find me when you need a refill. You know that that’s why I set up these meetings, right? This way you have the perfect excuse to come to me and get all the cream you need.”

“I know,” said Eliza uncomfortably. That wasn’t the entire reason for the meetings, obviously. The other point was to make David watch day after day as his wife went into Gene’s office and closed the door behind her. David had been asking obsessively what the meetings were like, and so far Eliza had been telling the truth that they were all business.

But she knew that David was right to be worried. No matter how much she wished it wasn’t true, the cravings would come back eventually.

“Is that all, boss?” Asked Eliza calmly, retreating to the cool disinterest that had always served her so well.

“For now,” said Gene with a smirk, his eyes running over Eliza’s body. God, he was such a pushy brute. Eliza took a deep breath to calm herself as she rose smoothly. The only reason she was horny right now was the effect of whatever Gene had poisoned her with. Nothing else.

Gene said nothing else as she retreated from the office, but she could feel his eyes locked on her until the door was once again between them.

Eliza made her way straight to the break room, ignoring her husband’s puppy dog eyes through the door of his office. He might need support right now, but after her meeting with Gene, her body was crying out for the only thing that could soothe it. And, for now, it simply wasn’t in her to make David her first priority.

Eliza bounced on her feet impatiently as the coffee brewed. She pulled the creamer bottle out of the fridge and shook it with a wince. One more cup. Maybe two if she stretched it. She would be going to Gene begging within a few days, and she could tell by the way he was using his new position of power that he was in no mood to be merciful.

Getting more semen from him would be costly, but what the price would be, she couldn’t say.

Luckily, Eliza had also formed the inklings of a plan. It would be monstrously difficult and would take a long time. But if she could pull it off, there was at least a hope of her escaping the chokehold Gene now had on her life.

Eliza poured a dollop of thick creamer into her coffee, her mouth-watering. In the meantime, she would just have to try not to lose herself any further.

…

The next day, Eliza managed to make it through with one cup of coffee, featuring just an unsatisfactory dribble of creamer.

As a result, that night she was ravenous. She had been hoping that having less of the tainted creamer would also reduce the arousal that it had been causing, but it seemed like, paradoxically, drinking such a small amount of Gene's semen made her uncomfortable horniness even worse.

She sought comfort in her husband's arms… but like usual lately, he struggled to perform.

"I'm sorry babe," said David, slumped in defeat on the edge of the bed, his cock Carlgling soft and useless between his legs, "I'm just on edge. Gene told me that he's going to be giving me a performance review soon, and I just know he is going to use it as an excuse to fuck with me. I'm still on probation after he managed to twist things on us. A poor review could be bad."

Eliza sat back in the bed, her nipples agonizingly stiff, her pussy leaking, and her head scrambled with desperation and annoyance. She knew that she needed to be comforting and supportive right now, and snapping at her husband in this moment of vulnerability could be devastating. But her stomach churned with the loathsome dark hunger that Gene had forced on her, and her pussy ached with a hollow, empty feeling.

Solving her twisted hunger was physically impossible for David, but she had hoped he could at least address her need for sex…

David just looked so weak there on the edge of the bed. Crumpled and defeated and soft. The image of Gene suddenly flashed through Eliza's mind, smug and triumphant, with a thick erection straining the front of his pants. A flash of ugly heat pulsed through her, making her pussy throb with dark hunger.

But Eliza was stronger than her instincts and had long practice at presenting a false face to the world. "It's ok, sweetie," she managed to say in a smooth, convincing voice. "I understand. Everything will be ok. Gene is a horrible, petty man, but your work speaks for itself. You've done nothing to deserve firing."

With watery eyes, David climbed back into bed and spooned her from behind, his disappointing, flaccid cock smooshing into her butt. Her body tingled with frustrated arousal at the skin-to-skin contact. So close, yet so far. "Thanks, Eliza. I love you so fucking much, you know that?" he said softly.

"I love you too, baby," said Eliza cheerfully. But she waited with impatience for him to fall asleep, rolling with conflicted lust.

When she was finally able to slip away into the bathroom, Eliza attacked her streaming pussy and stiff nipples with shaking hands, desperately chasing the pleasure she craved. But even as she stifled moans through a hard-bitten lip, the hunger inside her only grew.

Tomorrow. Tomorrow she would have to ask her new boss for more of his cum.

She orgasmed to dark, half-formed thoughts about what price he might ask this time.

…

The next day, Eliza brought a bottle of creamer with her on the way to Gene's office. She held it low to her side, on the opposite side of her body so that her husband wouldn't be able to see it as she passed by his open door.

She was too nervous to look at David's expression through his open door. Today, his insecurities about her meetings with Gene would be fully justified.

When she entered Gene's office, he seemed to immediately pick up on her nervous, vulnerable energy, like a shark smelling blood. He leaned forward, elbows on his desk and fingers steepled, watching with his loathsome eyes as Eliza nervously approached and set the new bottle of creamer on his desk.

She cleared her throat, face red with shame, and said, "I was wondering if you could… could help me out, B-boss."

Gene chuckled darkly and shook his head. "You can do better than that. If you want your creamy treat, you're going to have to prove you can be my good little Cumbunny. What do you want from me?"

"I want your cum," said Eliza tersely, unable to meet Gene's gaze. "Please."

Gene reached over to the bottle, but this time he didn't unwrap it. He picked it up and tossed it into the trash. 'We won't be needing the training wheels anymore," he said in a low, Carlgerous voice. His tone made a prickle of apprehension and arousal run through Eliza. She found her eyes locking onto Gene's crotch against her will. There was a stiff bulge there, just as she thought there would be.

"From now on, the only way you will get my cum is fresh and warm. Straight from the source," he said in an unbearably smug tone.

Eliza felt a twisted blend of anger and arousal rise within her. The combination was so strong that it felt like she couldn't breathe. "You… No! No chance, Gene," she said furiously. "Last time, when I jac… When I touched your penis, it was a mistake. I won't sink that low again. It's bad enough that I need to drink your… filth. I won't be your whore. I'm a married woman!"

“But that’s the best part!” said Gene with a barked laugh. “Taking that loser David’s pretty, perfect princess and making her my depraved bimbo slut is the entire point.”

He leaned back, shaking his head with a smile. “Go ahead, Cumbunny. Take your big stand. Feel all warm and fuzzy inside for the next hour or so for telling the big bad bully to go fuck himself. It will just make it that much more humiliating when you come back to me anyway.”

Eliza left and slammed the door behind her, seething all the way back to her desk. David called out to her as she passed, but she was in no mood at the moment. She sat in a huff and put her head in her hands, feeling the hunger and lust throb through her. She couldn’t give in now. Gene was right; if she came crawling to him now after he had made his insulting intentions clear and she had taken a defiant stand, it would be crushingly humiliating.

Accepting his obscene condition would make her into the depraved bimbo that he infuriatingly labeled her.

But as the day went on, Eliza found it more and more difficult to concentrate. It had been almost twenty-four hours since she had had any of Gene’s cum at all, and her cravings were coming back worse than ever. She couldn’t stop thinking about the last time she had gotten sperm from Gene… Kneeling in front of his monstrous form, his hot cock throbbing in her hand… Feeling it twitch and spurt as it fired its creamy load into the bottle.

This time he wanted to spurt straight into her mouth.

Eliza whimpered and put her head down on her desk as her leaking pussy clenched hard around nothing. When Gene had fed her one tiny drop of her cum, it had almost made her orgasm on the spot… How much more intense would it be to have a full, hot, creamy load spread over her tongue… flow down her throat?

Suddenly David was at the entrance to her cubicle, looking worried. “Hey, baby?” he said with knitted brows, “Is everything alright? You looked upset coming out of Gene’s office. Did he try to bother you again?” Tortured by deep hunger and lust, Eliza felt a sudden unfair wave of annoyance wash over her at the sight of her husband.

“And if he was?” she asked sharply, making David frown in confusion. “What would you do? How would you help with that problem?”

David looked shocked for a moment. A month ago, he would have given some brave answers about standing up for her and teaching Gene a lesson. But being bullied and beaten down for a month had sapped some of his bravado. He gave her a wry grimace and said a little sheepishly, “I want to be there for you, Eliza. You can tell me anything.”

Eliza pinched the bridge of her nose and snorted. It was a lovely sentiment, but utterly untrue. No one would believe her current predicament. She barely believed it herself. If she told David she was addicted to Gene's cum, he would naturally assume only the worst. She was in this alone. She was determined to break Gene's control and be a perfect wife for David again, but there was no help he could give her right now.

She should apologize for snapping at him, but right now, with the filthy heat coursing through her veins, she couldn't muster the energy to stroke her husband's ego. "I need to be alone, David," she said bleakly. They stared at each other for an awkward moment with DDavid looking like he wanted to say something else before her thought better of it and retreated with a look of pained dissatisfaction.

God… she was going to have to go home tonight and deal with another session with a limp cock and limp excuses, her arousal and hunger spiraling higher and higher.

Suddenly, it seemed like a fate even worse than a humiliating capitulation to Gene's demands.

But could she do that? Could she kneel on the carpet of Gene's office and be the submissive little slut he demanded? She might be annoyed at David right now, but she still loved him fiercely. Making David's nightmares come true and sucking off his worst enemy would be the worst betrayal she could imagine.

Well… almost the worst betrayal she could imagine.

No. She could make it. Her eyes glanced up at the clock. A quiet moan of despair wormed its way between her lips. It had only been half an hour since her meeting with Gene. It had felt like hours. She still had about half the day left. And then the entire evening… and then… oh God… and then the rest of her life. Because Gene had made his terms incredibly clear. She wouldn't be getting any more of her fix unless it was sucked directly out of his cock.

Eliza tried to focus on work. On anything. But one word drummed through her mind again and again, seeming to echo through her aching, heated body:

Cum. Cum. CUM. CUM. CUM.

…

Eliza almost made it to the end of the day.

By four o'clock, she was practically panting with lust, and she was afraid that she would leave a wet spot when she got up from her chair. But just when she thought she might make it, temptation struck.

She saw her husband stand up and head to the bathroom from across the office floor. In one, gut-wrenching, heart-pounding moment, her desperate mind made the connection.

If she got up right now and went to Gene's office, David wouldn't notice. That small temptation was all that it took to push her over the edge. No longer hesitating or worrying over the implications of her action, Eliza stood on shaky legs and crossed rapidly to Gene's office, knocking sharply while peering guiltily over her shoulder to make sure her husband hadn't yet returned.

When she slipped inside a moment later, she was mortified to see Jessica, one of the junior accountants, sitting in the chair across from Gene. Gene's face flipped rapidly from displeasure at being interrupted to sadistic glee as he saw who had entered.

"Sorry, sweetheart," he said to Jessica with an oily smile, "I think Eliza has an urgent matter to discuss. But I'll be giving you an "exceeds expectations" on your performance review. Don't worry."

Jessica stood, her eyes filled with a blend of relief to be leaving Gene's clutches and faint amusement at Eliza's blushing face and apparent urgent desire to meet with her boss. When she left, a silence yawned between the grinning middle-aged man at his desk and the humiliated young woman staring at the floor, fidgeting like a naughty schoolgirl.

"So… what is it you wanted to discuss, Cumbunny?" said Gene, reveling in his victory.

Eliza could barely force the words past her lips. Her whole body vibrated with a potent blend of shame, guilt, hunger, and lust. "You win," she finally whispered, each word like acid on her tongue.

"Crawl to me," commanded Gene in a hard voice. "I want to see that my little Cumbunny knows her place after those big brave words earlier."

The painful, humiliating sting of defeat twisted Eliza's mouth. Gene was the last person to accept victory gracefully. Eliza had expected he would rub her nose in her shameful surrender.

It would have been so satisfying to say "no" and spit in his face… But Eliza's libido would no longer be denied when she was so close. Besides, refusing to crawl was foolish; she was about to do something much more humiliating in a few seconds. Swallowing her pride, Eliza got to her knees, awkwardly shuffling across the carpeted floor toward Gene.

And here she was again. In the position that haunted her nightmares… and her masturbation fantasies, no matter how hard she tried to resist. At Gene's feet. On her knees. His smug expression of ownership looming above her.

Gene's hand rubbed slowly and lasciviously up and down the huge bulge in his pants as he whispered, "Not so high and mighty now, are you Cumbunny? I remember when you used to look at me like a piece of trash. You turned your nose up at even a little harmless flirtation. And now you're on your knees like the cock-thirsty slut you were always meant to be."

Eliza couldn't even respond. She wanted to say it wasn't true. But her eyes couldn't break away from the shape of Gene's cock. She was thirsty for his cum. And she knew what she would have to do to earn it.

Gene's hands fell away. "Go on," he urged with a chuckle, "I can tell you're desperate. Unwrap your present."

Eliza's trembling fingers flew to Gene's crotch with indecent haste, unbuttoning and unzipping him with obvious eagerness. Now that her reward was so close, she couldn't even pretend to be reluctant anymore. Her mouth swam with drool, her body pulled with horny heat. She needed cum so badly that it was hard to think straight.

Eliza couldn't help but let out a soft gasp as Gene's hard cock burst free. She remembered feeling a little disgusted at the sight of it last time… but it was hard to imagine feeling that way now.

It was just so big, and hard, and veiny. A hot, throbbing eight inches of concentrated masculine power. It made Eliza feel dizzy just looking at it, her body swooning with desire. Her mind couldn't help but flash back to the night before, and her husband's limp, useless penis. It was an unfair comparison, but that was the nature of the world, wasn't it? The more dominant, powerful man won, no matter how unfair it was.

"Well don't just stare at it, Cumbunny," said Gene, his voice dripping with nasty amusement, "get to know your new playmate!" He roughly seized a handful of Eliza's hair and pulled her between his thighs, rubbing his thick cock all over her face.

Eliza whimpered in arousal and shock as she felt the rough, hot skin of her boss's cock rub against her cheeks, spreading its musky scent and smearing her with sticky precum. It was an overwhelming assault of masculinity that should have disgusted and insulted her. But in her current horny, desperate state the degrading act instead left her helpless with submissive lust. It was like being claimed and marked all over by his filthy cock, transforming her into the slut that Gene desired.

By the time Gene finished the humiliating display, Eliza was left dazed, red-faced, her eyes dull with pathetic, obedient arousal, and her face shiny and sticky with smeared precum. The new Cumbunny was ready for what came next.

Gene's hands released Eliza's hair and folded behind his head in his preferred posture of satisfied superiority. "Now start sucking, Bunny. And make it good, or no treat for you."

Eliza's eyes crossed as she stared at the throbbing cock in front of her. She simply wasn't the kind of woman who gave blowjobs except in rare circumstances, and then inexpertly. But she got the feeling that was bout to change; she was going to be a blowjob expert in no time. The worst part was how badly she wanted it. Not just the cum, but the feeling of hard, hot, masculine flesh stretching and filling her mouth.

She wanted to feel Gene's harsh dominance, and that impulse scared her.

But it didn't scare her as much as the possibility of never tasting his cum again.

Eliza gripped the base of Gene's cock in both hands, savoring the feeling of his hot skin beneath her fingers. Her plump lips gently parted… and, with a squirming blend of shame and lust filling her, she took the swollen head of his cock into her mouth.

Her immediate thought was how different it felt to have Gene's cock in her mouth than David's. When she gave her husband his yearly birthday blowjob, she always felt dutiful and slightly disgusted. But now, a powerful feeling of sexual inferiority swept over her as she looked up into Gene's gloating eyes, the head of his cock stretching her lips. It was infuriating and arousing in equal measure, leaving her feeling helpless and horny and frustrated. Eliza's tongue swirled sluggishly around the invading penis, beginning to gently suckle at the tip of her worst enemy's dick.

Gene simply basked in the feeling for a while, letting Eliza humbly worship him while staring down at her stupid, slutty face, lips stretched around his cock. What he wouldn't give for that pussy David to see his wife right now, on her knees like the good little cocksucking Cumbunny she was destined to be.

That gave him an idea…

"Deeper," grunted Gene arrogantly above Eliza. "I'm not a baby bottle, Bunny. I want to feel your whole mouth, not just the tongue."

Eliza obediently took Gene deeper in her warm, married mouth, struggling a little with his length and girth. She had never had a cock this big in her mouth before.

She was so focused that she didn't even see Gene picking up his phone until it was too late. Just as she was beginning to work Gene's cock toward the entrance of her throat, she heard Gene speak."

"Come by my office. I want to have your meeting now," he said curtly, clicking the phone firmly back into the receiver with a nasty grin splitting his face. Eliza spit the cock out, coughing and spluttering.

“Who was that?’ she asked, gripped by anxiety, “Why the fuck would you tell them to come when…” Her eyes widened and an icy spike seemed to pierce her heart. She could tell by Gene’s evil expression exactly who he had just called in for their performance review.

“You evil bastard! No, no, no!” said Eliza, filled with white-hot panic. She tried to rise from her knees, but Gene reached forward and held her down with a heavy hand on her shoulder.

“Think, Cumbunny,” he said sharply, snapping Eliza out of her panic for a moment. “You have maybe thirty seconds. You could get up and sit in the chair, but your face is covered in precum, and your hair is a mess. And who knows? I might be a little slow to put my cock away. It would be a pretty damning picture for your hubby to see. But if you hide under my desk…”

His voice was chummy and persuasive in a way that immediately put Eliza’s guard up, but what he said made a certain amount of sense. David was so insecure and on edge right now he would immediately guess what had been happening no matter what excuses Eliza tried to make. The dark recesses under Gene’s wooden desk look safe and inviting…

A knock sounded at the door and Eliza went for it, quickly shuffling beneath the desk. Gene scooted forward, trapping her and blocking the opening with his lower body, his cock still stiff and glistening with her saliva.

“Come in,” said Gene briskly.

Eliza barely dared to breathe, her heart pounding wildly in her chest. She heard her husband enter the room, just feet away as she hid under a desk, her hair mussed by another man’s fingers, her face sticky with another man’s juices.

“Glad you could make it Davey,” said Gene in a smug drawl. “I’m excited to finally tell you what I think of your performance.”

Gene’s cock was still naked, pointing straight upward, proud and stiff between his legs. In the cramped quarters beneath Gene’s desk, Eliza couldn’t escape from the sight of it. Even in these terrifying circumstances, she could still feel its magnetic pull.

“Now, I want to make one thing very clear,” said David, his voice brimming with determination. Eliza couldn’t see him from her hiding place, but she could picture his shoulders squared and his jaw set defiantly as he spoke. “You may have the upper hand right now, Gene, but that doesn’t mean you’ve won. My work speaks for itself, and using your position of authority to unfairly accuse me of incompetence will only be shooting yourself in the foot.”

Gene responded with a mocking laugh. Eliza watched with horror as Gene’s hands dropped below the level of the desktop. One hand began stroking his cock, the other beckoned her with one finger.

“Now it’s MY turn to make something clear,” said Gene roughly. “You clearly don’t realize what position you're in.” Knowing that Gene wouldn’t be able to see it, Eliza wordlessly shook her head. Was he fucking insane? There was no way she would do… that while her husband was in the room. But despite her revulsion, for some reason the idea had a certain twisted fascination to it.

“The company was so worried about your baseless slander that they offered me ANYTHING,” said Gene. Below the desk, his finger snapped impatiently. Eliza winced at the sound. If Gene wasn’t careful, David would realize something was going on beneath the desk! If Eliza was caught like this it would be crushingly humiliating for her and David both.

Eliza gulped and stared at Gene’s obscene cock, still fully erect. She… she didn’t have a choice, right? Her pussy throbbed with dirty heat, making her feel damp and stuffy between her thighs. Sucking Gene’s cock was bad enough, but doing it while David was in the room was a whol other level of wrong. But if she disobeyed, Gene wouldn’t hesitate to expose her slutty betrayal. She would just have to give in and do what Gene said… just this once. She insisted to herself fiercely that her growing arousal had absolutely nothing to do with her obedience to Gene’s obscene command.

“I could have had you fired with cause. How easy do you think it would be to get another job when your last reference says you were fired for assault?” Asked David with a nasty chuckle. Feeling the deep, filthy wrongness in every fiber of her being, Eliza took Gene’s cock into her drooling mouth once again, this time with her husband just feet away behind a shielding layer of wood.

“There’s no way,” said David weakly. Hearing her husband’s voice with another man’s cock between her lips was so fucking wrong… so why the fuck was Eliza getting more and more horny as her tongue writhed over the surface of Gene’s cock? “There is no way that Carl would do that to me.”

“That’s where you’re wrong. You always did think highly of yourself, Davey. But it turns out you’re a lot more disposable than you thought.” Gene’s gruff voice was filled with dominant confidence. Eliza felt herself taking his cock deeper. Her hand shamefully strayed down to rub her pussy over her pants. God… Gene was in the middle of bullying her husband, and Eliza knew she should be angry and disgusted by him. But he just sounded so powerful right now. So in charge. The undisputed alpha in the room, demonstrating his superiority over the defeated beta.

“So if I say you fail to meet expectations and need to be put on an improvement plan under my direct supervision,” said Gene firmly, “Carl is going to sign right on the dotted line.”

Eliza began bobbing her head smoothly. She knew that it risked exposureto move like this; she could hear the soft wet noises the blowjob was now making. But she couldn’t resist; she needed to feel Gene’s cock. She needed to submit to his masculinity in his moment of triumph. She

mentally apologized to her poor husband, but weeks of slowly intensifying arousal coupled with her deep craving for Gene's sperm made every primal instinct inside her beg to submit to the alpha.

"I've always thought you were pathetic," said Gene dismissively, "and I think that's the exact wording that I plan to put on the review that will go into your file. That your work here is pathetic."

"Now, wait just a second," said David angrily, with a bit of petulant whine creeping into his voice.

Gene reached down and grabbed the back of Eliza's head and forced his cock deeper, until her plump lips were sealed around the base of his cock and her nose was nestled deep into his musky pubic hair. Eliza's eyes flew open wide in shock that this was even possible. She had never taken a man into her throat before, but someone now, in her moment of humble submission, she had managed it easily. Gene's thick, manly cock bulged and spread her throat, dominating her in a way she had never allowed David to even attempt.

"Shut the fuck up, Davey," he grunted roughly. "I won't hear any back talk from you right now. Not when I have you by the balls."

Eliza tried as hard as she could not to gasp out loud around the thick cock buried in her throat. Her whole body thrummed with shame and lust and fear of being discovered. It was the most intense feeling she had ever experienced.

"I… you can't…" spluttered Eliza's defeated husband, finally trailing off into a miserable, "Yes, sir…"

"In fact," said Gene wickedly, "I need to hear you say it."

"Wh-what?" said David with horrified surprise.

"You heard me," said Gene, "I want to hear you admit to me how pathetic you are. Consider it a required self-evaluation." Gene's hand began pushing rhythmically, moving Eliza's head up and down his raging shaft beneath the desk. Oh God… he was fucking her mouth right in front of her husband, his cock thrusting deep into and out of her poor virgin throat. Eliza was certain that David would hear the gentle choking noises on his enemy's shaft, but he didn't. He was too caught up in his own little world of humiliation to notice the true degradation happening under his nose.

"I…" gulped David, "I'm p-pathetic."

Gene forced Eliza's head down to the base of his cock once again as an overpowering wave of twisted lust hit her. It was so wrong… so dirty. Her cruel, powerful boss was forcing a weaker man to degrade himself while fucking his wife's mouth. It was the most evil thing she could

imagine. But it was also so fucking hot… As horrible as he was, Gene was just so powerful and dominant in this moment' forcing his will on Eliza's pathetic husband and taking what should be David's alone by force.

Caught in a whirlwind of shameful, submissive lust, Eliza wriggled her tongue over Gene's cock, tasting every veiny inch of his middle-aged dick as her husband pathetically stuttered across the room. She unbuttoned her pants, no longer able to be subtle, slipping her slim fingers within to touch and tease her throbbing pussy.

"And who exactly is the boss here?" asked Gene smugly.

"You're the boss," admitted David, his voice dripping with impotent anger. Eliza could feel waves of heat flooding through her body as her finger worked relentlessly on her pussy and her head bobbed in Gene's lap. Oh God. She was going to cum. And when she did, their would be no holding back the slutty moans that she could already feel welling up inside her. But she couldn't fucking stop. Not when she felt this good. Not when she was so close to the oral creampie she craved so badly.

"I glad you understand," said Gene in a rough, panting voice. His powerful, sweaty hand tangled in Eliza's sleek hair once again, roughly seizing control of the blowjob and forcing her head up and down his cock.

"What's the matter with you?" asked David suspiciously, finally realizing that something was amiss. "Are you fucking jerki-..."

"Get. The Fuck," barked Gene, punctuating each word by thrusting his cock deep into the throat of his bullied subordinate's wife, "Out. Of my. Office!"

David apparently scurried to obey, cowed by the anger of a stronger man. And not a moment too soon. Gene's cock erupted, filling Eliza's waiting mouth with thick, gooey sperm.

Eliza's brain seemed to blink off completely for a moment, utterly shutting down in the face of sensation so pleasurable it couldn't fully process it. When she came to a moment later, her entire body was straining and taut with the deepest orgasm she had ever felt. Her back arched, her pussy cleched, vice-like, around her fingers, and her throat swallowed compulsively, greedily consuming what she craved so badly. A deeping humming moan sounded from her throat, muffled by the cock still stuffed in her mouth…

… And her eyes stared up at the man who had made her feel this way. The only man in the world that could deliver this mind-melting pleasure. Things shifted in her mind as her eyes took in Gene's smug features in the moment of orgasm. Connections were made that would be difficult to break.

Finally, Eliza collapsed back on shaking legs, resting her head against the wood of Gene's desk.

“That’s a good little Cumbunny,” he said approvingly. “I think you learned a valuable lesson today. About which man you really belong to.”

Now that her thirst was sated, Eliza felt the shame of her betrayal blossoming cold and acidic in her chest. She had not only betrayed David physically… she had for some reason taken a twisted pleasure in his pain during her filthy act. She still didn’t understand that reaction completely. Something about her twisted addiction was transforming her sexuality in disturbing ways. But Eliza couldn’t argue with Gene’s conclusions. She looked away from her boss with a burning blush and silently nodded.

Gene simply chuckled as he tucked his dribbling penis back into his pants. “Well, it’s about quitting time, Cumbunny,” he said jovially. “You had better get out of here before hubby realizes you’re missing. If I let him find out how much of a slutty Cumbunny you are right now, he might do something rash… best wait to give him the bad news until I’ve broken his spirit a bit more. I’ll see you tomorrow for our new daily meeting routine.”

Eliza blanched at the casual implication that Gene planned to reveal their twisted activities to David when the time was right. But what could she do? Gene was correct that, at this point, she needed to get out of the office as soon as possible.

As she exited the office, Eliza took the opportunity to peek out, just to make sure that David wasn’t watching. It would be difficult to explain why she was leaving the office just minutes after his meeting concluded. Luckily, his office door was shut. Was he seething in there? Crying? It would make sense after how thoroughly he had been emasculated. The thought sent another sickening zip of arousal through Eliza that she brutally squashed. She couldn’t let Gene get into her head like that. She loved David more than anything, and there was nothing sexy about him losing to Gene. Nothing at all.

Eliza left the office quickly, and she hoped casually, trying not to draw attention from her other co-workers either.

But she didn’t head straight to her desk.

Instead she went to the breakroom and removed the bottle of creamer she had finished yesterday from the fridge. Checking behind her to make sure no one was looking, Eliza opened her mouth and dribbled a few teaspoons of leftover cum into the bottle.

It had taken every ounce of willpower she had to hold that amount in her mouth without swallowing. It was the start of her plan. She would need to collect as much reserve semen as possible to even have a prayer of succeeding.

Taking a deep breath, Eliza tucked the bottle back into the back of the fridge and straightened up, then went to the bathroom and fixed her hair.

She had to get ready for an evening of being a crying shoulder for her upset husband who didn’t even realize how bad his humiliation could get.

Part C

“No, no…. I can’t say I’m seeing any improvement in work ethic,” said Gene lazily into the phone, leaning back in his office chair with a look of smug contentment on his face. “No, I don’t think I think we should can him just yet. I’d like to keep him on the improvement plan. I think with a little more encouragement, we might make a semi-competent worker out of him.”

Eliza knelt at his feet, her eyes glazed with submissive lust as she bobbed her head smoothly up and down his massive cock, using her tongue in a desperate attempt to coax her favorite treat out faster. Her hand moved frantically in her unbuttoned pants, writhing between her wet panties and her wetter pussy as she wallowed in her shameful pleasure. She dimly registered that Gene was probably talking about David, and a pang of guilt cut through her haze of pleasure.

It had been a month since Eliza first started her new blowjob routine with Gene. The “daily HR check-ins” were now simply scheduled blowjob sessions, with Eliza falling to her knees almost as soon as the office door clicked shut behind her. While Eliza was becoming more and more intimately familiar with her new boss’s cock, things had been getting even worse for her husband. Since Gene had given him such an awful performance review, David had been placed directly under Gene’s micromanaging supervision, which only gave Gene further opportunities to humiliate and bully him.

And as much as Eliza tried to resist, Gene’s dominant bullying of her wilting husband was definitely getting her hot and bothered lately. She understood exactly what was happening, of course. Whatever strange oil Gene had slipped her made him irresistibly attractive to her traitorous subconscious. So naturally, she interpreted Gene’s favorite hobby of bullying as sexy and masculine. Her new fetish for Gene’s cruelty was therefore utterly artificial… but that didn’t make it any less powerful and compelling.

Despite her unwanted arousal at his humiliation, Eliza’s heart ached for her poor husband. David didn’t deserve her betrayal, even if it wasn’t her fault. Because of her new sexual outlet of the daily blowjob sessions, Eliza had regained some drive and focus. She used that new energy to try to reconnect with her husband and ease his stress. It was the least she could do. She started with weekly Saturday night dates that would take their minds off of work, and it seemed like they had been good for David. Although as much as Eliza enjoyed spending time with her husband, the weekends were a little tough… it was the only time of the week when Eliza had to go without her fix for two days in a row, and by Saturday night she was sometimes distracted and irritable.

Gene clicked the receiver down hard and grinned down at his little slut. “You know what would make me cum a lot faster…” he mused aloud, an evil gleam in his eye. “If you finally told me what I want to hear. Admit it. Tell me how much better my cock is. I want to hear you describe how pathetic your husband is compared to me.”

Eliza’s just wordlessly glared up at Gene, her tongue wriggling and her head bobbing faster, trying to end the blowjob before Gene took this line of thinking any further. Gene was always

finding new ways to push the envelope with his new Cumbunny, and this was the latest. He wanted Eliza to join in on bullying David, badmouthing him during her dirty talk. But that was going too far. It was bad enough that her body heated up when David was treated badly. She wouldn't give in and play this sick game. She loved and respected David, and no mysterious oil would change that.

Gene just chuckled at her defiant glare and scooted backward on the chair. "Well, if you insist, Lizzie. You know what you have to do then. It's one or the other."

Eliza's stomach roiled and her heart sank. It seemed like for every minor way she managed to defy Gene, he extracted fresh humiliations in revenge. But in her desperate circumstances, she had to pick her battles… Eliza reluctantly released Gene's cock and lowered her head down past his balls, pulled apart his cheeks…

And extended her delicate pink tongue to lick and suck her boss's asshole. While the cock sucking was slowly becoming routine, being forced to serve in this filthy, humiliating way still made Eliza burn with shame. She had fought hard for a week to resist this degrading sex act, but once again her hunger was stronger than her pride. The final straw had been the false choice Gene had presented: insult her husband or eat his ass. This way, she could at least tell herself she was defending David.

As Eliza explored Gene's sweaty, wrinkled sphincter with the tongue and lips she used to kiss her husband, her fingers began to move again, grinding against her overheated pussy. More and more lately, even her own degradation had become a source of twisted pleasure…

"I've got an offer for you, Cumbunny," grunted Gene suddenly. Eliza couldn't see his face from her humbled position, but she managed to give a muffled "mmmhmmph" to let him know she was listening.

"I know that weekends must be hard for you without your favorite treat," he said in a voice dripping with false concern. "Why don't you come spend time with me this Saturday? I promise that you'll enjoy it."

Eliza's mouth was too busy to respond, only making wet slurping noises, but her mind whirled. She couldn't. That was her bonding time with David. Their dates had been helping both of them. Him to relieve stress, and her to ease her guilt and reconnect with her husband. But she knew that now the temptation was there, she would struggle with it. God damn it. Fuck Gene and his fucking mind games!

Gene chuckled as if reading her mind through the frantic wriggling of her tongue. "Just an offer," he said with dark amusement. "Not a command this time, Bunny. Food for thought. Now make me cum."

Her mind raging with conflict and shame and her pussy singing from humiliation and her swiftly rubbing fingers, Eliza raised her free hand and began rapidly jacking her boss's dick.

Only when he began cumming would she be allowed to raise her head and catch the fluid that had become her obsession.

…

"...So that's where I'm at," said David with a miserable sigh. "After weeks of backbreaking work, they're basically telling me that it was all subpar and I'm going to stay under an improvement plan. Fucking Carl even hinted that I was lucky not to be fired!"

Eliza made an appropriately sympathetic noise and tried not to think about how utterly and easily Gene had defeated her husband. She tried to focus instead on the massage, working her fingers deep into the knots in David's shoulders. It felt unfair that she was always being forced into the role of sympathetic cheerleader when she faced humiliations even worse than David's… but then again he knew nothing about what she was going through, and she planned to keep it that way.

"I need to take my mind off it," said David firmly, turning to give Eliza a warm smile. "Luckily, I've got a date with my smoking hot wife tomorrow. Wine tasting, right? I've been thinking about it all week."

"Uh huh…" said Eliza, unable to keep a note of guilty hesitance from her voice. She hadn't been thinking about the wine tasting all week… she had been thinking about Gene's offer. It would be yet another betrayal of David to ditch him and spend time with his hated enemy… But at this point, Eliza was sucking Gene's cock on a daily basis. What was one more sin added to the pile? Eliza had been able to get through the weekends without her regular dose of cum, but it wasn't exactly comfortable. Now that she had been presented with an alternative, the temptation to take Gene's offer was hard to resist.

'What?" asked David, his eyebrows wrinkling as he turned to face her. 'What's wrong?"

Shit. He had caught her tone and knew that something was up. But this presented an opportunity. David had already sensed her hesitation, so in a sense, the cat was already out of the bag. She might as well take the opportunity.

"I just heard that one of my besties from college will be in town tomorrow night," she lied smoothly. "I was hoping we could take a rain check on the wine tasting, Honey."

"Oh. Yeah, well," said David in a falsely bright voice. "If you don't get to see her that often that makes sense." He was putting on a brave face, but Eliza felt the disappointed slump of her husband's shoulders. The acidic guilt flared up inside her once again, but she told herself that it wasn't that bad as she redoubled her efforts at the massage.

After all, she had just spent the past three Saturdays on date nights with David. It wasn't the end of the world if she spent one taking care of *her* needs. Besides, there was no way she would be pleasant company at a wine tasting if she couldn't stop thinking about a liquid she wanted to drink so much more…

…

Getting out of the house proved to be easy. David was too trusting and wrapped up in his own stress to suspect his wife of any funny business. He kissed her goodbye with just a faint look of disappointment on his face.

Eliza had suspected that the evening would consist of humiliating sexual escapades at Gene's home. But, unfortunately, it turned out the horrible older man had something else in mind entirely.

Eliza stormed out of the truck stop bathroom with a look of angry disbelief on her face. "What the fuck is this?" She hissed quietly, shaking the garment bag in her hand, "and why the fuck would you expect me to wear it for you?'

When Gene pulled up to the seedy truck stop on the outskirts of town, Eliza was confused. When he handed her the garment bag and told her to get changed, she had been even more bewildered. But even after the humiliating things Gene had asked of her so far, he had to be crazy if he thought she would submit to wearing this costume in public.

"You were the one who wanted to hang out," said Gene with one of his usual dirty chuckles. "Besides, don't you think it's appropriate? I think it really showcases who you are now."

"What if someone sees me?" demanded Eliza, a furious blush staining her face. "It would be the end of my reputation!"

Gene shrugged with an unimpressed grimace. "Fine. I understand your reluctance, Lizzie, I really do. It can be embarrassing to show the world who you really are. I can just take you straight home if this is too much for you."

That brought Eliza up short. Straight home. Back after half an hour when she told her husband she would be gone all night. It would take more lies to smooth that over, and give David greater opportunities to get suspicious.

And more importantly, it would mean no special bonus weekend dose of cum…

"Look, if it makes you feel better, I can guarantee that you won't run into anyone you know where we're going,' said Gene in an oily, persuasive voice. "Why do you think I brought you to this shit hole to get dressed? I don't want you getting caught either."

Eliza wavered, then looked down at the garment bag in her hand. A helpless wave of submissive, humiliated lust crashed through her as she realized she was going to give in to Gene's perverted whims once again.

"You fucking asshole," she muttered as she turned back to the bathroom, ready to give up yet another piece of her dignity in exchange for cum.

…

Gene killed the engine in front of a low bulky building in a part of town that Eliza had never been to before. He turned to take in her outfit once again, his face lighting up with a mixture of lust and amusement that made Eliza squirm with discomfort in the car seat.

Gene had forced her into a classic bunny suit. The type that bimbos wore in porn magazines. Eliza wore heels taller than she ever had before in her life, and her legs were covered in fishnet stockings which only served to emphasize them. On her torso, a snug one-piece black corset barely covered her pussy with a thin strip of material while her firm C-cup breasts practically spilled out of the top. The look was completed by a silky bunny-ear headband and two ridiculous fake cuffs on her wrists. She had been transformed into a perfect slutty bunny for Gene to show off.

It was breathtakingly demeaning. Eliza had always considered herself a proud and independent woman. But now, she looked exactly like the slutty bimbo eye candy that Gene desired. And she felt like one too… could she really say she wasn't slutty eye candy when she agreed to dress this way in public just for the promise of a taste of cum?

"Just one more thing," said Gene with a shark-like smile, reaching over her to open the glove compartment. "One last accessory to complete the look."

When Gene showed her the last piece of the outfit, Eliza wasn't even surprised. Just deeply embarrassed that she knew she would wear it anyway, no matter how humiliating it was.

…

The building turned out to be a sex club. That was obvious as soon as the bouncer ushered them inside. The dimly lit, dungeon-like room was filled with low furniture, as well as various racks, swings, and BDSM equipment that Eliza didn't recognize. Much to Eliza's mortification, the place seemed to be rather busy tonight.

Which meant there were that many more people to observe her shame.

The last piece of the outfit that Gene had presented to her had been a leather collar and a shiny chain leash, which Gene now held in his stubby, powerful fingers, leading her deep into the club.

Luckily, even collared, leashed, and wearing a bunny outfit, Eliza was by far the sluttiest in the crowd, which oddly almost made her and Gene blend in.

But that hardly made Eliza feel better. Here she was, collared and leashed by her husband's worst enemy, while poor trusting David sat lonely and stressed at home. Her addiction to Gene's cum had made her into a terrible wife.

And she was sure if Gene had his way, things would only get worse from here.

Eliza was just beginning to wonder what the endgame for the evening was (Did Gene just want a public blowjob?) when she saw them a little distance away. Two more men stood chatting amiably with leashed bunnies of their own at their side.

Shit. This wasn't just a little private outing. It was a fucking hobby meetup. Gene was planning to show off his new Cumbunny to other enthusiasts. As if this night couldn't get any more fucking humiliating.

One of them, a thick-set squat man in his fifties, with a grey buzzcut, saw Gene and waved with a welcoming smile. "

"BossHog87?" he asked in a gruff voice as they drew closer, holding out a muscular arm to shake.

"You must be CoachS," said Gene with a laugh, transferring Eliza's leash to his left hand to accept the handshake. "You can call me Gene. And this slutty little bunny is Lizzie," he added, jerking the leash to make Eliza wobble forward on her high heels.

"P-pleased to meet you," murmured Eliza in a mortified whimper.

"God, she's a snobby little bitch, isn't she?" said the older man, leering appreciatively at Eliza's displayed body.

"Not for long," said Gene with a wink, making both men laugh at Eliza's expense.

"Well anyway," said the squat man, "You can call me Stu. And these are Mitsy and Bitsy. Say 'hi', girls."

Stu held two leashes in his hand, one attached to the collar of a curvy blond who looked a little older than Eliza, and the other to a sullen-looking young Asian woman with her long hair gathered into silky pigtails. They both wore the same slutty bunny outfit as Eliza.

"Hiiiii!" said the blonde with the hourglass figure, wrinkling her nose with a little giggle. Despite the fact that she seemed to be in her late twenties, she had a breathy bimbo voice that sounded much younger. "I'm Mitsy! It's, like soooo nice to meet you!"

The petite Asian just glowered at Stu and Gene until Mitsy elbowed her and said in a stage whisper, “Bitsy, you need to be polite, or Coach will have to punish you again!”

“Hello,” said Bitsy stonily.

The third man cleared his throat with an arrogant smile. “I’m afraid I won’t use real names here, gentlemen, so you can just continue to call me HareoftheDog. Or Hare for short” They shook hands all around. HareoftheDog seemed to be the same age as Bitsy, about nineteen or twenty. He had highly-styled blonde hair, a perpetual sneer, and all the arrogance of a spoiled brat.

Attached to his leash was one of the most gorgeous women that Eliza had ever seen. She was tall, fair-skinned, and busty, with waves of shiny, crimson hair that framed her lovely, freckled face. Eliza guessed she was somewhere in her early thirties due to a certain mature ripeness in her features, but the woman had taken such good care of herself it was hard to tell. Her eyes stayed demurely downcast as her master spoke, her hands folded in front of her in a pose that emphasized her full, gravity-defying breasts. Unlike Eliza, who felt like she could topple over any moment in her tall heels, this woman seemed graceful and poised.

“Oh,” said the snotty little blonde man with a dismissive flick of his eyes, “This is Cumslut. Say hello to the nice men, Cumslut.”

“Hello, gentlemen,” said the gorgeous redhead in a melodious voice, a warm smile on her lips.

“Well now that introductions have been made,” said Gene, companionably throwing his arms over the shoulders of the other men, “Why don’t us three go grab some drinks?”

The other two men agreed, and all three of them humiliatingly tied their leashes off to a nearby sex swing as if their “Cumbunnies” were dogs that might wander off.

As soon as they were out of earshot, Bitsy turned to the other two women with her eyes blazing. “First off,” she said in a tight, angry voice, “my name isn’t fucking ‘Bitsy’. It’s Beth. And her name is Martha.” The young Asian woman jerked a thumb at ‘Mitsy’, making her chain leash jangle from the jerky motion.

“What are your real names?” She demanded, her eyes flashing back and forth between Eliza and the tall redhead.

Eliza was about to answer, relieved that she was at least on the same page as one of the other Cumbunnies, when Mitsy shook her head sadly, putting a hand on Bitsy’s shoulder. “I’m, like, soooo sorry for Bitsy, Bunnies. She is still getting used to belonging to Coach. She needs a little more time.”

“He’s not my fucking Coach!” Said Bitsy in frustration. “And he’s not yours either, Ms. Flynn! He’s just the pervy old gym teacher that everyone hates!” She turned to Eliza with anger in her eyes.

“Listen, when I heard that my favorite English teacher from last year got fired for ‘inappropriate behavior’, I just had to look into it,” said Bitsy, giving Mitsy a wry, troubled look. “When I found out that she moved in with the gym teacher we both used to hate, it seemed obvious that something was up. But then Ms. Flynn gave me a milkshake when I met with her and… well… she had mixed something into it.” She shuddered, then seemed to steel herself. “We can be at this together if we compare notes. I know we can.”

Eliza wanted to believe Bitsy, but she heard the edge of uncertainty and taint of unwilling arousal in the young woman’s voice. It was the same doubt and lust that she felt in herself. She tried to think of something encouraging to say, but “Cumslut” beat her to the punch.

The graceful older woman stepped forward and embraced Bitsy, pressing the fiery Asian into her breasts. “There, there, dear,” she said soothingly, stroking Bitsy’s fine, flowing hair. “I had a hard time when I first started too! You should have heard me whine about how sick and wrong it was for my Master to do this to his own stepmother!” The woman’s laugh was as low and rich as her voice. As she shook her head in gentle mockery of her past foolishness her lovely hair swayed around her head.

“But all of those petty concerns fell away when I realized how much joy and peace true submission brings. Soon, you will be utterly happy to be of service,” explained Cumslut gently. Bitsy was staring up at her with an expression that tried hard to be defiant but held an edge of curiosity as well.

“Especially when Coach finally cums in your pussy!” giggled Mitsy enthusiastically. “It feels so good when you finally take his jizz like you were meant to! All your other worries just fade away! Right, Lizzie?” The curvy blond turned to Eliza suddenly, appealing to her for agreement.

Eliza flushed and looked away, troubled by the thought. So these other, more experienced cum bunnies were fucking their masters. Naturally, that was where she was assuming Gene planned to take things eventually. She had just hoped that she would be able to spring her plan by then.

“I… I don’t do that kind of thing with Gene,” said Eliza, oddly feeling embarrassed. If anything she should be proud. “I’m a married woman,” she added, a bit awkwardly.

Mitsy scoffed and gave her a sidelong glance. “So? So am I. Or at least I was. It’s been a while since I spoke to Vince. Are you saying that your master still hasn’t cum in your pussy?”

Cumslut sighed and laid a sympathetic palm on Eliza’s arm. “Oh dear, you’re a bit closer to Bitsy’s level than we assumed, it seems,” she said with a note of sadness.

Eliza, feeling an odd flare of defensive anger from her two fellow bunnies' condescending attitude, was about to respond, when she was interrupted by the arrival of their three owners.

“Hey ladies, did you miss us?” asked Gene obnoxiously, taking a swig of beer. “Oooh, yes,” purred Mitsy, sidling up to her “Coach’s side and rubbing up against him. “I just can’t stand to be away from you, Coach!”

“Let’s go and find some seats,” said Hare, snatching up his leash and pulling his Cumbunny forward. His eyes gleamed and he glanced at Mitsy, Bitsy, and “Lizzie”. “It’s about time we showed off our bunnies.”

…

“Well, who wants to start?” asked Gene eagerly as they sat in a dim corner, rubbing his hands together with a wicked gleam in his eyes. Eliza’s heart pounded. She just knew that Gene would want to go first and force her to do something obscene in front of these perverted men.

But she underestimated the fact that the other men were just as eager as Gene.

“Well!” said the squat older man named Stu, “I have something I want to show off a little.” Mitsy had eagerly sat next to him and cuddled up, but Bitsy still stood, staring daggers at him. He wound the chain leash around his fist, drawing her closer step by step.

“Bitsy has been a lot harder to work with than Mitsy ever was,” said Stu in a low, growling voice. “This cute little brat resists me every step of the way… But just this week we had our first successful ‘direct feeding’ session. Isn’t that right, Bitsy?”

A fiery blush spread across Bitsy’s cute face. “Sh-shut up,” she mumbled, biting her lip in humiliation. But Eliza could recognize the signs. Poor little Bitsy was getting horny too. Even someone as spirited as her couldn’t escape the effects of the oil.

Stu let out a harsh bark of a laugh. “As you can see, poor little thing is still a little shy about her new cocksucking hobby. But I haven’t let her have any carrot juice for two days leading up to this to provide her a little extra incentive. I think I can get her to show off her new skill if you boys are interested.”

“Definitely,” said Gene eagerly. Hare simply nodded with his sneering smile.

Bitsy stood, face red with embarrassment, drawn close to her master by his cruel grip on her leash. But as Stu remove his pants to reveal his stiff, uncut cock, Eliza could see more. Beneath her obvious humiliation, Bitsy felt the same smoldering arousal that Eliza had grown used to. And Eliza knew from experience that resisting that pull wasn’t easy.

Seeing her fellow bunny's struggle, Mitsy rose from her seat, gently touching Bitsy on the small of her back in a comforting gesture. "What's the matter, honey?" She asked sweetly. "Didn't you finally agree earlier this week that sucking coach's cock is just like, soooo yummy?"

"I can't, Ms. Flynn!" protested the cute little Asian in a kind of moaning whine. "It's… in front of this many people? I just can't!" Her hands flew up to cup her cheeks in an adorably bashful gesture that clashed with her earlier anger.

Mitsy looked up at Stu with a pout. "Can we do it together, Coach? Pleeeease? I think it would help with poor Bitsy's stage fright, and besides, I want to taste your cock too!"

Stu chuckled with a smirk. "Fine, fine. I spoil you two too much… but a double blowjob does sound pretty hot."

With an enthusiastic "Yaaaay!", Mitsy laced her fingers through Bitsy's and pulled her down to kneel at their joint master's feet.

"Now just watch how I do it, Bitsy," said Mitsy in a smoldering purr, cupping her master's pendulous balls and gently massaging them as her other hand gave his cock a few warm-up strokes. "I think that you'll get into the mood in no time."

Eliza watched, her body beginning to heat up despite herself, as the curvy blond eagerly slurped the old man's cock between her plump lips, loudly enjoying her submissive blowjob. Bitsy watched as well, just inches away on her knees beside Mitsy. Her dark eyes were attentive and her lower lip was trapped between her teeth in an expression of hesitant arousal.

"Come here, Lizzie," murmured Gene, wrapping a burly arm around his Cumbunny and pulling her to his side. "Let's watch together." He pointedly grabbed Eliza's hand and dropped it into his lap. Eliza wasn't shocked to find that Gene had already unholstered his cock as her hand made contact with its throbbing length.

She hesitated only for a moment. She was publically attending a sex club as Gene's bimbo bunny slut. Getting precious about a hand job hardly made sense. Besides, watching Mitsy's devoted service to her master was getting Eliza hot and bothered, and having a stiff cock in her hand felt… right.

"You could learn a lot from Mitsy you know," said Gene, murmuring in her ear in a low, filthy tone that sent a shudder through Eliza. "Stu and I are good friends online… he told me all about her story."

Eliza felt a tight, hot knot of arousal growing, writhing, spreading deep in her belly as she sat watching Mitsy slobber eagerly all over the cock of the old gym teacher in front of her. She didn't want to hear any more of Gene's poisonous words about how she should take this fallen

Cumbunny slut as a role model. But she said nothing, just stroked her hand up and down Gene's thick cock while her eyes focused on the depraved scene in front of her.

"She used to be a model teacher. It was her calling. Being the best educator she could be meant everything to her," said Gene in amusement. His breath was hot in Eliza's ear. "Until one day Ms. Flynn mysteriously started wearing clothes that were… questionably appropriate. And once the rumors started flying about the sorts of extra credit opportunities she was offering her senior boys in her classroom after school… well, her 'calling' was gone in an instant."

Mitsy's big blue eye shone with soft devotion as she took her master's hard dick deep into her throat. "Don't worry though," said Gene with a nasty chuckle. "She found something she likes a lot better than teaching."

With a wet pop, Mitsy disengaged from Stu's cock, playfully slapping the wet member a few times against her smiling cheek. Then she turned to Bitsy, who was still watching with helpless arousal.

"Come on, sweetie," said Mitsy, holding the large dick at the base and waggling it temptingly. "I got it all warmed up for you. Show Coach a little love."

Bitsy still looked deeply embarrassed, but clearly watching Mitsy's slutty blowjob had gotten her too horny to resist. Slowly, hesitantly, she leaned forward and planted a reluctant kiss on the tip of her master's penis.

Then, with a shudder of unwilling arousal, Bitsy extended her bubble-gum tongue and swirled it around the bulbous cock-head, still shiny with Mitsy's saliva.

"That's a good girl," crooned Mitsy, reaching up to cradle the back of Bitsy's head and gently urge her forward. "Now say aaahhhh!"

Bitsy was now caught up completely in her hungry lust. The petite asian squeezed her eyes shut to block out her audience as Mitsy pushed her forward, sliding her master's cock into her little mouth.

Eliza felt her breath hitch at the erotic sight of Mitsy slowly helping the young bunny find her rhythm, bobbing her head on Stu's cock. Bitsy's pigtails swayed and flipped as her speed picked up, all of her prickly defiance forgotten in her new desperation for cock. Eliza's fist tightened, feeling the throbbing masculine power in her hand as she stroked faster.

"You know, Mitsy once thought she would do anything to protect her students…" said Gene in her ear. Mitsy let her hand fall loose from the back of Bitsy's head, watching her former student's performance with pride in her eyes. "And now she is Stu's enthusiastic partner in corrupting poor little Bitsy. That's what you should learn from her. You need to let go of all those old hang-ups. My cock should be all that matters to you now."

Stu had reached down at this point at taken a pigtail in each fist, fucking the face of his nineteen-year-old Cumbunny. And based on the whining, desperate moans muffled by his thick cock, little Bitsy no longer had any objections.

But as it became clear that Stu was about to cum, Mitsy pulled Bitsy impatiently away. She was still the top bunny, and she would enjoy their reward first.

After the warming-up that Bitsy had done, it took only a few more short pumps in Mitsy's throat for Stu to finally spurt. Mitsy held his cock in her mouth, her eyes alight with wicked pleasure as it visibly pulsed and twitched, pumping her mouth full of semen.

Then Mitsy turned once again to the red-faced Bitsy, who was trembling with shame and desire.

"Mitsy… I can't…" she whimpered as the sultry blonde took her young bunny protege gently by the shoulders.

But that wasn't true at all. It turned out that Bitsy could. With a groan of defeat, she leaned forward and pressed her tender lips to her former teacher's in an obscene kiss. The sloppy, liquid sound of their tongues writhing together filled the air as Mitsy delivered her Coach's gooey treat to her favorite student. The kiss deepened and lengthened as they played together, their hands clasping, passing the sticky sperm back and forth across their dancing tongues and goo-covered lips, spilling a good amount down the front of the tits pressed together between them.

Gene suddenly gripped Eliza's wrist. "Slow down, Lizzie," warned Gene playfully. "I don't think you want me to burst right in your hand tonight." Eliza looked away from the kissing bunnies in embarrassment. She hadn't realized she was getting carried away with the intensity of her handjob. There was just something so compellingly filthy about the two Bunnies' cum-swapping lesbian display.

"Now it's my turn," said Hare arrogantly, unzipping his pants. He snapped his fingers crisply and barked, "Cumslut, present!"

"Yes sir," said Cumslut meekly. She swayed gracefully forward, standing facing away from her master and spreading her legs. She bent slowly at the waist, her shining red hair falling in alluring curtains around her face as her heavy tits hung ripely below her. Cumslut saw Eliza staring at her and gave her a sultry wink.

"Use me, master," purred the breathtaking redhead.

Hare stood and dropped his pants, briefly revealing a thin, below-average cock. But it wasn't on display for long… The blonde young man roughly tore off the apparently-detachable bottom section of Cumslut's corset and slipped into her wet and ready pussy.

Cumslut arched her back with a gasp, crouching slightly and angling her hips to give her shorter master the optimal angle for penetration. With every sign of enjoyment, the smoking hot Cumbunny humped and ground her wide hips backward into Hare's frantic thrusts.

Eliza's slippery fist was moving on Gene's cock once again as she watched yet another slutty Cumbunny display. "You could learn a lot from Cumslut as well," whispered Gene, low and soft in her ear.

Watching a gorgeous woman be dominated by a man so beneath her was as uncomfortable as it was arousing. "What?" asked Eliza incredulously. "How to be a submissive slut?'

Gene chuckled. "Yes actually. Did you know that Cumslut used to despise her stepson back when she was named Dana? You would never guess based on how she looks now… right?"

Eliza watched as Dana… no, as Cumslut looked over her shoulder at her master, her mouth a wobbling "O" of uninhibited pleasure and her eyes alight with pathetic, submissive desire.

"She has submitted completely. And look at how happy it made her," insisted Gene, his cock throbbing beneath Eliza's pumping palm.

Eliza was looking. Cumslut had absolutely none of the conflict and embarrassment that Bitsy and Eliza felt. Despite the fact that she had been conquered and demeaned by her own stepson, the gorgeous woman looked fulfilled and blissful.

"It's just a trick," said Eliza bitterly, pausing her handjob to look Gene defiantly in the eyes. "That's all this ever was for any of us! She isn't really aroused. She's just hungry. Cum addiction isn't the same thing as real submission."

Gene chuckled darkly in response. "Hey Hare, my Bunny thinks that Cumslut only fucks you because she's addicted to your cum."

The young blonde man looked confused for a second, fighting through his haze of lust, then barked a dismissive laugh. "And I suppose you want me to prove her wrong, you horny bastard."

Gene shrugged with a sly grin. "I certainly wouldn't say no!"

"Well fine, fuck it," said Hareo, dismounting from Cumslut's wide hips and giving her impressive ass a firm slap. "I'm feeling generous tonight. Cumslut, go fuck my friend Gene."

Eliza frowned in confusion. Obviously the gorgeous redhead would never fuck a repulsive man like Gene. The only reason Cumslut was fucking her master in the first place was because of the cum addiction that had been forced on her.

But to Eliza's shock, Cumslut murmured, "Yes, master," meekly and straightened, eager juices shining on her thighs as she crossed to the couch where Eliza and Gene were sitting.

Gene pushed Eliza's hand away from his cock, saying, "Sorry, Bunny. You asked for this. Now watch closely and see if you can detect any 'real submission' this time."

"How would you like me, sir?" sked Cumslut in a warm pur, looming above the squat figure of Gene, her body all sultry, sinful curves.

"Hare tells me you're skilled at riding," said Gene with a filthy smirk. "Show Lizzie how a real Cumbunny hops."

"Yes sir," said Cumslut, her words spiced with a twist of heat. She spun gracefully and squatted low over Gene's lap, reaching behind her to find and position his thick cock at the juicy lips of her entrance. Eliza watched in fascinated, aroused horror as the tall redhead sunk down, impaling herself on Gene's cock with a little gasp of satisfaction.

Eliza felt like she could barely process what was happening in front of her eyes as Cumslut began moving, going from a slow, steading grinding to a smooth up-and-down bounce. Her hips moved with fluid grace and her big tits jiggled and shuddered in their tight corset with every stroke.

"Why don't you get down there?" Grunted Gene, pointing down between his legs. "Get a real up-close look at how submissive Cumslut really is."

Eliza wanted to refuse, but her fascination and arousal were so high that she couldn't resist the invitation. She fell to her knees on the ground, her face just inches away as Cumslut rode her master hard.

"It's… It doesn't change anything," said Eliza. "She's still only doing this to get cum from her master later." But even as her lips formed the words, Eliza's eyes were filled with the image of Cumslut's greedy pussy, quivering and pulsating around the thick dick thrusting deep inside it. Gene's cock was shining with her eager juices. Why was Cumslut enjoying this so much? She had no addiction to Gene's cum. She was only doing this to please her master, with no promise of any reward.

"Prove her wrong," said Hare in a cruel, commanding voice. He sat watching now, his hand pumping furiously at his unimpressive cock."Cum for me, Cumslut."

The frantically humping redhead let out a low, sweet moan of delight, her skin flushing and her legs trembling as her master's permission unleashed her orgasm. Gene was making grunts of satisfaction as well, his hips humping upward from the couch to slam upward into the submissive bunny riding him.

Eliza gasped. Gene wasn't slowing down. He was going to cum in the pussy of another bunny. As much as Eliza tried to deny the feeling, dark jealousy swelled up inside her heart. How dare this woman take her treat away? This obnoxiously perfect bunny wouldn't even get any reward out of it! Eliza recognized how twisted her reliance on Gene's jizz had become, and how degrading it was to feel jealous over something like this. But she couldn't deny the feelings inside her.

That was her fucking cum!

But it was too late. Gene's fingers sunk deep into Cumslut's hips as he thrust upward into her one last time. She whimpered in pleasure, grinding and swirling her gripping pussy down into Gene's lap.

A minute later, with a sigh of pleasure, Gene withdrew from the panting redhead's well-used pussy. Eliza couldn't help but focus on the trickle of cum that oozed out between Cumslut's parted lower lips.

She licked her lips unconsciously.

"It looks like the better bunny stole your treat!" Said Gene in a nasty, mocking tone as Cumslut stood from his lap, a thin line of precious jizz slowly tracing down her inner thigh. "Maybe next time you shouldn't take it for granted."

Eliza felt a wave of petulant anger roll over her as the other men, and even the bunnies, laughed at her expense, kneeling on the ground with a drooling, unfulfilled mouth. It wasn't fair! She had disappointed her husband and submitted to the humiliations of the costume and leash… and she wasn't even going to get her fix!

Cumslut noticed Eliza's furious expression and let out one of her low, musical laughs. 'Awww, poor Lizzie. I feel bad for her, sir. Perhaps, if it's alright with you, I could give her back the sperm I so rudely took from her?"

"So generous!" said Gene, trying hard not to burst out laughing again. "That sounds lovely, Cumslut. Please do."

Eliza found herself confused for what felt like the hundredth time that evening. Give the sperm back? How could the sultry redhead possibly do that when the sperm was already…

Cumslut sat down on the edge of the couch next to Gene and spread her shapely thighs wide, exposing her flushed, sticky pussy. Her fingers slid down over her labia, spreading herself apart and revealing the gooey mess within.

"Come now, Lizzie. Time for your favorite snack," she purred, her startling eyes alight with the rare pleasure of being in charge for once.

‘I don’t… I’m not…” said Eliza, her eyes wide and her heart hammering in her chest. “I’m straight. I’ve n-never done that with a woman. I mean, I don’t want to!”

But despite her protests, Eliza felt the filthy submissive lust she had grown so used to roaring back in full force. Her mouth watered at the sight of Gene’s thick sperm leaking slowly from Cumslut’s slick depths.

‘Come on now, Bunny,” said Gene, taking in the scene eagerly. “Didn’t you just say that this sort of thing doesn’t count because it’s just hunger? You don’t suck my dick because you want to, right?”

“Of course not,” snapped Eliza automatically, ignoring the fact that her feelings about sucking Gene’s cock were much more complicated than that at this point.

“Then no problem,” said Gene coaxingly. “This is no different! Just give Cumslut’s cunt a sweet kiss and you can have all the cum you crave.”

Eliza was confused and horny and anxious. For some reason, diving between the older redhead's thick thighs and eating her out didn’t sound nearly as repelling as it should. In fact, the thought was making her feel even hotter and wetter in the tight confines of the costume between her thighs.

“Awww, the poor dear,” said Mitsy sympathetically, now snuggled up against Stu’s side. “It looks like this is the first time her master has asked her to pleasure someone else to earn his cum. That’s always soooo tough.” She laid a soft hand on Stu’s chest and batted her eyelashes at him. “Can I help out poor confused Lizzie, Coach? Pretty please?”

Stu smirked. “Go on then, Mitsy. I think she needs it.”

Mitsy giggled and got up from the couch, swaying over to Cumslut and saying “Scuse me, sweetie!”. She reached down and dragged a slim finger up the redhead’s messy slit, bringing it to her mouth.

Eliza watched in horror as Mitsy smeared the pearly goo all over her plump, glossy lips. Then her mouth went dry as Mitsy turned toward her with kissy lips and a mischievous gleam in her eyes.

“Time to give me some sugar, Lizzie,” she said warmly, sinking to her knees next to the stunned dark-haired Cumbunny. “Pucker up!”

“Mitsy, I don't want to k-kiss you,” protested Eliza, feeling her pulse drum against her suddenly too-hot skin. “Especially not with that… on…, your…”

But Mitsy was close now, just inches from her face, and the potent, bleachy smell of Gene's cum had entered Eliza's nose. Suddenly she couldn't focus on anything but how pretty Mitsy's soft eyes were… how plump and kissable her sullied lips looked.

Eliza took in a shuddering breath. She was in the same filthy situation as Bitsy had been minutes before. Tempted to participate in a humiliating lesbian cum-kiss. The energy between her and the blonde bunny was electric. Magnetic. Eliza's head didn't feel like it moved forward. It almost seemed like she was pulled down by irresistible gravity.

Her lips locked with Mitsy's in a warm, wet, sticky kiss. Immediately, Eliza's body roared in approval at the taste of its favorite treat. Her tongue and lips writhed and sucked, cleaning every last drop of Gene's precious cum from the lips of another woman. Mitsy enthusiastically returned Eliza's Passion, her arms running over Eliza's slim body as her wicked tongue slid and tangled with her fellow bunny's.

lid and tangled with her fellow Cumbunny.

Eliza had been telling the truth. She had never kissed a woman before. She had never even thought about it. Yet now she felt a new hunger awaken in her as she deepened the kiss, her hands tentatively rising to mirror Mitsy's motions, touching and exploring the blonde's lush, curvy body. Mitsy was just so soft… she smelled so nice. Eliza's heart hammered in her chest as a wild, unfamiliar lust blossomed deep in her belly.

But as strangely, unexpectedly hot as it was to kiss a woman for the first time… It wasn't fully satisfying. That same old hunger pulsed darkly inside Eliza. Mitsy had only had a thin layer of sperm on her lips, and it was swiftly licked away by Eliza's greedy tongue. She needed more. And there was just one place to get it.

Eliza pulled away from Mitsy, panting with lust. Her wild, hot gaze turned to Cumslut, who was still sitting patiently with a sly smile on her face, hips rolled forward and creampied pussy on display.

"Eat up, Lizzie," giggled Mitsy, nuzzling her ear. "We all know you want to… and based on how you were kissing me, I'm willing to bet you'll enjoy it a lot more than you think."

Eliza looked around at the other watchers. The men were all staring with leering confidence. Mitsy was right. It was obvious to everyone what she wanted more than anything. Why bother to defy their expectations? Even Bitsy was working her delicate little hand between her thighs, watching intensely with her plump lower lip seized in her teeth.

Gulping down her shame and reluctance, Eliza turned and crawled toward Cumslut, her mouth drooling and her pussy throbbing with filthy heat. And then there she was, a place she never thought she would find herself: between the thighs of another woman. Her eyes were filled with

the sight of Cumslut's pussy. Slightly raw and loose from the rough fucking it had just received, but still as lovely and delicate as the rest of the woman.

She could smell her master's essence again this close. The scent made her pulse quicken and her arousal swell. If Eliza had had any plans to back out, there was no chance of that now. The Cumbunny inside her was now in control. Her eyes rose to meet Cumslut's for just a moment. The gorgeous redhead said nothing, just flicked her eyes downward in a silent command.

Eliza obeyed. For someone who had rarely even given blowjobs before being captured by Gene, cunnilingus was far beyond Eliza's experience. But she knew enough to get started at least. She felt another wave of humiliation as her lips nuzzled up against another woman's pussy for the first time, watched by a smirking, leering audience. It was one thing to kneel and serve the man who had tricked her, but Cumslut was just another Cumbunny. They should be equals. It felt especially humbling to serve her.

But as Eliza's inexperienced tongue slithered out to part the tender lips of Cumslut's labia, the taste her master's cum assaulted her senses, and all hesitance was forgotten in a second. With a sharp intake of breath, Eliza pushed her face hard into the sloppy pussy in front of her, wriggling her tongue deeper to access more sticky, tantalizing cream.

"Ooooh, she's good for a beginner, sir," purred Cumslut, cradling the back of Eliza's head and pulling her deeper. "With a little training, Lizzie would be the perfect little cunt-muncher."

Gene barked a laugh, idly pulling on his re-stiffening cock as he stared at his Cumbunny, slobbering and slurping her first-ever pussy with a horny enthusiasm only his sperm could inspire. "She's come a long way in cock-sucking too. Maybe my cute little Cumbunny has found her calling as an equal-opportunity mouth slut.

But Eliza was no longer listening, she was gripping Cumslut's lush thighs, pulling herself deeper, her nose thrust into the redhead's neatly trimmed pubes as her lips and tongue worked frantically. She wanted more… not just more cum, but more humiliation. More of this feeling of being small and powerless before a superior. She squeezed her eyes shut to block out the sneering, aroused men staring down at her shameful display and abandoned herself to sapphic pleasure…

…

Eliza rolled her stiff shoulders, allowing the hot water to cascade down over her body. She wrinkled her nose in disgust at the dirty floor of the truck-stop shower, but it would have to do. She couldn't go home smelling like semen and pussy.

The remaining few hours of the offline meetup had been significantly less interesting than how it started. It was just three arrogant and self-centered men trying to impress each other and petty gossip about their mutual online acquaintances on the Kaos server. Eliza had spent the whole

time in a sort of dull shock. Once the intense arousal and hunger were sated, she had been mortified. She had just had her first lesbian experience in front of an audience. A particularly slutty lesbian experience as well, to make things worse.

She had to endure heated, superior glances from Cumslut the rest of the evening, not to mention the appreciative leers of the two other men.

Meeting three other Cumbunnies had been enlightening, but not encouraging. Bitsy was clearly trying to find a way to fight back… But even the other Cumbunnies regarded Bitsy's defiance as an unfortunate delusion. And then even poor Bitsy had humiliatingly demonstrated the limits of her resistance in front of everyone. And as for Mitsy, a beloved teacher turned into a giggly bimbo slut, and Cumslut, a proud stepmother reduced to a meek, devoted submissive… if that was the future Eliza had to look forward to, then things were even worse than she thought.

Eliza gasped and instinctively covered her naked body as the door to the shower creaked open behind her, admitting the broad, hairy form of Gene's naked body.

"Gene, can it wait?" she whined. "I'm trying to…"

Gene ignored her feeble protest, joining her beneath the hot spray of the shower, his cock stiff and his eyes as hard and cruel as ever.

"What did you think?" asked Gene. "Did you learn a lot from the other bunnies?"

"I… I learned what I have to avoid. At all costs," said Eliza with a defiant lift of her chin. One hand was still stubbornly clasped over her chest, the other tucked demurely between her legs.

Gene sighed with a wry smile. "I was afraid you'd say that. But that's what I like about you, Bunny. This hard, cold exterior is going to make it that much sweeter when you finally submit to me completely. Kneel."

His final word, a harsh command, took Eliza by surprise. She stared for a moment, frozen in her concealing pose, into Gene's dark eyes.

"I said… on your fuckin' knees," said Gene in a low, dangerous voice.

Eliza could have told him to go to hell. She wasn't in the type of desperate, hungry daze that it usually took for her to obey Gene. But after the long evening of embarrassing submission, doing as he said felt natural. Eliza got to her knees on the hard grubby tile. She reached up, ready to give her usual blowjob, but Gene pushed her hand away.

"Not this time, Cumbunny," said Gene, beginning to stroke his own cock. Eliza felt a sudden pang of disappointment. Even though she didn't NEED Gene's cum right now, she was surprised to find she still *wanted* it. Somehow, the act of kneeling at Gene's feet without being

allowed to touch or taste as he stroked his magnificent cock was even more humiliating than their regular blowjobs.

“I brought you tonight to give you some role models of how a good Cumbunny should act,” said Gene meaningfully. “Slutty and dumb like Mitsy. Submissive and obedient like Cumslut. That’s what you need to be to please your master.”

Eliza, not currently in need of semen, felt that defiance came easier than normal. “I won’t be like them,” she said firmly, staring her tormentor in the eyes, “ not ever.”

Without warning, Gene’s cock erupted, spurting thick sperm onto Eliza’s upturned, unsuspecting face. It felt incredible on her skin; warm and tingly. But obviously not as good as it would have on her tongue. She yelped in shock, then instinctively tried to stick her tongue out and catch the precious fluid. But the running shower swiftly washed it away.

“We’re entering the next phase of your training, Lizzie,” said Gene matter-of-factly, rising the last few drops of cum off of his cock and down the drain. “Until you can show me you’ve embraced your role as a Cumbunny, no more blowjobs. You’ll take my cum on your skin and that’s it. So you had better start thinking carefully about the lessons you learned here tonight.”

Eliza glared up at Gene, but already her defiance had begun to curdle into anxiety imagining what was coming next in her harrowing slut training.

Gene turned to the door, grabbing a grubby towel from the rack. “And hurry up,” he said, grinning over his shoulder, “We need to get you back to your hubby!”

Part D

Eliza whimpered, arching her back to present her tits as Gene fired rope after rope of thick cum all over them, splashing hot over her flushed skin and throbbing nipples.

The spurts had reduced to dribbles. Eliza's mouth watered and her eyes dilated as she stared down at her dripping, defiled tits. She wanted badly to reach down and scoop up the foul, tempting nectar, lifting it to her lips and tasting what she craved so badly.

But she couldn't. She had learned that lesson the hard way just last week. In a moment of weakness, she had tasted some of Gene's cum, despite his orders. He hadn't let her taste or feel his cum for three days after that. By the end, Eliza felt truly, pathetically sorry for disobeying.

Eliza had started to worry that Gene's new strategy to break her was going to be remarkably effective.

With a cruel smile on his face, Gene shuffled forward, bringing his oozing cock right up to Eliza's face. She had to bite her lip to stop herself from eagerly sucking it into her drooling mouth. With a slow, torturous motion, Gene wiped himself across her cheek, leaving a wet smear of his filthy semen on her soft skin. So close that Eliza could stick out her tongue and lick it up.

It might as well have been a million miles away.

Gene turned away to retrieve the wet wipes from his desk, and Eliza tried to focus on how good his jizz felt on her skin. It produced a warm, tingly, euphoric feeling that was quite pleasant: another symptom of her addiction. But as good as the skin contact felt, it was only a pale shadow of the pleasure eating her master's cum gave her; a half-fix that kept her from going crazy, but never truly scratched her itch.

It was all she had been allowed for two weeks. By now, Eliza throbbed with nagging hunger and frustrated lust every hour of every day.

Gene returned with his wet sipes and began the process of wiping away every trace of delicious semen from his Cumbunny's breasts and face. As he slowly cleaned her breasts, teasingly rubbing her stiff nipples a little longer than strictly necessary, the words burst from her lips in a petulant whine. "What do you want, Gene? What can I do?"

Eliza had asked the same thing before of course. Dozens of times by now. Gene gave the same vague, frustrating answer he always did, with a chuckle and a secretive smirk on his lips.

"I'll let you swallow my cum again when you start acting like a real Cumbunny."

…

Eliza swirled her tongue around the smooth shaft in her mouth, taking it a little deeper. God, she wanted cum. She wanted to feel its blood-warm heat. Taste it's rank saltiness. Feel it coat her throat as it slid down into her belly.

"Eliza… are you doing alright?' asked David quizzically, staring at her with furrowed eyebrows.

Shit. Eliza snapped herself out of her funk, taking a bite of her candy bar like a normal person. It seemed to be happening more and more these days; she would just slip into a sexual daydream about Gene and his cum. At least this time her mind hadn't wandered off in the middle of a sentence. She was worried that she was getting a reputation in the HR department for being a little slow.

She and David were lying in bed, supposedly watching television, but in reality going through yet another complex recounting of all the ways David was suffering at work.

Playing the role of sympathetic wife was becoming more and more difficult. In her heightened state of arousal and desperation for Gene, stories of Gene's bullying behavior had gone from mildly intriguing to frighteningly erotic. Gene was just so dominant and cruel to David… Hearing how her poor husband was put in his place made Eliza so horny now that it was hard to act upset on David's behalf.

"I'm just a little tired," lied Eliza, carefully wrapping up the remainder of the candy bar for later (it wasn't satisfying as she had hoped anyway. Food had lost its appeal lately). "We can keep talking, but let's turn out the lights." Her acting role would hopefully be a little easier in the dark.

David agreed with a hard-bitten sigh, turning off the television and snuggling up behind his wife in a spooning position.

Eliza's hair-trigger libido awoke at the close male physical attention, and her butt wriggled back eagerly into her husband's crotch. She had never stopped hoping that, even if he couldn't satisfy her unholy thirst, David would at least be able to take the edge off of her sexual desires. But, as usual lately, Her husband's crotch was soft and inert. He didn't even seem to notice the attempt at initiation. David had been utterly emasculated by stress.

Like the limp-dicked little beta he was.

The intrusive thoughts burst fully-formed into Eliza's mind, almost like it belonged to someone else. It was scary how resonant the venomous, uncharitable thought felt. But no matter how frustrating he complaints and impotence were, David wasn't a "beta", whatever that meant. His problems in the bedroom were one hundred percent Gene's fault. But still, that word was what had leapt immediately to Eliza's mind. Gene's way of thinking seemed to be seeping into her subconcious.

Which was an issue, because Gene saw her as nothing but a vapid bimbo slut good for nothing but taking cock…

David snuggled into her platonically from behind, letting out a deep sigh and continuing his rant. “So Gene told me to run the numbers again. I told him I was fairly sure that we were missing some of the expenditure figures, but he just wouldn’t listen. Well of course the results didn’t match up with the expected figures, and all of a sudden it’s my fault! And he chews me out in front of the entire office,” said David dismally.

“Oh noooo,” said Eliza, feeling a curious flare of perverse arousal in her gut. Just the image of Gene emasculating her husband in public was getting her disturbingly hot and bothered. And this time it was even worse, because now she knew exactly what Gene’s plan was. He had been bragging about it all this past week.

Gene had described smugly how he was deliberately giving David difficult, time-consuming assignments with vague, contradictory instructions. Over time, David would be painted as more and more incompetent in front of his coworkers and boss.

“I just feel so defeated,” said David miserably. Eliza shifted, biting her lip and rubbing her thighs together. He was so weak… completely unable to fight back against his dominant rival…

“Oh… Oh yeah, baby?” Asked Eliza, trying her best to sound sad. “I’m s-sure that it’s not as serious as it seems. Why do you think you’re losing to him?”

“It’s not that I’m losing to Gene,” protested David indignantly, a whining tone creeping into his voice.

Eliza’s hand crept stealthily between her thighs, touching lightly at the sweet center of her twisted arousal.

“I just… after he somehow turned things around on me during the investigation, it feels like he is just doing anything he wants to me. Like he is bullying me as much as he wants and everyone else in the office is happy to point and laugh.”

“That’s sooo terrible, honey,” said Eliza, her fingers beginning to press and circle slowly on the crotch of her pajama shorts. “It’s l-like he’s made you his bitch…”

“What?” asked David sharply, his body (but not his dick, notably) going stiff with shock against Eliza’s. Eliza’s eyes opened wide and her hand jumped off of her sweetly aching pussy, feeling a stab of panic and guilt. Shit! Had she just said that out loud?

It took almost twenty minutes of apologies and a stubborn claim that her comment was a poorly thought-out joke to get David to relax, but Eliza could tell that he was still hurt by the demeaning comment she had made in the depths of sexual desperation.

Eliza lay awake for an hour afterward, until she was certain her husband had finally fallen asleep, now on the other edge of the bed instead of cuddled up to her. Despite her guilt over upsetting and disrespecting her husband, her body still throbbed with tainted lust. Gene's manipulations had turned her into an awful wife. And things were only going to get worse.

She needed to move forward with her plan to break free of Gene's control… But that was a huge part of the problem. Not only did Gene's new prohibition on cum swallowing prevent Eliza from fully satisfying her cravings, it also made it impossible to increase the secret stash of leftover cum she was building.

Careful not to wake her husband, Eliza rose and returned to the living room, pulling out her laptop and opening Kaos. This, at least, was a part of the plan that she could move forward with. Eliza had been posing on the server as a man eager to ensanre a Cumbunny of his own. It was essential to get her own sample of the mjolkhare oil Gene had used, and she figured that if Gene had managed to get his own supply of the strange oil, she should be able to as well.

That turned out to be optimistic. She was only joining a sea of hundreds of men who seemed just as desperate as she was to get their hands on the oil. It was rumored that there were only a handful of people who knew how to make it, no one but the buyers knew who they were exactly, and they only sold small quantities of the oil on a whim to users who took their fancy.

Not exactly encouraging news. But by diving months into the past, Eliza finally thought she had found a lead that might be helpful. She had searched for posts by "CoachS", the user Gene had met up with in the sex club. He was an important case because he had two Cumbunnies. Eliza had been very interested to know if that meant he had bought more than one dose of mjolkhare oil.

Interestingly, it seemed that he hadn't. It allegedly didn't take much of the strange oil to get someone addicted to your cum, and CoachS had been able to easily ensnare both of his Cumbunnies with the one sample he had purchased.

Eliza's eyes darted over the screen of her laptop as she read, chewing absently on a thumbnail, face awash in the pale glow of the screen. This was one of Gene's closest friends on the server. Someone he frequently discussed the hobby with. Surely Gene was aware that one sample of mjolkhare oil could create two Cumbunnies.

So he must have more of the oil lying around somewhere. That meant that Eliza didn't even have to buy a sample, she just had to swipe whatever Gene had.

That was Eliza's ticket out of this mess. If she get ahold of the oil and build up enough cum to serve as a buffer, she could escape. Bring the foul oil to a research scientist or something. Surely, with a case-study like herself and a sample of whatever strange substance it turned out to be, someone would be able to help her.

It was a plan with a lot of question marks, but Eliza had already been researching top research labs that might be able to take her case. There was a lab just a three-hour drive away… Excellular or something, that specialized in experimental gene therapy. She hoped that they would be extremely interested in her case, if only to study how the oil worked. The plan was a longshot, but it was certainly better than nothing.

Sadly. it wouldn't be possible if she couldn't stock up a supply of cum. The saved cum would give her a crucial buffer that would allow her to escape Gene and give whatever scientists she found time to study a way to cure her. As dangerous as it was, for now she had to play Gene's game.

And that meant "acting like a real Cumbunny". Whatever that meant. Hesitantly, Eliza reached out and returned to the laptop, scrolling up a little and scanning over "CoachS's" posts.

He had made post after smug post about transforming Martha Flynn, a beloved young English teacher at the school he worked at, into Mitsy, a vapid, cock-hungry Cumbunny.

Eliza felt her body, already in a constant state of arousal, warming up further as she read.

[God, you guys, you have no idea how fucking fun this is. Martha Flynn has been a pain in my fucking ass since she started working here. Always with her nose in the air. So proud of her big fucking brain. So I decided that's the direction I'm going with this. I won't stop until she's a happy little bunny with fluffy pink cotton candy and thoughts about cock between her ears. You should have seen her face when I ordered her to insert the word "like" in every other sentence and misspell at least one word every time she writes on the board. It's a modest start, but mark my words, by the end this bunny is going to fetishize being dumb.]

Eliza's eyes glazed over, and, without consciously intending to, she slipped her hand down the front of her pajama shorts, her slim fingers flexing delicate over her hot, moist pussy. She read on as the posts continued over the course of several months. Gene had forced the reluctant, but increasingly horny and hungry young teacher to dress sluttier and sluttier, act dumber and dumber, and even begin offering sexual favors to her 18-year-old senior students. Until finally, CoachS decided that Mitsy no longer needed her job.

[I decided that since she loved teaching so much, I would let Mitsy do one last group activity with her senior boys. She was a strict test giver before she became my Cumbunny. God how she used to chew out students who scored badly. So, just to see how far she's cum, I gave senior boys one of the tests she used to give to freshmen. They would be the ones giving her the test now. For every question she got wrong, she had to remove one article of clothing. And after she was naked? Well, I told the boys they should get creative over what penalties she would have to pay at that point. By the time the principal made it to the classroom, she looked like a glazed fucking donut, and… well… let's just say that Mitsy has retired from teaching and taken a position as my full-time live-in slut.]

Eliza shuddered, only partially from horror. Mitsy was one of the role models that Gene had presented to her as a “real Cumbunny”. Dressing inappropriately at work. Acting like a dumb, simpering bimbo even when it was horribly embarrassing…

Is that what Gene wanted her to do in order to win the privilege of swallowing his cum again?

Eliza’s breaths grew hot and ragged as her hand worked harder, bunching and bulging the front of her soft pajama shorts.

There was no way she could act like Mitsy. Submitting to Gene privately was humiliating enough. Becoming a bimbo slut publically for his amusement… a sexual laughingstock for the entire office… That was too much. She could never.

Eliza’s eager eyes soaked in the sordid tale of the disgraced teacher, soft moans building in her throat.

No way. She would never… never…

…

Eliza had always been a conservative dresser. It was part of the entire “ice queen” persona that meant so much to her. Wrist-length sweaters, professional, comfortable pants, and sensible flats were her usual work attire.

What she saw now as she looked in the mirror wasn’t too bad. The sleeveless blouse was perhaps a little daring. The skirt was tight enough to mildly raise a few eyebrows. The heels were higher than women in the office normally wore. But it was all subtle, and executed in a relatively classy matter. If someone came to her with an HR complaint for someone else wearing this same outfit, Eliza was sure she would dismiss the complaint as an overreaction.

But for Eliza, it was a gut-wrenching compromise. A clear and heart-pounding sign that Gene was slowly but inevitably reshaping her.

When she exited the bedroom, she could tell that David picked up on the same insidious nature of the change, even if he didn’t know the reason it was happening.

“Look at you,” he said from the dining room table, his tone neutral, but his eyes uneasy, “Is there a party after work or something?”

Eliza felt the sting of guilt and humiliation that had been her constant companion through the past months. She couldn’t meet David’s eyes as she grabbed her purse and coat. “Just… trying something different. A new look,” she said, trying hard to fight down the blush she felt forming.

“You look great babe,” said David in a defeated tone, taking another sip of his coffee, “Like always.”

“Thanks, honey,” said Eliza with false brightness. It almost felt like David already realized subconsciously that this change in looks meant nothing good.

…

All of Eliza’s excuses and explanations for how minor her wardrobe changes were went right out the window when she arrived at work.

The attention and interest from her coworkers were immediate and obvious. As someone who normally dressed modestly, Eliza felt their leering eyes on her body like a physical weight. Crawling over her hips, her ass, the swell of her breasts. She felt displayed and vulnerable, just like she feared she might.

And, more importantly, she felt aroused. Here she was, presenting her body for the cruel pleasure of a man who she and her husband hated. Gene himself said nothing, but Eliza noticed his eyes on her across the office floor, shining with contempt, approval, and lust.

She felt her lust coiling like an overwound spring inside her as the time for her regular “meeting” with Gene grew closer and closer. She had given in, doing outside research and thinking deeply about how to improve at being a Cumbunny. Would it be enough to please him? Would she finally be allowed to taste his cum again?

When the time finally came, Eliza crossed the office almost at a trot, an irrepressible feeling of desperate hope rising in her heart. David called something to her from his open office door, but she pretended not to hear. She had something much more important going on than whatever her husband wanted to say right now.

When she entered the office, Gene was grinning at her with even more smug amusement than usual. He wordlessly beckoned her forward and pointed downward, signaling Eliza to kneel in front of him as usual.

Eliza’s eyes darted over her master’s face, reading desperately whether he showed any signs of mercy. Her mouth began to water as Gene pulled out his cock, slowly stroking it to full thickness, his eyes glinting with possessive pleasure as he stared down at his pathetic Cumbunny.

Finally, Eliza could take the tension no longer. “D-do you like my outfit today?” she asked coyly, biting her lip as she stared at Gene’s cock, her eyes soft and hazy with submissive lust.

Gene chuckled. “It’s… cute. A lot better than your normal frumpy rags. But not as good as you look naked. Speaking of which… shirt off, Bunny.”

Eliza tried to hide the disappointment she keenly felt as she stripped off her shirt and bra, exposing her throbbing nipples to the cool air of the office: this almost certainly meant that Gene intended to cum on her tits again today. She had failed somehow.

Eliza knew that asking risked Gene's annoyance, but she couldn't help himself. "Awww, but," she whined, cupping and pushing her tits together for inspection in the way that Gene liked, "I sort of hoped that you would let me… e-eat."

Gene laughed and shook his head. "You're so cute, Lizzie!" He said condescendingly. "So bashful even after sucking the cum from my balls dozens of times already. But no, honey, I'm afraid not. I can tell you're starting to make an effort, but I think we both know that there is a lot more you could do to be a real Cumbunny."

Eliza's fingers tensed, cupping her sensitive breasts more firmly for a moment and sending a shock of pleasure through her body. "You want me to be… more like Mitsy," she whispered, her mind filled with the disgusting, fascinating things CoachS had talked about on Kaos.

"Now you're getting it," grunted Gene, his fist pumping faster and faster, just inches from Eliza's blushing face.

"If I dress… worse than this, people will start to talk," said Eliza in a tone of mingled horror and arousal. "My husband will see. He won't understand." Gene's only response was to jerk faster, even further aroused by the idea that his orders might torment his rival.

"And worse," whimpered Eliza, "If I start acting and talking like Mitsy does…" Her eyes flicked back and forth between Gene's cruel grin and his pumping cock. Both sights sent shivers of submissive delight through her body. "...they people are going to start to wonder if I can do my job. I… I'll be the office bimbo."

Gene's unchanging, smug smirk told her all she needed to know, but he confirmed her fears anyway. "That was always the choice, Cumbunny. Which is more important for you? Your reputation, or my cum?" Eliza and Gene locked eyes, and both of them knew which one Eliza would choose in the end.

Gene orgasmed, splattering a thick load of hot, gooey cum all over Eliza's upturned face and humbly-offered tits. She whimpered, closing her eyes and tried not to focus on her gnawing hunger.

This time, oddly, Gene knelt down in front of her, raising one finger to scoop up a small blob of cum from her left breast.

"But as a reward for the small step toward Cumbunny perfection she took today, my good little bunny deserves a reward."

He raised the blob of thick, off-white cum on his fingertip to Eliza's lips, holding it there.

“Go on, bunny,” he said, his eyes gleaming with wicked delight, “You earned it.”

Eliza wished she could have said she declined and maintained some shred of decency.

But of course she gave in, eagerly fellating her master’s blunt finger with a swirling tongue and eager moans of enjoyment as Gene watched with pride.

…

“I just… I don’t get it, baby,” said David in frustration, his eyes stealing another nervous sideways glance at Eliza before shifting back to the road. “If you want to try a new look, I support you… but you’re actually comfortable wearing that in front of everyone at the office?”

Eliza shifted uncomfortably, looking out the car window to avoid her husband’s gaze. She agreed with him. Of course she did. The clothes she was currently wearing were ridiculous and humiliating. But she no longer had a choice.

For the past week, she had been slowly increasing the sluttiness of her wardrobe. She had tried taller heels, worn progressively shorter skirts, and even unbuttoned enough buttons on her blouses to show a peek of her bra. None of it had satisfied Gene. Day after day all she had received was a teasing fingertip’s worth of cum and mocking words encouraging her to “try a little harder”.

Since she had already reached the limits of how slutty her current wardrobe could get, Eliza had taken a little shopping trip last night to buy new clothes.

Her shirt was more a parody of a bouse than a real top, made of fabric thin enough to show her sexy push-up bra and baring her toned, pale tummy. The miniskirt would look more at home in a porn shoot than an office building, barely coming down far enough to cover her panties. The look was completed with equally scandalous accessories: a tight lace choker, thigh-high stockings, and platform shoes that would be overkill at a party, let alone an office building.

“I wouldn’t wear it if I didn’t want to,” lied Eliza, her lips tight in an effort to conceal her nerves. The sidelong glances and soft laughter of her co-workers had been growing worse all week as her clothes had grown less and less appropriate. She could only imagine what their reaction would be when they saw the ridiculous lengths she had gone to today. “I’m comfortable with my body now. I like these kinds of clothes.”

“But what if…” said Mark, sighing heavily and tapping his ring against the steering wheel in a nervous tic. “But what if I don’t? The other guys at the office have started… joking about you, baby. Even in front of me. Haven’t you noticed that all the men at the office have been checking you out?”

Eliza gulped, feeling another flush of inappropriate arousal flood through her. She certainly had noticed. She could feel the disapproval in the eyes of her female coworkers and the disrespectful lust from the males. Like all the other humiliations she went through nowadays, the stares only served to make her hornier.

“I’ve even noticed… him looking at you,” said David quietly. Only one man could made that tone of powerless anger creep into her husband’s voice. Obviously Eliza had noticed Gene’s smirking stares. Her master was pleased with her slow transformation into a publicly ridiculed slut. Just not pleased enough to give her what she wanted, unfortunately.

“And you could get fired,” said David in exasperation. “Have you even stopped to think about that? You helped drafted the dress code for fuck’s sake! I’m pretty sure you’re breaking five rules at least right now.”

It was seven rules actually, but David was missing the fucking point. Eliza felt a flare of annoyance at her weak-willed husband. She was being taken, stolen from him by his worst enemy right in front of his nose. Turned into a slutty joke to all of his coworkers. And what was he doing? Meekly whining that she should reconsider. Eliza knew that Gene was wrong when he called her husband a pathetic beta, but sometimes it felt like David made the label hard to deny. A real man would put his foot down and fight back. True, David had no concept of the dark forces he was up against, but he could at least read the situation and try to fucking do something.

But Eliza was getting ahead of herself. As heartwarming as it might be for her husband to try to ride in like a white knight, it would only make it harder for her to get the cum she so desperately craved. She was actually lucky that he seemed paralyzed by confusion and weakness.

“It will be fine,” said Eliza flatly, closing her eyes and leaning against the window. She was already half-dreading and half-anticipating the stares and whispers she would face today.

And dreaming of the sticky, salty reward that her humiliating display might earn.

…

The receptionist at the entrance of the office was the first to notice Eliza. The blonde woman’s mouth fell open and her voice trailed off on her phone conversation as the Cumbunny jiggled into the office. Eliza felt the receptionist’s disgusted eyes travel slowly up and down her body, taking in the tiny shirt, the bared belly, the sexy stockings. It was humiliating, for her as well as David, who she could sense was nearly dying with shame next to her, his face bright red.

The wave of silence and staring eyes followed them deeper into the office. Eliza had never felt so exposed and vulnerable in her life. The office seemed a lot colder now that she had so much exposed skin, but it was offset by the hot, pulsing flush of blood that pumped through her whole

body. She couldn't help it. Eliza had never had an exhibitionist kink before, but the smirking eyes of her coworkers were definitely turning her on. This was what her master wanted… for her to look like a dumb slut in front of people who had once respected her. And she was powerless to stop it.

As their coworkers saw Eliza's scandalous outfit, conversations and work died and eyes locked onto Eliza's body. Whispers and soft laughter followed Eliza and David as crossed the floor of the office. David, as usual, paused by Eliza's desk to say goodbye before he headed to his own office.

"I told you," said David miserably. "Do you see the way they're looking at you? God, it feels like…" But Eliza lost track of what he was saying. Gene had just emerged from his office door on the other side of the office. His face lit up as he looked Eliza's way, and Eliza felt the hot flush of her new exhibitionist arousal flare ten times brighter. Her heart was in her throat as she watched a thick bulge swell rapidly at her master's crotch.

She licked her lips unconsciously.

"Just… stay at your desk as much as you can," pleaded David. He looked worn out. "We need to talk about this more at home. It's good for you to love your own body, but this… it's too much, babe!"

David leaned forward and kissed her, but Eliza's eyes were locked on Gene as their lips met. Her master grabbed the bulge at his crotch and winked.

Eliza had to fight hard not to moan into her husband's mouth at the thought of Gene's cock, hard and ready for her.

…

Apart from being embarrassing, Eliza's new outfit made it more difficult to work. The tiny skirt and tall heels made it difficult to get around the office for one. But right now she was struggling with the outfit's lack of flexibility.

Eliza sighed and held a hand to her temple as the copier threw her another error message. She knew exactly what the problem was of course. A paper jam in the same place it always was. Under normal circumstances, she would simply crouch, open up the correct hatch, and pull out the jammed paper.

But today, crouching down was likely to give the group of guys around the water cooler ten feet away more of an eyeful than she was comfortable with, even with her newfound exhibitionist kink. Gene was with the group around the water cooler, murmuring to them in a low voice as all of their eyes unsubtly roamed her displayed body. She thought she could guess the topic of

Gene's low, gravley monologue. He was talking about what a slut she was… and the other men were soaking in his degrading commentary, their eyes focused on her body…

Eliza's arousal made it difficult to think. She had been getting hornier and hornier the first few hours of work as the men of the office became intimately familiar with the look of her body. What could she do? She needed to get the copier working. Maybe it would be best to go find David and ask him for help…

"Can I help you with something, sweetheart?" asked a deep voice suddenly. A hand touched her elbow at the same time, making her jump a little. It was Max, one of David's work friends, who had apparently broken away from the knot of other men at the water cooler to give her a hand. Max was a tall, balding man with a square jaw and a sense of humor that had gotten him in trouble with HR a few times for borderline sexism.

Eliza had never liked him much, though he was one of the group that David went drinking with sometimes. Max wasn't at the same level as Gene when it came to annoying behavior, but he had a clear pattern of treating women a little differently, and that sort of casual sexism tended to get under Eliza's skin.

Her initial instinct was to snap at him that she didn't need his help. Calling her "sweetheart" and condescendingly asking if she needed anything hadn't won him any favors, even if she actually did.

But then she noticed the other men by the water cooler watching her and Max intently, including Gene. Her master was staring at her with an oddly intent expression, and when he noticed her looking his way, he gave a small nod and smirk.

Shit.

This was yet another test, wasn't it? She wouldn't be surprised if Gene had sent Max over for this exact purpose. Being a Cumbunny wasn't just about how one dressed. It was also a way of acting. Eliza thought back to Mitsy's ditzy giggles and her stomach squirmed with discomfort and reluctant arousal. If dressing this slutty had been difficult, becoming the simpering bimbo Gene wanted would be ten times as bad. But nothing mattered as much as the taste of Gene's cum to her anymore.

The giggle that Eliza reluctantly performed sounded almost as unnatural as the smile she fixed on her face as she turned from Gene to Max. "Oh thank you Max!" she said warmly, forcing her voice to be a little higher than usual, and subtly pushing her breasts together with her arms, "I just don't get computer stuff!"

Max's grin broadened as he said, "That's alright Lizzie! Don't worry your pretty little head over it. I'll get this fixed in a jiff!"

Eliza smiled, oohed, and ahhed as Max knelt and removed the jam in the same way she had done dozens of times before. Well… at least this way she didn't have to negotiate bending that low in her current outfit.

"And Ta-da!" said Mark, holding up the crumpled sheet of paper before tossing it in the recycling bin. "That's all there is to it!"

Eliza was painfully aware of Gene's burning stare as she humiliatingly played the role that he had chosen for her. "My hero!" she said happily, doing little happy hops as she clapped. She noticed that Max's eyes were glued to her bouncing chest rather than her eyes. "I'm, like, so lucky that a big strong man was here to help! Thank you so much!"

Acting spontaneously, she reached out and pulled Max into a hug, feeling his body go stiff with shock and happiness as her scantily-clad body pressed tight to his.

"A-anytime!" said Max in a strangled voice as she pulled away, adjusting his pants, which suddenly looked a little tight in the crotch.

As he awkwardly shuffled away with a look of delirious happiness on his face, Eliza looked over to see Gene watching with obvious approval in his gleaming eyes. She felt a twisted rush of pleasure and accomplishment. There was no way he could deny her a creamy treat now.

Eliza was already taking one of the most important Cumbunny lessons to heart: As embarrassing as it was to act like an incompetent bimbo in front of her coworkers, it was all worth it to please her master.

…

"Eliza, I need to see you in the conference room," snapped Ms Harrington, the head of HR, in a clipped tone. Her face turned away from Eliza as she said it, as if she couldn't even stand to look at her subordinate."Now."

Well, Eliza had made it a few more hours than she feared. She set down the papers she had been working on, stood, and tottered after her boss unsteadily on her massive heels. She could feel the eyes of her other coworkers follow the progress of her swaying ass across the office floor. Today had been even worse than she thought it might be. Work across the offfice had almost come to a screeching halt today as most of Eliza's male coworkers devoted their time to staring openly at her displayed body.

Things had gotten even worse when word spread of her interaction with Max at the copier. Almost all of her male coworkers had stopped by her desk in the past few hours to help her out

with insultingly simple office tasks. And each time she had rewarded them with flirty giggles and teasing physical affection.

Considering the loss of productivity her new wardrobe and demeanor had caused, it was surprising Ms Harrington had let things go on this long.

Eliza followed meekly into the conference room, expecting yet another session of disappointed questions that she had no good response to. As she entered, she was shocked to see that Gene was there as well, flashing her his usual nasty grin and leaning back with his hands folded on his gut. His chair sat facing hers along with Ms. Harrington, and as she sat, it was clear that Gene and the head of HR were running this meeting together.

“Eliza, obviously your inappropriate attire is a major issue,” said Ms. Harrinton in a clipped tone, her steel-grey hair and sharp eyes making her seem as intimidating as ever. “Possibly even a fireable offense in and of itself.”

Eliza sat with her hands meekly in her lap, avoiding the older woman’s disappointed glare. She had always looked up to Ms. Harrington. Her strict, no-nonsense approach to running HR was impressive. And now, Eliza had become just a silly slut for Ms. Harrington to look at with disgust.

“But that issue isn’t why we planned this meeting,” said Ms. Harrington firmly. The statement was surprising enough that it made Eliza look up in shock despite herself, her eyes flicking back and forth between Ms. Harrington and her smirking master. An anxious flutter of terrified arousal awoke in her belly. What exactly was Gene planning?

“When Mr. Crowder took his new position, he requested you as a liaison with the HR department,” said Ms Harrington cooly, “and one of the job responsibilities for that new position was a daily meeting to keep him up to speed. He tells me that you have been doing a poor job fulfilling that responsibility. According to Mr. Crowder, your updates are lacking thoroughness and depth. Considering the fact that the HR department made this position a considerable part of your daily workload, that was a disappointment to hear.”

Eliza’s mouth dropped open and she stared stupidly between Ms. Harrington and Gene. Obviously her daily reports were no longer in-depth! The meeting had become an excuse for Gene to cum on or in her! The real question was, why the fuck was Gene drawing attention to their meetings at all? Even if he did hold all the cards in their relationship, he stood to lose just as much as her if their daily trysts were discovered. It was against company policy to cum all over your subordinate’s tits during work hours.

If Ms. Harrington felt any sympathy for Eliza’s clear confusion, she didn’t show it. Her voice was grim and cold as she continued, “Mr. Crowder and I have called this meeting with you today to give you a chance to explain yourself. I’ve always considered you a good employee up until recently, so I think you deserve that opportunity at least. Why exactly are you struggling to make

basic daily reports? Consider your answer carefully. It could mean a great deal for your future prospects at this company."

Eliza was still reeling. Her eyes slid over to Gene's… and saw the cruel, eager light in his eyes. Her mouth suddenly felt dry. Suddenly it all clicked into place in her brain. Gene had seen her superficial attempts to dress slutty and act like a bimbo. Her first tentative steps toward becoming a public Cumbunny were all highly amusing to him, she was sure.

But he wanted a bigger price if Eliza wanted to win her sticky reward. He wanted her to show true commitment to her new role. Even when it was painful.

Eliza took a deep steadying breath. She couldn't go through with this. Ms. Harrington had made it crystal clear that her job was on the line. Not to mention the fact that the steely older woman was someone Eliza respected. It would be deeply self-destructive and painful to play her new role here in this meeting.

But would it be more painful than spending another day without tasting her master's cum?

"...cause.. 'm …pid," mumbled Eliza.

"What's that?" asked Ms. Harrington sharply. "I can't hear you girl, speak up."

Eliza looked up, a spacey smile on her face, slipping into the bimbo role (which seemed to feel easier and more natural every time.) "It's because I'm, like, soooo stupid, Ms. H," she said in a girlish, breathy voice. "All of those big words are a little too tough for a silly little girl like me!"

Ms. Harrington's face was blank with shock as Eliza felt the crushing wave of humiliation. She had just utterly debated herself for Gene's amusement in front of a woman she respected and looked up to. Gene tried to cover his amusement with a cough, but a deep, chest-shaking chuckle wormed its way out.

"I…" said Ms Harrington, utterly flabberghasted. She shook her head and flipped the folder in front of her closed. "Well, I think I've heard all that I need to. This meeting is over. Mr. Crowder?" she said, gesturing for him to join her as she stood.

"I'd like to conference with Ms. Meyer for a moment," said Gene, his slimy eyes locked onto Eliza's furiously blushing face. "You can go on ahead of me."

Ms. Harrington sighed, nodded sharply, gave Eliza one last glance dripping with dismissive disgust, and left the room, clicking the door firmly shut behind her.

As soon as she was gone, Eliza let out an animal sound that was half groan of anguish and half moan of pleasure, covering her eyes in shame. That was it. She had submitted and presented herself as a slutty bimbo to not just the entire office, but also to her direct supervisor. She had

just torpedoed her career. Her dream job working in the same office as her loving husband. And for what? Another taste of the foul semen of her worst enemy.

She flinched as she felt Gene press up against her from behind, one thick arm reaching around the chair to trail down her body. She shuddered with mixed arousal and disgust as the hot skin of his palm swiped across her exposed belly, making its way down between her legs.

‘Very impressive, Bunny,” murmured Gene in Eliza’s ear, his hot breath making her hair stand on end, “I can see you are finally accepting who you truly are.”

“This… isn’t meeee,” whined Eliza. Her protests were interrupted by a slutty, liquid moan as Gene’s thick fingers finally found their goal, touching firmly on the warm, wet surface of her lacey panties. Her legs spread wider instinctively as her desperate, horny body welcomed its master’s touch.

“Yeah, yeah, I’ve heard your excuses before,” chuckled Gene. “It’s not fair! It’s only because of the oil! I would never do this otherwise!”

Eliza’s hands gripped, white knuckled, on the arms of the office chair, and her breath came in harsh labored pants as Gene’s thick fingers roughly pulled her panties aside and squirmed into her eager, dripping cunt.

“But you know the saying, bunny,” said Gene, his voice cruel and mocking, “If she walks like a slut, and talks like a slut, and sucks off her husband’s worst enemy like a slut, then she’s probably…”

Gene’s thick middle finger sunk inside her up to the second knuckle. Eliza’s pussy clenched around it greedily. Her whole brain felt like it was on fire. Just Gene’s finger felt better to her than David’s cock had in months, possibly ever. Her hips writhed and humped against her master’s fingers as the admission crossed her lips in a broken whisper.

“A… a slut,”

“Bingo, Cumbunny,” said Gene, his finger moving with teasing slowness, finger fucking his pet slut. “And I think you know exactly how you were walking this morning when you came into the office wearing that ridiculous porny outfit…”

“I was w-walking like a slut,” agreed Eliza in a breathy gasp. “I could see all the boys’ eyes on my slutty body. David was soooo upset, but he couldn’t stop the other guys from seeing what should belong to only him.” She shut her eyes tight and wriggled her hips, unable to focus on anything but her master’s fingers.

Gene laughed out loud, deeply pleased with his Cumbunny’s sudden enthusiasm for self-degrading dirty talk. “That’s right. You looked the part to a “t”, bunny. But you didn’t just walk

the walk, did you bunny?" asked Gene with twisted amusement. "You talked the talk too… didn't you?"

"Yes!" panted Eliza, feeling her shame and lust building higher and higher inside her, twining together as she moved toward a powerful orgasm. "I… I let all the men in the office see how much of a bimbo I could be. I giggled and simpered and flirted like the good little Cumbunny you want me to be, master! I, like, totally talked like a slut!"

'And it was all to get what you really want," growled Gene, leaning forward and pushing his greedy fingers deeper into Eliza's sopping cunt. "To get just a taste of your master's sperm. Isn't that right, Cumbunny?"

And in that moment, even as fireworks of pleasure exploded in her brain, Eliza saw something that sent a bolt of excitement through her. A non-sexual flash of interest for once. As Gene leaned forward over her shoulder, a small, half-empty vial of some greenish fluid slipped out the front of his shirt. It was attached to a leather cord around his neck, and almost as soon as it fell out, he tucked it back again. But it was too late. Eliza now knew exactly where Gene kept his remaining mjolkhare oil.

That one moment of lucidity was all Eliza could manage before she was overwhelmed by a tidal wave of sensation once again. She moaned deeply, unable to care whether anyone outside the meeting room could hear her. The feeling of Gene's thick fingers digging deep into her most intimate place was too good to resist. This wasn't even about his cum anymore, just the addictive feeling of sexually submitting to the man who now controlled her life.

Just as she was tipping over the edge of climax, Gene did something Eliza never expected. With his free hand, Gene roughly turned Eliza's moaning face toward him…

And kissed her.

Gene's tongue wormed its way between Eliza's glossy lips, and her tongue rose to meet it, tangling with it in a sloppy, obscene dance. The sensation was deeply wrong, but filthy and arousing in the worst possible way. Gene had already stolen so much from her husband, but somehow this stolen kiss felt the worst of all. A deep intimate moment of dominance and submission just as Eliza surrendered to the sweet oblivion of orgasm, her body arching and straining hard, pressing itself desperately into Gene's fingers and lips with equal passion. Her pussy clenched hard around his invading fingers and her lips fellated his invading tongue while the waves of pleasure washed over her, for a moment even drowning out her endless hunger.

Finally, Gene withdrew, smiling smugly down at the panting, sticky mess of a Cumbunny slut he had molded.

"Well, bunny," he said in a cheerful tone, "we're fucked."

Eliza blinked stupidly up at him for the moment, unable to process the disconnect between his words and their tone. “What?” she asked, her brow furrowing as she tugged her skirt back down to cover her dripping pussy. “What do you mean?”

“I mean,” said Gene patiently, “that it turns out that weaseling my way into a management position, then spending most of my time face fucking my Cumbunny and bullying her husband at work didn’t exactly lead to stellar job performance. Carl is considering demoting me back to my old position.”

Eliza felt a sudden thrill of hope. Even if she was still craving Gene’s cum badly, she was feeling a little clearer now that he had allowed her to have an orgasm. If Gene was knocked down a peg, it wouldn’t solve her addiction problem, but would be an immense relief to her husband. Maybe it would even relieve his stress enough that he would be able to take care of her sexual needs again.

“So… why aren’t you worried?” asked Eliza suspiciously.

Gene leaned down until he was face to face with her, just inches away. His stubbly face and wide, smug grin filled her vision. “Because I have a loyal Cumbunny who will solve this problem for me if she ever wants to taste my jizz again, that’s why,” he said in a low, mocking voice. “After all, you’re in the same boat as me now. That frosty bitch you call a boss is definitely going to march straight to Carl’s office and recommend that he send your sweet ass packing. So I recommend you put that bimbo brain to good use and think a way out of this one.”

Eliza’s mind reeled. Shit. She wasn’t exactly surprised that Gene was excelling in his new position. He had never struck Eliza as particularly competent, and he hadn’t earned his new supervisor position through merit.

“Well… maybe if I catch Ms. Harrington I can convince her I had some sort of a mental breakdown,” said Eliza wearily. “Then I can help you look over your job responsibilities. We’ll see if we can work through your backlog and get the ship righted before Carl makes a final decision. I’m sure they’re still worried that firing you could put them in legal hot water after that slander scare, so if we make your incompetence more of a grey area, then…”

She trailed off as she saw Gene shaking with laughter. “Hahaha, no, no Lizzie. That’s adorable, but it’s not what I meant,” said Gene condescendingly, reaching out to pat Eliza’s head. “You’re still solving problems like a proud, independent woman. I want you to solve this problem like a Cumbunny. You have until the end of the day.”

With a small wave, still radiating complete, arrogant confidence, Gene left the meeting room, with Eliza staring open-mouthed at his retreating back.

At first, she had no idea what he was talking about.

Then, after a little reflection, she began to suspect she knew exactly what he meant.

…

Eliza sat at her desk, jiggling her foot nervously.

She couldn't stop thinking about "Cumslut', the gorgeous red-head Cumbunny that had come along to the meetup she and Gene attended. Eliza had been so focused on Mitsy up until now that she had forgotten about Cumslut. But Gene had told her that they were both supposed to be her role models.

And the thing that had set Cumslut apart was her total, abject submission. Her willingness to do anything to please her master, even up to and including performing sex acts on other people. Despite the fact that their sperm did nothing to soothe her hunger.

Eliza checked the message from Gene on the secure messaging app he forced her to download.

[Do it by the end of the day. Come to my office to show me the proof. Then I'll finally give you what you've been craving.]

The endless fight between her pride and her hunger and grown too familiar at this point. Eliza was tired of the struggle. Tired of losing. Why should she push back anymore when it just made her defeat more painful in the end?

She rose from her chair, a strange sense of peace falling over her. She still held out hope that her plan to steal Gene's oil supply and a stash of cum would work, but until then it would just be so much easier to give in to her master's commands.

She felt the eyes of the office stick on her displayed body as she made her way over to Carl's office and softly knocked.

Carl called for her to come in, but he still looked surprised when she entered his office, eyes demurely on the floor as she softly closed the door behind her. Carl had been the manager here since she had begun work, making him not only her boss, but Gene's as well. He was a tall, rugged man in his early forties with constant five-o'clock shadow and styled salt-and-pepper hair. A good-looking man for his age, although he was beginning to get a little soft in the middle.

"Ms. Meyer," he said uncomfortably, "What can I do for you?" He was clearly making a heroic effort to maintain eye contact and not let his gaze wander down Eliza's scantily-clad body, but was only having partial success. Eliza could sense the heat of his barely restrained lust.

She was counting on it in fact.

Eliza took a deep, shuddering breath, fidgeting with her hands crossed in front of her. She had never done something like this before. Never even considered it. It was the sort of thing that people always whispered about shameless, slutty women doing. The sort of girl that you didn't want to become.

She had no idea how to even start.

"Mr. Jensen, I…" began Eliza in her high, breathy bimbo voice. She gulped, gathered her courage, and began again. "Mr Jensen, I've heard that I m-might be fired."

Carl looked even more awkward now, his square-jawed face twisting into a grimace. Eliza could instantly tell that she was spot-on. "Eliza… I'm afraid I can't really discuss staffing matters like that until the process plays out."

Eliza's heart beat fast and hard. She could feel it pulse in her skin… her throat… her nipples. The next step would be one of the more degrading things she had ever done. But it was the only way forward. It was what her master commanded.

"I was wondering if there is anything that I could do…" she said in a shamed whisper, '...to change your mind. About me… and about someone else too."

Carl stared at her silently, his face blank. Eliza held her breath. A powerful anxiety gripped her. A certainty that a look of disgust would cross her boss's face and he would order her out of his office.

Instead, Eliza watched with a mix of horror and relief as another expression altogether spread across Carl's face. A slow, predatory grin of interest.

"My, my. You horny little slut," said Carl, his eyes leering as his voice slipped out of its normal professional tone into one of smoldering lust. "I don't know what finally melted the bitchy little office ice queen, but I have to say that I love the change." The change was immediate and shocking, transforming the curt, professional boss that Elizza had always known into a horny, intimidating stranger. He pushed back from the desk and patted his lap with a smirk. "Well, come over here honey. Sit on my lap and we can talk all about your future at this company."

Eliza's belly squirmed with humiliated arousal as she tottered over on her slutty heels and sank gingerly onto her boss's lap. She felt his cock –impressively sized, but still smaller than Gene's– press hard into her ass. Yet another cock besides her husband's. And for this one, she didn't even have the excuse of semen addiction.

Carl's arm slithered around Eliza, holding her tight as she squirmed, feeling the solid length of his penis pressing hard into her soft ass. Eliza had always seen him as a nice, if strict older man, but his lust had changed him completely now that he saw her just as a bimbo to toy with. He felt like a dangerous sexual beast, waiting to pounce.

“So let’s brainstorm…” said Carl in a deep voice dripping with cruel amusement. “How can you prove to me your commitment to this company… and save you and your husband’s jobs.”

Eliza cringed. It seemed that Carl had made an extremely understandable mistake. Blushing hotly, she stammered. “Actually, I wanted to talk to you about Gene’s job… n-not my husband’s.” The last few words dribbled out in a miserable whisper as Carl stared at her, dumbstruck.

Then he roared with laughter, so loud that Eliza looked nervously toward his office door, worried that someone might hear.

“So that’s how it is!” said Carl between chuckles. “You're fucking Gene? The guy who makes David’s life hell? Jesus, I always knew your husband was a bit of wimp, but I didn’t think he was such a pussy that he would get his wife stolen by his bully.”

Eliza could only hang her head in shame. Even more so because the situation was making her reluctant lust spiral higher and higher inside her.

“Tell you what,” said Carl, pulling her close to his bulky body and whispering in her ear, ‘Forget about the fat pig Gene. I’m sure it's exciting to sneak around with him behind David’s back, but I guarantee you I could be twice as exciting. I’m richer, better-looking, and better in bed than fucking Gene. I’ll just fire him and you can become my little slut. What do you say?”

The close, intimate feeling of her boss’s hot, tickling breath and the obscene, dominant proposal sent made Eliza’s breath catch in her throat and her moistening pussy clench involuntarily. Obviously she couldn’t accept, but neither could she explain why. She doubted that the dangerous, dominant man under her would accept any explanation involving mysterious oil.

“Please,” she whined, closing her eyes against the overwhelming sensation of submission. “Please Carl, I can’t! Gene… he would…”

Charl chuckled. Loosening his grip on her just a touch. “Fine, fine. I won’t push it for now. As long as I have those pretty lips wrapped around my cock, I’ll be happy for today at least.”

There it was. He had said it so casually. As if it was just another job responsibility. The price would be a blowjob. Her extensive recent training with Gene’s repugnant cock would now be put to good use.

Eliza stared into her boss’s eyes, her heart thumping and her breath rushing hard and fast. There was nothing more to be said. He had boldly named his price, and after all, it was one she was willing to pay, wasn’t it? It could have been worse. Eliza got unsteadily to her feet, only to sink once again. On her knees in front of a man who grinned down at her with leering superiority. The position felt familiar at this point.

Carl simply waited, relishing the view of his employee, dressed in ridiculous pornographic clothes, kneeling humbly at his feet, blushing as she unzipped his pants with trembling hands.

Absurdly, Eliza felt her hunger swell as Carl's stiff cock burst out from the confines of his pants. She knew that his sperm would do nothing to curb her cravings, but by now her body has an automatic response to this submissive position.

Her mouth was watering and her eyes gleamed with sexual greed as she wrapped her glossy lips around her boss's cock, looking exactly like the slut that Gene had made her.

For all of his tough talk, Carl was a pushover compared to her strict, demanding master. As Eliza smoothly bobbed her head, skillfully swirling her tongue and applying the perfect amount of grip with her lips, Carl groaned, running his hands through her dark silky hair.

"Oh Godddd, you little slut," he murmured under his breath as Eliza easily took him into her tight throat, gripping and milking his cock again and again. "You perfect little cocksucker. Gene might have trained you, but I want you all for my fucking self."

Eliza barely paid attention to him, losing herself in the sweet burning humiliation of serving a man on her knees. She was learning something new about herself. She had always assumed that it felt so good to humbly suck Gene's dick because of the effects of the oil. But strangely, this blowjob felt just as good… Eliza's hand snuck down beneath her skirt to rub and tease herself as she closed her eyes, letting go and truly enjoying her degradation. This blowjob might not satisfy her dark hunger, but it was feeding the new need for submission that Gene had engraved in her soul.

With Eliza's well-practiced dick sucking skills and Carl's obvious arousal at her slutty, submissive behavior, the blowjob didn't last long. Eliza moved her neck with smooth, practiced grace, taking her arrogant boss's cock deep into her married throat, again and again, faster and faster. Her free hand rose to gently cup and tug his massive, hairy balls as her other hand squelched between her spread thighs. It was only minutes before Carl let out a rough gasp, his hips bucking forward as his cock pulsed, unleashing a thick, hot mouthful of sperm between Eliza's waiting lips.

And then, as Eliza expected, came the feeling of disappointment. The cum in her mouth wasn't the magical delicious elixir that came from her master's balls. It was just warm, thick, salty goo. She fought the urge to spit it out. She would need it later.

Carl sighed in pleasure and did his pants back up, looking down at the employee he had just mouth fucked with a superior smirk. "Well, Mrs. Meyer," he said mockingly, "I think I see the wisdom in keeping a talented woman like you around. And I think Gene has more than proven his management talents as well."

Eliza got up silently, wiping a stray glob of cum from her lips, her face red and her eyes fixed on the floor.

“But,” said Carl with amusement, calling to Eliza as she left the room, “I think David may have shown a real lack of attention to detail. Not to mention a failure to inspire loyalty. And sadly, it seems like no one was willing to speak on his behalf.”

Eliza had nothing to say. She left the office, closing the door behind her to shut out Carl’s laughter.

…

“Bullshit,” said Gene simply, tossing the folder flippantly into the trashcan beside his desk. “Sloppily done, and didn’t take into account all of the relevant figures. Completely unusable. Another week of work that earns the company absolutely nothing. What exactly are we paying you for anyway?”

There was a time when David would have responded with anger, threats and defiance. But weeks of bullying from Gene without any assistance or mercy from Carl had beaten him down. Now the only thing he could do was whine.

“But you gave me the assignment! I told you that we didn’t have the information we needed for a proper assessment!” whined David, with a look of pitiful desperation in his eyes. The little worm could tell that his job was on the line, but no longer had the power or will to do anything about it.

Gene looked at his rival with a mix of gloating pride and disgust. No… scratch that. Not his rival, his FORMER rival. David had lost so completely and utterly that Gene saw no threat from him anymore. He had taken everything from David. Even outside of work. And the poor sucker didn’t even realize it.

Gene didn’t even see him as a man anymore, let alone a rival.

A soft knock sounded at the door.

Ah, perfect, just in time. The exact reason that Gene had insisted on meeting with David right now. “Come in!” called Gene, feeling the thrill of sadistic pleasure that he got every time he had the opportunity to dominate this pathetic couple.

The look on both David and Lizzie’s faces were priceless as they saw each other. But the Cumbunny was obviously more fun to look at. She had really pulled out all the stops to give her master a slutty show today. Her tiny skirt and flimsy top would look more at home on the set of a cheap porno than an office, and Gene didn’t even know where she found those stupid-looking platform shoes. Gene could still remember when poor Lizzie had been a stuffy ice queen, bristling with indignation from the most harmless of flirtation.

Now he watched shame and lust warred in her eyes as she saw her husband and owner together. She had come a long way, but there was still further to fall before she was the perfect Cumbunny that Gene deserved.

“Babe,” said David in confusion, “What are you doing here? We’re in the middle of a meeting. Is there something you needed from me?”

Eliza said nothing, her eyes just wide with panic as she looked at Gene, silently pleading for his help.

Gene realized what was happening and had to fight hard to avoid bursting into laughter. Oh fuck! He had asked for proof, but he hadn’t realized the dumb slut would go this far! His ditzy little Cumbunny really was deep in jizzy thinking if she had come up with this idea.

“I think she’s here to see me, Davey,” said Gene with a surly chuckle. “Isn’t that right, Lizzie?’

Her cheeks burning red, Lizzie nodded, unable to meet her husband’s eyes.

“What?’ asked David in confusion. He rose, his eyes shifting suspiciously between Gene and Eliza. “What’s going on? Talk to me honey…”

Eliza remained silent, her body language cringing in shame as she stepped aside, clearing the doorway so that her husband could leave her alone with Gene.

David reluctantly moved toward the door, his face a picture of bewilderment. “Is everything ok?” He asked plaintively. His frown deepened as he asked, “Babe… is he doing something to you? Is he making you…?” But by this point he had moved past the threshold, and Eliza reached out, firmly closing the door in his face without saying a word.

Gene waited to see if David would get angry. Pound on the door. Demand to be let in. A real man would. But there was nothing. David had become such a pussy that all we would do was whine about it to his wife later, and likely meekly accept whatever bullshit excuse she managed to cook up.

Whatever. Let the cuck stew in his impotency. Gene had bigger fish to fry. He leaned back in his chair and beckoned his plaything closer.

Eliza approached, already looking more graceful and confident on her heels after a full day of practice. Now that her husband was out of the way, her shame was being overpowered by her lust. Gene would have been able to tell from her expression alone, even if he hadn’t been able to see her stiff nipples pressing hard against her thin lacy bra and shirt.

“Show me,” said Gene in a low, compelling voice.

Eliza opened her perfect lips, showing exactly why she didn't have a single word for her pathetic husband.

Her mouth was swimming with gooey, filthy, still-warm cum. A thick pearly load of her boss's cum, which she had taken on Gene's orders to save his job. A load that would do nothing to alleviate her cravings.

It was an act of service so slutty and submissive that Gene would have thought it was impossible for a prude like Eliza to consider, let alone get aroused by,

She really was becoming the perfect little Cumbunny. Now for the finishing blow… the push that would break the last of her resistance and bind her to her master forever.

"You're ready. Tonight you're coming home with me. Make whatever excuses you need to your husband." Gene reached up and closed his Cumbunny's filthy mouth by pushing lightly upward on her chin. "Tonight," he said smugly, "I'm going to show you how a Cumbunny is really supposed to take her master's seed. It's time that you learned to hop for the carrot, Lizzie."

He relished the look of erotic intimidation in her eyes. The hopeless fight to resist his command. The anticipation of what would happen tonight.

"Oh, and don't play with your food," added Gene with a chuckle. "Go ahead and swallow, Bunny."

Part 2

Weeks later…

Eliza took a deep breath and tapped the folders on her desk to straighten them. Time to go meet with the boss. As she got up and crossed the office floor, she saw the receptionist smirk and whisper something to the coworker chatting at her desk. They both stifled a chuckle.

Now that Gene had more power around the office, the rest of the team seemed to be more willing to… find the humor in his power games. Things had been going poorly for both Eliza and David ever since Eliza had given in to her hunger and betrayed her husband by lying to HR during their investigation. The public apology that David had no choice but to give had been brutal. Eliza had watched in real-time as David, red-faced, stammered his way through the speech, the faces of their coworkers shifting from mild pity to cringing distaste.

Worse yet, the apology had been immediately followed up by Carl, their manager, announcing Gene's promotion. He was to be Carl's right-hand man.

Eliza hesitated for a moment, then stopped at the door of her husband's office on her way across the floor. She knocked softly, and David glanced up, wearing the same look of helpless frustration on his features that seemed to be there all the time these days.

"How are you holding up, honey?" asked Eliza softly, trying to keep the pang of guilt out of her voice.

David gave her a wavering smile. "Oh, you know. Just another day in paradise. Gene gave me a new account to piece through, so at least I have a chance to prove myself."

Gene had been exactly the type of boss that both Eliza and David had feared he'd be. He rarely passed up an opportunity to humiliate his new subordinate David. So far, that had included giving him the most brutal and tedious work that Gene could get his hands on. "Hang in there," said Eliza with a grimace, unsure of what else she could say to make her husband feel better.

David sighed heavily, leaning forward on his desk, elbows on his desk, fingers in his hair. "It's just… I don't fucking understand it. We were sooo close. I thought he was about to be found at fault and fired!" His voice held the hint of a question, and his pained eyes lifted to meet Eliza's.

She shrugged uncomfortably. “All that they would tell me was that they received anonymous testimony that changed their minds,” she said evasively. It was kind of true, although she had left out the fact that the testimony was from her. Luckily, HR was keeping the reason for their change of heart under wraps to protect her from repercussions. They still believed David had coerced her initial testimony against Gene after all.

It wasn’t the first time that they’d had this conversation. David still hoped Eliza could use her HR connections to discover how Gene had beaten him and plan a counterattack. But he would never get his wish, and never know why.

Eliza walked over and put a steadying hand on David’s shoulder. “You need to stop obsessing over it, babe,” she said softly, feeling the tension in his body, and an answering thrill of guilt inside her, “It’s not good for you.”

All of the stress was starting to affect Eliza’s husband outside of work as well, making him more anxious and frustrated every day. He was even struggling to perform in bed due to his stress, which only made his growing inferiority complex worse.

And that was unfortunate… because Eliza had been feeling particularly horny lately. She couldn’t really explain it; she had never considered herself an especially sexual person, despite enjoying her relatively tame sex life with David. But suddenly, all that it took was a stray thought, a passing glance from an attractive stranger, or the sound of a deep, confident voice to make her pulse quicken and her hair stand on end.

There was only one thing it could be. Eliza had received her loathsome refill from Gene when she sold out David. Drinking the foul liquid daily in her coffee kept her perverse cravings at bay… but it seemed to be having additional effects on her libido. Her suddenly peaking sex drive combined with David’s stress-based sexual dysfunction meant that she felt almost constant sexual frustration, even though her hunger was under control.

She had been sneaking out of bed to guiltily masturbate after David fell asleep, trying desperately to keep a lid on her growing lust. She was only having limited success.

“You’re right, babe,” said David wearily, patting the hand resting on his shoulder, “as usual.”

Eliza’s heart ached as she saw her husband’s evident stress and frustration. She had done this to him. Well… it was more like Gene had wielded her like a tool, but that didn’t make her feel any better. “Why don’t we do something nice this weekend?” she asked suddenly, trying to find anything to help her husband, “I hear that they are doing a street art festival down in the city center.”

David rubbed a hand over his face with a twist of his lip. “I don’t know babe, I’m feeling so worn out I would rather just…”

“I insist,” said Eliza firmly, kissing him swiftly on the top of the head, “You need to take your mind off things. Come on. We can take Kim with us. She loves that kind of thing.”

Eliza watched the faint smile quirk up the corner of his lips at the mention of his little sister, just like she had hoped. David was closer with Kim than anyone besides Eliza herself, and it had been a while since he had seen her. “Ok,” he said with a smile that already seemed a little freer from stress. “You got me. I’m in. Now you better hurry to your meeting I guess…” The last thought seemed to darken David’s face again, and Eliza cursed Gene internally.

The daily meetings were just another toolbox in Gene’s arsenal. A way to openly antagonize David by building interactions with Eliza into the official workday. It was working; the idea that Eliza frequently spoke to Gene alone in his office clearly ate away at David.

Eliza had no desire to make her husband’s pain worse by lingering over the goodbye. Without commenting on his despairing look, she squeezed his shoulder one last time, gave him and peck on the cheek, and left him behind at his desk. Regardless of how her husband felt about it, she would have to meet with Gene.

And not just because it was now in her job description.

Finally, Eliza reached Gene’s office. She knocked and entered when she heard his gruff welcome from within. The company must have thought that Gene had them over a barrel legally-speaking, because he had been given a position of incredible authority. As the new assistant manager, he directly oversaw nearly a quarter of the business in the office. And that included daily updates on HR programs at his insistence.

Eliza closed the door behind her: another policy that Gene insisted on, seemingly just as a way to make these mandatory one-on-one meetings cause David even more jealousy and stress.

“You can toss those over there, Bunny,” said Gene dismissively, gesturing toward a stack of other pristine HR reports. “We have more important things to discuss today…”

He leaned forward with a greasy smile, his gut pressing softly against his desk. “Like, for instance… if you need a refill yet.” Eliza felt a by-now-familiar slither of blended lust and disgust in her belly. Her cheeks flushed as she looked pointedly away from her new boss, furiously willing her body to calm down.

Much to her horror and disgust, Gene had begun to turn her on these past few weeks.

It was an unpleasant new change that made little sense to her; most likely yet another effect of the insidious oil Gene had tricked her into drinking. There was very little about Gene that was attractive, objectively speaking. He was a older man with thinning hair, a flabby body, and questionable hygiene. It would be harder to imagine a man further from Eliza’s type. But for some reason, hearing his hoarse laugh across the office… seeing one of his dirty winks… even

catching the scent of his cheap aftershave sent an unwelcome, but unmistakable pulse of lust through Eliza's core.

And, despite the fact that she was certain that the spiked creamer was the primary cause, Eliza had to admit that her mental circumstances didn't help with suppressing her new inappropriate arousal. Something about being forced to drink Gene's sperm on a daily basis while he swaggered around the office had a certain overpowering psychological effect. And, shamefully, it was only enhanced by the fact that David was failing to perform in bed at night while Gene emasculated him constantly by day.

Once or twice when she masturbated late at night, Eliza had caught herself remembering her hand gliding up and down Gene's massive cock. Feeling it's hot, rigid length fill her palm with masculine heat… But she knew the difference between the twisted sexual Stockholm syndrome she was feeling and the genuine magnetic pull of real attraction. David was by far the more attractive man, and she didn't really want a disgusting older man like Gene. Of course not.

"Not yet," she said primly, unable to look Gene directly in his eyes.

"Not yet, what?" asked Gene sharply. Eliza realized with alarm that she could see Gene's large erection straining the front of his pants as he gazed across the desk at her.

"Not yet, B-boss," said Eliza in a miserable whisper, her hands clenching tight in her lap. She fought back the tiny spark of heat inside her. Getting turned on by Gene's cruelty around the office was bad enough. The last thing she needed was to get turned on by his crude sexual advances.

"But you've got to be getting low at this point, right, Bunny?" asked Gene, stroking the bulge in the front of his pants unselfconsciously and staring at her like a prized possession. "You know where to find me when you need a refill. You know that that's why I set up these meetings, right? This way you have the perfect excuse to come to me and get all the cream you need."

"I know," said Eliza uncomfortably. That wasn't the entire reason for the meetings, obviously. The other point was to make David watch day after day as his wife went into Gene's office and closed the door behind her. David had been asking obsessively what the meetings were like, and so far Eliza had been telling the truth that they were all business.

But she knew that David was right to be worried. No matter how much she wished it wasn't true, the cravings would come back eventually.

"Is that all, boss?" Asked Eliza calmly, retreating to the cool disinterest that had always served her so well.

"Actually one other thing," said Gene with a smirk, his eyes running over Eliza's body. "I need your phone number."

‘What?” asked Eliza sharply, her eyes widening. “Gene… i mean boss, I can’t just have you calling or texting me at home. What if David sees!”

Gene’s gold tooth glinted as he grinned widely, leaning back in his chair and stretching. “That sounds like a you problem, Cumbunny. Why should I care if your husband discovers what a slutty little bunny you are? If you’re that worried about it, be sneaky.”

Eliza considered refusing, sitting stiff and upset for a moment before sighing and grabbing a pen from Gene’s desk. If she was going to effectively resist whatever plans Gene had, she would have to be smart about picking her battles. Giving up her phone number was nothing compared to what he had already asked her to do… what he might ask her to do in the future…

“Thanks, Lizzie,” said Gene, snatching up the paper Eliza had hurriedly scrawled her number on and running his eyes over it with smug satisfaction. “That’s all for today. Get out of my office, Cumbunny.”

God, he was such a pushy brute. Eliza took a deep breath to calm herself as she rose from her chair, unconsciously smoothing her skirt over her hips. The only reason she was horny right now was the effect of whatever Gene had poisoned her with. Nothing else.

Gene said nothing further as she retreated from his office, but she could feel his eyes locked on her until the door was once again between them.

Eliza made her way straight to the break room, ignoring her husband’s puppy dog eyes through the doorway to his office. He might need more reassurance right now, but after her meeting with Gene, her body was crying out for the only thing that could soothe it. And, for now, it simply wasn’t in her to make David her first priority. He would be fine. She had just cheered him up a few minutes ago.

Eliza bounced on her feet impatiently as the coffee brewed. She pulled the creamer bottle out of the fridge and shook it with a wince. One more cup. Maybe two if she stretched it. She would be going to Gene begging within a few days, and she could tell by the way he was using his new position of power that he was in no mood to be merciful.

Getting more semen from him would be costly, but what the price would be, she couldn’t say.

Luckily, Eliza had also formed the inklings of a plan. It would be monstrously difficult and would take a long time. But if she could pull it off, there was at least a hope of her escaping the chokehold Gene now had on her life.

Eliza poured a dollop of thick creamer into her coffee, her mouth watering. In the meantime, she would just have to try not to lose herself any further.

…

The next day, Eliza managed to make it through with one cup of coffee, featuring an unsatisfactory dribble of the last of the creamer.

As a result, that night she was ravenous. She had been hoping that having less of the tainted creamer would also reduce the arousal that it had been causing, but it seemed like, paradoxically, drinking such a small amount of Gene's semen made her uncomfortable horniness even worse.

She sought comfort in her husband's arms… but, like usual lately, he struggled to perform.

"I'm sorry babe," said David, slumped in defeat on the edge of the bed, his limp cock dangling uselessly between his legs, "I'm just on edge. Gene told me that he's going to be giving me a performance review soon, and I just know he is going to use it as an excuse to fuck with me. I'm still on probation after he managed to twist things around on us. A poor review could be bad."

Eliza sat back in the bed, her nipples agonizingly stiff, her pussy leaking, and her head scrambled with desperation and annoyance. She knew that she needed to be comforting and supportive right now, and snapping at her husband in this moment of vulnerability could be devastating. But her stomach churned with the loathsome, dark hunger that Gene had forced on her, and her pussy ached with a hollow, empty feeling.

Solving her twisted hunger was physically impossible for David, but she had hoped he could at least address her need for sex…

David just looked so weak there on the edge of the bed. Crumpled and defeated and soft. The image of Gene suddenly flashed through Eliza's mind, smug and triumphant, with a thick erection straining the front of his pants. A flash of ugly heat pulsed through her, making her pussy throb with hunger.

But Eliza was stronger than her instincts and had long practice at presenting a false face to the world. "It's ok, sweetie," she managed to say in a smooth, convincing voice. "I understand. Everything will be ok. Gene is a horrible, petty man, but your work speaks for itself. You've done nothing to deserve firing."

With watery eyes, David climbed back into bed and spooned her from behind, his disappointing, flaccid cock smooshing into her butt. Her body tingled with frustrated arousal at the skin-to-skin contact. So close, yet so far. "Thanks, Eliza. I love you so fucking much, you know that?" he said softly.

"I love you too, baby," said Eliza cheerfully. But she waited with impatience for him to fall asleep, roiling with conflicted lust.

When she was finally able to slip away into the bathroom, Eliza attacked her streaming pussy and stiff nipples with shaking hands, desperately chasing the pleasure she craved. But even as she stifled moans through a hard-bitten lip, the hunger inside her only grew more insistent.

Tomorrow. Tomorrow she would have to ask her new boss for more of his cum.

She orgasmed to dark, half-formed thoughts about what price he might ask this time.

…

The next day, Eliza brought a bottle of creamer with her on the way to Gene's office. She held it low to her side on the opposite side of her body so that her husband wouldn't be able to see it as she passed by his open door.

She was too nervous to look at David's expression as he sat in his office. Today, any insecurities he had about her meetings with Gene would be fully justified.

When she entered Gene's office, he seemed to immediately pick up on her nervous, vulnerable energy, like a shark smelling blood. He leaned forward, elbows on his desk and fingers steepled, watching with his loathsome eyes as Eliza nervously approached and set the new bottle of creamer on his desk.

She cleared her throat, face red with shame, and said, "I was wondering if you could… could help me out, B-boss."

Gene chuckled darkly and shook his head. "You can do better than that. If you want your creamy treat, you're going to have to prove you can be my good little Cumbunny. What do you want from me?"

"I want your cum," said Eliza tersely, unable to meet Gene's gaze. "Please."

Gene reached over to the bottle, but this time he didn't unwrap it. He picked it up and tossed it into the trash. 'We won't be needing the training wheels anymore," he said in a low, dangerous voice. His tone made a prickle of apprehension and arousal run through Eliza. She found her eyes locking onto Gene's crotch against her will. There was a stiff bulge there, straining against the greasy fabric of his pants, just as she thought there would be.

"From now on, the only way you will get my cum is fresh and warm. Straight from the source," said Gene in an unbearably smug tone.

Eliza felt a twisted blend of anger and arousal roar within her. The powerful combination of feelings was so strong that it felt like she couldn't breathe. "You… No! No chance, Gene," she said furiously. "Last time, when I jac… When I touched your penis, it was a mistake. I won't sink

that low again. It's bad enough that I need to drink your… filth. I won't be your whore. I'm a married woman!"

"But that's the best part!" said Gene with a barked laugh. "Taking that loser David's pretty, perfect princess and making her my depraved bimbo slut is the entire point."

He leaned back, shaking his head with a smile. "Go ahead, Cumbunny. Take your big stand. Feel all warm and fuzzy inside for the next hour or so for telling the big bad bully to go fuck himself. It will just make it that much more humiliating when you come back to me anyway."

Eliza left and slammed the door behind her, seething all the way back to her desk. David called out to her as she passed, but she was in no mood at the moment. She sat in a huff and put her head in her hands, feeling the unnatural hunger and lust throb through her. She couldn't give in now. Gene was right; if she came crawling to him after he had made his insulting intentions clear and she had taken a defiant stand, it would be crushingly humiliating.

Accepting his obscene condition would make her into the depraved bimbo that he'd infuriatingly labeled her as.

But as the day went on, Eliza found it more and more difficult to concentrate. It had been almost twenty-four hours since she had had any of Gene's cum at all, and her cravings were coming back worse than ever. Hunger seethed and snarled inside her like a living thing. She felt tense and sweaty. She couldn't stop thinking about the last time she had gotten sperm from Gene… Kneeling in front of his monstrous form, his hot cock throbbing in her hand… Feeling it twitch and spurt as it fired its delectably creamy load into the bottle.

This time he wanted to spurt straight into her mouth.

Eliza whimpered and put her head down on her desk as her leaking pussy clenched hard around nothing. When Gene had fed her one tiny drop of her cum, it had almost made her orgasm on the spot… How much more intense would it be to have a full, hot, creamy load spread over her tongue… flow down her throat?

Suddenly David was at the entrance to her cubicle, looking worried. "Hey, baby?" he said with knitted brows, "Is everything alright? You looked upset coming out of Gene's office. Did he try to bother you again?" Tortured by deep hunger and lust, Eliza felt a sudden unfair wave of annoyance wash over her at the mere sight of her husband.

"And if he was?" she asked sharply, making David frown in confusion. "What would you do? How would you help with that problem?"

David looked shocked for a moment. A month ago, he would have given some brave answers about standing up for her and teaching Gene a lesson. In fact, he probably would've marched right over to Gene's office and given the bullying slob a piece of his mind. But being bullied and

beaten down for a month had sapped some of her husband's bravado. He only gave her a wry grimace and said, a little sheepishly, "I want to be there for you, Eliza. You can tell me anything. Really."

Eliza pinched the bridge of her nose and snorted. It was a lovely sentiment, but utterly untrue. No one would believe her current predicament. She barely believed it herself. If she told David she was addicted to Gene's cum, he would naturally assume only the worst. She was in this alone. She was determined to break Gene's control and be a perfect wife for David again, but there was no help he could give her right now.

She should apologize for snapping at him, but right now, with the filthy heat coursing through her veins, she couldn't muster the energy to stroke her husband's ego. "I need to be alone, David," she said bleakly. They stared at each other for an awkward moment with David looking like he wanted to say something else before he thought better of it and retreated with a look of pained dissatisfaction.

God… she was going to have to go home tonight and deal with another session with a limp cock and limp excuses, her arousal and hunger spiraling higher and higher.

Suddenly, the evening ahead seemed like a fate even worse than a humiliating capitulation to Gene's demands.

But could she do that? Could she kneel on the carpet of Gene's office and be the submissive little slut he demanded? She might be annoyed at David right now, but she still loved him fiercely. Making David's nightmares come true and sucking off his hated enemy would be the worst betrayal she could imagine.

Well… almost the worst betrayal she could imagine.

No. She could make it. Her eyes glanced up at the clock. A quiet moan of despair wormed its way between her lips. It had only been half an hour since her meeting with Gene. It had felt like hours. She still had about half the day left. And then the entire evening… and then… oh God… and then the rest of her life. Because Gene had made his terms incredibly clear. She wouldn't be getting any more of her fix unless it was sucked directly out of his cock.

Eliza tried to focus on work. On anything. But one word drummed through her mind again and again, seeming to echo through her aching, heated body:

Cum. Cum. CUM. CUM. CUM.

…

Eliza almost made it to the end of the day.

By four o'clock, she was practically panting with lust, and she was afraid that she would leave a wet spot when she got up from her chair. But just when she thought she might make it, temptation struck.

She saw her husband stand up and head to the bathroom from across the office floor. In one, gut-wrenching, heart-pounding moment, her desperate mind made the connection.

If she got up right then and went to Gene's office, David wouldn't notice. That small temptation was all that it took to push her over the edge. No longer hesitating or worrying over the implications of her actions, Eliza stood on shaky legs and crossed the floor rapidly to Gene's office, knocking sharply while peering guiltily over her shoulder to make sure her husband hadn't yet returned.

When she slipped inside a moment later, she was mortified to see Jessica, one of the junior accountants, sitting in the chair across from Gene. Gene's face flipped rapidly from displeasure at being interrupted to sadistic glee as he saw who had interrupted them.

"Sorry, sweetheart," he said to Jessica with an oily smile, "I think Eliza has an urgent matter to discuss. But I'll be giving you an "exceeds expectations" on your performance review. Don't worry."

Jessica stood, her eyes filled with a blend of relief to be leaving Gene's clutches and faint amusement at Eliza's blushing face and apparent urgent desire to meet with her boss. When she left, a silence yawned between the grinning middle-aged man at his desk and the humiliated young woman staring at the floor, fidgeting with the buttons on her blouse like a naughty schoolgirl.

"So… what is it you wanted to discuss, Cumbunny?" asked Gene, reveling in his victory.

Eliza could barely force the words past her lips. Her whole body vibrated with a potent blend of shame, guilt, hunger, and lust. "You win," she finally whispered, each word like acid on her tongue.

"Crawl to me," commanded Gene in a hard voice. "I want to see that my little Cumbunny knows her place after those big brave words earlier."

The painful, humiliating sting of defeat twisted Eliza's mouth. Gene was the last person to accept victory gracefully. Eliza had expected he would rub her nose in her shameful surrender.

It would've been so satisfying to say "no" and spit in his face… But Eliza's libido would no longer be denied when she was this close. Besides, refusing to crawl was foolish; she was prepared to do something much more humiliating in a few seconds. Swallowing her pride, Eliza got down onto her knees, awkwardly shuffling across the carpeted floor toward Gene.

And here she was again. In the position that haunted her nightmares… and her increasingly frequent masturbation fantasies, no matter how hard she tried to resist. At Gene's feet. On her knees. His smug expression of ownership looming above her.

Gene's hairy, thick-fingered hand rubbed slowly and lasciviously up and down the huge bulge in his pants as he whispered, "Not so high and mighty now, are you Cumbunny? I remember when you used to look at me like a piece of trash. You turned your nose up at even a little harmless flirtation. And now you're on your knees like the cock-thirsty slut you were always meant to be."

Eliza couldn't even respond. She wanted to say it wasn't true… but her eyes couldn't break away from the shape of Gene's cock. The hunger inside her seemed to grip her mind like a vice, forcing out rationality and defiance. She really was thirsty for his cum. And she knew what she would have to do to earn it.

Gene's hands fell away. "Go on," he urged with a chuckle, "I can tell you're desperate. Unwrap your present."

Eliza's trembling fingers flew to Gene's crotch with indecent haste, unbuttoning and unzipping him with obvious eagerness. Now that her reward was so close, she couldn't even pretend to be reluctant anymore. Her mouth swam with drool, her body pulsed with horny heat. She needed cum so badly that it was hard to think straight.

Eliza couldn't help but let out a soft gasp as Gene's hard cock burst free. She remembered feeling a little disgusted at the sight of it last time… but it was hard to imagine feeling that way now.

It was just so big, and hard, and veiny. A hot, throbbing eight inches of concentrated masculine power. It made Eliza feel dizzy just looking at it, her body swooning with desire. Her mind couldn't help but flash back to the night before, and her husband's limp, useless penis. It was an unfair comparison, but that was the nature of the world, wasn't it? The more dominant, powerful man won, no matter how unfair it was.

"Well don't just stare at it, Cumbunny," said Gene, his voice dripping with nasty amusement, "get to know your new playmate!" He roughly seized a handful of Eliza's hair and pulled her between his thighs, rubbing his thick cock all over her face.

Eliza whimpered in arousal and shock as she felt the rough, hot skin of her boss's cock rub against her cheeks, spreading its musky scent and smearing her with sticky precum. It was an overwhelming assault of masculinity that should have disgusted and insulted her. But in her current horny, desperate state the degrading act left her helpless with submissive lust instead. It was like being claimed and marked all over by his filthy cock, transforming her into the slut that Gene desired.

By the time Gene finished the humiliating display, Eliza was left dazed, red-faced, her eyes dull with pathetic, obedient arousal, and her face shiny and sticky with smeared precum. The newly christened Cumbunny was ready for what came next.

Gene's hands released Eliza's hair and folded behind his head in his preferred posture of satisfied superiority. "Now start sucking, Bunny. And make it good, or no treat for you."

Eliza's eyes crossed as she stared at the throbbing cock in front of her. She simply wasn't the kind of woman who gave blowjobs except in rare circumstances, and even then inexpertly. But she got the feeling that was bout to change; she was going to be a blowjob expert in no time. The worst part was how badly she wanted it. Not just the cum, but the feeling of hard, hot, masculine flesh stretching and filling her mouth.

She wanted to feel Gene's harsh dominance, and that impulse scared her.

But it didn't scare her as much as the possibility of never tasting his cum again.

Eliza gripped the base of Gene's cock in both hands, savoring the feeling of his hot skin beneath her fingers. Her plump lips gently parted… and, with a squirming blend of shame and lust filling her, she took the swollen head of his cock into her mouth.

Her immediate thought was how different it felt to have Gene's cock in her mouth rather than David's. When she gave her husband his yearly birthday blowjob, she always felt dutiful and slightly disgusted. But now, a powerful feeling of sexual inferiority swept over her as she looked up into Gene's gloating eyes, the head of his cock stretching her lips. It was infuriating and arousing in equal measure, leaving her feeling helpless and horny and frustrated. Eliza's tongue swirled sluggishly around the invading organ, beginning to gently suckle at the tip of her worst enemy's dick.

Gene simply basked in the feeling for a while, letting Eliza humbly worship him while staring down at her stupid, slutty face, lips stretched around his cock. What he wouldn't give for that pussy David to see his wife right now, on her knees like the good little cocksucking Cumbunny she was destined to be.

That gave him an idea… Not a good idea, but a hot idea. In fact, it was wildly reckless. But right now Gene felt like he couldn't lose. Having the lips of his enemy's slutty wife wrapped around his cock made him feel like the king of the fucking world, and he intended to push that power trip even further.

"Deeper," grunted Gene arrogantly from above Eliza. "I'm not a baby bottle, Bunny. I want to feel your whole mouth, not just the tongue."

Eliza obediently took Gene deeper in her warm, married mouth, struggling a little with his full length and girth. She had never had a cock this big in her mouth before.

She was so focused that she didn't even see Gene picking up his phone until it was too late. Just as she was beginning to work Gene's cock toward the entrance of her throat, she heard Gene speak.

"Come by my office. I want to have your meeting now," he said curtly. "You heard me. Right fucking now!" He clicked the phone firmly back into the receiver with a nasty grin splitting his face. Eliza spit the cock out, coughing and spluttering.

"Who was that?' she asked, gripped by anxiety, "Why the fuck would you tell them to come when…" Her eyes widened and an icy spike seemed to pierce her heart. She could tell by Gene's evil expression exactly who he had just called in for their performance review.

"You evil bastard! No, no, no!" said Eliza, filled with white-hot panic. She tried to rise from her knees, but Gene reached forward and held her down with a heavy hand on her shoulder.

"Think, Cumbunny," he said sharply, snapping Eliza out of her panic for a moment. "You have maybe thirty seconds. You could get up and sit in the chair, but your face is covered in precum, and your hair is a mess. And who knows? I might be a little slow to put my cock away. It would be a pretty damning picture for your hubby to see. But if you hide under my desk…"

His voice was chummy and persuasive in a way that immediately put Eliza's guard up, but what he said made a certain amount of sense. David was so insecure and on edge right now he would immediately guess what had been happening no matter what excuses Eliza tried to invent. The dark recesses under Gene's wooden desk looked safe and inviting…

A knock sounded at the door and Eliza went for it, quickly shuffling beneath the desk. Gene scooted forward, trapping her and blocking the opening with his lower body, his cock still stiff and glistening with her saliva.

"Come in," said Gene briskly.

Eliza barely dared to breathe, her heart pounding wildly in her chest. She heard her husband enter the room, just feet away as she hid under a desk, her hair mussed by another man's fingers, her face sticky with another man's juices. What the fuck was Gene thinking? Even if he was certain his new Cumbunny would play along, the chances of being caught seemed ludicrously high. Even beneath the large wooden desk, Eliza cringed in fear, feeling exposed with her husband mere feet away.

"Glad you could make it Davey," said Gene in a smug drawl. "I'm excited to finally tell you what I think of your performance."

Gene's cock was still naked, pointing straight upward, proud and stiff between his legs. In the cramped quarters beneath Gene's desk, Eliza couldn't escape from the sight of it. Even in these terrifying circumstances, she could still feel its magnetic pull.

"Now, I want to make one thing very clear," said David, his voice brimming with determination. Eliza couldn't see him from her hiding place, but she could picture his shoulders squared and his jaw set defiantly as he spoke. "You may have the upper hand right now, Gene, but that doesn't mean you've won. My work speaks for itself, and using your position of authority to unfairly accuse me of incompetence will only be shooting yourself in the foot."

Gene responded with a mocking laugh. Eliza watched with horror as Gene's hands dropped below the level of the desktop. One hand began stroking his cock, the other beckoned her with one finger.

"Now it's MY turn to make something clear," said Gene roughly. "You obviously don't realize what position you're in." Knowing that Gene wouldn't be able to see it, Eliza wordlessly shook her head. Was he fucking insane? There was no way she would do… that while her husband was in the room. She could sit here in silence and refuse for hours if she had to. Sucking Gene's cock with David in the room was not only a needless risk, but also a horrible betrayal of her husband. But despite her revulsion, for some reason the idea had a certain twisted fascination about it.

"The company was so worried about your baseless slander that they offered me ANYTHING," said Gene. Below the desk, his finger snapped impatiently. Eliza winced at the sound. If Gene wasn't careful, David would realize something was going on beneath the desk! If Eliza was caught like this it would be crushingly humiliating for her and David both. But still… Gene had overplayed his hand. He had pushed her too far and overestimated his control.

She wouldn't do it. Not like this. Gene could snap his fat fucking fingers all he wanted.

Eliza gulped and stared at Gene's obscene, quivering cock, still fully erect. She could smell it, musk and sweat… practically feel the power coming off it in waves. Gene's hand slowly stroked up and down it's bulging length. Hunger seemed to radiate outward through her body, it's center not in Eliza's stomach, but between her thighs.

Maybe sucking his cock right now wasn't as impossible as she first thought. She… she didn't have a choice, right? Eliza's pussy throbbed with dirty heat, making her feel damp and stuffy between her legs. Her mind seemed to be caught in a warm, hot fog as her eyes stared at Gene's thick, throbbing dick.

Sucking Gene's cock was bad enough, but doing it while David was in the room was a whole other level of wrong… But if she disobeyed, Gene might expose her slutty betrayal. Then her marriage with David would be over anyway. In a way, sucking Gene's cock would be saving her relationship. She would simply have to give in and do what Gene said… just this once. She

insisted to herself fiercely that her growing arousal had absolutely nothing to do with her obedience to Gene's obscene command.

"I could have had you fired with cause. How easy do you think it'll be to get another job when your last reference says you were fired for assault?" Asked Gene with a nasty chuckle. Feeling the deep, filthy wrongness in every fiber of her being, Eliza took Gene's cock into her drooling mouth once again, this time with her husband just feet away behind a concealing layer of wood.

"There's no way," said David weakly. Hearing her husband's voice with another man's cock between her lips was so fucking wrong… so why the fuck was Eliza getting more and more horny as her tongue writhed over the surface of Gene's cock? "There is no way that Carl would do that to me."

"That's where you're wrong. You always did think highly of yourself, Davey. But it turns out you're a lot more disposable than you thought." Gene's gruff voice was filled with dominant confidence. Eliza felt herself taking his cock deeper. Her hand shamefully strayed down to rub her pussy over her pants. God… Gene was in the middle of bullying her husband, and Eliza knew she should be angry and disgusted by him. But he just sounded so powerful right now. So in charge. The undisputed alpha in the room, demonstrating his superiority over the defeated beta.

"So if I say you fail to meet expectations and need to be put on an improvement plan under my direct supervision," said Gene firmly, "Carl is going to sign right on the dotted line."

Eliza began bobbing her head smoothly. She knew that it risked exposure to move so energetically like this; she could hear the soft wet noises her blowjob was now making. But she couldn't resist; she needed to feel Gene's cock. She needed to submit to his masculinity in his moment of triumph. She mentally apologized to her poor husband, but weeks of slowly intensifying arousal coupled with her deep craving for Gene's sperm made every primal instinct inside her beg to submit to the alpha.

"I've always thought you were pathetic," said Gene dismissively, "and I think that's the exact wording that I plan to put on the review that will go into your file. That your work here is pathetic."

"Now, wait just a second," said David angrily, a bit of a petulant whine creeping into his voice.

Gene reached down and grabbed the back of Eliza's head and forced his cock deeper, until her plump lips were sealed around the base of his cock and her nose was nestled deep into his musky pubic hair. Eliza's eyes flew open wide in shock that this was even possible. She had never taken a man into her throat before, but somehow now, in her lowest moment of humble submission, she had managed it easily. Gene's thick, manly cock bulged and spread her throat, dominating her in a way she had never allowed David to even attempt.

“Shut the fuck up, Davey,” he grunted roughly. “I won’t hear any backtalk from you right now. Not when I have you by the balls.”

Eliza tried as hard as she could not to gasp out loud around the thick cock buried in her throat. Her whole body thrummed with shame and lust and fear of being discovered. It was the most intense feeling she’d ever experienced.

“I… you can’t…” spluttered Eliza’s defeated husband, finally trailing off into a miserable, “Yes, sir…”

“In fact,” said Gene wickedly, “I need to hear you say it.”

“Wh-what?” said David with horrified surprise.

“You heard me,” said Gene, “I want to hear you admit to me how pathetic you are. Consider it a required self-evaluation.” Gene gathered Eliza’s hair into a rough ponytail and began using it as a handle, moving Eliza’s head up and down his raging shaft beneath the desk. Oh God… he was fucking her mouth right in front of her husband, his cock thrusting deep into and out of her poor virgin throat. Eliza was certain that David would hear the gentle choking noises on his enemy’s shaft, but he didn’t. He was too caught up in his own little world of humiliation to notice the true degradation happening under his nose.

“I…” gulped David, “I’m p-pathetic.”

Gene forced Eliza’s head down to the base of his cock once again as an overpowering wave of twisted lust hit her. It was so wrong… so dirty. Her cruel, powerful boss was forcing a weaker man to degrade himself while fucking his wife’s mouth. It was the most evil thing she could imagine. But it was also so fucking hot… As horrible as he was, Gene was just so powerful and dominant in this moment… forcing his will on Eliza’s pathetic husband and taking what should be David’s alone by force.

Caught in a whirlwind of shameful, submissive lust, Eliza wriggled her tongue over Gene’s cock, tasting every veiny inch of his middle-aged dick as her husband pathetically stuttered from across the room. She unbuttoned her pants, no longer able to be subtle, slipping her slim fingers within to touch and tease her throbbing pussy.

“And who exactly is the boss here?” asked Gene smugly.

“You’re the boss,” admitted David, his voice dripping with impotent anger. Eliza could feel waves of heat flooding through her body as her fingers worked relentlessly on her pussy and her head bobbed in Gene’s lap. Oh God. She was going to cum. And when she did, there would be no holding back the slutty moans that she could already feel welling up inside her. But she couldn’t fucking stop. Not when she felt this good. Not when she was so close to the oral creampie she craved so badly.

“I’m s-so glad you understand,” said Gene in a rough, panting voice. His powerful, sweaty hand tangled in Eliza’s sleek hair once again, roughly seizing control of the blowjob and forcing her head up and down his cock.

“What’s the matter with you?” asked David suspiciously, finally realizing that something was amiss. “Are you fucking jerki-...”

“Get. The Fuck,” barked Gene, punctuating each word by thrusting his cock deep into the throat of his bullied subordinate’s wife, “Out. Of my. Office!”

David apparently scurried to obey, cowed by the anger of a stronger man. And not a moment too soon. Gene’s cock erupted, filling Eliza’s waiting mouth with thick, gooey sperm.

Eliza’s brain seemed to blink off completely for a moment, utterly shutting down in the face of a sensation so pleasurable it couldn’t fully process it. When she came to a moment later, her entire body was straining and taut with the deepest orgasm she had ever felt. Her back arched, her pussy clenched, vise-like, around her fingers, and her throat swallowed compulsively, greedily consuming what she craved so badly. A deep humming moan sounded from her throat, muffled by the cock still stuffed fully into her mouth…

… And her eyes stared up at the man who had made her feel this way. The only man in the world that could deliver this mind-melting pleasure. Things shifted in her mind as her eyes took in Gene’s smug features in the moment of orgasm. Connections were made that would be difficult to break.

Finally, Eliza collapsed back on shaking legs, resting her head against the wood of Gene’s desk.

“That’s a good little Cumbunny,” he said approvingly. “I think you learned a valuable lesson today. About which man you really belong to.”

Now that her thirst was sated and the horny fog in her brain cleared, Eliza felt the shame of her betrayal blossoming cold and acidic in her chest. She had not only betrayed David physically… she had for some reason taken a twisted pleasure in his pain during her filthy act. She still didn’t understand that reaction completely. Something about her twisted addiction was transforming her sexuality in disturbing ways. But Eliza couldn’t argue with Gene’s conclusions. She looked away from her boss with a burning blush and silently nodded.

Gene simply chuckled as he tucked his dribbling, spent penis back into his pants. “Well, it’s about quitting time, Cumbunny,” he said jovially. “You had better get out of here before hubby realizes you’re missing. If I let him find out how much of a slutty Cumbunny you are right now, he might do something rash… best wait to give him the bad news until I’ve broken his spirit a bit more. I’ll see you tomorrow for our new daily meeting routine.”

Eliza blanched at the casual implication that Gene planned to reveal their twisted activities to David when the time was right. But what could she do? Gene was correct that, at this point, she needed to get out of the office as soon as possible.

As she exited the office, Eliza took the opportunity to peek out, just to make sure that David wasn't watching. It would be difficult to explain why she was leaving the office just minutes after his meeting concluded. Luckily, his office door was shut. Was he seething in there? Crying? It would make sense after how thoroughly he'd been emasculated. The thought sent another sickening zip of arousal through Eliza that she brutally squashed. She couldn't let Gene get into her head like that. She loved David more than anything, and there was nothing sexy about him losing to Gene. Nothing at all.

Eliza left the office quickly, and she hoped casually, trying not to draw attention from her other co-workers either.

But she didn't head straight to her desk.

Instead, she went to the breakroom and removed the bottle of creamer she'd finished yesterday from the fridge. Checking behind her to make sure no one was looking, Eliza opened her mouth and dribbled a few teaspoons of leftover cum into the bottle.

It had taken every ounce of willpower she had to hold that amount in her mouth without swallowing. It was the start of her plan. She would need to collect as much reserve semen as possible to have even a prayer of succeeding.

Taking a deep breath, Eliza tucked the bottle back into the back of the fridge and straightened up, then went to the bathroom and fixed her hair.

She had to get ready for an evening of being a crying shoulder for her upset husband who didn't even realize how bad his humiliation could get.

Part 3

“No, no…. I can’t say I’m seeing any improvement in work ethic,” said Gene lazily into the phone, leaning back in his office chair with a look of smug contentment on his face. “Hm… No, let’s hold off on canning him for now. I’d like to keep him on the improvement plan. I think with a little more encouragement, we might make a semi-competent worker out of him.”

Eliza knelt at his feet, her eyes glazed with submissive desire as she bobbed her head smoothly up and down his massive cock, wriggling her tongue madly in a desperate attempt to coax her favorite treat out faster. She wore professional office clothes as usual, a simply cut blouse and flowing black pants. Nothing that would make you think that she was other than a normal young professional. But right now, Her hand moved frantically, stuffed down the front of those conservative, professional pants, writhing between her wet panties and her wetter pussy as she wallowed in her shameful lust. She dimly registered that Gene was probably talking about David, and a pang of guilt cut through her haze of pleasure.

It had been a month since Eliza first started her new blowjob routine with Gene. The “daily HR check-ins” were now simply scheduled fellatio sessions, with Eliza falling to her knees almost as soon as the office door clicked shut behind her. While Eliza was becoming more and more intimately familiar with her new boss’s cock, things had been getting even worse for her husband. Ever since Gene had given David such an awful performance review, he had been placed directly under Gene’s micromanaging supervision, which only gave Gene further opportunities to humiliate and bully him.

And as much as Eliza tried to resist, Gene’s dominant bullying of her wilting husband was definitely getting her hot and bothered lately. She understood exactly what was happening, of course. Whatever strange oil Gene had slipped her made him irresistibly attractive to her traitorous subconscious. So naturally, she interpreted Gene’s favorite hobby of bullying as sexy and masculine. Her new fetish for Gene’s cruelty was therefore utterly artificial… but that didn’t make it any less powerful and compelling.

Despite her unwanted arousal at his humiliation, Eliza’s heart ached for her poor husband. David didn’t deserve her betrayal, even if it wasn’t her fault. Luckily, having a new sexual outlet in the daily blowjob sessions had allowed Eliza to regain some of her drive and focus instead of being distracted and horny at all times. She used that new energy to make an effort to reconnect with her husband and ease his stress. It was the least she could do. She had begun planning weekly Saturday night dates to hopefully take their minds off of work, and it seemed like they had been good for David. Although, as much as Eliza enjoyed spending time with her husband, the weekends were a little tough… it was the only time of the week when Eliza had to go without Gene’s semen for two days in a row, and by Saturday night she was sometimes distracted and irritable.

Gene clicked the receiver down hard and grinned down at his little slut. “You know what would make me cum a lot faster…” he mused aloud, an evil gleam in his eye. “If you finally told me what I want to hear. Admit it. My cock is better than his. We both know it. I want to hear my sweet little Cumbunny describe how pathetic her husband is compared to me.”

Eliza just wordlessly glared up at Gene, her tongue swirling and her head bobbing faster, trying to end the blowjob before Gene took this line of thinking any further. Gene was always finding new ways to push the envelope with his new Cumbunny, and this was the latest. He wanted Eliza to join in on bullying David, badmouthing him during their dirty talk. But that was going too far. It was bad enough that her body heated up when David was treated badly. She wouldn't give in and participate in Gene's bullying. She loved and respected David, and no mysterious oil would ever change that.

Gene just chuckled at her defiant glare and scooted his flabby ass backward on the chair. "Well, if you insist, Lizzie. You know what you have to do then. It's one or the other."

Eliza's stomach roiled and her heart sank. It seemed like for every minor way she managed to defy Gene, he extracted fresh humiliations in revenge. But in her desperate circumstances, she had to pick her battles… Eliza reluctantly released Gene's cock and lowered her head down past his big, hairy balls, pulled apart his cheeks…

And extended her delicate pink tongue to lick and suck her boss's asshole. While the cock sucking was slowly becoming routine, being forced to serve in this filthy, humiliating way still made Eliza burn with shame. She had fought hard for a week to resist this degrading sex act, but once again her hunger was stronger than her pride. The final straw had been the false choice Gene had presented: insult her husband or eat his ass. This way she could at least tell herself she was defending David.

As Eliza explored Gene's sweaty, wrinkled sphincter with the same tongue and lips she used to kiss her husband, her fingers began to move again, grinding against her overheated pussy. More and more lately, even her own degradation had become a source of twisted pleasure…

"I've got an offer for you, Cumbunny," grunted Gene suddenly. Eliza couldn't see his face from her humbled position, but she managed to give a muffled "mmmhmmph" to let him know she was listening.

"I know that weekends must be hard for you without your favorite treat," he said in a voice dripping with false concern. "Why don't you come spend time with me this Saturday? I promise that you'll enjoy it."

Eliza's mouth was too busy to respond, only making wet slurping noises, but her mind whirled. She couldn't. That was her bonding time with David. Their dates had been helping both of them. Him to relieve stress, and her to ease her guilt and reconnect with her husband. But she knew that now the temptation was there, she would struggle with it. God damn it. Fuck Gene and his fucking mind games!

Gene chuckled as if reading her mind through the frantic wriggling of her tongue. “Just an offer,” he said with dark amusement. “Not a command this time, Bunny. Food for thought. Now make me cum.”

Her mind raging with conflict and shame and her pussy singing from humiliation and her swiftly rubbing fingers, Eliza raised her free hand and began rapidly jacking her boss’s dick.

Only when he began cumming would she be allowed to raise her head from between his sweaty cheeks and catch the fluid that had become her obsession.

…

“...so that’s where I’m at,” said David with a miserable sigh. “After weeks of backbreaking work, they’re basically telling me that it was all subpar and I’m going to stay under an improvement plan. Fucking Carl even hinted that I was lucky not to have been fired!”

Eliza made an appropriately sympathetic noise and tried not to think about how utterly and easily Gene had defeated her husband. She tried to focus instead on the massage, working her fingers deep into the knots in David’s shoulders. It felt unfair that she was always being forced into the role of sympathetic cheerleader when she faced humiliations even worse than David’s… but then again he knew nothing about what she was going through, and she planned to keep it that way.

Eliza's phone buzzed in her pocket, and she felt a sudden stab of dread. There was only one person who frequently texted her these days… Eliza continued the massage with one hand while stealthily checking what he wanted this time.

She almost dropped her phone as she was confronted with a dick pic, swollen, angry and full screen. She must have made a sound of surprise, because David gave her a worried glance over his shoulder. “What’s up babe?” he asked, his tone tender and concerned.

“N-nothing,” said Eliza shakily as another text buzzed in from Gene. This one read [So. We on for Saturday?] Well, at least it wasn’t another picture of his cock. “It’s just a text from my friend Heather. I haven’t heard from her in ages,” continued Eliza.

She swiftly replied to the message, trying to deal with Gene quickly so she could get back to concentrating on her husband. [I told you I can’t, Gene! That’s my time with my husband]

“I need to take my mind off it,” said David firmly, turning to give Eliza a warm smile. “Luckily, I've got a date with my smoking hot wife tomorrow. Wine tasting, right? I’ve been thinking about it all week.”

Still held in her hand, Eliza’s phone buzzed.

[Fuck that pussy. You don't always need to be babysitting his feelings. Ask yourself… Do you really want to spend another day with your whiny little bitch of a husband? Or do you want a special bonus load of your master's cum?]

"Uh huh…" said Eliza to her husband, unable to keep a note of guilty hesitance from her voice. Her eyes stayed locked on Gene's horrible text message. Unlike David, Eliza hadn't been thinking about the wine tasting all week… she had been thinking about Gene's offer. His text message just made that temptation harder to resist. It would be yet another betrayal of David to ditch him and spend time with his hated enemy… But at this point, Eliza was sucking Gene's cock on a daily basis. What was one more sin added to the pile? Eliza had been able to get through the weekends without her regular dose of cum, but it wasn't exactly comfortable. Now that she had been presented with an alternative, she was wavering… teetering on the edge of the abyss.

[You know you can't resist. David will survive one day without his precious little slut of a wife. If you're a good bunny, I might fire a hot, sticky load right down your throat.]

"Ummm… Honey?" said Eliza, her mouth feeling dry and her stomach cramping with a sudden pang of hunger.

"What?" asked David, his eyebrows wrinkling as he turned to face her. 'What's wrong?"

Gene was right. She couldn't resist. It was one thing to get through two days when an offer of cum wasn't even on the table, but another thing to deny herself a freely offered opportunity. This Saturday she would be Gene's Cumbunny, not David's date.

"I just heard that Heather will be in town tomorrow night," Eliza lied smoothly. "I was hoping we could take a rain check on the wine tasting, Honey."

"Oh. Yeah, well," said David in a falsely bright voice. "If you don't get to see her that often that makes sense." He was putting on a brave face, but Eliza felt the disappointed slump of her husband's shoulders. The acidic guilt flared up inside her once again, but she told herself that it wasn't that bad as she redoubled her efforts at the massage.

After all, she had just spent the past three Saturdays on date nights with David. It wasn't the end of the world if she spent one night taking care of *her* needs. Besides, there was no way she would be pleasant company at a wine tasting if she couldn't stop thinking about the liquid she wanted to drink so much more…

…

That Saturday night, David kissed his wife goodbye, then when she was gone, collapsed back onto the couch and let out a deep, troubled sigh.

He had smiled and said it was fine, but he really was disappointed that they wouldn't be going on their date. Those dates had become one of the few bright spots in his week ever since Gene had been promoted to Carl's right-hand man. But he shouldn't complain. Eliza had to deal with Gene on a daily basis now too, although her short meetings couldn't possibly be as humiliating as the time David spent working under Gene's direct supervision.

Let Eliza have her fun with an old friend. He was a big boy. He could spend one night alone.

But as time wore on, he found that maybe he couldn't. The house felt cold and empty tonight, and it made him feel anxious. Like there was something wrong he just couldn't put his finger on. So he did what he always did when he needed support and Eliza wasn't available.

He called Kim.

She picked up on the third ring, sounding a little breathless. "Hey hey, look who finally remembered his little sister exists. Long time no talk."

David grinned against the phone, his sister's voice already easing his stress just the tiniest bit. "I wouldn't call three weeks a long time, Kim. We spent all day with you the other weekend."

"And what have you done for me lately?" asked Kim archly. "You know, when you married that temptress, I told you she was going to fuck up our sibling dynamic. Where is she? Tell her I said 'hi'."

"She's out with a friend," said David with a chuckle, knowing exactly what response that he would provoke.

"Aha!" crowed Kim on the other end of the line, "So the truth comes out! That's why you finally decided to call me."

"Sorry," said David, half-joking and half-sincere. As much fun as they were having, her joke did have a hint of truth to it.

"Shut up, no you're not," teased Kim. "Anyway, I'm happy to hear from you, even if I'm your backup plan. How are things? How's work?"

"Bad," said David flatly, standing up from the couch and pacing aimlessly through the house like he usually did when on a call, "Don't want to talk about it. What about you? Still having fun jerking guys off or did you finally decide to get a real job?"

Kim rewarded his jab with her bark of a laugh. Their banter had always been a little raunchy. It was how they entertained each other. "I'll have you know that the guys jerk *themselves* off, thank you very much. We're a *high-class* sperm bank. Work's fine. Can't complain. But… speaking of my line of work… when are you and Eliza going to make me an aunt?"

David rolled his eyes. “Not this again, Kim. When I have news, you’ll be the first to know. For now, the official statement is “someday”.”

“Ok, ok… I’m just saying, I know a lot of people who work in fertility. I can get you friends and family rates… y’know, if you *have* been trying and it just doesn’t seem to…”

“Let’s talk about something else,” said David abruptly. Kim’s innocent probing had touched a nerve, reminding him of how he had been… struggling a little in bed lately. It was the last thing he wanted to be thinking about right now.

“Of course!” said Kim brightly. She could be a little annoying sometimes, but Kim always had his back. As soon as she heard the serious note in his voice, she dropped the painful subject immediately.

They shifted into discussing sports, how their mom was doing, and stupid little things like what movies they had each seen lately.

And by the end of the talk, David felt a lot better. Even as he listened to his chronically single little sister ramble on about how much of a loser her latest blind date was, he made a mental note to call her more often. Life could be stressful at times, and he needed to remember that there were some people who would always be on his side. Not just Eliza, but Kim as well.

…

Getting out of the house proved to be easy for Eliza. David was too trusting and wrapped up in his own stress to suspect her of any funny business. He kissed her goodbye with just a faint look of disappointment on his face.

Eliza had suspected that the evening would consist of humiliating sexual escapades at Gene’s home. But, unfortunately, it turned out that the horrible creep who had ensnared her had something else in mind entirely.

Eliza stormed out of the truck stop bathroom with a look of angry disbelief on her face. “What the fuck is this?” She hissed quietly, shaking the garment bag in her hand. “And why the fuck would you expect me to wear it for you?’

When Gene pulled up to a seedy truck stop on the outskirts of town, Eliza was confused. When he handed her the garment bag and told her to get changed, she had been even more bewildered. But even after the humiliating things Gene had asked of her so far, he had to be crazy if he thought she would submit to wearing this costume in public.

“You were the one who wanted to hang out,” said Gene with one of his usual dirty chuckles, rubbing his thick, hairy hands together. “Besides, don’t you think it’s appropriate? I think it really showcases who you are now.”

“What if someone sees me?” demanded Eliza, a furious blush staining her face. “It would completely ruin my reputation!”

Gene shrugged with an unimpressed grimace. “Fine. I understand your reluctance, Lizzie, I really do. It can be embarrassing to show the world who you really are. I can just take you straight home if this is too much for you.”

That brought Eliza up short. Straight home. Back after half an hour when she’d told her husband she would be gone all night. It would take more lies to smooth that over, and give David greater opportunities to get suspicious.

And more importantly, it would mean no special bonus dose of cum… After over twenty-four hours of abstaining, she could feel the need pulsing inside her, making her stomach rumble and mouth water. She tried as hard as she could to be strong…

“Look, if it makes you feel better, I can guarantee that you won’t run into anyone you know where we’re going,” said Gene in an oily, persuasive voice. “Why do you think I brought you to this shit hole to get dressed? I don’t want you getting caught either.”

Eliza wavered, then looked down at the garment bag in her hand. A helpless wave of submissive, humiliated lust crashed through her as she realized she was going to give in to Gene’s perverted whims once again.

“You fucking asshole,” she muttered as she turned back to the bathroom, ready to give up yet another piece of her dignity in exchange for cum.

…

Gene killed the engine in front of a low, bulky building in a part of town that Eliza had never been to before. He turned to take in her outfit once again, his face lighting up with a mixture of lust and amusement that made Eliza squirm with discomfort in the passenger seat.

Gene had forced her into a classic bunny suit. The type that bimbos wore in porn magazines. Eliza wore heels taller than she ever had before in her life, as well as fishnet stockings which clung to every curve, showcasing and emphasizing her slender, shapely legs. On her torso, a snug one-piece black corset barely covered her pussy with a thin strip of material while her firm C-cup breasts practically spilled out of the top. The look was completed by a silky bunny-ear headband and two ridiculous fake cuffs on her wrists. She had been transformed into a perfect slutty bunny for Gene to show off.

It was breathtakingly demeaning. Eliza had always considered herself a proud and independent woman. But now, she looked exactly like the slutty bimbo eye candy that Gene desired. And she

felt like one too… could she really say she wasn't slutty eye candy when she agreed to dress this way in public just for a taste of cum?

"Just one more thing," said Gene with a shark-like smile, reaching over her to open the glove compartment. "One last accessory to complete the look."

When Gene showed her the last piece of the outfit, Eliza wasn't even surprised. Just deeply embarrassed. She knew she would wear it anyway, no matter how humiliating it was.

…

The building turned out to be a sex club. That was obvious as soon as the bouncer ushered them inside. The dimly lit, dungeon-like room was filled with low furniture, as well as various racks, swings, and BDSM equipment that Eliza didn't recognize. Much to Eliza's mortification, the place seemed to be rather busy tonight, with scantily clad people forming little knots across the dimly lit floor of the club.

Which meant there were plenty of people to observe her shame.

The last piece of the outfit that Gene had presented to her had been a leather collar and a shiny chain leash, which Gene now held in his stubby, powerful fingers, leading her deep into the club. Luckily, even collared, leashed, and wearing a bunny outfit, Eliza was by far the sluttiest in the crowd, which oddly almost made her and Gene blend in.

But that hardly made Eliza feel better. Here she was, a lovely young woman collared and leashed by a disgusting toad of a man. Turned into a slutty trophy for a disgusting slob who would normally be far beneath someone like her. Not only that, she was being publicly dominated by her husband's worst enemy, while poor trusting David sat lonely and stressed at home. Her addiction to Gene's cum had made her into a terrible wife and a pathetic woman.

And she was sure if Gene had his way, things would only get worse from here.

Eliza was just beginning to wonder what the endgame for the evening was (Did Gene just want a public blowjob?) when she saw them a little distance away. Two more men stood chatting amiably with leashed bunnies of their own at their side.

Shit. This wasn't just a little private outing. It was a fucking hobby meetup. Gene was planning to show off his new Cumbunny to other enthusiasts. As if this night couldn't get any more fucking humiliating.

One of the strangers, a thick-set squat man in his fifties with a grey buzzcut, saw Gene and waved with a welcoming smile. "BossHog87?" he asked in a gruff voice as they drew closer, holding out a muscular arm to shake.

“You must be CoachS,” said Gene with a laugh, transferring Eliza’s leash to his left hand to accept the handshake. “You can call me Gene. And this slutty little bunny is Lizzie,” he added, jerking the leash to make Eliza wobble forward on her high heels.

“P-pleased to meet you,” murmured Eliza in a mortified whimper, wishing she could find some way to cover her exposed body, but knowing it was hopeless.

“God, she’s a snobby little bitch, isn’t she?” said the older man, leering appreciatively up and down Eliza’s displayed body.

“Not for long,” said Gene with a wink. Both men laughed hard at Eliza’s expense, their slimy eyes soaking in every inch of Gene’s Cumbunny.

“Well anyway,” said the squat man, “You can call me Stu. And these are Mitsy and Bitsy. Say ‘hi’, girls.”

Stu held two leashes loosely in his hand, one attached to the collar of a curvy blond who looked a little older than Eliza, and the other to a sullen-looking young Asian woman with her long hair gathered into silky pigtails. They both wore the same slutty bunny outfit as Eliza.

“Hiiiii!” said the blonde with the hourglass figure, wrinkling her nose with a little giggle. Despite the fact that she seemed to be in her late twenties, she had a breathy bimbo voice that sounded much younger. “I’m Mitsy! It’s, like, soooo nice to meet you!”

The petite Asian just glowered at Stu and Gene until Mitsy elbowed her and said in a stage whisper, “Bitsy, you need to be polite, or Coach will have to punish you again!”

“Hello,” said Bitsy stonily.

The third man cleared his throat with an arrogant smile. “I’m afraid I won’t use real names here, gentlemen, so you can just continue to call me HareoftheDog. Or Hare for short.” They shook hands all around. HareoftheDog seemed to be the same age as Bitsy, about nineteen or twenty. He had highly-styled blonde hair, a perpetual sneer, and all the arrogance of a spoiled brat.

Attached to his leash was one of the most gorgeous women that Eliza had ever seen. She was tall, fair-skinned, and busty, with waves of shiny, crimson hair that framed her lovely, freckled face. Eliza guessed she was somewhere in her early thirties due to a certain mature ripeness in her features, but the woman had taken such good care of herself it was hard to tell. Her eyes stayed demurely downcast as her master spoke, her hands folded in front of her in a pose that emphasized her full, gravity-defying breasts. Unlike Eliza, who felt like she could topple over any moment in her tall heels, this woman seemed graceful and poised.

“Oh,” said the snotty little blonde man with a dismissive flick of his eyes, “This is Cumslut. Say hello to the nice men, Cumslut.”

“Hello, gentlemen,” said the gorgeous redhead in a melodious voice, a warm smile on her lips.

“Well now that introductions have been made,” said Gene, companionably throwing his arms over the shoulders of the other men, “Why don’t us three go grab some drinks?”

The other two men agreed, and all three of them humiliatingly tied their leashes off to a nearby sex swing as if their “Cumbunnies” were dogs that might wander off.

As soon as they were out of earshot, Bitsy turned to the other two women with her eyes blazing. “First off,” she said in a tight, angry voice, “my name isn’t fucking ‘Bitsy’. It’s Beth. And her name is Martha.” The young Asian woman jerked a thumb at ‘Mitsy’, making her chain leash jangle from the jerky motion.

“What are your real names?” She demanded, her eyes flashing back and forth between Eliza and the tall redhead.

Eliza was about to answer, relieved that she was at least on the same page as one of the other Cumbunnies, when Mitsy shook her head sadly, patting Bitsy’s shoulder. “I’m, like, soooo sorry for Bitsy, Bunnies. She is still getting used to belonging to Coach. She needs a little more time.”

“He’s not my fucking Coach!” Said Bitsy in frustration. “And he’s not yours either, Ms. Flynn! He’s just the pervy old gym teacher that everyone hates!” She turned to Eliza with anger in her eyes.

“Listen, when I heard that my favorite English teacher from last year got fired for ‘inappropriate behavior’, I just had to look into it,” said Bitsy, giving Mitsy a wry, troubled look. “When I found out that she moved in with the gym teacher we both used to hate, it seemed obvious that something was up. But then Ms. Flynn gave me a milkshake when I met with her and… well… she must have mixed something into it.” She shuddered, then seemed to steel herself. “We can beat this together if we compare notes. I know we can.”

Eliza wanted to believe Bitsy, but she heard the edge of uncertainty and taint of unwilling arousal in the young woman’s voice. It was the same doubt and lust that she felt in herself. She tried to think of something encouraging to say, but “Cumslut” beat her to the punch.

The graceful older woman stepped forward and embraced Bitsy, pressing the fiery Asian into her big, soft breasts. “There, there, dear,” she said soothingly, stroking Bitsy’s fine, flowing hair. “I had a hard time when I first started too! You should have heard me whine about how sick and wrong it was for my Master to do this to his own stepmother!” The woman’s laugh was as low and rich as her voice. She shook her head in gentle mockery of her past foolishness, her lovely red hair swaying around her head, catching the light.

“But all of those petty concerns fell away when I realized how much joy and peace true submission brings. Soon, you will be utterly happy to be of service,” explained Cumslut gently. Bitsy was staring up at her with an expression that tried hard to be defiant but held an edge of curiosity as well.

“Especially when Coach finally cums in your pussy!” giggled Mitsy enthusiastically. “It feels so good when you finally take his jizz like you were meant to! All your other worries just fade away! Right, Lizzie?” The curvy blond turned to Eliza suddenly, appealing to her for agreement.

Eliza flushed and looked away, troubled by the thought. So these other, more experienced cumbunnies were fucking their masters. Naturally, that was where she was assuming Gene planned to take things eventually. She had just hoped that she would be able to spring her plan by then.

“I… I don’t do that kind of thing with Gene,” said Eliza, feeling oddly embarrassed. If anything, she should be proud. “I’m a married woman,” she added, a bit awkwardly.

Mitsy scoffed and gave her a sidelong glance. “So? So am I. Or at least I was. It’s been a while since I spoke to Vince. Are you saying that your master still hasn’t cum in your pussy?”

Cumslut sighed and laid a sympathetic palm on Eliza’s arm. “Oh dear, you’re a bit closer to Bitsy’s level than we assumed, it seems,” she said with a note of sadness.

Eliza, feeling a strange flare of defensive anger from her two fellow bunnies' condescending attitude, was about to respond, when she was interrupted by the arrival of their three owners.

“Hey ladies, did you miss us?” asked Gene obnoxiously, taking a swig of beer. “Oooh, yes,” purred Mitsy, sidling up to Stu’s side and rubbing up against him. “I just can’t stand to be away from you, Coach!”

“Let’s go and find some seats,” said Hare, snatching up his leash and pulling his Cumbunny forward. His eyes gleamed and he glanced at Mitsy, Bitsy, and “Lizzie”. “It’s about time we showed off what our bunnies can do.”

…

“Well, who wants to start?” asked Gene eagerly as they sat in a dim corner, rubbing his hands together with a wicked gleam in his eyes. Eliza’s heart pounded. She just knew that Gene would want to go first and force her to do something obscene in front of these perverted men.

But she didn’t account for the fact that the other men were just as twisted and eager as Gene.

“Well!” said the squat older man named Stu, “I have something I want to show off a little.” Mitsy sat next to him and cuddled up eagerly, but Bitsy still stood, staring daggers at her “Coach”. He wound the chain leash around his fist, drawing the pretty little Asian closer step by step.

“Bitsy has been a lot harder to work with than Mitsy ever was,” said Stu in a low, growling voice. “This cute little brat resists me every step of the way… But just this week we had our first successful ‘direct feeding’ session. Isn’t that right, Bitsy?”

A fiery blush spread across Bitsy’s cute face. “Sh-shut up,” she mumbled, biting her lip in humiliation. But Eliza could recognize the signs. Poor little Bitsy was getting horny. Even someone as spirited as her couldn’t escape the pervasive effects of the oil.

Stu let out a harsh, grating laugh. “As you can see, poor little thing is still a little shy about her new cocksucking hobby. But I haven’t let her have any carrot juice for two days leading up to this to provide her a little extra incentive. I think I can get her to show off her new skill if you boys are interested.”

“Definitely,” said Gene eagerly. Hare simply nodded with his sneering smile. The smug blonde man’s eyes seemed to hold an extra smoldering edge when he looked at Bitsy, even more so than Mitsy or Eliza.

Bitsy stood, face red with embarrassment, drawn close to her master by his cruel grip on her leash. Her jaw was clenched and her body language stiff and angry. She was defiant, unwilling to perform the humiliating task her Coach had set. But as Stu tugged down his pants to reveal his stiff, uncut cock, Eliza could see the truth behind Bitsy’s angry facade. Under her obvious humiliation, Bitsy felt the same smoldering arousal that Eliza had grown used to. And Eliza knew from experience that resisting that pull wasn’t easy.

Seeing her fellow bunny’s internal struggle, Mitsy rose from her seat, gently touching Bitsy on the small of her back in a comforting gesture. “What’s the matter, honey?” She asked sweetly. “Didn’t you finally agree earlier this week that sucking Coach’s cock is just like, soooo yummy?”

Bitsy’s defiant posture broke into a cute fidgeting nervousness as she stared into her fellow Bunny’s eyes. “I can’t, Ms. Flynn!” protested the little Asian in a kind of moaning whine. “It's… in front of this many people? I just can’t!” Her hands flew up to cup her cheeks in an adorably bashful gesture that clashed with her earlier rage.

Mitsy looked up at Stu with a pout. “Can we do it together, Coach? Pleeeease? I think it would help with poor Bitsy’s stage fright, and besides, I want to taste your cock too!”

Stu chuckled with a smirk. “Fine, fine. I spoil you two too much… but a double blowjob does sound pretty hot.”

With an enthusiastic “Yaaaay!”, Mitsy laced her fingers through Bitsy’s and pulled the petite young woman down to kneel at their joint master’s feet.

“Now just watch how I do it, Bitsy,” said Mitsy in a smoldering purr, cupping her master’s pendulous balls and gently massaging them as her other hand gave his cock a few warm-up strokes. “I think that you’ll get into the mood in no time.”

Eliza watched, her body beginning to heat up despite herself, as the curvy blond eagerly slurped the old man’s cock between her plump lips, loudly enjoying her submissive blowjob. Bitsy watched as well from just inches away, on her knees beside Mitsy. Her dark, almond-shaped eyes were attentive and her lower lip was trapped between her teeth in an expression of hesitant arousal.

“Come here, Lizzie,” murmured Gene, wrapping a burly arm around his Cumbunny and pulling her to his flabby side. “Let’s watch together.” He pointedly grabbed Eliza’s hand and dropped it into his lap. Eliza wasn’t shocked to find that Gene had already unholstered his expanding cock. She shuddered as her hand made contact with its warm throbbing length.

Eliza hesitated only for a moment. She was publically attending a sex club as Gene’s bimbo bunny slut. Getting precious about a hand job hardly made sense. Besides, watching Mitsy’s devoted service to her master was getting Eliza hot and bothered, and having a stiff cock in her hand felt… right somehow.

“You could learn a lot from Mitsy you know,” said Gene, murmuring in her ear in a low, filthy tone that sent a shudder through Eliza. “Stu and I are good friends online… he told me all about her story.”

Eliza felt a tight, hot knot of arousal growing, writhing, spreading deep in her belly as she sat watching Mitsy slobber eagerly all over the cock of the old gym teacher in front of her. She didn’t want to hear any more of Gene’s poisonous words about how she should take this fallen Cumbunny slut as a role model. But she said nothing, just stroked her hand up and down Gene’s thick cock while her eyes focused on the depraved scene in front of her.

“She used to be a model teacher. It was her calling. Being the best educator she could be meant everything to her,” said Gene in amusement. His stale breath was hot in Eliza’s ear. “Until one day Ms. Flynn mysteriously started wearing clothes that were… questionably appropriate. And once the rumors started flying about the sorts of extra credit opportunities she was offering her senior boys in her classroom after school… well, her ‘calling’ was gone in an instant.”

Mitsy’s big blue eye shone with soft devotion as she took her master’s hard dick deep into her throat. “Don’t worry though,” said Gene with a nasty chuckle. “She found something she likes a lot better than teaching.”

With a wet pop, Mitsy disengaged from Stu’s cock, playfully slapping the wet member a few

times against her smiling cheek. Then she turned to Bitsy, who was still watching with helpless arousal.

“Come on, sweetie,” said Mitsy, holding the large dick at the base and waggling it temptingly. “I got it all warmed up for you. Show Coach a little love.”

Bitsy still looked deeply embarrassed, but clearly watching Mitsy’s slutty blowjob had gotten her too horny to resist. Slowly, hesitantly, she leaned forward and planted a soft, reluctant kiss on the tip of her master’s penis.

Then, with a shudder of unwilling arousal, Bitsy extended her bubble-gum pink tongue and swirled it around Stu’s bulbous cock-head, still shiny with Mitsy’s saliva.

“That’s a good girl,” crooned Mitsy, reaching up to cradle the back of Bitsy’s head and gently urge her forward. “Now say aaahhhh!”

Bitsy was now caught up completely in her hungry lust. The petite asian squeezed her eyes shut to block out the sight of her audience as Mitsy pushed her forward, sliding her master’s cock into her little mouth.

Eliza felt her breath hitch at the erotic sight of Mitsy slowly helping the young bunny find her rhythm, gently guiding the young Asian’s head up and down Stu’s cock. Bitsy’s pigtails swayed and flipped as her speed picked up, all of her prickly defiance forgotten in her sudden desperation for cock. Eliza's fist tightened, feeling the throbbing masculine power in her hand as she stroked Gene faster.

“You know, Mitsy once thought she would do anything to protect her students…” said Gene in her ear. Mitsy let her hand fall loose from the back of Bitsy’s head, watching her former student’s performance with twisted pride shining in her eyes. “And now she is Stu’s enthusiastic partner in corrupting poor little Bitsy. That’s what you should learn from her. You need to let go of all those old hang-ups. My cock should be all that matters to you now.”

Stu reached down and took a pigtail in each fist, taking direct a dominant control; fucking the face of his nineteen-year-old Cumbunny. And based on the whining, desperate moans muffled by his thick cock, little Bitsy no longer had any objections.

But as it became clear that Stu was about to cum, Mitsy pulled Bitsy impatiently away. She was still the top bunny, and she would enjoy their reward first.

After the warming-up that Bitsy had done, it took only a few more short pumps in Mitsy’s throat for Stu to finally spurt. Mitsy held his cock in her mouth, her eyes alight with wicked pleasure as it visibly pulsed and twitched, pumping her mouth full of semen. Then Mitsy turned once again to the red-faced Bitsy, who was trembling with shame and desire.

“Mitsy… I can’t…” she whimpered as the sultry blonde took her young bunny protege gently by the shoulders.

But that wasn’t true at all. It turned out that Bitsy could. With a groan of defeat, Bitsy leaned forward and pressed her tender lips to her former teacher’s in an obscene kiss. The sloppy, liquid sound of their tongues writhing together filled the air as Mitsy delivered her Coach’s gooey treat to her favorite student. The kiss deepened and lengthened as they played together, their hands clasping, passing the sticky sperm back and forth across their dancing tongues and goo-covered lips, spilling a good amount down the front of the tits pressed together between them.

Gene suddenly gripped Eliza’s wrist. “Slow down, Lizzie,” warned Gene playfully. “I don’t think you want me to finish in your hand tonight.” Eliza looked away from the kissing bunnies in embarrassment. She hadn’t realized she was getting carried away with the intensity of her handjob. There was just something so compellingly filthy about the two Bunnies’ cum-swapping girl-on-girl display.

“Now it’s my turn,” said Hare arrogantly, unzipping his pants. He snapped his fingers crisply and barked, “Cumslut, present!”

“Yes sir,” said Cumslut meekly. She swayed gracefully forward, standing facing away from her master and spreading her legs. She bent slowly at the waist, her shining red hair falling in alluring curtains around her face as her heavy tits hung ripely below her. Cumslut saw Eliza’s awed staring at her pose and gave her a sultry wink.

“Use me, master,” purred the breathtaking redhead.

Hare stood and dropped his pants, briefly revealing a thin, below-average cock. But it wasn’t on display for long… The blonde young man roughly tore off the apparently-detachable bottom section of Cumslut's corset and slipped into her wet, eager pussy.

Cumslut arched her back with a gasp, crouching slightly and angling her hips to give her shorter master the optimal angle for penetration. With every sign of enjoyment, the smoking hot Cumbunny humped and ground her wide hips backward into Hare’s frantic thrusts.

Eliza’s slippery fist was moving on Gene’s cock once again as she watched yet another slutty Cumbunny display. “You could learn a lot from Cumslut as well,” whispered Gene, low and soft in her ear.

Watching a gorgeous woman be dominated by a man so beneath her was as uncomfortable as it was arousing… it paralleled her own situation too closely for comfort. “Learn? Learn What?” asked Eliza incredulously. “How to be a submissive slut?’

Gene chuckled. “Yes, actually. Did you know that Cumslut used to despise her stepson back when she was named Dana? You would never guess based on how she acts now… right?”

Eliza watched as Dana… no, as Cumslut looked over her shoulder at her master, her mouth a wobbling “O” of uninhibited pleasure and her eyes alight with pathetic, submissive desire.

“She has submitted completely. And look at how happy it made her,” insisted Gene, his cock throbbing beneath Eliza’s pumping palm.

Eliza was looking. Cumslut had absolutely none of the conflict and embarrassment that Bitsy and Eliza felt. Despite the fact that she had been conquered and demeaned by her own stepson, the gorgeous woman looked fulfilled and blissful.

“It’s just a trick,” said Eliza bitterly, pausing her handjob to look Gene defiantly in the eyes. “That’s all this ever was for any of us! She isn't really aroused. She’s just hungry. Cum addiction isn’t the same thing as real submission.”

Gene chuckled darkly in response, then suddenly spoke up. “Hey Hare, my Bunny thinks that Cumslut only fucks you because she’s addicted to your cum.”

The young blonde man looked confused for a second, fighting through his haze of lust, then snorted a dismissive laugh. “And I suppose you want me to prove her wrong, you horny bastard.”

Gene shrugged with a sly grin. “I certainly wouldn’t say no!”

“Well fine, fuck it,” said Hare, dismounting from Cumslut’s wide hips and giving her impressive ass a firm slap. “I’m feeling generous tonight. Cumslut, go fuck my friend Gene.”

Eliza frowned in confusion. Obviously the gorgeous redhead would never fuck a repulsive man like her master. The only reason Cumslut was even fucking Hare was because of the cum addiction that had been forced on her.

But to Eliza’s shock, Cumslut murmured, “Yes, master,” meekly and straightened, eager juices shining on her thighs as she crossed to the couch where Eliza and Gene were sitting.

Gene pushed Eliza’s hand away from his cock, saying, “Sorry, Bunny. You asked for this. Now watch closely and see if you can detect any ‘real submission’ this time.”

“How would you like me, sir?” asked Cumslut in a warm purr, looming above the squat figure of Gene, her body all sultry, sinful curves.

“Hare tells me you’re skilled at riding,” said Gene with a filthy smirk. “Show Lizzie how a real Cumbunny hops.”

“Yes sir,” said Cumslut, her words spiced with a twist of heat. She spun gracefully and squatted low over Gene’s lap, reaching behind her to find and position his thick cock at the juicy lips of her entrance. Eliza watched in fascinated, aroused horror as the tall redhead sank down, impaling herself on Gene’s cock with a little gasp of satisfaction.

Eliza felt like she could barely process what was happening in front of her eyes as Cumslut began moving, going from a slow, steading grinding to a smooth up-and-down bounce. Her hips moved with fluid grace and her big tits jiggled and shuddered in their tight corset with every stroke.

“Why don’t you get down there?” grunted Gene, pointing down between his legs. “Get a real up-close look at how a truly submissive Cumbunny rides a master’s cock.”

Eliza wanted to refuse, but her fascination and arousal were so powerful right now that she couldn’t resist the invitation. She fell to her knees on the ground, her face just inches away as Cumslut rode her master hard.

“It’s… This doesn’t change anything,” said Eliza, her words laced with desperation and desire. “She’s still only doing this to get cum from her master later.” But even as her lips formed the words, Eliza’s eyes were filled with the image of Cumslut’s greedy pussy, quivering and pulsating around the thick cock spreading her open. Gene’s cock was shining with the stunning woman’s eager juices. Why was Cumslut enjoying this so much? She had no addiction to Gene’s cum. She was only doing this to please her master, with no promise of any reward.

“Show Lizzie how wrong she is,” said Hare in a cruel, commanding voice. He sat watching now, his hand pumping furiously at his unimpressive cock. “Cum for me, Bunny.”

The frantically humping redhead let out a low, sweet moan of delight, her skin flushing and her legs trembling as her master’s permission unleashed her orgasm. Gene was letting out deep grunts of satisfaction as well, his hips humping upward from the couch to slam into the submissive bunny riding him.

Eliza gasped. Gene wasn’t slowing down. He was going to cum in the pussy of another bunny. As much as Eliza tried to deny the feeling, dark jealousy swelled up inside her heart. How dare this woman take her treat away? This obnoxiously perfect bunny wouldn't even get any satisfaction out of it! Eliza recognized how twisted her reliance on Gene’s jizz had become, and how degrading it was to feel jealous over something like this. But she couldn’t deny her feelings.

That was her fucking cum!

But it was too late. Gene’s fingers sunk deep into Cumslut’s hips as he thrust upward into her spasming pussy one last time. She whimpered in pleasure, grinding and swirling down onto

Gene's pulsating cock. Gene roared in triumph, and Eliza watched with horrified envy as his balls and the root of his cock visibly pulsed, shooting his sperm deep into Cumslut's pussy.

A minute later, with a sigh of pleasure, Gene withdrew from the panting redhead's well-used cunt. Eliza couldn't help but focus on the thick trickle of creamy cum that oozed out between Cumslut's parted lower lips.

She licked her lips unconsciously.

"It looks like the better bunny stole your treat!" Said Gene in a nasty, mocking tone as Cumslut stood from his lap, a thin line of precious jizz slowly tracing down her inner thigh. "Maybe next time you shouldn't take it for granted."

Eliza felt a wave of petulant anger roll over her as the other men, and even the Bunnies, laughed at her expense, kneeling on the ground with a drooling, unfulfilled mouth. It wasn't fair! She had disappointed her husband and submitted to the humiliations of the costume and leash… and she wasn't even going to get her fix!

Cumslut noticed Eliza's furious expression and let out one of her low, musical laughs. 'Awww, poor Lizzie. I feel bad for her, sir. Perhaps, if it's alright with you, I could give her back the sperm I so rudely took from her?"

"So generous!" said Gene, trying hard not to burst out laughing again. "That sounds lovely, Cumslut. Please do."

Eliza found herself confused for what felt like the hundredth time that evening. Give the sperm back? How could the sultry redhead possibly do that when the sperm was already…

Cumslut sat down on the edge of the couch next to Gene and spread her shapely thighs wide, exposing her flushed, sticky pussy. Her fingers slid down over her labia, spreading herself apart and revealing the gooey mess within.

"Come now, Lizzie. Time for your favorite snack," she purred, her startling green eyes alight with the rare pleasure of being in charge for once.

'I don't… I'm not…" said Eliza, her eyes wide and her heart hammering in her chest. "I'm straight. I've n-never done that with a woman. I mean, I don't want to!"

But despite her protests, Eliza felt the filthy submissive lust she had grown so used to roaring back in full force. Her mouth watered at the sight of Gene's thick sperm leaking slowly from Cumslut's slick depths.

“Come on now, Bunny,” said Gene, taking in the scene eagerly. “Didn’t you just say that this sort of thing doesn’t count because it’s just hunger? You don’t suck my dick because you want to, right?”

“Of course not,” snapped Eliza automatically, ignoring the fact that her feelings about sucking Gene’s cock were much more complicated than that at this point.

“Then no problem,” said Gene coaxingly. “This is no different! Just give Cumslut’s cunt a sweet kiss and you can have all the cum you crave.”

Eliza was confused and horny and anxious. For some reason, diving between the older redhead's thick thighs and eating her out didn’t sound nearly as repelling as it should. In fact, the thought was making her feel even hotter and wetter than before in the tight confines of the costume between her thighs.

“Awww, the poor dear,” said Mitsy sympathetically, now snuggled up against Stu’s side. “Is this the first time your master has asked you to pleasure someone else? That’s always soooo tough.” She laid a soft hand on Stu’s chest and batted her eyelashes at him. “Can I help out poor Lizzie, Coach? Pretty please?”

Stu smirked. “Go on then, Mitsy. I think she needs it.”

Mitsy giggled and got up from the couch, swaying over to Cumslut and saying “Scuse me, sweetie!” She reached down and dragged a slim finger up the redhead’s messy slit, bringing it to her mouth.

Eliza watched in horror as Mitsy smeared the pearly goo all over her plump, glossy lips. Then her mouth went dry as Mitsy turned toward her with kissy lips and a mischievous gleam in her eyes.

“Time to give me some sugar, Lizzie,” she said warmly, sinking to her knees next to the stunned dark-haired Cumbunny. “Pucker up!”

“Mitsy, I don't want to k-kiss you,” protested Eliza, feeling her pulse drum against her suddenly too-hot skin. “Especially not with that… on… your…”

But Mitsy was close now, just inches from Eliza’s face, and the potent, bleachy smell of Gene’s cum had entered Eliza’s nose. Suddenly she couldn’t focus on anything but how pretty Mitsy’s soft eyes were… how plump and kissable her sullied lips looked.

Eliza took in a shuddering breath. She was in the same filthy situation as Bitsy had been minutes before. Tempted to participate in a humiliating lesbian cum-kiss. The energy between her and the blonde bunny was electric. Magnetic. Eliza’s head didn’t feel like it moved forward. It almost seemed like she was pulled down by irresistible gravity.

Her lips locked with Mitsy's in a warm, wet, sticky kiss. Immediately, Eliza's body roared in approval at the taste of its favorite treat. Her tongue and lips writhed and sucked, cleaning every last drop of Gene's precious cum from the lips of another woman. Mitsy enthusiastically returned Eliza's passion, her hands running all over Eliza's slim body as their tongue slid and tangled together.

Eliza had been telling the truth. She had never kissed a woman before. She had never even thought about it. Yet now she felt a new hunger awaken in her as she deepened the kiss, her hands tentatively rising to mirror Mitsy's motions, touching and exploring the blonde's lush, curvy body. Mitsy was just so soft… she smelled so nice. Eliza's heart hammered in her chest as a wild, unfamiliar lust blossomed deep in her belly.

But as strangely, unexpectedly hot as it was to kiss a woman for the first time… It wasn't fully satisfying. That same old hunger pulsed darkly inside Eliza. Mitsy had only had a thin layer of sperm on her lips, and it had been swiftly licked away by Eliza's greedy tongue. She needed more. And there was only one place she could get it.

Eliza pulled away from Mitsy, panting with lust. Her wild, hot gaze turned to Cumslut, who was still lounging patiently with a sly smile on her face, hips rolled forward and creampied pussy on display.

"Eat up, Lizzie," giggled Mitsy, nuzzling her ear. "We all know you want to… and based on how you were kissing me, I'm willing to bet you'll enjoy it a lot more than you think."

Eliza looked around at the other watchers. The men were all staring with leering confidence. Mitsy was right. It was obvious to everyone what she wanted more than anything. Why bother to defy their expectations? Even Bitsy was working her delicate little hand between her thighs, watching intensely with her plump lower lip seized in her teeth.

Gulping down her shame and reluctance, Eliza turned and crawled toward Cumslut, her mouth drooling and her pussy throbbing with filthy heat. And then there she was, a place she never thought she would find herself: between the thighs of another woman. Her eyes were filled with the sight of Cumslut's pussy. Slightly raw and loose from the rough fucking it had just received, but still as lovely and delicate as the rest of her.

Once again Eliza could smell her master's essence now that she was this close. The scent made her pulse quicken and her arousal swell. If Eliza had had any plans to back out, there was no chance of that now. The Cumbunny inside her was now in control, not the confident self-reliant married woman. Her eyes rose to meet Cumslut's for just a moment. The gorgeous redhead said nothing, just flicked her eyes downward in a silent command.

Eliza obeyed. For someone who had rarely even given blowjobs before being captured by Gene, cunnilingus was far beyond Eliza's experience. But she knew enough about what felt

good to her to get started at least. Eliza felt another wave of humiliation as her lips nuzzled up against another woman's pussy for the first time, watched by a smirking, leering audience. It was one thing to kneel and serve the man who had tricked her, but Cumslut was just another Cumbunny. They should be equals. It felt especially humbling to serve her.

But as Eliza's inexperienced tongue slithered out to part the tender lips of Cumslut's labia, the taste her master's cum assaulted her senses, and all hesitance was forgotten in a second. With a sharp intake of breath and a dilation of her eyes, Eliza pushed her face hard into the sloppy pussy in front of her, wriggling her tongue deeper to access more sticky, tantalizing cream.

"Ooooh, she's good for a beginner, sir," purred Cumslut, cradling the back of Eliza's head and pulling her deeper. "With a little training, Lizzie could become the perfect little cunt-muncher."

Gene barked a laugh, idly pulling on his re-stiffening cock as he stared at his Cumbunny, slobbering and slurping her first-ever pussy with a horny enthusiasm only his sperm could inspire. "She's come a long way in cock-sucking too. Maybe my cute little Cumbunny has found her calling as an equal-opportunity mouth slut.

But Eliza was no longer listening, she was gripping Cumslut's lush thighs, pulling herself deeper, her nose thrust into the redhead's neatly trimmed pubes as her lips and tongue worked frantically. She wanted more… not just more cum, but more humiliation. More of this feeling of being small and powerless before a superior. She squeezed her eyes shut to block out the sneering, aroused men staring down at her shameful display and abandoned herself to sapphic pleasure…

…

Eliza rolled her stiff shoulders, allowing the hot water to cascade down over her body. She wrinkled her nose in disgust at the dirty floor of the truck-stop shower, but it would have to do. She couldn't go home to David smelling like semen and pussy.

The remaining few hours of the offline meetup had been significantly less interesting than how it had started. It was just three arrogant and self-centered men trying to impress each other and trading petty gossip about their mutual online acquaintances on the Kaos server. Eliza had spent the whole time in a sort of dull shock. Once the intense arousal and hunger were sated, she had been mortified. She had just had her first lesbian experience in front of an audience. A particularly slutty lesbian experience as well, to make things worse.

She had to endure heated, superior glances from Cumslut the rest of the evening, not to mention the appreciative leers of the two other men.

Meeting three other Cumbunnies had been enlightening, but not encouraging. Bitsy was clearly trying to find a way to fight back… But even the other Cumbunnies regarded Bitsy's defiance as an unfortunate delusion. And then even poor Bitsy had humiliatingly demonstrated the limits of

her resistance in front of everyone. As for Mitsy, a beloved teacher turned into a giggly bimbo slut, and Cumslut, a proud stepmother reduced to a meek, devoted submissive… if that was the future Eliza had to look forward to, then things were even worse than she thought.

Eliza gasped and instinctively covered herself as the door to the shower creaked open behind her, admitting the broad, hairy form of Gene's naked body. It was the first time that she had ever seen her master completely naked. Her eyes darted, fascinated, over his disgusting form. Thick, hairy, and broad, with a sort of brutish animal strength implied by the bulge of muscle beneath his flab. The sort of body that should make Eliza recoil in disgust. But she didn't. Her eyes wandered curiously, sticking hard on the long, stiff cock bobbing between his thick, powerful legs. She knew that it was the oil that made her so attracted to this horrible man. But attraction was attraction, even if it was artificial. It suddenly felt dangerous to allow Gene to join her while they were both naked.

"Gene, can it wait?" Eliza whined. "I'm trying to…"

Gene ignored her feeble protest, joining her beneath the hot spray of the shower, his cock stiff and his eyes as hard and cruel as ever.

"What did you think?" asked Gene. "Did you learn a lot from the other bunnies?"

"I… I learned what I have to avoid. At all costs," said Eliza with a defiant lift of her chin, fighting hard against the sudden arousal the sight of her master's naked body was causing. One hand was still stubbornly clasped over her chest, the other tucked demurely between her legs. He might be eager to show off to her, but she had no desire to let him see all of the parts of her reserved for David alone.

Gene sighed with a wry smile. "I was afraid you'd say that. But that's what I like about you, Bunny. This hard, cold exterior is going to make it that much sweeter when you finally submit to me completely. Kneel."

His final word, a harsh command, took Eliza by surprise. She stared for a moment, frozen in her concealing pose, into Gene's dark eyes.

"I said… on your fuckin' knees," said Gene in a low, dangerous voice.

Eliza could have told him to go to hell. She wasn't in the type of desperate, hungry daze that it usually took for her to obey Gene. But after the long evening of embarrassing submission, doing as he said felt natural. Eliza got to her knees on the hard grubby tile. She reached up tentatively, to give her usual blowjob, accidentally showing Gene her tits for the first time, but Gene pushed her hand away.

"Not this time, Cumbunny," said Gene, beginning to stroke his own cock. Eliza felt a sudden pang of disappointment. Even though she didn't NEED Gene's cum right now, she was

surprised to find she still *wanted* it. Somehow, the act of kneeling at Gene's feet without being allowed to touch or taste as he stroked his magnificent cock was even more humiliating than their regular blowjobs.

"I brought you tonight to give you some role models of how a good Cumbunny should act," said Gene meaningfully. "Slutty and dumb like Mitsy. Submissive and obedient like Cumslut. That's how you need to act to please your master."

Eliza, not currently in need of semen, felt that defiance came easier than normal. Her free hand slid back over her chest, concealing her breasts once again. "I won't be like them," she said firmly, staring her tormentor in the eyes, " not ever."

Without warning, Gene's cock erupted, spurting thick sperm onto Eliza's upturned, unsuspecting face. It felt incredible on her skin; warm and tingly. But obviously not as good as it would have on her tongue. She yelped in shock, then instinctively tried to stick her tongue out and catch the precious fluid. The running shower swiftly washed it away.

"We're entering the next phase of your training, Lizzie," said Gene matter-of-factly, rinsing the last few drops of cum off of his cock and down the drain. "Until you can show me you've embraced your role as a Cumbunny, no more blowjobs. You'll take my cum on your skin and that's it. So you had better start thinking carefully about the lessons you learned here tonight."

Eliza glared up at Gene, but already her defiance had begun to curdle into anxiety as she imagined what was coming next in her harrowing slut training.

Gene turned to the door, grabbing a grubby towel from the rack. "And hurry up," he said, grinning over his shoulder, "We need to get you back to your hubby!"

Part 4

Eliza whimpered, arching her back to present her tits as Gene fired rope after rope of thick cum all over them, splashing hot, thick sperm all over her flushed skin and throbbing nipples.

The spurts reduced to dribbles. Eliza's mouth watered and her eyes dilated as she stared down at her dripping, defiled tits. She wanted badly to reach down and scoop up the foul, tempting nectar, lifting it to her lips and tasting what she craved so badly.

But she couldn't. She had learned that lesson the hard way just last week. In a moment of weakness, she had tasted some of Gene's cum, despite his orders. He hadn't let her taste or feel his cum for three days after that. By the end, Eliza felt truly, pathetically sorry for disobeying.

It had been two weeks since their trip to the sex club, and Eliza had started to worry that Gene's new strategy to break her was going to be remarkably effective.

With a cruel grin plastered on his round, stubbled face, Gene shuffled forward, bringing his oozing cock right up to Eliza's mouth. She had to bite her lip to stop herself from eagerly sucking it into her drooling mouth. She could smell his sperm, practically taste it… With a slow, torturous motion, Gene wiped himself across her cheek, leaving a wet smear of his filthy semen. So close that Eliza could have stuck out her tongue and licked it up.

The cum might as well have been a million miles away.

Gene turned away to retrieve the wet wipes from his desk, and Eliza tried to focus on how good his jizz felt on her skin. The direct touch of her master's cum produced a warm, tingly, euphoric feeling that was quite pleasant: another symptom of her addiction. But as good as the skin contact felt, it was only a pale shadow of the pleasure eating her master's cum gave her; a half-fix that kept her from going crazy, but never truly scratched her itch.

It was all she had been allowed for two weeks. By now, Eliza throbbed with nagging hunger and frustrated lust every hour of every day.

Gene returned with his wet wipes and began the process of wiping away every trace of delicious semen from his Cumbunny's breasts and face. As he slowly cleaned her breasts, teasingly rubbing her stiff nipples a little longer than strictly necessary, the words burst from her lips in a petulant whine. "What do you want, Gene? What can I do?"

Eliza had asked the same thing in the past weeks, of course. Dozens of times by now. Gene gave the same vague, frustrating answer he always did, with a chuckle and a secretive smirk on his flabby lips.

"I'll let you swallow my cum again when you start acting like a real Cumbunny, Lizzie."

…

Eliza swirled her tongue around the smooth shaft in her mouth, taking it a little deeper. God, she wanted cum. She wanted to feel its blood-warm heat. Taste its rank saltiness. Feel it coat her throat as it slid down into her belly.

“Eliza… are you alright?’ asked David quizzically, staring at her with furrowed eyebrows.

Shit. Eliza snapped herself out of her funk, taking a bite of her candy bar like a normal person. It seemed to be happening more and more these days; she would just slip into a sexual daydream about Gene and his cum. At least this time her mind hadn’t wandered off in the middle of a sentence. She was worried that she was getting a reputation in the HR department for being a little slow.

She and David were lying in bed, supposedly watching television, but in reality going through yet another complex recounting of all the ways David was suffering at work.

Playing the role of sympathetic wife was becoming more and more difficult. In her heightened state of arousal and desperation for Gene, stories about Gene’s bullying behavior had gone from mildly intriguing to frighteningly erotic. Gene was just sounded so dominant and strong when he was cruel to David… Hearing how her master had put her poor husband in his place made Eliza so horny now that it was hard to act upset on David’s behalf.

“I’m just a little tired,” lied Eliza, carefully wrapping up the remainder of the candy bar for later (it wasn’t satisfying as she had hoped anyway. Food had lost its appeal lately). “We can keep talking, but let’s turn off the lights.” Her acting role would hopefully be a little easier in the dark.

David agreed with a hard-bitten sigh, turning off the television and snuggling up behind his wife in a spooning position.

Eliza’s hair-trigger libido awoke at the close male physical attention, and her butt wriggled back eagerly into her husband’s crotch. She had never stopped hoping that, even if he couldn’t satisfy her unholy thirst for Gene’s cum, David would at least be able to take the edge off of her sexual desires. But, as usual lately, her husband's crotch was soft and inert. He didn’t even seem to notice the attempt at initiation. David had been utterly emasculated by stress.

Like the limp-dicked little beta he was.

The intrusive thought burst fully-formed into Eliza’s mind, almost like it belonged to someone else. It was scary how resonant the venomous, uncharitable idea felt. Eliza knew that, no matter how frustrating his complaints and impotence were, David wasn’t a “beta”, whatever that meant. His problems in the bedroom were one hundred percent Gene’s fault. Who wouldn’t have difficulty performing in bed when they were as burned out and stressed as Gene had made David? But still, the word “beta” was what had leapt immediately to Eliza’s mind. Gene’s way of thinking seemed to be seeping into her subconscious.

And if Eliza was starting to think more and more like Gene, that was a major issue… because Gene saw her as a vapid bimbo slut good for nothing but taking cock.

David snuggled into her platonically from behind, letting out a deep sigh and continuing his rant. “So Gene told me to run the numbers again. I told him I was fairly sure that we were missing some of the expenditure figures, but he just wouldn’t listen. Well of course the results didn’t match up with the expected figures, and all of a sudden it’s my fault! And he chews me out in front of the entire office. Again,” said David dismally.

“Oh noooo,” said Eliza, feeling a curious flare of perverse arousal in her gut. Just the image of Gene emasculating her husband in public was getting her disturbingly hot and bothered. And this time it was even worse, because now she knew exactly what Gene’s plan was for her husband. He had been bragging about it all this past week.

Gene had described smugly how he was deliberately giving David difficult, time-consuming assignments with vague, contradictory instructions. Over time, David would be painted as more and more incompetent in front of his coworkers and boss. Eliza wasn’t sure exactly what the end game was meant to be… to humiliate her husband utterly, painting him as an incompetent loser in front of the co-workers who had once respected him? To get him fired? Both options were horrible… but also darkly intriguing.

“I just feel so defeated,” said David miserably. Eliza shifted, biting her lip and rubbing her thighs together. Her husband was so weak… completely unable to fight back against his dominant rival…

“Oh… Oh yeah, baby?” asked Eliza, trying her best to sound sad instead of aroused. “I’m s-sure that it’s not as serious as it seems. Why do you think you’re losing to him so often lately?”

“It’s not that I’m ‘losing’ to Gene,” protested David indignantly, a whining tone creeping into his voice.

Oh God, he really did sound like a beta… Eliza’s hand crept stealthily between her thighs, touching lightly at the sweet center of her twisted arousal.

“I just… after he somehow turned things around on me during the investigation, it feels like he is just allowed to do whatever he wants. It’s like he has so much influence now that no one can stop him from bullying me. Everyone else in the office is just happy to point and laugh.”

“That’s sooo terrible, honey,” moaned Eliza, her fingers beginning to press and circle slowly on the crotch of her pajama shorts. “It’s l-like he’s made you his bitch…”

“What?” asked David sharply, his body (but not his dick, notably) going stiff with shock against Eliza’s. Eliza’s eyes opened wide and her hand jumped off of her sweetly aching pussy, a stab of panic and guilt racing through her. Shit! Had she just said that out loud?

After almost twenty minutes of apologies and a stubborn claim that her comment was a poorly thought-out joke, David finally relaxed. But Eliza could tell that he was still hurt by the demeaning comment she had made in the depths of her sexual desperation.

Eliza lay awake for an hour afterward, until she was certain her husband had finally fallen asleep, now on the other edge of the bed instead of cuddled up to her. Despite her guilt over upsetting and disrespecting her husband, her body still throbbed with tainted lust. Gene's manipulations had turned her into an awful wife. And things were only going to get worse.

She heard her phone buzz loudly, rattling against the wood of her night stand. She closed her eyes and felt her body throb and pulse with lust. It was him. She knew it. No one else texted her this late. A good wife… a loyal wife, would ignore the text, block the number. But that ship had sailed. The only reason she didn't leap on the phone immediately was to make sure that the sound of the text hadn't woken her husband up. She lay with her eyes wide open, listening carefully to David's breathing. It remained slow and even. The coast was clear.

Eliza picked up the phone and opened the messaging app. She deleted her messages exchanged with Gene after every conversation, but it probably wasn't necessary: David's trust for the woman he married was deep and rock solid. If only he knew how much Gene had molded and shaped her at this point…

Gene had sent two things. A short message and a picture. Eliza's pulse thumped and her hand slid down beneath her pajama shorts as she eagerly drank in the communications from her master.

[Thinking about how to reward my Cumbunny when she finally starts making an effort…] read the message…

The photo below it was, objectively speaking, disgusting. It was a photo from above of Gene's hairy, protruding gut, covered in globs and ropes of thick white cum. His cock drooled below, still hard after his obvious maturbation session. Any woman in her right mind would see this obscene photo of an unnattractive man who had just jerked off and cum on his own belly and be furious and disgusted it had turned up in her inbox.

But Eliza was no longer in her right mind. She whimpered gently as her probing fingers slid between her hot, needy folds, rubbing her clit in soft, swirling circles. God, all that she wanted in the world was to go to Gene… kneel at his feet and clean every inch his troll-like body with her married tongue. Her mind filled with images of the nasty, humiliating things Gene had forced her to do… Rimming his asshole… eating his cum out of another Cumbunny's pussy… sucking his cock while her husband was in the room… Her finger began to work harder, faster, plunging into her pussy while her another hand slipped beneath her shirt to tease her aching nipples. Her eyes stayed locked on the disgusting photo, her breaths harsh and hot in her throat. She thought of how powerful Gene was, how in control. How he humiliated David publicly every day,

while splattering his wife's tits with his cum in private. How Gene'd already had far more experience with her mouth that David ever had. Of how much of an alpha her master was, lording over the pathetic beta that was her husband.

Eliza came hard, her body arching, every muscle straining and seizing desperately, chasing and failing to reach the euphoria of her master's seed. Then she collapsed back to the bed, panting. She quickly deleted the chat and listened carefully for any sign David was awake. Just slow, steady breathing. Her husband must be tired. Her lucky streak continued.

This couldn't go on. She needed to move forward with her plan to break free of Gene's control… But that was a huge part of the problem. Not only did Gene's new prohibition on cum swallowing prevent Eliza from fully satisfying her cravings, it also made it impossible to increase the secret stash of leftover cum she was building.

Careful not to wake her husband, Eliza rose and returned to the living room, pulling out her laptop and opening Kaos. This, at least, was a part of her plan that she could continue to work on. Eliza had been posting on the disturbing server, posing as a man eager to ensnare a Cumbunny of his own. Getting her own sample of the mjolkhare oil Gene had used to addict her was essential to her plan, and she figured that if Gene had managed to get the strange oil by posting on the Kaos server, she should be able to as well.

That turned out to be optimistic. She was only joining a sea of hundreds of men who seemed just as desperate as she was to get their hands on the oil. It was rumored that there were only a handful of people who knew how to make the oil, no one knew who the sellers were exactly, and they only sold small quantities of the oil on a whim to users who took their fancy.

Not exactly encouraging news. But by diving months into the past, Eliza finally found a lead that she thought might be helpful. She searched for posts by "CoachS", one of the "masters" Gene had met up with in the sex club. He was particularly interesting, because he had two Cumbunnies. Eliza was very interested to know whether that meant he had managed to buy more than one dose of mjolkhare oil.

Interestingly, it seemed that he hadn't. It allegedly didn't take much of the strange oil to get someone addicted to your cum, and CoachS had been able to easily ensnare both of his Cumbunnies with the one sample he had purchased.

Eliza's eyes darted over the screen of her laptop as she read while she chewed absently on a thumbnail, face awash in the pale glow of the screen. This was one of Gene's closest friends on the server. Someone he frequently discussed the hobby with. Surely Gene was aware that one sample of mjolkhare oil could create two Cumbunnies.

So he must have more of the oil lying around somewhere. Which meant that Eliza didn't have to buy a sample, she just had to swipe whatever Gene had.

That was Eliza's ticket out of this mess. If she could get a hold of the oil and build up enough cum to serve as a buffer, she could escape and bring the foul oil to a research scientist or something. Surely, with a case-study like herself and a sample of whatever strange substance it turned out to be, someone would be able to help her.

It was a plan with a lot of question marks, but Eliza had already been searching for top research labs that might be able to take her case. There was a lab just a three-hour drive away… Excellular or something, that specialized in experimental gene therapy. She hoped that they would be extremely interested in her case, if only to study how the oil worked. The plan was a longshot, but it was certainly better than nothing.

Sadly, it wouldn't be possible if she couldn't stock up a supply of cum. The cum stockpile would give her a crucial buffer that would allow her to escape Gene and give whatever scientists she found time to cure her. Without it, she would be a drooling, submissive, slutty bunny crawling back to her master for forgiveness within a week. As dangerous as it was, for now she had to play Gene's game.

And that meant "acting like a real Cumbunny". Whatever that meant. Hesitantly, Eliza reached out and returned to the laptop, scrolling up a little and scanning over "CoachS's" posts.

He had made post after smug post about transforming Martha Flynn, a beloved young English teacher at the school he worked at, into Mitsy, a vapid, cock-hungry Cumbunny. The updates had been incredibly popular, with fire emojis clustering thickly beneath them.

Eliza felt her body, already in a constant state of arousal, hearing up further as she read.

[God, you guys, you have no idea how fucking fun this is. Perfect little Ms. Flynn has been a pain in my fucking ass since she started working here. Always with her nose in the air. So proud of her big fucking brain. So I decided that's the direction I'm going with this. I won't stop until she's a happy little bunny with nothing but fluffy pink cotton candy and thoughts about cock between her ears. You should have seen her face when I ordered her to insert the word "like" in every other sentence and misspell at least one word every time she writes on the board. It's a modest start, but mark my words, by the end this bunny is going to fetishize being dumb.]

Eliza's eyes glazed over, and, without consciously intending to, she slipped her hand down the front of her pajama shorts, her slim fingers flexing delicately over her hot, moist pussy once again. She read on as the posts continued over the course of several months. CoachS had forced the reluctant, but increasingly horny and hungry young teacher to dress sluttier and sluttier, act dumber and dumber, and even begin offering sexual favors to her 18-year-old senior students. Until finally, CoachS decided that Mitsy no longer needed her job.

[I decided that since she loved teaching so much, I would let Mitsy do one last group activity with her senior boys. She was a strict test giver before she became my Cumbunny. God how she used to chew out students who scored badly. So, just to see how far she's cum, I had the

senior boys give Mitsy one of the tests she used to give freshmen. For every question she got wrong, she had to remove one article of clothing. And after she was naked? Well, I told the boys they should get creative over what penalties she would have to pay at that point. By the time the principal made it to the classroom, she looked like a glazed fucking donut, and… well… let's just say that Mitsy has retired from teaching and taken a position as my full-time live-in slut.]

Eliza shuddered, only partially from horror. Mitsy was one of the role models that Gene had presented to her as a "real Cumbunny". Dressing inappropriately at work. Acting like a dumb, simpering bimbo even when it was horribly embarrassing…

Is that what Gene wanted her to do in order to win the privilege of swallowing his cum again?

Eliza's breaths grew hot and ragged as her hand worked harder, bunching and bulging the front of her soft pajama shorts.

There was no way she could act like Mitsy. Submitting to Gene privately was humiliating enough. Becoming a bimbo slut publically for his amusement… a sexual laughingstock for the entire office… That was too much. She could never.

Eliza's eager eyes soaked in the sordid tale of the disgraced teacher, soft moans building in her throat.

No way. She would never… never…

…

Eliza had always been a conservative dresser. It was part of the entire "ice queen" persona that meant so much to her. Wrist-length sweaters, professional, comfortable pants, and sensible flats were her usual work attire.

What she saw now as she looked in the mirror wasn't too bad. The sleeveless blouse was perhaps a little daring. The skirt was tight enough to mildly raise a few eyebrows. The heels were higher than women in the office normally wore. But it was all subtle, and executed in a relatively classy matter. If someone came to her with an HR complaint about someone else wearing this same outfit, Eliza was sure she would dismiss the complaint as an overreaction.

But for Eliza, it was a gut-wrenching compromise. A clear and heart-pounding sign that Gene was slowly but inevitably reshaping her.

When she exited the bedroom, she could tell that David picked up on the same insidious nature of the change, even if he didn't know the reason it was happening.

"Look at you," he said from the dining room table, his tone neutral, but his eyes uneasy, "Is there a party after work or something?"

Eliza felt the sting of guilt and humiliation that had been her constant companion through the past months. She couldn't meet David's eyes as she grabbed her purse and coat. "Just… trying something different. A new look," she said, doing her best to fight down the blush she felt forming.

"You look great babe," said David in a defeated tone, taking another sip of his coffee, "like always."

"Thanks, honey," said Eliza with false brightness. It felt like David already realized subconsciously that this change in looks meant nothing good.

…

All of Eliza's internal excuses and explanations for how minor her wardrobe changes were went right out the window when she arrived at work.

The attention and interest from her coworkers were immediate and obvious. As someone who normally dressed modestly, Eliza felt their leering eyes on her body like a physical weight. Crawling over her hips, her ass, the swell of her breasts. She felt displayed and vulnerable, just like she feared she might.

And, more importantly, she felt aroused. Here she was, presenting her body for the pleasure of a cruel man she and her husband hated. Gene himself said nothing, but Eliza noticed his eyes on her across the office floor, shining with contempt, approval, and lust.

Eliza felt submissive lust coiling like an overwound spring inside her. She grew hornier and more anxious as the time for her regular "meeting" with Gene grew closer and closer. She hadn't just given in to his desires this time. She had been proactive, doing outside research and thinking deeply about how to improve at being a Cumbunny. Would it be enough to please him? Would she finally be allowed to taste his cum again?

When the time finally came, Eliza crossed the office almost at a trot, an irrepressible feeling of desperate hope and hunger rising in her heart. David called something to her from his open office door, but she pretended not to hear. She had something much more important going on right now than whatever her husband wanted to say to her.

When she entered the office, Gene grinned at her with even more smug amusement than usual. Eliza felt a fresh wave of shame wash over her as she read the triumph in his eyes: here she was, the defiant woman who had said she would fight back against him no matter what, now just a slutty little tarted up Cumbunny desperate for his approval. He wordlessly beckoned her forward and pointed downward, signaling Eliza to kneel in front of him as usual.

Eliza's eyes darted over her master's face, desperately searching for any signs of mercy. She always felt so weak… so submissive when she was forced to kneel beneath the masculine bulk of her master like this. The sensation made her hunger flare to greater heights inside her. Her mouth began to water as Gene pulled out his cock, slowly stroking it to full thickness, his eyes glinting with possessive pleasure as he stared down at the pathetic cum-hungry slut at his feet.

Finally, Eliza couldn't take the tension any longer. "D-do you like my outfit today?" she asked coyly, biting her lip as she stared at Gene's cock, her eyes soft and hazy with submissive lust.

Gene chuckled. "It's… cute. A lot better than your normal frumpy rags. But you look better naked. Speaking of which… shirt off, Bunny."

Eliza tried to hide her keen disappointment as she stripped off her shirt and bra, exposing her throbbing nipples to the cool air of the office: this almost certainly meant that Gene intended to cum on her tits again today. She had failed somehow.

Eliza knew that asking risked Gene's annoyance, but she couldn't help himself. "Awww, but," she whined, cupping and pushing her tits together for inspection in the way that Gene liked, "I sort of hoped that you would let me… e-eat."

Gene laughed and shook his head. "You're so cute, Lizzie!" he said condescendingly, reaching down to twist one pale pink nipple between a thick thumb and forefinger. "So bashful even after sucking the cum from my balls dozens of times already. But no, honey, I'm afraid not. I can tell you're starting to make an effort, but I think we both know there's a long way to go before you're a real Cumbunny."

Eliza hissed at the overwhelming feeling of her master's fingers on her sensitive nipple. She tensed, unconsciously arching her back to grant Gene even greater access as the shock of pleasure crackled through her body. "You want me to be… more like Mitsy," she whimpered, her mind filled with the disgusting, fascinating things CoachS had posted about on Kaos.

"Now you're getting it," grunted Gene, his fist returning to his cock to pump faster and faster, just inches from Eliza's blushing face.

"If I dress… worse than this, people will start to talk," said Eliza in a tone of mingled horror and arousal. "My husband will see. He won't understand." Gene's only response was to jerk faster, even further aroused by the idea that his orders might torment his rival.

"And worse," whimpered Eliza, "If I start acting and talking like Mitsy does…" Her eyes flicked back and forth between Gene's cruel grin and his pumping cock. Both sights sent shivers of submissive delight through her body. "...then people are going to start to wonder if I can even do my job. I… I'll be the office bimbo."

Gene's unchanging, smug smirk told her all she needed to know, but he confirmed her fears anyway. "That was always the choice, Cumbunny. Which is more important for you? Your reputation, or my cum?" Eliza and Gene locked eyes. Both of them knew which one Eliza would choose in the end.

"Now take it on your face like a good girl!" His voice was a low animalistic grunt now, his fist a squelching blur on his thick cock. "Maybe when you're the office bimbo I'll finally pump it down your slutty throat again."

Gene orgasmed, splattering a thick load of hot, gooey cum all over Eliza's upturned face and humbly-offered tits. She whimpered, closing her eyes and tried not to focus on her gnawing hunger. The thick white goo dripped and splattered all over her soft skin, defiling her yet again, sending euphoric tingles through her that still didn't satisfy her cravings.

This time, oddly, Gene knelt down in front of her. Eliza gasped at his sudden intimate proximity, his eyes intent and for once serious as he peered intently at his Cumbunny's beautiful sperm-splattered face. Then, with an almost tender gesture, he reached down with one finger, scooping up a small droplet of cum from her left breast.

"But as a reward for the small step toward Cumbunny perfection she took today, my good little bunny deserves a reward."

He raised the blob of thick, off-white cum on his fingertip to Eliza's lips, holding it there.

"Go on, bunny," he said, his eyes gleaming with wicked delight, "You earned it."

Eliza wished she could have said she declined and maintained some shred of decency…

But of course she gave in, eagerly fellating her master's blunt finger with a swirling tongue and eager moans of enjoyment as Gene watched with pride.

…

"I just… I don't get it, baby," said David in frustration, his eyes stealing another nervous sideways glance at Eliza before shifting back to the road. "If you want to try a new look, I support you… but you're actually comfortable wearing that in front of everyone at the office?"

Eliza shifted uncomfortably, looking out the car window to avoid her husband's gaze. She agreed with him. Of course she did. The clothes she was currently wearing were ridiculous and humiliating. But she no longer had a choice.

For the past week, she had been slowly increasing the sluttiness of her wardrobe. She had tried taller heels, worn progressively shorter skirts, and even unbuttoned enough buttons on her blouses to show a peek of her bra. None of it had satisfied Gene. Day after day all she had

received was a teasing fingertip's worth of cum and mocking words encouraging her to "try a little harder".

Since she had already reached the limits of how slutty her current wardrobe could get, Eliza had taken a little shopping trip last night to buy new clothes.

Her shirt was more a parody of a blouse than a real top, made of fabric thin enough to show her sexy push-up bra and baring her toned, pale tummy. The miniskirt would look more at home in a porn shoot than an office building, barely coming down far enough to cover her panties. The look was completed with equally scandalous accessories: a tight lace choker, thigh-high stockings, and platform shoes that would be overkill at a party, let alone an office building.

"I wouldn't wear it if I didn't want to," lied Eliza, her lips tight in an effort to conceal her nerves. The sidelong glances and soft laughter of her co-workers had been growing worse all week as her clothes had grown less and less appropriate. She could only imagine what their reaction would be when they saw the ridiculous lengths (or rather, lack thereof) she had gone to today. "I'm comfortable with my body now. I like these kinds of clothes."

"But what if…" said Mark, sighing heavily and tapping his ring against the steering wheel in a nervous tic. "But what if I don't? The other guys at the office have started… joking about you, baby. Even in front of me. Haven't you noticed that all the men at the office have been checking you out?"

Eliza gulped, feeling another flush of inappropriate arousal flood through her. She certainly had noticed. She could feel the disapproval in the eyes of her female coworkers and the disrespectful lust from the males. Like all the other humiliations she went through nowadays, the stares only served to make her hornier.

"I've even noticed… *him* looking at you," said David quietly. Only one man could make that tone of powerless anger creep into her husband's voice. Obviously Eliza had noticed Gene's smirking stares. Her master was pleased with her slow transformation into a publicly ridiculed slut. Just not pleased enough to give her what she wanted, unfortunately.

"And you could get fired," said David in exasperation. "Have you even stopped to think about that? You helped draft the dress code for fuck's sake! I'm pretty sure you're breaking five rules at a minimum right now."

It was seven rules actually, but David was missing the fucking point. Eliza felt a flare of annoyance at her weak-willed husband. She was being taken, stolen from him by his worst enemy right under his nose. Turned into a slutty joke to all of his coworkers. And what was he doing? Meekly whining that she should reconsider. Eliza knew that Gene was wrong when he called her husband a pathetic beta, but sometimes it felt like David made the label hard to deny. A real man would put his foot down and fight back. True, David had no concept of the dark

forces he was up against, but he could at least read the situation and try to fucking do something.

But Eliza was getting ahead of herself. As heartwarming as it might be for her husband to try to ride in like a white knight, it would only make it harder for her to get the cum she so desperately craved. She was actually lucky that he seemed paralyzed by confusion and weakness.

“It will be fine,” said Eliza flatly, closing her eyes and leaning against the window. She was already half-dreading and half-anticipating the stares and whispers she would face today.

And dreaming of the sticky, salty reward that her humiliating display might earn.

…

The receptionist was the first to notice Eliza. The blonde’s mouth fell open and her voice trailed off, the phone dangling from her hand as the brand new office bimbo jiggled in. Eliza felt the receptionist’s disgusted gaze travel slowly up and down her body, taking in her tiny shirt, her bared belly, her clinging stockings. The close examination was humiliating. Not just for her, but for David as well. Eliza could sense that her husband was nearly dying with shame as they made their way past the receptionist’s desk. His face was bright red, and he placed his hand on the small of her back, trying to hurry her past the receptionist’s judgemental stare.

But it was only out of the frying pan and into the fire. Because the receptionist was far from the only coworker who had an interest in Eliza’s slutty new Cumbunny uniform.

As their coworkers saw Eliza’s scandalous outfit, conversations and work died and eyes locked onto Eliza’s body. Whispers and soft laughter followed Eliza and David as they crossed the floor of the office. The men in particular stopped what they were doing and followed Eliza’s swaying progress with amused, but hungry eyes.

Eliza had never felt so exposed and vulnerable in her life. She was giving all the men and women of the office a close look at her body, barely hidden by her pornographic choice of clothing. The office seemed a lot colder now that she had so much exposed skin, but it was offset by the hot, pulsing flush of blood that pumped through her whole body. She couldn’t help it. Eliza had never had an exhibitionist kink before, but the smirking eyes of her coworkers were definitely turning her on. This was what her master wanted… for her to look like a dumb slut in front of people who had once respected her. And she was powerless to stop it.

David, as usual, paused by Eliza’s desk to say goodbye before he headed to his own office. “I told you,” he said miserably. “Do you see the way they're looking at you? God, it feels like…” But Eliza lost track of what he was saying. Gene had just emerged from his office door on the other side of the floor. His face lit up as he looked Eliza’s way, and Eliza felt the hot flush of her new exhibitionist arousal flare ten times brighter. Her heart was in her throat as she watched a thick bulge swell rapidly at her master’s crotch.

She licked her lips unconsciously.

“Just… stay at your desk as much as you can,” pleaded David. He looked worn out. “We need to talk about this more when we get home. It’s good for you to love your body, but this… it’s too much, babe!”

David leaned forward and kissed his wife, but Eliza’s eyes were locked on Gene as their lips met. Her master grabbed the bulge at his crotch and winked.

Eliza had to fight hard not to moan into her husband’s mouth at the thought of Gene’s cock, hard and ready to spurt hot cum down her throat.

…

Apart from being embarrassingly revealing, Eliza’s new outfit made it more difficult to work. The tiny skirt and tall heels made it difficult to even move around the office for one. But right now she was struggling more with the outfit’s lack of flexibility.

Eliza sighed and held a hand to her temple as the copier threw her another error message. She knew exactly what the problem was, of course. The paper had jammed in the same place it always did. Under normal circumstances, she would simply crouch, open up the correct hatch, and pull out the jammed paper.

But today, crouching down was likely to give the group of guys around the water cooler ten feet away more of an eyeful than she was comfortable with, even with her newfound exhibitionist kink. Gene was with the group around the water cooler, murmuring to them in a low voice as all of their eyes unsubtly roamed her displayed body. She thought she could guess the topic of Gene’s low, gravelly monologue. He was talking about what a slut she was… and the other men were soaking in his degrading commentary, their eyes focused on her body…

Eliza’s arousal made it difficult to think. Small knots of leering spectators had been forming all day to whisper amongst themselves as they watched her work and unabashedly checked her out. Worse, she had been getting hornier and hornier for the attention. The men of the office were becoming intimately familiar with the curves of her body, and she was powerless to stop them… the scenario pushed all of her submissive and exhibitionist buttons at once.

What could she do? She needed to get the copier working, but she couldn’t manage it without sacrificing even more of her dignity. Maybe it would be best to go find David and ask him for help…

“Can I help you with something, sweetheart?” asked a deep voice suddenly, a hand touching her elbow at the same time, making her jump a little. Eliza turned to see Max, one of David’s work friends at her side, staring at her with a surly grin. He had apparently broken away from the knot

of other men at the water cooler to give her a hand. Max was a tall, balding man with a square jaw and a sense of humor that had gotten him in trouble with HR a few times for borderline sexism.

Eliza had never liked him much, though he was one of the group that David went drinking with sometimes. Max wasn't at the same level as Gene when it came to inappropriate behavior, but he had a clear pattern of treating women a little differently, and that sort of casual sexism tended to get under Eliza's skin.

Her initial instinct was to snap at him that she didn't need his help. Calling her "sweetheart" and condescendingly asking if she needed anything hadn't won him any favors, even if she actually did need help.

But then she noticed the other men by the water cooler watching her and Max intently, including Gene. Her master was staring at her with an oddly intent expression, and when he noticed her looking his way, he gave a small nod and smirk.

Shit.

This was yet another test, wasn't it? She wouldn't be surprised if Gene had sent Max over for this exact purpose. Being a Cumbunny wasn't just about clothing. It was about how you acted. As she stared up into Max's smug, superior face, Eliza thought back to Mitsy's ditzy giggles. Her stomach squirmed with discomfort and reluctant arousal. If dressing this slutty had been difficult, becoming the simpering bimbo Gene wanted would be ten times as bad. She remembered going through the policies on sensitivity with Max a few months back, and just wanted to grab him by the shoulder and yell in his face that he couldn't treat women like children. To become a giggling, silly, helpless bimbo in front of him would be humiliating.

But nothing mattered as much as the taste of Gene's cum to Eliza anymore.

The giggle that Eliza reluctantly performed sounded almost as unnatural as the smile she fixed on her face as she turned from Gene to Max. "Oh thank you Max!" she said warmly, forcing her voice to be a little higher than usual, and subtly pushing her breasts together with her arms, "I just don't get computer stuff!"

Max's grin broadened as he said, "That's alright Lizzie! Don't worry your pretty little head over it. I'll get this fixed in a jiff!"

Eliza simpered, oohed, and ahhed as Max knelt and removed the jam in the same way she had done dozens of times before. Well… at least this way she didn't have to negotiate bending that low in her current outfit.

"And Ta-da!" said Mark, holding up the crumpled sheet of paper before tossing it in the recycling bin. "That's all there is to it!"

Eliza was painfully aware of Gene's burning stare as she humiliatingly played the role that he had chosen for her. "My hero!" she gushed, doing little happy hops on her heels as she clapped. She noticed that Max's eyes were glued to her bouncing chest rather than her eyes. It sent another stab of annoyance through her… but after all, what were dumb bimbos like she had become good for if not eye candy? "I'm, like, so lucky that a big strong man was here to help! Thank you so much!"

Acting spontaneously, she reached out and pulled Max into a hug, feeling his body go stiff with shock and happiness as her scantily-clad body pressed tight to his.

"A-anytime!" said Max in a strangled voice as she pulled away, adjusting his pants, which suddenly looked a little tight in the crotch.

As he awkwardly shuffled away with a look of delirious happiness on his face, Eliza looked over to see Gene watching with obvious approval in his gleaming eyes. She felt a twisted rush of pleasure and accomplishment. There was no way he could deny her a creamy treat now.

Eliza was already taking one of the most important Cumbunny lessons to heart: as embarrassing as it was to act like an incompetent bimbo in front of her coworkers, it was all worth it if it pleased her master.

…

David sat at his desk, jiggling his leg restlessly, staring at the spreadsheet he was supposed to have finished for Gene by the end of the day.

He didn't really see it.

Instead the image of his lovely wife, provocatively dressed in ridiculous barely-there clothing floated in front of his eyes. What exactly was going on with her? This was the same woman who had gotten angry at his suggestion of a bikini when she went swimsuit shopping. She had coldly asked if David was comfortable with all the other men at the beach seeing his wife's body, and David had been forced to let the matter drop. He'd made it up to her by supporting her choice of a conservative one piece.

But now here she was, in clothing nearly as revealing as a bikini, but in a setting far less appropriate. And David was discovering that Eliza had been right that day they'd gone swimsuit shopping. He really wasn't comfortable with other men seeing her this way. On his way to the bathroom earlier, Max had stopped him and pointedly said that he was a lucky man, his leering eyes fixed on Eliza's scantily clad body across the office floor.

David had asked what the fuck he meant by that, and Max hadn't flinched at all. His friend had simply turned to David with a wide grin, stared him straight in the eyes, and said "Your wife's fucking hot, Davey." If that was what one of his friends was willing to say to his face, David shuddered to think what they were saying to each other in private. And what were they saying to his wife when he wasn't around?

Could it be that Eliza was having some sort of mental break? A quarter-life crisis? There was another possibility… one that David didn't even want to consider. If David had made it clear he didn't want her to dress this way, maybe some other man had told her that he did.

He put that aside, slumped back in his chair and ripped his eyes. He swore he could hear the whispers and chuckles of his coworkers even from within his office. This was the last thing he needed right now. His job could hang in the balance with the presentation later, but he found it impossible to concentrate.

He briefly considered calling Kim. She always made him feel better. But he rejected the idea quickly. He was a grown man. He couldn't always be calling his little sister for pep talks.

Summoning all of his inner strength, David tried his best to ignore the humiliating torment of the day and get back to work.

…

"Eliza, I need to see you in the conference room," snapped Ms. Harrington, the head of HR, in a clipped tone. She kept her face turned away from Eliza as she said it, as if she couldn't even stand to look at her subordinate anymore. "Now."

Well, Eliza had made it longer than she expected. She thought she would be pulled into Ms. Harrington's office within the first hour. Eliza set aside the papers she had been working on, stood, and tottered after her boss unsteadily on her massive heels. She could feel the eyes of her other coworkers follow the progress of her swaying ass across the office floor. Today had been even worse than she feared it might be. Work had come to a screeching halt today as Eliza's male coworkers devoted their time to staring openly at her displayed body rather than their assigned tasks.

Things had gotten even worse when word spread about her interaction with Max at the copier. Since then, almost all of her male coworkers had stopped by her desk to help the office bimbo with insultingly simple office tasks. "Let me help you with that spreadsheet, sugar, they can be a little tricky." "Do you want me to show you how the filing system works, sweetie?" "Here, this is how a stapler works, honey." Each time, thinking about the role Gene demanded she play, Eliza acted absurdly grateful, rewarding them with flirty giggles and teasing physical affection.

Eventually, like every other humiliating thing Gene had begun putting her through, acting like a dumb, giggly bimbo started to turn Eliza on… and felt more and more natural.

Considering the loss of productivity her new wardrobe and demeanor had caused, it was surprising Ms. Harrington had let things go on this long.

Eliza meekly followed her older boss into the conference room, expecting yet another session of disappointed questions that she had no good answer to. But as Eliza entered the room, she was shocked to see that Gene was already there, flashing her his usual nasty grin and leaning back with his hands folded on his gut. His chair sat on the opposite side of the long table and Ms. Harrington circled around to sit next to him. Strangely, it seemed that this was a joint meeting Gene and the head of HR were running together.

“Eliza, obviously your inappropriate attire is a major issue,” said Ms. Harrinton in a clipped tone, her steel-grey hair and sharp eyes making her look as intimidating as ever. “ And possibly even a fireable offense in and of itself.”

Eliza sat with her eyes lowered and her hands timidly in her lap, avoiding the older woman’s disappointed glare. She had always looked up to Ms. Harrington. Her strict, no-nonsense approach to running HR was impressive; the same way Eliza hoped she would run things if she were in charge. But now Eliza had become just a silly slut for Ms. Harrington to look at with disgust.

“But that issue isn’t why we planned this meeting,” said Ms. Harrington firmly. The statement was surprising enough that it made Eliza look up in shock despite herself, her eyes flicking back and forth between Ms. Harrington and her smirking master. An anxious flutter of terrified arousal awoke in her belly. What exactly was Gene planning?

“When Mr. Crowder took his new position, he requested you as a liaison with the HR department,” said Ms. Harrington cooly, “and one of the job responsibilities for that new position was a daily meeting to keep him up to speed. He tells me that you have been doing a poor job fulfilling that responsibility. According to Mr. Crowder, your updates lack thoroughness and depth. Considering the fact that the HR department made this responsibility a considerable part of your daily workload, I was quite disappointed to hear that. Quite disappointed.”

Eliza’s mouth dropped open and she stared stupidly between Ms. Harrington and Gene. Obviously her daily reports were no longer in-depth! The meeting had become an excuse for Gene to cum on her! The real question was, why the fuck was Gene drawing attention to their meetings at all? Even if he did hold all the cards in their relationship, if it could even be called that, he stood to lose just as much as her if their daily trysts were discovered. No matter how much dominance Gene held over her, it was against company policy to cum all over your subordinate’s tits during work hours.

If Ms. Harrington felt any sympathy for Eliza's clear confusion, she didn't show it. Her voice was grim and cold as she continued, "Mr. Crowder and I have called this meeting with you today to give you a chance to explain yourself. I've always considered you a good employee up until recently, so I think you deserve that opportunity at least. Why exactly are you struggling to make basic daily reports? Consider your answer carefully. It could mean a great deal for your future prospects at this company."

Eliza was still reeling. Her eyes slid over to Gene's… and saw the cruel, eager light in his eyes. Her mouth went dry. Suddenly it all clicked into place in her brain. Gene had seen her superficial attempts to dress slutty and act like a bimbo. Her first tentative steps toward becoming a public Cumbunny had all been highly amusing to him, she was sure.

But he wanted a bigger sacrifice if Eliza wanted to win her sticky reward. He wanted her to show true commitment to being a bimbo slut. Even if it was painful… or devastatingly humiliating.

Eliza took a deep steadying breath. She couldn't go through with this. Ms. Harrington had made it crystal clear that her job was on the line. Not to mention the fact that the steely older woman was someone Eliza respected. It would be deeply self-destructive and painful to act as Gene's giggly, stupid cumbunny here in this meeting.

But would it be more painful than spending another day without tasting her master's cum?

"...cause.. 'm …pid," mumbled Eliza.

"What's that?" asked Ms. Harrington sharply. "I can't hear you girl, speak up."

Eliza looked up, a spacey smile on her face, slipping into the bimbo role (which seemed to feel easier and more natural every time.) "It's because I'm, like, soooo stupid, Ms. H," she said in a girlish, breathy voice. "All of those big HR words are a little too tough for a silly little girl like me!"

Ms. Harrington's face went blank with shock and Eliza felt the crushing wave of humiliation. She had just utterly debased herself for Gene's amusement in front of a woman she held in high esteem and looked up to. Gene tried to cover his amusement with a cough, but a deep, chest-shaking chuckle wormed its way out.

"I…" said Ms Harrington, utterly flabbergasted. She shook her head and flipped the folder in front of her closed. "Well, I think I've heard all that I need to. This meeting is over. Mr. Crowder?" she said, gesturing for him to join her as she stood.

"I'd like to conference with Ms. Meyer for a moment," said Gene, his slimy eyes locked onto Eliza's furiously blushing face. "You can go on ahead of me."

Ms. Harrington sighed, nodded sharply, gave Eliza one last glance dripping with dismissive disgust, and left the room, clicking the door firmly shut behind her.

As soon as she was gone, Eliza let out an animal sound that was half groan of anguish and half moan of pleasure, covering her eyes in shame. That was it. She had submitted and presented herself as a slutty bimbo to not just the entire office, but also to her direct supervisor. She had just completely torpedoed her career. Her dream job working in the same office as her loving husband. And for what? Another taste of the foul semen of her worst enemy.

She flinched as she felt Gene press up against her from behind, one thick arm reaching around the chair to trail down her body. She shuddered with mixed arousal and disgust as the hot skin of his palm swiped across her exposed belly, making its way down between her legs.

‘Very impressive, Bunny,” murmured Gene in Eliza’s ear, his hot breath making her hair stand on end, “I can see you are finally accepting who you truly are.”

“This… isn’t meeee,” whined Eliza. Her protests were interrupted by a slutty, liquid moan as Gene’s thick fingers finally found their goal, touching firmly on the warm, wet surface of her lacy panties. Her legs spread wider instinctively as her desperate, horny body welcomed its master’s touch.

“Yeah, yeah, I’ve heard your excuses before,” chuckled Gene. “It’s not fair! It’s only because of the oil! I would never do this otherwise!”

Eliza’s hands gripped, white-knuckled, on the arms of the office chair, and her breath came in harsh, labored pants as Gene’s thick fingers roughly pulled her panties aside and squirmed into her eager, dripping cunt.

“But you know the saying, bunny,” said Gene, his voice cruel and mocking, “If she walks like a slut, and talks like a slut, and sucks off her husband’s worst enemy like a slut, then she’s probably…”

Gene’s thick middle finger sunk inside her up to the second knuckle. Eliza’s pussy clenched around it greedily. Her whole brain felt like it was on fire. Just Gene’s finger felt better to her than David’s cock had in months, possibly ever. Her hips writhed and humped against her master’s fingers as the admission crossed her lips in a broken whisper.

“A… a slut,”

“Bingo, Cumbunny,” said Gene, his finger moving with teasing slowness, finger fucking his pet slut. “And I think you know exactly how you were walking this morning when you came into the office wearing that ridiculous porny outfit…”

“I was w-walking like a slut,” agreed Eliza in a breathy gasp. “I could see all the boys’ eyes on my slutty body. David was soooo upset, but he couldn’t stop the other guys from seeing what

should only be his to see." She shut her eyes tight and wriggled her hips, unable to focus on anything but her master's fingers and the heated dirty talk he was pushing her to deliver.

Gene laughed out loud, deeply pleased with his Cumbunny's sudden enthusiasm for self-degrading dirty talk. "That's right. You looked the part to a "t", bunny. But you didn't just walk the walk, did you bunny?" asked Gene with twisted amusement. "You talked the talk …"

"Yes!" panted Eliza, feeling her shame and lust building higher and higher inside her, twisting together as she moved toward a powerful orgasm. Her arms flew up to clutch Gene's flabby, hairy arm, unconsciously desperate for closer contact with her master. "I… I showed all the men in the office how much of a bimbo I could be. I giggled and simpered and flirted like the good little Cumbunny you want, master! I, like, totally talked like a slut!"

"And it was all to get what you really want," growled Gene, leaning forward and pushing his greedy fingers deeper into Eliza's sopping cunt. "To get just a taste of your master's sperm. Isn't that right, Cumbunny?"

And in that moment, even as fireworks of pleasure exploded in her brain, Eliza saw something that sent a bolt of excitement through her. A non-sexual flush of adrenaline for once. As Gene leaned forward over her shoulder, a small, half-empty vial of some greenish fluid slipped out the front of his shirt, attached to a leather cord around his neck. Almost as soon as it fell out, he tucked it back again, but it was too late. Eliza now knew exactly where Gene kept his remaining mjolkhare oil.

That one moment of lucidity was all Eliza could manage before she was overwhelmed by a tidal wave of sensation once again. She moaned deeply, unable to care whether anyone outside the meeting room could hear her. The feeling of Gene's thick fingers digging deep into her most intimate place was too good to resist. This wasn't even about his cum anymore, just the addictive feeling of sexually submitting to the man who now controlled her life.

Just as she was tipping over the edge of climax, Gene did something Eliza never expected. With his free hand, Gene roughly turned Eliza's moaning face toward him…

And kissed her.

Gene's tongue wormed its way between Eliza's glossy lips, and her tongue rose to meet it, tangling with it in a sloppy, obscene dance. The sensation was deeply wrong, but filthy and arousing in the worst possible way. Gene had already stolen so much from her husband, but somehow this stolen kiss felt the worst of all. Eliza melted into the deep, intimate moment of dominance and submission just as she surrendered to the sweet oblivion of orgasm, her body arching and straining hard, pressing itself desperately into Gene's fingers and lips with equal passion. Her pussy clenched hard around his invading fingers and her lips fellated his invading tongue while the waves of pleasure washed over her, for a moment even drowning out her endless hunger.

Finally, Gene withdrew, smiling smugly down at the panting, sticky mess of a Cumbunny slut he had molded.

“Well, Bunny,” he said in a cheerful tone, “we’re fucked.”

Eliza blinked stupidly up at him for a moment, unable to process the disconnect between his words and their tone. “What?” she asked, her brow furrowing as she tugged her skirt back down to cover her dripping pussy. “What do you mean?”

“I mean,” said Gene patiently, “that it turns out that weaseling my way into a management position, then spending most of my time face-fucking my Cumbunny and bullying her husband at work didn’t exactly lead to stellar job performance. Carl is considering demoting me back to my old position.”

Even if Eliza was still craving Gene’s cum badly, she felt a little more lucid now that he had given her an orgasm. She felt a sudden thrill of hope. If Gene got knocked down a peg at work, it wouldn’t solve her addiction problem but it would be an immense relief to her husband. Gene would have no official authority to bully David if they were on the same level again. Maybe it would even relieve her husband’s stress enough that he would be able to take care of Eliza’s sexual needs.

“So… why aren’t you worried?” asked Eliza suspiciously.

Gene leaned down until he was face to face with her, just inches away. His broad, stubbled face and wide, smug grin filled her vision. “Because I have a loyal Cumbunny who will solve this problem for me if she ever wants to taste my jizz again, that’s why,” he said in a cruel, mocking voice. “After all, you’re in the same boat as me now. That frosty bitch you call a boss is definitely going to march straight to Carl’s office and recommend that he send your sweet ass packing. So I recommend you put that bimbo brain to good use and think of a way out of this one.”

Eliza’s mind reeled. Shit. She wasn’t exactly surprised that Gene was struggling in his new position. Her master had never struck Eliza as particularly competent at his job, and he hadn’t earned his new supervisor position through merit.

“Well… maybe if I catch Ms. Harrington I can convince her I had some sort of a mental breakdown,” said Eliza wearily. “Then I can help you look over your job responsibilities. We’ll see if we can work through your backlog and get the ship righted before Carl makes a final decision. I’m sure they’re still worried that firing you could put them in legal hot water after that slander scare, so if we make your incompetence more of a grey area, then…”

She trailed off as she saw Gene shaking with laughter. “Hahaha, no, no Lizzie. That’s adorable, but it’s not what I meant, not even close.” said Gene condescendingly, reaching out to pat

Eliza's head. "You're still solving problems like a proud, independent woman. I want you to solve this problem like a Cumbunny. You have until the end of the day."

With a small wave, still radiating complete, arrogant confidence, Gene left the meeting room, with Eliza staring open-mouthed at his retreating back.

At first, she had no idea what he was talking about.

Then, after a little reflection and a fresh wave of erotic humiliation, she understood exactly what he meant.

…

Eliza sat at her desk, jiggling her foot nervously.

She couldn't stop thinking about "Cumslut', the gorgeous red-headed Cumbunny that had come along to the meetup she and Gene attended. Eliza had been so focused on Mitsy up until now that she had forgotten about Cumslut. But Gene had told her that they were both supposed to be her role models.

And the thing that had set Cumslut apart was her total, abject submission. Her willingness to do anything to please her master, even up to and including performing sex acts on other people. Despite the fact that their sperm did nothing to soothe her hunger.

Eliza checked the message Gene had just sent her.

[Do it by the end of the day. Come to my office to show me the proof. Then I'll finally give you what you've been craving.]

Eliza tried to summon the strength to resist… and failed. The endless fight between her pride and her hunger had grown too familiar at this point. Eliza was tired of the struggle. Tired of losing. Why should she push back anymore when it just made her defeat more painful in the end?

She rose from her chair with a strange sense of peace falling over her. She still held out hope that her plan to steal Gene's oil supply and a stash of cum would work, but until then it would just be so much easier to give in to her master's commands and not think too hard.

She felt the eyes of the office riveted to her displayed body as she made her way across the office. In her new docile, accepting mindset, the shame was just a low-level background buzz, and the arousal of flaunting her body was magnified. She finally reached her destination: Carl's office. She softly knocked.

Carl called for her to come in, but he still looked surprised when she entered his office. She kept her eyes demurely on the floor as she softly closed the door behind her. Carl had been the manager here since she'd been hired, making him not only her boss, but Gene's as well. He was a tall, rugged man in his early forties with constant five-o'clock shadow and styled salt-and-pepper hair. A good-looking man for his age, although he was beginning to get a little soft in the middle.

"Ms. Meyer," he said uncomfortably, "What can I do for you?" He was making a heroic effort to maintain eye contact and not let his gaze wander down Eliza's scantily-clad body, but was only having partial success. Eliza could sense the heat of his barely restrained lust.

She was counting on that suppressed desire.

Eliza took a deep, shuddering breath, fidgeting with her hands crossed in front of her. She had never done something like this before. Never even considered it. It was the sort of thing that people always whispered about shameless, slutty women doing. The sort of girl that you didn't want to become.

She had no idea how to even start.

"Mr. Jensen, I…" began Eliza in her high, breathy bimbo voice. She gulped, gathered her courage, and began again. "Mr Jensen, I've heard that I m-might be fired."

Carl looked even more awkward now, his square-jawed face twisting into a grimace. Eliza could instantly tell that Gene had been correct: she was indeed about to be fired. "Eliza… I'm afraid I can't really discuss staffing matters like that until the process fully plays out."

Eliza's heart thumped fast and hard against her ribs. She could feel her pulse against her skin… in her throat… her nipples. The next step would be one of the more degrading things she had ever done. But it was the only way forward. It was what her master commanded.

"I was wondering if there is anything that I could do…" she said in a shamed whisper, '...to change your mind. About me… and about someone else too."

Carl stared at her silently, his face blank. Eliza held her breath. A powerful anxiety gripped her. A certainty that a look of disgust would cross her boss's face and he would order her out of his office.

Instead, Eliza watched with a mix of horror and relief as another expression altogether spread across Carl's face. A slow, predatory grin of interest.

"My, my. You horny little slut," said Carl, his eyes leering as his voice slipped out of its normal professional tone into one of smoldering lust. "I don't know what finally melted the bitchy little office ice queen, but I have to say that I love the adjustment." The change in the room was

immediate and shocking, transforming the curt, professional boss that Eliza had always known into a horny, intimidating stranger. He pushed back from the desk and patted his lap with a smirk. “Well, come over here honey. Sit on my lap and we can talk all about your future at this company.”

Eliza’s belly squirmed with humiliated arousal as she tottered over on her slutty heels and sank gingerly onto her boss’s lap. She felt his cock –impressively sized, but still smaller than Gene’s– press hard into her ass. Yet another cock besides her husband’s. And for this one, she didn’t even have the excuse of semen addiction.

Carl’s arm slithered around Eliza, holding her tight as she squirmed. She couldn’t help but focus on the solid length of his penis pressing hard into her soft ass. Couldn’t help the awakening of submissive lust that came with that feeling. Eliza had always seen Carl as a nice, if strict older man, but his lust had changed him completely. She saw it in his eyes. He no longer saw her as a subordinate, or even as a woman. To him, she was now just a bimbo to toy with. He felt like a dangerous sexual beast, waiting to pounce.

“So let’s brainstorm…” said Carl in a deep voice dripping with cruel amusement. “How can you prove your commitment to this company… and save you and your husband’s jobs.”

Eliza cringed. Carl had made an extremely understandable mistake. Blushing hotly, she stammered. “Actually, I wanted to talk to you about Gene’s job… n-not my husband’s.” The last few words dribbled out in a miserable whisper as Carl stared at her, dumbstruck.

Then he roared with laughter, so loud that Eliza looked nervously toward his office door, worried that someone might hear.

“So that’s how it is!” said Carl between chuckles. “You're fucking Gene? The guy who makes David’s life hell? Jesus, I always knew your husband was a bit of a wimp, but I didn’t think he was such a pussy that he would get his wife stolen by his bully.”

Eliza could only hang her head in shame as a heady mix of remorse and arousal flooded through her, dark and wet and hot. Gene had truly remolded her into something pathetic.

“Tell you what,” said Carl, pulling her close to his bulky body and whispering in her ear, “Forget about the fat pig Gene. I’m sure it's exciting to sneak around with him behind David’s back, but I guarantee you I could be twice as exciting. I’m richer, better-looking, and better in bed than fucking Gene. I’ll just fire him and you can become my personal slut. What do you say?”

The close, intimate feeling of her boss’s hot, tickling breath and the obscene, dominant proposal made Eliza’s breath catch in her throat and her moistening pussy clench involuntarily. Obviously she couldn’t accept his offer, but neither could she explain why. She doubted that the dangerous, dominant man under her would accept any explanation involving mysterious oil.

“Please,” she whined, closing her eyes against the overwhelming sensation of submission and her boss’s unyielding hand held her close and his powerful cock pressed up against her, throbbing with lust. “Please Carl, I can’t! Gene… he would…”

Carl chuckled. Loosening his grip on her just a touch. “Fine, fine. I won’t push it for now. As long as I have those pretty lips wrapped around my cock, I’ll be happy for today at least.”

There it was. He had said it so casually. As if it was just another job responsibility. The price for Eliza’s job would be to submit on her knees, taking Carl’s cock into her warm, willing mouth. Her extensive recent training with Gene’s repugnant cock would now be put to good use.

Eliza stared into her boss’s eyes, her heart thumping and her breath rushing hard and fast. There was nothing more to be said. He had boldly named his price, and after all, it was one she was willing to pay, wasn’t it? It could have been worse. Eliza got unsteadily to her feet, only to sink once again. On her knees in front of a man who grinned down at her with leering superiority. The position felt familiar at this point.

Carl simply waited, relishing the view of his employee, dressed in ridiculous clothes from off a porn set, kneeling humbly at his feet, blushing as she unzipped his pants with trembling hands. As she looked up, Eliza couldn’t help but remember the day that Carl had interviewed her, talking in glowing terms about her husband’s work ethic and giving her a firm, welcoming handshake, his eyes frank and sincere as they met hers. Now his eyes were smugly superior, looking down at her both physically and mentally.

Absurdly, Eliza felt her dark craving swell as Carl’s stiff cock burst out from the confines of his pants. Her eyes glazed over as she gazed hungrily at its throbbing length… smelled his musky scent. She knew that his sperm would do nothing to curb her cravings, but by now her body had an automatic response to kneeling in this humiliating, submissive position.

Her mouth was watering and her eyes gleaming with sexual greed as she wrapped her glossy lips around her boss’s cock, looking exactly like the slut that Gene wanted her to be.

For all of his tough talk, Carl was a pushover compared to her strict, demanding master. As Eliza smoothly bobbed her head, skillfully swirling her tongue and applying the perfect amount of grip with her lips, Carl groaned, running his hands through her dark silky hair.

“Oh Godddd, you little slut,” he murmured under his breath as Eliza easily went deeper, taking him into her tight throat, gripping and milking his cock again and again. “You perfect little cocksucker. Gene may have trained you, but I want you all for my fucking self.”

Eliza barely paid attention to him, losing herself in the sweet, burning humiliation of serving a man on her knees. She was learning something new about herself. She had always assumed that it felt so good to humbly suck Gene’s dick because of the effects of the oil. But strangely, this blowjob felt just as good… Eliza’s hand snuck down beneath her skirt to rub and tease

herself as she closed her eyes, letting go and truly enjoying her degradation. This blowjob might not satisfy her dark hunger, but it was feeding the new need for submission that Gene had engraved in her soul.

With Eliza's well-practiced dick-sucking skills and Carl's obvious arousal at her slutty, submissive behavior, the blowjob didn't last long. Eliza moved her neck with smooth, practiced grace, taking her arrogant boss's cock deep into her married throat, again and again, faster and faster. Her free hand rose to gently cup and tug his massive, hairy balls as her other hand squelched between her spread thighs. It was only minutes before Carl let out a rough gasp, his hips bucking forward as his cock pulsed, unleashing a thick, hot mouthful of sperm between Eliza's waiting lips.

And then, just like Eliza expected, came the feeling of disappointment. The cum in her mouth wasn't the magical, delicious elixir that came from her master's balls. It was just warm, thick, salty goo. She fought the urge to spit it out. She would need it later.

Carl sighed in pleasure and rebuttoned his pants, looking down at the employee he had just mouth fucked with a superior smirk. "Well, Mrs. Meyer," he said mockingly, "I think I see the wisdom in keeping a talented woman like you around… and I think Gene has more than proven his management talents as well."

Eliza got up silently, wiping a stray glob of cum from her lips, her face crimson and her eyes fixed on the floor.

"But," said Carl with amusement, calling to Eliza as she left the room, "I think David may have shown a real lack of attention to detail. Not to mention a failure to inspire loyalty. And sadly, it seems like no one was willing to speak on his behalf."

His voice was sharp and his eyes were wicked as he added, "Don't imagine that this is some sort of one-time payment, Eliza. After all, I'm certainly not keeping you around for your professionalism anymore. You'd better be prepared to stop by my office whenever I wish to discuss your performance. Are we clear?"

Eliza had nothing to say. She meekly nodded and left the office, closing the door behind her to shut out Carl's laughter.

…

"Bullshit," said Gene simply, tossing the folder flippantly into the trashcan beside his desk. "Sloppily done, and it didn't take into account all of the relevant figures. Completely unusable. Another week of work that earns the company absolutely nothing. What exactly are we paying you for again?"

There was a time when David would have responded with anger, threats, and defiance. But weeks of bullying from Gene without any assistance or mercy from Carl had beaten him down. Now the only thing he could do was whine.

“But you gave me the assignment! I told you that we didn’t have the information we needed for a proper assessment!” bleated David, with a look of pitiful desperation in his eyes. The little worm could tell that his job was on the line, but no longer had the power or will to do anything about it.

Gene looked at his rival with a mix of gloating pride and disgust. No… scratch that. Not his rival, his FORMER rival. David had lost so completely and utterly that Gene no longer saw any threat from him. He had taken everything from David, even outside of work. And the poor sucker didn’t even realize it.

Gene didn’t even see David as a man anymore, let alone a rival.

A soft knock sounded at the door.

Ah, perfect, just in time. The exact reason that Gene had insisted on meeting with David right now. “Come in!” called Gene, feeling the thrill of sadistic pleasure that he got every time he had the opportunity to dominate this pathetic couple.

The look on both David and Lizzie’s faces was priceless as they saw each other. But his Cumbunny was obviously more fun to look at. She had really pulled out all the stops to give her master a slutty show today. Her tiny skirt and flimsy top would look more at home on the set of a cheap skin flick than at an office, and Gene didn’t even know where she could have bought those stupid-looking platform shoes. Did they have stripper supply stores?

Gene could still remember when poor Lizzie had been a stuffy ice queen, bristling with indignation from the most harmless of flirtations. Now he watched shame and lust warred in her eyes as she saw her husband and owner at the same time. She had come a long way, but there was still further to fall before she was the perfect Cumbunny Gene deserved.

“Babe,” said David in confusion, “What are you doing here? We’re in the middle of a meeting. Is there something you need from me?”

Eliza said nothing, her eyes just wide with panic as she looked at Gene, silently pleading for his help.

Gene realized what was happening and had to fight hard to avoid bursting into laughter. Oh fuck! He had asked for proof, but he hadn’t realized the dumb slut would go this far! His ditzy little Cumbunny really was deep in jizzy thinking if she had come up with this idea.

“I think she’s here to see me, Davey,” said Gene with a surly chuckle. “Isn’t that right, Lizzie?’

Her cheeks burning red, Lizzie nodded, unable to meet her husband's eyes.

"What?' asked David in confusion. He rose, his eyes shifting suspiciously between Gene and Eliza. "What's going on? Talk to me honey…"

Eliza remained silent, her body language cringing in shame as she stepped aside, clearing the doorway so that her husband could leave her alone with Gene.

David reluctantly moved toward the door, his face a picture of bewilderment. "Is everything ok?" He asked plaintively. His frown deepened as he asked, "Babe… is he doing something to you? Is he making you…?" But by that point he had moved past the threshold, and Eliza reached out, firmly closing the door in his face without saying a word.

Gene waited to see if David would get angry. Pound on the door. Demand to be let back in. A real man would… But there was nothing. David had become such a pussy that all he would do was carp about it to his wife later, and likely meekly accept whatever bullshit excuse she managed to cook up.

Whatever. Let the cuck stew in his own impotency. Gene had bigger fish to fry. He leaned back in his chair and beckoned his plaything closer.

Eliza approached, already looking more graceful and confident on her heels after a full day of practice. Now that her husband was out of the way, her shame was being overpowered by her lust. Gene would have been able to tell from her expression alone, even if he hadn't been able to see her stiffened nipples pressing hard against her thin lacy bra and shirt.

"Show me," said Gene in a low, compelling voice.

Eliza opened her perfect lips, showing exactly why she didn't have a single word for her pathetic husband.

Her mouth was swimming with gooey, filthy, still-warm cum. A thick pearly load of her boss's jizz, which she had taken on Gene's orders to save his job. A load that would do nothing to alleviate her cravings.

It was an act of service so slutty and submissive that Gene would have thought it was impossible for a prude like Eliza to consider, let alone get aroused by,

She really was becoming the perfect little Cumbunny. Now for the finishing blow… the push that would break the last of her resistance and bind her to her master forever.

"You're ready. Tonight you're coming home with me. Make whatever excuses you need to your husband." Gene reached up and closed his Cumbunny's filthy mouth by pushing lightly upward

on her chin. “Tonight,” he said smugly, “I’m going to show you how a Cumbunny is really supposed to take her master’s seed. It’s time that you learned to hop for the carrot, Lizzie.”

He relished the look of erotic intimidation in her eyes. The hopeless fight to resist his command. The anticipation of what would happen tonight.

“… and it’s impolite to play with your food, bunny. Swallow.”

Part 5

Eliza clicked Gene's office door shut behind her with her heart heavy and the taste of Carl's cum still clinging to her tongue. Her body pulsed with filthy, unnatural hunger, just like it usually did these days.

Being forced by Gene to suck off her boss had been humiliating and sexually thrilling, but it hadn't been satisfying. Eliza still hadn't been allowed to taste her master's cum today, but Gene had promised his Cumbunny that she was about to get something even better and more intense than swallowing his semen. Eliza shivered at that thought with a combination of horror and desire. But by this point, the horror felt faint, and the desire seemed to overshadow it almost completely.

All she had to do was convince her husband to go home without her, minutes after slamming a door in his face to spend time alone with Gene. It was an impossible task, but she had no choice but to obey. The terrible hunger inside Eliza trumped both logic and love. She somehow had to make it happen.

Eliza could see with a quick glance toward his door that David wasn't currently in his office, which left only a few places he could be. Unless, of course, he had already headed home without her… No, that would be too lucky. Eliza scanned the office. He wasn't by the water cooler. Or the copier.

As she looked, she drew furtive glances and smirks from men and disgusted glares from women around the office floor, and was freshly reminded of her inappropriate attire. She was currently wearing a tiny midriff-baring parody of a button-up blouse that was sheer enough to show her lacy push-up bra and a skirt so tiny that it barely covered her panties. Her fingers unconsciously tugged her skirt downward as her face flamed with embarrassment. She had been so humiliated by the blowjob she had almost forgotten about the other degradations Gene had forced on her today.

If he wasn't out on the floor somewhere and he wasn't in his office, there was only one place that David could be. Eliza hurried to the breakroom, where she managed to catch David just as he exited the bathroom, his face red and his eyes watery.

Eliza was taken aback for a moment. Shit. Her husband had been crying in the bathroom. Well, she supposed it made sense. Watching his wife dress like a slut in front of all his friends and colleagues couldn't have been easy, not to mention the fact that she had just silently rejected him in front of his worst enemy.

And David had always been a bit… weak, hadn't he? It was hard not to compare the defeated, sniveling man in front of her to her dominant master. Gene had just smugly ordered Eliza to come home with him, confident he would be obeyed, and here was her beta husband, crying over the fact he couldn't control her.

It was a twisted way of thinking that Eliza knew was caused by Gene's insidious influence, but it was hard to keep those sorts of thoughts from popping into her head lately.

"Eliza," breathed David, his eyes going wide. Then he seemed to take in her slutty outfit again, and his mouth hardened into a grim line. "Finished with your meeting?"

"I… I'm sorry," said Eliza, lamely. There really wasn't anything she could say to make this better. David was right to be upset. She had betrayed their relationship in every way but one… and she was planning to betray him in that final way this very evening.

"I don't fucking get it. You dress up like… like this," He said with a twist of his lip, gesturing up and down her body. "Even though I ask you not to. Then you don't even say a word to me? Close the door in my fucking face? Is this how you treat your husband?"

Eliza looked anywhere but David's eyes. "I… I'm sorry, honey," she said softly. "I can't explain. Not right now. But you have to trust me. Please."

"Trust you?" said David incredulously. "Like you trust me? You apparently can't even trust me enough to say one word of explanation for this fucking outfit, so forgive me if I find it hard to trust you back. Go on. Explain it to me. Why was it so important to show your tits and ass to everyone we work with today? Why did you have to ignore me and hurry to a meeting with my worst fucking enemy?"

Seeing the pained reluctance on her face, David let out a heavy sigh, and for a second, his anger seemed to drain away. "It's just," he said unhappily, his eyes blazing with sincerity, "I'm worried about you Eliza… This is so unlike you. It's like you're having a mental break or something. Just say the word, and I can help you. No matter what it is."

For a second, Eliza hovered on the edge of telling him everything. Confessing the horrible situation that Gene had put her in and how low she had fallen. Then another man breezed into the break room, obviously scanning Eliza's displayed body as he passed and letting out a soft wolf-whistle, openly and obviously disrespecting both husband and wife with no hesitation.

No. She couldn't. David wouldn't understand. All he would be able to see was the fact she had sucked Gene's cock… that she planned to fuck him. Probably the only reason he didn't suspect that she was involved with Gene already was how repulsive Gene would normally be to an attractive young woman like her. If David knew the truth, it would break him even worse than he was right now.

"I can't," whispered Eliza, knowing that the two words would just make her husband angry again.

David made a sound halfway between a growl and a sigh. "Fine. Well, there goes the precious trust you want between us…" he shook his head roughly, as if trying to shake away the feeling

of oncoming tears. “After we get home tonight, I’m packing a bag. I’m going to go stay with Kim for a while. Get a little distance and try to calm down. I love you, Eliza, but… I don't know this version of you. I don’t get it. And you won’t help me understand.”

Eliza’s heart hurt. What she wouldn’t give to hug David and tell him that she would never dress this way or make him feel disrespected again. But she couldn’t promise that. If she knew Gene, this was just the tip of the iceberg. She didn’t want to lose David. After she found some way to defeat Gene’s evil grasp, she needed to be able to fall right back into her husband’s loving arms.

And that’s what made it so awful to say what she had to say next.

“Actually,” she said in a rush, as if she could somehow just rip off the bandaid without pain, “I won’t need a ride home today.”

David looked stunned. “Why not, Eliza?” he asked numbly.

“I…I…” stuttered Eliza miserably.

David just bitterly shook his head. “Well, when you decide that I’m worthy of trust, you know where to find me. See you.”

“I love you, David,” said Eliza as he left the breakroom, headed toward the front doors. She wasn’t sure if he heard her or not.

For a moment, she wallowed in her pain. But then, like it always did, her insidious hunger came roaring back. That little talk had ended almost as badly as it could have, short of ending their marriage on the spot, but she had gotten through the horrible conversation with David. He was on his way home alone, and would even be out of the house for the evening.

Leaving her free to receive the hot, sticky load she had been craving all week.

…

“Oh, so hubby threw a big hissy fit, huh?” said Gene with a nasty chuckle as they sped down the highway in his beat-up car. “Fucking pussy. Don’t worry, I know little Davey inside and out. There’s no way he has big enough balls to actually leave you. Just put some thought into an excuse and he’ll swallow it, hook, line, and sinker.”

Gene’s broad, sweaty hand was currently rubbing up and down Eliza’s thighs distractingly, running rough and coarse over her smooth skin, teasing closer and closer to her overheated pussy. It was hard to think clearly when her master was teasing her like this, but Eliza had to admit that Gene was probably right. David would probably come back to her if she could think

up even a semi-plausible excuse. Not because David was a pussy of course, but because he loved her and wanted to trust her.

“But enough about that loser,” growled Gene, “I want you thinking about a real man right now.” His fingers suddenly slid upward, probing between Eliza’s thighs. She whimpered at the intense sensation as her long, shapely legs spread open on their own. She felt the sweet fire of hungry submission blazing in her veins, making her heart pound loudly in her ears and raising goosebumps all over her skin. After being hungry and sexually unsatisfied for so long, her resistance was at a low ebb, and she welcomed Gene’s fingers.

His thick digits pressed and rubbed with dominant insistence, tugging her panties aside roughly to access the pussy that he considered his property. Eliza gripped the car seat, white-knuckled, biting her glossy lower lip hard as she surrendered to the sensation of her master’s arrogant exploration. His blunt fingers impatiently parted her tender lower lips, feeling the slick heat of her pussy… circling her clit and pressing deeper into the warm wet hole that was preparing itself for her master, no matter how much her conscious mind wanted to resist.

She lost herself so thoroughly to the pleasure that she was surprised when the car lurched to a halt in front of a dull, boxy apartment complex.

“Come on,” said Gene brusquely, wiping his slimy fingers off casually on Eliza’s skirt, “We’re here. And we need to move fast; I don’t want my neighbors complaining that I'm bringing a hooker around again.” *Again?* Eliza was about to get indignant, but she swallowed her words with a blush. Was it really unusual for someone to mistake her for a prostitute in her current slutty clothing?

She was worse than a prostitute. The only payment she received for her submissive sexual service was cum. She took Gene’s advice and scurried after him through the dingy apartment building, hoping that no one could see and judge her shameful state.

Gene’s apartment itself was dim and cave-like. Eliza wrinkled her nose as she stepped inside; there was a distinctive funk in the air of unwashed clothes and frozen dinners. A sort of bachelor smell that Eliza thought she had left behind forever with college. Gene’s apartment wasn’t at “disastrous hoarder” level, but it was also apparent that he didn’t prioritize cleanliness in the same way Eliza was used to in the house she shared with David. An old, greasy pizza box sat out on the counter of the entryway/kitchenette. The floor looked like it hadn’t been swept in… maybe ever.

Gene sighed happily and tossed his keys on the counter, then closed the door behind them and turned to Eliza with a wicked grin.

“Strip,” he demanded abruptly.

Eliza stared at him for a moment, taken off guard by his sudden command.

Gene chuckled and opened a drawer, rooting around. “Don’t be so surprised, Bunny. The only reason I let you wear clothes around the office is that you might get arrested otherwise. When you’re in my home, you don’t get to be Eliza, the proud, confident career woman. Here, you’re Lizzie, my naked, eager-to-please Cumbunny slut.”

He finally found what he was looking for in the drawer and tossed it to Eliza’s feet with a jingle. As Eliza reluctantly bent to pick it up, she saw it was the same leather collar that she had worn that night at the sex club, updated with a pink heart-shaped dog tag that read “Lizzie”.

“Consider that your new uniform. Now get naked, Bunny.”

Eliza gulped and slowly unbuttoned her blouse. She had done much worse things than strip in front of Gene. She had sucked his asshole for God’s sake. But it was just occurring to her now that he had rarely seen her naked. He made her pull out her tits to cum on them frequently, but as far as she could recall, the only time he had seen her fully nude body was in the truck-stop shower after their visit to the sex club.

It sent a slow, buzzing heat through her as she slowly removed her blouse and unzipped her skirt, letting it slip down to her ankles. She hated the fact that, even as she was forced into these degrading acts, there was a part of her that felt excited; eager to see and feel what her master had in store for her. She could feel her body warming up, preparing for the filthy act that Gene had promised, her skin flushing, her breaths coming hot and ragged in her throat, her pussy blooming and moistening between her thighs. She was now wearing only a black, lacy set of lingerie which alluringly emphasized her slim, pale beauty. The sexiest underwear she owned, which her husband only got to see on special occasions. Gene’s greedy eyes traced every curve, an obscene bulge growing in his pants as he made an impatient rolling gesture with his fingers.

The bra came next, falling loose as she unclasped it and shrugged it down her goosebump-covered shoulders. She felt another wave of shame roll through her as she pulled the gauzy covering away, revealing the eager stiffness of her slutty nipples to Gene’s gaze. Eliza was a married woman, but she was stripping for a man both she and her husband despised in his filthy apartment.

And she had never been more turned on in her entire fucking life.

Eliza took a deep breath and hurried to complete the humiliating process, swiftly pulling her panties down to uncover her neat strip of dark, trimmed pubic hair and her puffy pussy, now leaking with desire.

She stood awkwardly for a moment, both enjoying and hating Gene’s smirking appraisal of her nudity. Her first instinct was to cover herself, but she knew that would draw a reprimand, so she

posed with one arm beneath her small firm tits, lifting and almost presenting them, while her other hand rested on her inner thigh, just inches from her throbbing pussy.

Her whole body felt flushed and hot, and she couldn't look Gene in the eyes. Despite her hatred of the hateful man ogling her, a part of her enjoyed the hunger in his eyes… the way his hungry gaze slowly appreciated everything her body had to offer.

"Aren't you forgetting something?" asked Gene in a low, amused voice. Eliza was confused for a moment, then, with a pitiful whimper, she raised the leather collar and clasped it around her throat, her new Cumbunny name jingling. The cool leather felt tight and constricting, yet another symbol of Gene's cruel control.

"Perfect!" said Gene brightly, then turned and made his way to the attached living room, flopping down on the ragged couch and turning on the TV. Eliza looked over at him with a confused frown as he navigated some sort of media drive and loud, filthy porn began playing on the screen.

"Ummm, weren't we going to…" said Eliza in confusion, forced to speak up a little to be heard over the pornography. Her hand traced unconsciously over the leather collar, making her demeaning new nametag jingle.

Gene glanced over to her and barked a laugh. "Eager little Bunny, arentcha? Don't worry, Lizzie. You'll be screaming my name soon enough. I just want to unwind a little first. It was a busy day. In fact, bring me a beer."

Ah. So that was the game. Gene wanted to be the king in the castle with a humble little slave girl serving him. He seemed to have a talent for finding brand-new ways to humiliate Eliza. Well, it wasn't any worse than the other ways she'd been forced to serve. Tasting the sting of defeat that was so normal at this point it almost felt sweet, Eliza opened the fridge and found a can of cheap pilsner.

She returned to Gene in the living room and held the condensation-beaded can out to him.

He shook his head and chuckled. "Come on, Lizzie. Can't you lean into your role a little better than that? Ever heard of service with a smile? Kneel. Present it to me."

Of course. She should have known. Eliza knelt down on the grimy carpet and held the beer up in a pose of supplication. "Your beer, master," she said meekly. Fuck. Why was this servant girl routine making her even hornier?

"That's more like it!' said Gene appreciatively. "Now you're thinking like a Cumbunny. And so, you deserve a little reward."

Without warning, he reached out with the frosty beer, rubbing its wet, cold surface over Eliza's bare breasts, concentrating on her sensitive, swollen nipples. Crackling bolts of sexual stimulation seemed to pulse through Eliza's body as she forced herself to stay still and submit the humiliating treatment. The painfully cold and wet beer can rubbed over the skin of her breasts, making her nipples throb with pain and pleasure. Beyond the physical sensation, she was horrified to find that the degradation was turning her on by itself. She panted and looked up at her new master and couldn't help but feel a swooping, liquid feeling of helpless, submissive desire flood through her. A look of pure dominant satisfaction settled in on his face as his Cumbunny gasped and squirmed, lubricant leaking down her thighs as he teased her tits mercilessly, watching with glee as her pink nipples grew shiny and wet from the can's condensation.

Finally, Gene cracked open the beer, took a deep swig, then belched in satisfaction. "Ok, I've got another job for you now, Bunny. My feet are tired and I need somewhere soft to rest them. Crawl over here. On your hands and knees in front of the couch."

Maybe it was strange for Eliza to draw the line there after the treatment she had received so far, but this felt like it was crossing a line. She could take being treated as a sexual object. Even a servant girl. But becoming furniture for her master's amusement was too much. She hesitated for just a fraction of a second, biting her lip in thought. What could she do? Gene was staring at her expectantly, ready to harshly bark more orders if she refused. She needed his cum as much as she needed breathing, and was becoming more and more turned on by his humiliating treatment. He held all the cards.

But did he really? True, Eliza couldn't directly go against Gene's wishes, but that wasn't the only way to get what she wanted. She was an attractive object of desire for Gene. Surely she had to be able to influence him in some way. It was certainly preferable to letting Gene just walk all over her at all times.

"But master," she said meekly, keeping her eyes on the ground and her hands folded in her kneeling lap, "if I'm beneath your feet, how can I play with your big cock?"

She waited, her heart pounding, too nervous to even look up and see Gene's expression. Would he see through her mild attempt at manipulation? Order her to do something even more degrading as punishment for her insolence?

Gene chuckled his deep, throaty laugh. "Ha! You know what? Good point. Snuggle up here next to me, Bunny, and put that hand to good use."

Eliza kept her face carefully neutral as she rose, sat on the couch, and cuddled up to Gene's broad bulk. It worked! It didn't exactly feel like a triumph to reach out and jerk Gene's cock while loud, filthy porn played in front of them, but she had successfully converted one humiliation into another that was more acceptable to her.

It made her wonder what else she could do… and she immediately thought about her husband. Manipulating Gene for David's benefit would be far harder than getting out of being a footrest… but she had just proved that it was possible in principle. She had to try.

She let things sit for a moment, running her hand up and down Gene's thick cock while a woman in a ridiculously skimpy ballerina costume had her throat viciously fucked by her male co-star. She tried not to get too distracted by the feeling of Gene's thick, powerful cock beneath her delicate hand. So powerful… so manly… Her fingers twisted and pumped up and down its veiny length, feeling the heat of its smooth skin against hers, her pussy seeming to pulse in time with the heartbeat she could feel from the stiff column of flesh.

"You know," said Gene conversationally, snaking his arm around to casually grope Eliza's ass and snapping her out of the momentary sexual trance she had fallen into, "I've heard rumors that some of the biggest pornstars in the business are secretly Cumbunnies. What do you think? Potential new career for you?"

Eliza ignored the disturbing idea. She couldn't get distracted again. She needed to focus on her objective. "I'm more worried about my current career after today, honestly," she said softly, unable to pull her eyes away from the deepthroating scene on the screen. Her hand continued to pump and twist on her master's massive cock, now becoming lubed and slick with precum.

Gene snorted dismissively. "Carl's not dumb enough to fire you after he found out you'll be his willing cocksocket."

"But what about David?" asked Eliza, trying to hide her interest. "What if he gets fired?" It felt very strange to think and speak about her husband while her little hand worshipped and served another man's cock. Somehow, the taboo contrast was turning her on even more.

Gene gave her a stony, considering glare, then said slowly, "Then it will be fucking hilarious. What are you trying to say, bunny?"

Eliza shrugged and kept staring at the porn, which had moved on to rough anal. "I mean, isn't part of the fun that we're sneaking around behind my husband's back? It will be less interesting if he doesn't work there anymore."

With snake-like speed, Gene reached out and grabbed Eliza's chin, turning her face toward him. His eyes were hard. "Tell me the truth, Bunny, because I smell bullshit. I think you're just trying to save your husband's ass. Tell me why you want him to keep his job. The real answer."

Shit. Gene's eyes held hers, filled with suspicion and arrogant ownership. Her hand never ceased its wicked work, bobbing up and down his pole with soft wet sounds even as they made intense eye contact. Eliza knew that Gene would hear a lie on her tongue the instant she said it. And if she fucked this up, he would make sure David was fired himself, just to teach her a lesson.

She reached for another truth. A shameful truth. Something that had been festering inside her, hard to admit even to herself.

“When I see you bully my husband, I get so fucking wet,” she whispered, cringing at the fact that it wasn’t even a lie, “if he leaves, I won’t get to see that anymore.”

Gene’s eyes searched hers, then a broad grin split his face. His hand moved down from her chin, trailing down her shivering body to probe between her legs… to feel the shameful wet heat there. His cock throbbed in her hand, showing his dominant pleasure at his discovery.

“I think we’re both warmed up, Bunny,” he said, ignoring her plea to save her husband’s job.

“Why don’t you go to the bedroom and get ready for the main event?

…

Eliza stepped into Gene's dark, warm bedroom, picking her way between piles of dirty clothes to reach his bed.

She laid back on rumpled, dirty sheets soaked in her cruel master’s scent. Tainted with sweat and grime and the unmistakable funk of his manhood, a scent that Eliza had imprinted on her brain at this point. It was disgusting. Stomach-churning… and only made the twisted fire inside her leap higher.

The feeling hit her like a weight. Gene was so beneath her. Too old. Too fat. Too crude. And too fucking disgusting. Yet he had gotten exactly what he wanted. She spread her thighs wide and thrust a greedy hand between her legs, turning her head to sniff at the sheets that carried his musky, masculine scent. Gene had this once-snooty woman right where he wanted her, naked in his dirty bed, finger-fucking herself to the very thought of his fat cock and wearing a demeaning collar for his pleasure.

She had utterly lost to him, and that humiliating fact made her so fucking horny that her fingers were already making obscene, squishy noises between her legs. Her greedy fingers rubbed and swirled over her hot, throbbing pussy, making little fiery bursts of sexual pleasure roar through her. Her pussy fluttered and clenched as her hips writhed up into her hand, craving something bigger… something thicker.

Gene’s broad, brutish form blocked out the light from the doorway for a moment, and the sight took Eliza’s breath away. He had removed his clothes in the living room for his big entrance, and his huge cock and balls swung heavily beneath the swell of his hairy gut.

Eliza had seen him naked in the shower once before as well, but this time he made a much greater impression, causing her whole body to throb with sexual anticipation. Her free hand

raised to pinch and paw at her swollen nipples as her eyes took in his crude masculinity. It wasn't an attractive body, but it did have a certain brutal power in it… a dominant caveman strength that Eliza's pussy craved with sweet, burning urgency. Her primal subconscious could feel it. She was about to be claimed. Conquered. Dominated. And she couldn't wait; couldn't even pretend not to want it anymore.

Gene stepped forward, standing above her with his face in shadow, and reached out to push her hand dismissively aside, substituting his own thick, forceful finger at the entrance of her drooling pussy.

Eliza gasped and writhed, bucking her hips frantically against her master's hand. Gene's finger plunged inside her with a dominant sense of possession. This was his pussy, and he intended to make Eliza feel that. She felt herself clench around it hungrily, her body desperate for his touch. The hunger inside her was now inseparable from the lust. Her need for cum and her need for Gene's cock had become one and the same

"Tell me what you want", demanded Gene in a low voice above her. His rumbling tone made Eliza's hair stand on end, an electric thrill coursing through her body. This time, she felt completely in tune with her master. She knew what he wanted to hear, and she was happy to oblige.

"Fuck me. Please fuck your slutty little Cumbunny, sir!"

With a deep chuckle, Gene moved into position, slapping his cock down onto Eliza's vulnerable pussy with an embarrassing *splat*. The demeaning contact sent a sizzling bolt of lust racing up Eliza's spine. Her legs spread wide on their own, with no conscious effort on Eliza's part, preparing her body for the penetration she so deeply craved. Now Gene's massive cock rested gently, thick and hot and pulsing, on her pussy, trailing upward onto her heaving belly. It looked impossibly huge. Something that could never fit in a million years… although a growing part of Eliza was desperate to feel him try.

Eliza's eyes had adjusted to the dim light enough to see that Gene was now grinning from ear to ear. "I'm going to remember this moment, forever, Cumbunny," he said mockingly.

He cocked his hips backward, adjusted his cock with his hand… And then it slipped inside, spreading open Eliza's wet, willing pussy with its rigid girth.

Eliza let out a choked moan, her fingers tangling in the dirty sheets as filthy, raw bliss poured through her veins. This is what the months of teasing and sexual service had been preparing her for: the intense submissive pleasure of her master's fat cock splitting open her tight, married pussy. David wasn't nearly this big. She was well aware of her master's size after serving him orally for months, but still the feeling of her deepest places being filled and stretched like this made her pant with overwhelming arousal. She was doing it… cheating. Betraying her husband

in the worst possible way with the man he hated the most. The thought made her dizzy with guilt and twisted, forbidden pleasure.

Gene began moving, his bulk bearing down on her, pressing her into his dirty sheets as his cock plunged deeper. Exploring depths of her pussy that her husband had never reached, stretching and filling her with a satisfying sensation she never knew she could get from sex. After he fully entered and held there, her slick, needy depths gripping tightly around his shaft, Gene didn't need to force his Cumbunny into a kiss. She did it naturally, turning toward him like a flower toward the sun, accepting his foul lips on hers with eager submission.

Gene's hips pulled out, Eliza's tight lips gripping his cock desperately as it withdrew, then thrust forward again roughly, making Eliza moan softly into his mouth. Again, he pulled out and plunged forward, slowly, but with dominant force. There was muscle beneath Gene's flab, and Eliza felt his strength with a swooning, pathetic admiration filling her heart as he used it to batter her defenseless, cheating pussy. His rough, hairy skin scraped and rubbed against her delicate, pale form, coarse and sweaty as her tender nipples grazed over his chest again and again. Coupling with this disgusting older man should have repelled her, but instead she shifted her hips, eager grinding against his thrusts, gripping and milking his cock with her pussy on every stroke. Her hands rose to pull him close, one reaching behind his broad, hairy back and the other running passionately through his greasy, thinning hair as their tongues tangled wetly in Eliza's mouth.

Gene moved faster. Rougher. A conqueror. A king. A beast. He broke from the kiss in order to concentrate on his punishing thrusts. Eliza let out low, loud, shameless moans as she felt him dominate her, his hot breath against her neck. Making love with David was sweet, gentle, and even relaxing. It was almost laughable to call this dark, hot, passionate act the same thing. This wasn't love-making. She was getting fucked. Rutting like a bitch in heat.

All thoughts of manipulating or tricking Gene were gone for the moment, dissolved in her overwhelming feelings of erotic weakness. Resisting or denying her master felt impossible in this moment of intoxicating defeat.

Eliza's body sang with hunger and sexual pleasure. She knew that soon, she would get her reward. Her pussy relentlessly milked Gene's cock, her hips writhing and humping in powerful, desperate motions against his brutal thrusts. She could feel Gene's foul sweat mingling with her own, his cock and her pussy melding together in a wet, hot dance of submission and dominance. It was like they were becoming one, but not in the magical way she sometimes felt with her husband; like she was being corrupted and overwhelmed by his overpowering masculinity.

The other Cumbunnies had sworn that taking a master's cum in your pussy was better than any other method. Even more intense than swallowing it, though Eliza was skeptical that anything could feel better than drinking her master's thick, hot cum. But she was eager to find out…

burningly, desperately curious to take her master's delicious cum in her deepest place and learn how it felt.

"So," said Gene in a rough voice, his lips right up against her ear, his cock still thrusting deep into her hot, squelching pussy, "You like to see me bully poor Davey… is that right?"

In response, Eliza let out a low, slutty moan, nodding her head with her plump lower lip held firmly between her teeth. It was so fucking wrong to hear her husband's name right now, in his bully's mocking voice while she was in the middle of cheating on him. Her heart hammered in her chest as she felt another hot wet flush of lust pulse through her at the wicked sound.

"Then tell me," commanded Gene, his strong cock drilling, stretching, undoing her, "Tell me how it feels to watch your master dominate that loser."

"You're s-so strong," gasped Eliza, gripping Gene's hairy back tightly, trying to pull him in even closer. Her pussy spasmed and clenched, desperate for his seed. "You look so dominant. P-putting him in his place while you're f-fucking his wife behind his back."

"And how does that make him look?" demanded Gene, pulling back a little so that they were nose to nose, his intense brown eyes staring straight into hers, their humid, panting breaths mixing between them. "What does Davey look like when your big, bad boss is putting him in his place?" He paused for just a moment, his cock withdrawing to rest with its head just barely inside her opening.

Gene wanted the same thing he had been pushing for since almost the beginning. For Eliza to join in on his bullying of David. To hear her sweet voice belittle her faithful, loving husband, and get off on doing so. She had resisted so far. It was one of her strongest lines in the sand.

…But the temptation was strong. She wanted Gene's cum so fucking badly. And inside her, the dark, forbidden thoughts swirled, building up pressure behind her tongue… the thoughts she had been thinking for weeks as her husband cringed and complained in bed, his cock a soft useless noodle… so unlike the thick, iron-hard rod now waiting to plunge into her depths.

"Tell me, Cumbunny," said Gene in a voice of forceful command. Eliza looked up into her master's eyes… and the dam inside her broke.

"He looks like a fucking loser," she whimpered.

"Ha!" laughed Gene, thrusting back into her once again, filling her up completely with a powerful thick, masculine cock that her husband just couldn't match. He moved harder and faster than before, pressing Eliza down into the filthy sheet, covering her with his squat, powerful body. "Tell me more, Bunny."

“You made him into a weak… beta p-pussy,” gasped Eliza, her hard nipples scraping against Gene’s sweaty chest as he ruthlessly fucked her. Suddenly, David’s dark, shameful secret was on the tip of her tongue. She knew she shouldn’t say it… that it would only give Gene more ammunition to embarrass the man she loved. But in this moment, the temptation of joining in with Gene’s dominant bullying was too much to resist. “Did you… Oh God… Did you know he can’t even get it up anymore?” The twisted pleasure she got from exposing her husband’s humiliating secret to his bully was frightening in its intensity.

“Oh my God!” crowed Gene triumphantly, “I knew he was a loser, but I didn’t imagine he was so pathetic he couldn’t even fffuck his hot wife!” he emphasized this point physically with another muscular thrust..

“So fucking pathetic,” agreed Eliza in a raspy whisper. Her legs moved by themselves, locking her ankles behind Gene’s waist, subconsciously begging for his cum inside her. “You took his manhood, master. You took his wife. There’s nothing he has that you can’t take from him! Because you’re better than him. He’s the beta, you’re the alpha. You’re my alpha.” Now that the seal had burst, all of the toxic, twisted logic that Gene had planted in her was pouring out. It felt so fucking wrong… but so fucking right at the same time. Giving voice to all the terrible things she had been thinking about David was so deeply cathartic that, combined with her master’s pumping cock, it was swiftly bringing her to the edge of climax.

Gene clearly enjoyed his slutty Cumbunny’s fresh talent for degrading dirty talk. He upped their tempo, his powerful hips flexing as his cock pumped and rutted. He was so fucking deep. Eliza felt like her whole body was filled with his burning length. But she wanted him even deeper somehow. Her hips squirmed and writhed upward into his, trying desperately to give him a better, deeper angle. She lost her words, the only thing escaping her mouth were whining moans, increasing in pitch as her pleasure wound tighter and tighter inside her, tense and unyielding, begging for relief.

“Cum for me, Lizzie,” growled Gene, his voice rough from the effort of his powerful strokes. “Tonight’s the only time you cum first. I want you to feel the difference… how my creampies are better than any orgasm. Cum, then use your slutty little pussy to stroke off my fucking cock.”

Submission was so ingrained in Eliza’s subconscious at this point that her master’s word was all it took to push her over the edge. Her thighs trembled and her toes curled. She howled in ecstasy as her nails gripped tight on Gene’s hairy back, her pussy clenching and milking the thick cock inside it hard in the intensity of her climax. It was mind-blowing. Electrifying. Better by a factor of ten than she had ever felt with her husband. She hungrily pulled Gene into a kiss of her own volition, sucking on his tongue, riding the twisted, dark heat of her orgasm as it threatened to consume her.

Gene didn’t slow down, pumping and grunting animalistically against his Cumbunny’s lips, his brutal, powerful strokes prolonging and intensifying Eliza’s submissive orgasm as he relentlessly chased his own climax.

Eliza was just thinking that he must be getting close…

When her world whited out.

…

In the empty, blank space of her mind, Eliza was dimly aware that she was feeling pleasure. No. That was an understatement. It was like every synapse in her brain had released every happiness chemical it had all at once. Every nerve ending in her body was lit up with signals telling her that it was feeling the most intense pleasure possible, jamming and overloading the system with overwhelming bliss.

Like touching something so hot you can't even feel the pain of the burn, Eliza experienced something so pleasurable she couldn't even comprehend the feeling.

And then she passed out.

…

Eliza woke up with electric tingles of sexual ecstasy shooting through her body, radiating outward from between her legs.

She was confused and disoriented for a moment, stretching and moaning softly, letting a curious hand dip between her thighs.

The pleasure sizzled and grew white-hot as her fingers encountered the slimy evidence of her master's victory. The skin of her fingers tingled pleasantly as she pushed them between her swollen lower lips. The mere pressure of her touch, which smeared Gene's semen against the walls of her vagina, increased the magnitude of the sensation tenfold.

God… the other Cumbunnies were right. Just like getting a facial was a pale imitation of swallowing Gene's cum, receiving her master's sperm in her pussy made the pleasure of cum swallowing feel insignificant. She lay there for just a moment, beyond shame, rubbing Gene's foul cum deeper into her pussy and riding a fluffy cloud of comfortable pleasure.

Only then did she look around. Gene sat at a computer desk that she hadn't noticed before in the dark room, his broad, naked body lit up by the cool glow of the screen. Eliza saw that he was on Kaos, typing away with a look of concentration on his face. She tried to get up silently, in the hopes she could get a closer look at what he was doing, but her muscles were still loose and weak from the intensity of her mind-blowing orgasm, and she forgot about the jingling tag at her neck.

Gene whirled immediately, a smirk crossing his face as he saw his rival's wife weakly rising from his bed, cum leaking from her well-used pussy. "Ah, you're awake," he said bluntly, swiftly minimizing the Kaos application. "Well, I'm done with you for the evening, Bunny. Find your phone and get a rideshare home or something." Eliza blinked in surprise. That was it? She didn't exactly expect romance, but Gene was dismissing her as easily as throwing a scum-filled tissue into the trash.

It was also a lost opportunity… Seeing Gene's Kaos account open had given her a sense of the position she was in. She was in Gene's home. His inner sanctum. If she could somehow exploit that… try her newly discovered manipulation abilities maybe, she might be able to turn this humiliating situation to her advantage.

Eliza rose on still-wobbly legs and crossed the room to Gene, her embarrassing new collar jingling with every swaying step. Gene stared at her approach with faint annoyance and incomprehension, but his expression melted into predatory curiosity when his Cumbunny fell gracefully to her knees in front of him, running her palms up his hairy thighs.

"Don't send me away, master," she purred in the higher-pitched bimbo voice that she knew Gene liked. "Your slutty little bunny is soooo hungry tonight that she could really use some seconds. Especially with your new way of… feeding me." She punctuated this by looking up at him with big doe eyes and slowly running her tongue up his rapidly-stiffening cock.

Gene didn't say anything, but Eliza knew she had him. She rose again, taking Gene's hand and pulling him back toward the bed… without any chance to turn off his computer or log out of Kaos.

Once they got there, Eliza gently pushed Gene onto his back, gushing, "You already showed me how strong and manly you are tonight, master. Now it's my turn to prove how much your Cumbunny adores you." Gene grinned up at her, thrilled by her show of proactive submission, his cock sticking up into the air, a spike of obscene lust.

Eliza's body pulsed with heat, her pussy still buzzing with pleasure from the remnants of Gene's cum remaining inside. It was true that this was a ploy to distract Gene… but she couldn't deny that the sight of her master's thick cock had awoken a deep need inside her. Disturbingly, it was a desire that seemed unconnected from her thirst for his cum. Instead of her regular cravings, it was an itching, bone deep desire to relive the erotic submission of their first time.

She gulped as she straddled Gene's lap, forced to rise almost as high as she could go on her knees to position his monstrous cock at the entrance of her cum-smeared slit. She reached down and took his hot, thick cock in hand, shuddering with forbidden desire as she rubbed its bulbous head through her folds, working Gene's cum into her sensitive flesh. Her breath was coming in hot, ragged gasps, and her nipples throbbed with painful stiffness on her chest. She was only doing this in order to manipulate Gene, but it required no acting on her part. Her body burned for her master's, even stronger than it had before.

In one plunging moment, Eliza sank, impaling herself on her master's cock once again, taking him deep into her slick and slimy pussy. She saw stars as her pussy was filled once again by Gene's thick, soling length.

She mewled, squeezing her eyes shut and biting her lip hard to try to prevent herself from passing out once again. Her hands trembled as they braced herself against Gene's bulk. If rubbing his cum into the outer parts of her vagina had been pleasurable, feeling his cock press his leftover cum firmly into the depths of her pussy was a tidal wave of sensation. She felt close to orgasm already, and she hadn't even started moving.

Gene chuckled beneath her, seizing her hips in a strong, merciless grip, his rough, thick fingers sinking into her feminine softness. "You see the difference now, Cumbunny?" He asked with cruel amusement as he slowly and teasingly began to thrust upward into her, his bulbous cockhead gouging and stretching her innermost depths. "Your husband will never be able to make you feel this way. No other man will. Except for me. I'm the sole source of your pleasure from now on."

Eliza felt a swelling sense of despair at his words as she began flexing her hips, squeezing his cock and riding him with deep, fluid strokes. He was right. Even if she did manage to break her physical addiction, how could she go on knowing she would never feel like this ever again? She thought back to "Cumslut" and the red-haired cumbunny's slavish devotion to her master… disturbingly, it no longer seemed so strange and impossible that Eliza might one day feel like her.

"Yes Master," she breathed, her hips moving faster and faster, her cum-filled pussy squelching obscenely around Gene's hard cock, her tits bouncing and jolting with the desperation of her movements. "Only you. No one else. Certainly not my limp dick husband."

She knew what she was doing at this point. She was willing to say exactly what Gene wanted to hear, and she knew that badmouthing David was the easiest way to get him off. Besides… the harmless, teasing dirty talk about her husband sent a sneaky, slithery flicker of lust through her lower belly as well, as much as she hated to admit it. Gene grunted in bestial pleasure beneath her, holding her hips and meeting her downstrokes with upward thrusts.

Eliza rode and Gene bucked upward in perfect harmony, Eliza's married pussy hugging tight around her master's thick cock. Her body submitted fully despite her conflicted mind. For the moment, Eliza wasn't a defiant woman looking for escape. She was the perfect submissive Cumbunny, desperate to please her master. She was finally giving Gene what he wanted, freely and openly. It didn't take him long to orgasm.

Eliza steeled herself for it this time, worried that she would pass out again. But this time, as Gene roared and pulled her down onto his cock with his strong hands, squirting a fresh, hot load

deep into her pussy, she knew what to expect, and managed to barely hang on through the white-hot hurricane of sexual pleasure that assaulted her.

If the leftover cum had left her pussy buzzing, this fresh load was like a roaring bonfire in her deepest center, hot and bright and dangerous. Burning to the touch, but beautiful. She could feel every throbbing inch of Gene's cock as it twitched and spurted, filling her up with his thick, precious cum. She heard a howl of pleasure tear from her throat, intense and unstoppable, and she collapsed against Gene's flabby chest, kissing and grasping and babbling nonsense pledges of submission and sexual service as her brain crackled and fizzed with sexual energy.

They fucked twice more that night, until Eliza was certain that Gene was just as exhausted as she was.

…

Eliza lay with her eyes closed in the darkness, feeling the deep, satisfying burn of muscles pushed to their limit by physical activity, the throb of her well-fucked pussy (painful, but pleasurable), and the elated, intoxicating buzz of sexual bliss that she could only get from Gene's cum.

She heard a grumbling snore beside her, and her eyes snapped open. This time, she remembered to reach up and hold her dog tag as she carefully shifted, swinging her legs over the side of the bed and standing in slow motion to shift the mattress as little as possible.

She stood for a moment, watching the big sleeping lump that was Gene Crowder for any sign of movement. She only detected the soft rise and fall of his breathing.

Eliza seized the moment, picking her way across the clothes-covered floor to Gene's computer. She almost sat, paused, then grabbed a dirty t-shirt from the ground and spread it out on the chair first. If she had left a cum puddle, Gene might realize what she had done.

Eliza held her breath as she gave the mouse an experimental wiggle. If she was unlucky, and Gene was smart, the computer would automatically lock itself after a certain amount of time idle. But to her immense relief, the screen flicked on, showing Gene's cluttered desktop, featuring a pornographic picture of a topless, slim brunette as the wallpaper.

Shit. It was her. Blushing up at the camera with a forced, humiliated smile, her breasts thrust forward and dripping with Gene's thick cum. So that was what the bastard had wanted the "commemorative photo" for…

The Kaos application was still open and signed in as well, although minimized. Just as she had hoped. It was time to see if she could get any useful information from what Gene talked about with his friends online.

Her master had half a dozen chats that had been recently active. After a quick skim, Eliza realized that most of them were just Gene bragging about his exploits with her in graphic detail. Not especially useful, and not something she wanted to relive through text.

His most recent chat, the one that she had caught him in the middle of, was at least interesting. It was a communication from HareoftheDog, the arrogant young blonde man that had shown up to the offline meetup with Cumslut on his arm.

He sounded like even more of an annoying little prick through text.

[But that's what I'm saying. I want her, so she should be mine. That's the whole reason we use the oil, right? So we never need to hear "no" again. I don't give a shit if CoachS claimed her first. I don't bow to any man.]

Gene had responded, probably the message he had been typing when Eliza woke up:

[I hear you. I do. But even if that's what you want, I don't think it fucking works like that. She already has a master. You can find someone who looks just like her. There are dozens of 19-year-old Asian girls in the city, I'm sure. One is as good as the other. Cumbunnies aren't exactly valuable for their unique personalities.]

Eliza tilted her head in confusion and read further up the chat. Wow. Apparently, the little idiot had a crush on Bitsy, CoachS's Cumbunny. He wanted to give her a dose of his own oil to steal her away.

It was a plan breathtaking in its arrogance and stupidity. More proof that a man didn't have to be smart or particularly talented to win when he had access to the oil of mjolkhare. But, regardless of whether it was a good idea, Eliza was interested in HareoftheDog's ill-conceived experiment. What would happen if he went through with it and slipped the young Asian Cumbunny a second, conflicting dose? She wondered if it would be possible to get in touch with Bitsy…

But that was just a potential lead for later. There was something more important she had to search for. She paused and looked over at Gene, confirming that he was still asleep before continuing. She needed to find who had supplied Gene with his oil. She already knew that he had received it through contacting a supplier on Kaos.

After carefully searching through the backlogs of Gene's DMs, she thought that she found his conversation with the supplier, but the results weren't encouraging.

It was a short, terse conversation. The other account asked Gene if he wanted a sample of oil, provided a link to a cryptocurrency wallet, asked for Gene's address, then logged off. The user name was just a random jumble of letters and numbers and hadn't been active since the time the message was sent.

A burner account. A dead end. Eliza did her best to memorize the account name anyway just in case. Then she minimized the application again and stood up, tossing the soiled t-shirt across the room.

She had one other, more important thing to find before Gene woke up. Her search was quiet, careful, and systematic, checking every few minutes to be sure Gene was fast asleep. She looked carefully across the cluttered dressers and the nightstand, then remembered that Gene had entered the room naked. Moving quickly, she silently exited the bedroom and found Gene's discarded pile of clothes on the living room floor.

She rifled through them and grinned with savage triumph when her hand closed around a leather cord beneath the shirt.

Bingo.

She pulled it out, revealing a small glass vial filled with greenish-yellow oil. Gene had let his guard down too far this time. She had her hands on the oil of mjolkhare sample. If she could just get this to a scientist, maybe they could tell her how it had fucked up her mind… and more importantly if there was a way to reverse the process.

But she had to be careful. If Gene was paranoid enough to wear this around his neck, then he would instantly know if it was gone. Eliza cast a nervous glance at the closed bedroom door. She didn't have much time to find a solution.

Eliza quickly crossed the room to her own pile of discarded clothes from last night and found her purse. Rooting around inside, she found what she was looking for: a bottle of eye drops that she used for her frequent dry eyes. It was simple to carefully pry out the dropper, pour out the viscous fluid, and rinse the bottle. She had a way to smuggle out the oil… but she couldn't return an empty vial to Gene. She needed some sort of replacement.

Eliza pulled open the kitchen cabinets, which were mostly empty with a few scattered bags of expired chips. But, to her immense relief, she found what she was looking for over the stove.

A small bottle of olive oil (also expired, but that hardly mattered for this particular use). Eliza poured out a few drops on the countertop and held up the vial to compare. She smiled. Perfect. Well… not perfect, but close enough that she doubted that Gene would notice without the chance to directly compare them.

Working quickly and carefully, Eliza dumped the contents of the vial into her eye drop container, poured olive oil into the vial, then replaced both in their respective piles of clothes. Then she slipped back into the dark room and lay down beside Gene, finally allowing her exhausted body to drift off to sleep, dreaming of a better future.

She had done it. Victory was just a matter of time now.

…

Eliza woke to light filtering through thick curtains into Gene's cave-like room. Her body was sore, and the sense of euphoria had finally dimmed, thankfully taking her hunger with it. For now.

Eliza rose and exited the bedroom door, seeing Gene lounging on the couch in a ratty old bathrobe, chowing down on leftover pizza. "Ah, here's sleeping beauty," he said with a harsh laugh.

"Sooo…" said Eliza, uncomfortably, sitting as far from Gene as possible on the dirty couch and crossing her arms over her breasts once she noticed Gene staring at them, "I guess we had better head in to work?" In her current state, with her addiction satisfied, Gene no longer looked tempting. He looked like what he was: a creepy, unattractive middle-aged man. She no longer welcomed his leering stares.

"Actually, I was thinking that…" began Gene. A pounding knock came from his door, along with a harsh, nasally voice angrily yelling. "Open the fuck up, Gene! I know you're in there, I can hear you running your fucking mouth through the ceiling."

Gene looked annoyed. It wasn't an expression that Eliza was used to seeing on him: normally, when he was with her, he always wore a shit-eating grin.

"It's my asshole downstairs neighbor," he grumbled sourly, shifting his bulk up off the couch. "Give me a second."

Gene went to the door, and Eliza crossed her legs, feeling cold and exposed in the dim, dirty apartment. She hadn't loved the look in Gene's eyes when he was about to tell her what they would be doing today.

At the door, a rough-voiced, whiny man was saying, "Carrying on all hours of the night! Whores screaming their lungs out! Stomping around at three AM! Three AM, Crowder! I'm calling the fucking Landlord, Gene. This time you're out on your ass."

Wow, Eliza hated to agree with Gene, but this guy really did sound fucking annoying. She bounced her crossed leg, waiting impatiently for Gene to get rid of him, and almost missed the words out of Gene's mouth.

"Why don't I show you the cause of all that noise, Larry. It might change your tune."

Gene turned, calling back into the apartment, "Come meet my neighbor, Lizzie. You kept him up all night with your moans, you bad Bunny."

Eliza froze, her heart pounding once again. Gene really did love to find fresh ways of humiliating her. Now her master wanted to show her off naked to a stranger. Eliza gritted her teeth as embarrassment and arousal flooded her core. She didn't have any say in the matter. And she needed to pick her battles. On legs still loose and sore from her sexual escapades the night before, Eliza reluctantly walked to the door, where Gene pulled her forward beside him into the open doorway, arm around her naked waist.

A tall, gangly man with a long, ratty black ponytail and a death metal t-shirt stood framed in the doorway to the apartment hall. He looked like he was getting ready to unleash another series of grating complaints, but then stopped and stared as he saw Eliza, a gorgeous, collared woman standing stark naked on his upstairs neighbor's arm.

Eliza flushed red in an instant. She had almost grown used to her nudity since last night, but now all of the shame of being naked in front of a man roared back to her as she fidgeted. The strange man's eyes roamed every inch of her exposed skin, a dopey smile forming on his lips.

A cruel smile lit up Gene's face, and his hand slipped down to squeeze his Cumbunny's naked ass. He was clearly reveling in Eliza's embarrassment and discomfort. He stood tall with the pride of enjoying showing her off, demonstrating his collared slave, his prized possession.

"I'm sorry if you were a little inconvenienced by Lizzie's, uh… enthusiasm last night buddy," said Gene chummily, his piggy fingers digging possessively into Eliza's firm, bouncy ass and making her whimper. "Tell you what, next time I'll send her down to your apartment afterward to show her appreciation for your patience."

"I-if she wants to," said Larry in a stunned voice, his eyes still locked to Eliza's slim nudity.

"Aww, she would love to!" insisted Gene. "My horny little bunny is a total cockhound. Isn't that right, Lizzie?"

God… she had thought she was in control of herself after getting her fix last night, but Gene's cruel and humiliating treatment was heating her up again. She needed to end this quickly before Gene decided to make her prove to Larry how eager she was right there in the hallway. Staring down at her feet and trying to get a hold of herself, Eliza said, "Yes, master." This is what she was to Gene now. A sex toy. And a bargaining chip to solve even the pettiest of problems.

"Perfect, so problem solved, right buddy?" asked Gene with an oily smile.

"Problem solved," agreed the wide-eyed neighbor.

"Good."

Gene pulled Eliza back a step and slammed the door in Larry's face, leaving a now slightly hot-and-bothered Eliza alone with her master once again.

“Ok, Bunny,” said Gene, his eyes alight with perverse glee. “Get dressed. We’re playing hooky from work today and going somewhere much more exciting.”

…

“Here?” said Gene, throwing his car into park in front of the little duplex that Eliza and David called home. “Niiiice. No wonder David wants to keep his job so bad. This place couldn’t have come cheap.” He opened the door and got out, and Eliza was forced to scurry after him. Unlike at his apartment, Gene seemed to be in no rush. He didn’t really care how many of her neighbors saw Eliza walking up to her front door with a strange man while wearing slutty clothes.

“Please, master,” whined Eliza desperately, “What if he’s home? What if he stayed home sick or something?”

Gene snorted, standing at the front door and impatiently waiting for her to open it. “Come on, Bunny. That fucking goody-two-shoes hasn’t missed a day of work since he was hired. And he told you he was staying with his sister anyway, right? Stop stalling and open the door.”

Eliza had no more arguments left to give. She unlocked the door and Gene pushed past her, entering their home.

Eliza hadn’t really been sure why Gene insisted on visiting her and Dan’s house, or why she felt so reluctant to submit to that command. But as she watched Gene’s slimy eyes look around their cute, well-decorated home, now she got it. It was another violation; Gene forcing himself into another corner of her life and polluting it with his presence. The office seemed like Gene’s natural habitat, and he definitely seemed a natural fit in his apartment. Seeing him here in her sanctuary was jarring and distressing. Before, home was a separate world where she might have to live with her hunger, but Gene couldn’t reach her. Gene wanted to spoil that feeling.

His lip curled in dismissal at the cozy little home Eliza shared with her husband. Then he turned to her, filthy lust in his eyes. “Charming,” he said dryly. He approached her, reaching out to squeeze and grope her tits with a casual air of ownership. Eliza made a little sound of discomfort, but shamefully her nipples rose to meet his rough, fumbling hands, betraying her body’s slutty eagerness for her master. “But what I really want to see is the master bedroom. Go up there and get yourself ready for me. Just like last night.”

Eliza nodded, feeling a dark swooping sensation of helpless, erotic despair, along with a moist heat building in her panties. Of course. That would be the ultimate cherry on top: what Gene was most interested in ruining and polluting forever: her and David’s marriage bed.

Eliza felt Gene’s eyes crawling all over her as she made her way up the stairs, looking up her skirt from below. Her body was warming up more and more in anticipation of her master’s cock,

her skin flushing warmly and pulse quickening as a deep, buzzing heat built in her lower belly and her old familiar hunger began to swell. Her bedroom was as cool and clean as when she had left it yesterday morning. Apparently David really hadn't been back.

Eliza swiftly removed her clothes and lay back on the sheets. She wished that she had time to shower. She felt like she stank. The disgusting smell of Gene's apartment, his sweat from their bodies rubbing together all night… and especially the stench of his semen seemed to cling to her every pore, and as Eliza lay back and spread her legs, she felt her corrupted body transferring Gene's smell to her sheets. The sheets that she shared with her husband.

The idea, as upsetting as it was, made the guilty, twisted heat inside her leap higher. Her hands rubbed gently at her pussy, sore from the night before, but still eagerly responding to her touch, rapidly moistening and throbbing with need.

She was Gene's now. She had been marked with his scent. His seed. His will. A little moan rose from the back of her throat. God, she had to control her thoughts. She couldn't buy into that submissive fantasy too fully, especially when she was on the verge of breaking free. She had to stop fantasizing about belonging to Gene, and instead just focus on her physical pleasure.

She let herself fall into a sexual haze for a while, lying back on her bed and losing herself to intense masturbation, freely allowing herself to moan and squirm against the pristine comforter of her marriage bed, polluting it with Gene's scent.

Where was Gene anyway? He was taking an awfully long time…

Just as she had that thought, she heard his heavy steps on the stairs, and her body flushed with excitement at what was about to happen. Fucking Gene in her marital bed was more taboo than anything they had done before. It was a massive, humiliating insult to her husband, but as shameful as it was to admit, that only got Eliza hotter at this point.

Gene's naked form lurched into view, filling the doorway. In the light of day, he was even more brutish and repulsive looking, with a hard, hairy gut, broad, rounded shoulders, and a thick, drooling cock pointing out obscenely from his waist. Eliza was so horny and preoccupied with getting a good look at her master naked that she didn't realize what he held in his hand for a moment.

He held the creamer bottle. The one Eliza had been secretly filling with leftover cum. Eliza's eyes widened. Suddenly, her pulse drummed in her ears and she felt faint. It couldn't be. There was no way.

"Someone," said Gene in a low, dangerous voice, stalking toward the bed with the creamer bottle held high, "has been a very naughty Cumbunny."

“Master, I…I…” squeaked Eliza, speechless as her careful, month-long scheme fell apart before her eyes. She was so fucked. She had completely forgotten that she had taken the creamer bottle home for safekeeping after Gene cut her off from blowjobs. At the time, it had seemed safer to keep it out of Gene’s reach, at home, where he could never accidentally find it. But how had he even known to look for it?

Gene now stood above her and chuckled darkly. His eyes glittered as he seemed to read his Cumbunny’s mind. “My neighbor Larry said something very interesting this morning, Lizzie. He said that someone was walking around in my apartment at three AM. It certainly wasn’t me… And what should I find but my stuff rifled through and my decoy oil tampered with.”

Gene let out a belly laugh at Eliza’s look of stunned horror. “Oh, you thought you got the real oil, didn’t you? It’s one of the tips I picked up from CoachS. Always give your Bunnies a little false hope early on. That way they’ll go along with the corruption, thinking they’re tricking you.”

“And that made it easy to assume that this existed,” continued Gene with a raised eyebrow, shaking the creamer bottle with a thick sloshing sound. “Did you think I didn’t notice that you never said a fucking word after every blowjob? I knew you were hoarding, but I thought it was for weekends. Once I knew to look for this… well, let’s just say “behind the milk” wasn’t as good a hiding place as you thought, Lizzie.”

All at once, all of Eliza’s carefully laid plans were crushed to dust. The slight hope that she might escape Gene’s power was gone. Now it wasn’t a game or a hypothetical. She belonged to Gene. His slutty little Cumbunny. Forever. He had won completely.

Eliza’s fingers began moving once again between her thighs, circlinging her swollen clit with single-minded intensity, her body flooding with self-destructive, submissive delight as the training Gene had put her through bore its twisted fruit. Gene was her only source of happiness. It was right and natural to feel pleasure at his complete victory.

“I…I’m so sorry, master…” moaned Eliza, terrified by the fact that she meant every word. “I’m sorry for being a naughty Bunny!”

“Sorry?” said Gene softly, a cruel gleam in his eyes as he flipped open the top of the creamer bottle, “Don’t be sorry, Lizzie. You’re just a silly little jizz-obsessed Cumbunny. You can’t help it. That’s why you need a master to think for you and punish you when you fuck up. Besides… this just means we can have more fun in poor Davey’s bed than I thought.”

Eliza realized what he was about to do just as he began to tip the bottle. ‘N-no! Don’t!” she said desperately, but it was too late. A thick drizzle of cool, slimy jizz splashed over her face… her chest, and her swollen, soaking pussy, sending the buzzing, warm pleasure of contact with her master’s cum singing through every nerve and drawing a ragged gasp of horrified lust from between her parted lips.

The half-full bottle of creamer managed to cover Eliza's body in a glaze of cold, sticky jizz. Gene tossed the bottle, emptied of Eliza's hopes of escape, roughly to the side, where it impacted the wedding photo of Eliza and David on the wall, leaving a splat of sperm across it.

Then he pounced on his Cumbunny.

The sticky, filthy jizz smeared and rubbed between them as Gene pinned her to her bed, pushing open her thighs and roughly inserting his monstrous cock with no further foreplay or teasing. The smell and feel of semen rubbed all over her body and face crushed any pitiful resistance Eliza might have had. She desperately tried to kiss her master as his cock plunged deep inside her, using his own semen as lube, but he refused. There was no way he was going to kiss the cumrag Eliza had been reduced to.

Gene's cock thrust deep into her slick, hot depths, carrying a slick coating of his jizz with it. A potent symbol of her defeat: she was getting fucked with the same cum she planeed to use in order to escape. But she barely cared. It felt too good to feel his jizz rubbed into her skin by his body as his thick, powerful cock spread her pussy open with each deep thrust.

Eliza looped her arms around Gene's thick neck and held him tight as his rough pace increased. Her tongue, denied her master's mouth, pressed to his thick neck, planting delicate kisses there. Her hips thrust and squirmed up into his, her breath hot and panting in her throat. "Mmm, more! Fuck me, master!" she moaned, forcing the words out through the powerful erotic shame gripping her soul. She thought she had been corrupting her marriage bed before… now the slick, viscous jizz was slipping off her in thick ropes, staining the comforter beneath her… and likely the sheets beneath that as well.

The bedding was utterly ruined physically, and the bed itself had been conquered symbolically. No matter what she did, even if she managed to somehow escape Gene, this bed would always be the place where she had been fucked while dripping with the jizz of David's worst enemy, moaning his name while he punished her cum-smeared pussy with his massive dick. He was filling her completely, the swollen head of his cock smearing his leftover seed into the sensitive walls of her pussy with every stroke. She gripped his cock tightly, wanted to feel him closer, deeper, harder.

"Geeeenneee, fuck me!" she moaned in his ear, no longer needing to act in order to play the part of a submissive Cumbunny. The words came naturally to her now, flowing easily out in the breathy bimbo tone that Gene wanted. Gene responded to her pleas with deeper, punishing strokes, impaling her and pushing her hard down into the mattress that had seen so many tender, loving nights between her and her husband. "Punish your bad little Cumbunny with that fat cock!"

She remembered how she used to hate it when David came inside her… And now here she was, participating in an obscene one-man bukkake, and loving the feeling of filth dripping off her

face, smeared against her breasts, and fucked deep into her pussy by Gene's powerful thrusts. She had fallen so far. That thought alone almost brought her to orgasm.

But it was what Gene said next that pushed her over the edge.

"You think this is your punishment, you dumb slut?" snarled Gene, thrusting deeper and harder, consumed by dominant lust. "No… I saw something else in your freezer while I was looking for your little cum stash. Your anniversary is coming up, isn't it? Saving a slice of the wedding cake… what a nice tradition."

Eliza caught the tone of her master's cruel amusement, even though she didn't know where he was going with his line of thought yet. Her pussy clenched hard around his pumping cock. The sticky cum slid and squelched between their bodies. Her body felt warm and tingly. Her breaths were hot and labored.

"But on your anniversary, I'm going to add two special ingredients to that sweet little slice that weren't there before," groaned Gene, clearly approaching his own orgasm as well. His thrusts were growing in intensity as he hunched low over his submissive bunny, rutting powerfully between her eagerly spread thighs. "And when David finishes, he's going to start getting cravings he never had before. Cravings that he'll only be able to satisfy by eating his fill between your legs… after he gives you away to me."

Eliza gasped as she realized the horror of her master's twisted plan. He had already emasculated David behind his back… now he wanted to make his victory complete by forcing David to become a full, cum-eating cuckold. Eliza's orgasm washed over her, even as her mind did its best to rebel. Resistance was pointless. Her back arched and she moaned, her slime-covered hips desperately humping up to meet Gene's thrusts in the middle of a deep, unwilling orgasm. No matter what she did, Gene would always win. He had won the second she had foolishly taken that first, fatal sip of coffee. There was nothing she could do to save herself and there was nothing she could do to save her husband.

Wait… No.

There was one other thing. Something she had refused to consider to save herself. But as Eliza thought about it in the consuming heat of her orgasm, she found something inside herself she didn't expect to be there.

Strength.

"I-I wouuuuld rather die!" she moaned, failing entirely to sound serious. Gene snorted incredulously, continuing his frenzied pumping. But then he caught a look at Eliza's eyes, and saw something there he didn't like, even through her haze of lust. He grunted in displeased surprise, then bore down even harder, lifting Eliza's legs and piledriving her cum-soiled body down into the now-sticky mattress.

“You’ll. Do. As. You. Are. Told!” he snarled, punctuating each word with a powerful snap of his hips, manhandling and dominating his Cumbunny with ease. Each thrust forced his cock deep into Eliza’s pussy, carrying its slick coating of sperm with it, driving her downward with brutal, uncompromising power and sending hot liquid lust pumping through her veins. But shockingly, even to her, this dominance didn’t overwhelm her resistance entirely. “You’re mine, you dumb slut. My toy. You can’t say no to me!”

“I w-won’t do it!” squealed Eliza, wishing momentarily that Gene’s cock didn’t feel this good so it would be easier to concentrate. She forced the words out even as Gene’s cock speared down into her, spreading open her tender lips and threatening to unravel her from the sheer pleasure of his dominance. “I may have betrayed David, but I won’t do that to him. I…” She took a deep breath and belted it out, feeling a massive wave of relief that the words rang true… even truer than the submissive words Gene had forced from her… even after all this time.

“... I love him!”

Gene roared in anger and pulled out, rapidly jerking his cock and spraying hot, fresh semen all over his rebellious bunny’s upturned face, denying her the pleasure of his creampie.

Eliza enjoyed the splatter of hot, pungent semen on her face, joining the cold leftovers in a gooey mess, but she couldn’t suppress a whine of disappointment. Even after being totally satisfied last night, semen on her skin and dripping into her upturned mouth couldn’t match the delirious joy of her master’s creampies. No matter how much she loved her husband, she would never be able to forget how good it felt to feel Gene’s cum inside her.

Gene loomed above her, his face dark with rage, panting heavily and holding his dripping cock in one hand.

“You’d rather die,” he said stonily.

Eliza glared up at him and nodded.

“Fuck!” roared Gene again, spinning away and pacing the floor of the bedroom in agitation. It would have been amusing if the situation hadn't been so serious. Eliza realized that this was the first time she had ever fully denied him in a way he didn’t expect. He looked like a spoiled child who had just been denied ice cream. Maybe Eliza should have made the ultimate threat sooner.

Finally, Gene visibly collected himself and took a deep breath, sitting on the edge of the sloppy, ruined bed. He turned to Eliza, his face calmer, but his eyes still blazing with displeasure.

“Tell you what, Bunny,” he said in a barely controlled voice, “I’ll make you a deal. What is it, three weeks until your anniversary? If you can find me an alternate target for my oil before then, fine. I’ll let poor Davey off the hook. But if not, he’s becoming a jackrabbit, whether you like it or

not… whatever the consequences. So you better start thinking soon about who might amuse me to conquer just as much as your husband. But I'm warning you, I'm not sure if that's possible."

But Eliza had already come up with a possibility. One that she'd tried unsuccessfully to forget about as soon as the name crossed her mind. But the thought burned there, horrible, and painful, and… honestly fucking hot because of the depths Gene's training had dragged her to. There was one woman that she was certain Gene would be interested in making into his loyal, slutty Cumbunny. An innocent young woman who had done nothing to deserve the sexual torment that Eliza was considering putting her through to save David.

A woman whose betrayal would hurt David almost as much as Eliza's… maybe even more.

…

Kim Meyer took another sip of her tea to cover her surprise, flipping her silky blonde ponytail over her shoulder. Finally, she said cautiously, "So… Eliza just, like, one day decided to go to work in… skimpy clothing?"

Her brother leaned forward on her elbows and covered his face with his hands, sighing heavily. "I know. It sounds crazy. It IS crazy! That's why I can't understand it. And I told you, skimpy is a very VERY polite way of putting it."

Kim reached out reflexively and put a steadying hand on his shoulder, her face etched with deep sympathy. What David was saying didn't make any sense, but she could tell his pain was real, and she hated to see him like this.

Her older brother had always been the rock in the family. He had always seen himself as his little sister's protector, even when it was inconvenient. Like all those high school boyfriends he had chased off for not being good enough for her. This was Kim's time to protect him. Emotional problems were a weakness of his. This wouldn't be the first argument with Eliza that Kim had coached him through… Although it was certainly the most bizarre. David seemed so totally lost on this one that he couldn't even accurately describe what was going on.

Eliza was the love of David's life. They were good for each other. And Kim was willing to get her hands dirty to save their relationship, even if it did sound like Eliza was having some sort of quarter-life crisis.

"Why don't we invite her over?" said Kim soothingly, rubbing David's back. "We can all talk this out together over dinner. I'm sure that with my help, we can get her to open up a little."

"I don't know," said David wearily, looking away with his chin cupped in his hand, "What if she's cheating on me? I don't know if I could take the truth…"

Kim laughed her usual, rough, unselfconscious bark. “DG,” she said, using his fond childhood nickname, his first two initials. “Now I know you’re overthinking this. Eliza would never in a million years cheat on you. She loves you, dude. Anyone can see it.”

David gave her a weak smile, some of the tension leaving his shoulders. “Thanks, Kimmy.”

Kim made a face and punched David’s arm. She hated that nickname, and he knew it.

“But do you really think that would work… just getting together and talking?” he asked with an uncharacteristically desperate expression.

“Well, normally no,” said Kim with mock seriousness, “But add my famous banana pudding into the mix and now we’re talking!” David laughed and smiled, but Kim could tell he wasn’t yet convinced that dinner was a good idea. She would keep working on him. Kim really did think it would help. She had no idea why Eliza was acting so strange…

… But she was sure that if they just sat down together and shared a meal, she would be able to understand what her sister-in-law was going through.

Part 6

Kim Meyer studied her sister-in-law with a critical eye.

She looked… Normal. Maybe a little sad, but that wasn't unusual considering the circumstances. It would be weirder if Eliza was chipper and unaffected. Her husband had left to stay with Kim for a week and counting.

Eliza had always been a beauty. A slim supermodel build, with just enough curves around the hips and chest to give her a touch of feminine softness, not to mention a juicy little ass. She had pale, radiant skin, coal-black, lustrous hair, and crystal blue eyes. Kim was a looker as well, but Eliza made even her jealous.

Eliza was the perfect bride as well, based on how David always gushed over her, the sappy lunk. Eliza was thoughtful, loving, and supportive. Or, at least, she had been. That was why Kim was here today, sitting across from Eliza in the living room of she and David's home. Something had changed, and Kim needed to get more info on the issue before she could advise her brother on what to do.

"So, Eliza," said Kim, leaning forward with a keen look in her eye and dispensing with the inane small talk they had been wasting time with up to that point, "What's been going on with you? Be honest with me."

A faint blush colored Eliza's face, and she folded her hands in front of her. "Ah. Yes. I thought that might be why you asked to meet," she said nervously. "It's a fair question. I admit that I've made some questionable decisions lately." Her words were cool and precise, as usual, and her eyes calmly met Kim's hard, skeptical gaze.

"Like the inappropriate clothing," prompted Kim with a raised eyebrow. Eliza wasn't wearing anything scandalous right now. In fact, her lilac sweater and dark jeans covered her from wrist to ankle. But if David's complaints were even halfway accurate, Eliza had basically been flashing the goods to their entire office.

Eliza's face twisted in a wry expression of self-deprecation. "Yeah… that was one of my worst decisions."

"So help me understand," said Kim flatly, leaning back in her chair with her arms crossed. Despite how good Eliza had been for David, Kim had always had a tense relationship with her sister-in-law. There were a few reasons for that. First of all, Eliza was too perfect; one of those incredible, poised, self-confident, effortlessly feminine women who made Kim feel insecure. But second of all, even though Kim knew it was a childish reaction, she couldn't help but resent that Eliza had taken away her brother. So a sneaky part of her wanted to come away from this secret meeting she had called with a guilty verdict. A part of her would be relieved if she could confidently tell David that he should split with his wife for good. But Kim had to give Eliza a fair shake first, for David's sake. Eliza was the love of her brother's life after all.

“It’s… a sensitive topic,” said Eliza hesitantly, her hands fidgeting in her lap. “A personal one. But if you must know, your brother has been having… difficulty performing in bed. It made me feel unwanted. I reacted poorly.”

Kim grimaced in discomfort. Shit. That didn’t excuse dressing like a slut at work, but it might explain it. Even so… Kim didn’t think that Eliza was lying, but it still felt like her sister-in-law was holding something back. Kim had always been the type of gal who cut straight to the chase without games, and that was her instinct right now.

“Eliza, David means everything to me,” said Kim sincerely, leaning forward again with an intense sparkle in her lively green eyes.

“I know,” said Eliza with a gentle smile, “and that’s why I…”

“I don’t think you DO know,” said Kim sharply, cutting her off. “It isn’t just that he’s my brother… Ok, I’m going to tell you something really personal that I don’t share with just anyone, so listen up.” She cleared her throat and bit her plump lower lip, forcing herself to go on. Eliza needed to know why this was so important. Why Kim would do anything for her brother.

Eliza just watched her silently, her beautiful blue eyes wide and receptive.

“You know our Dad left, right?” asked Kim softly. “David told you that much at least, I hope.”

Eliza nodded, looking a little uncomfortable at Kim’s sudden emotional turn.

Kim sighed and moved on. The only way out was through. “It happened when I was little. But not so little that I didn’t remember it. David really had to step up. He was the most important man in my life. The man of the house. It was a lot to ask of a kid, especially when he had a bratty little shit of a sister like me. So I want you to understand this, Eliza…” She reached out and grabbed Eliza’s knee with a forceful grip. “David isn’t just my brother. He’s the closest thing to a Dad I have. If I feel like you’re bullshitting me or that you might hurt him, I’ll tell him to drop you. And he’ll listen.”

Kim watched carefully as a complex and indiscernible mix of emotions crossed her sister-in-law’s face. But then Eliza’s cool blue eyes hardened, looking deep into Kim’s. Her hand fell to passionately grip Kim’s hand still resting on her knee.

“Kim, I swear to you: I love David. More than anything. And I desperately want to be the best wife I can to him… even if I mess up sometimes.”

Kim studied her closely, that sneaky part inside her that disliked Eliza on principle searching for lies in her chilly blue stare. But there were none. Kim could plainly see that, even if she had been oddly evasive earlier, Eliza meant every word she had just said. Kim let out the breath she

hadn’t realized she was holding in a puff through her nose, and pulled her hand out from under Eliza's.

“Ok, ok,” she said wryly. “I get it. Fine. I’ll tell the big meathead he should give you another chance. But don’t make me regret it.”

Eliza’s obvious, pathetic gratitude made Kim uncomfortable, so she made an excuse and left shortly afterward.

Kim stewed in her thoughts on the car ride home. Although she had given Eliza the basics about their family history, what she’d shared hadn’t fully conveyed what her brother meant to her. Their Dad leaving had kind of messed Kim up; she was freely willing to admit that. It was why, despite being a hottie (if she did say so herself), Kim was a serial dater who could never stick with a long-term relationship. She was intensely attracted to dominant, masculine men, but when she actually got into a relationship with one, she instinctively rebelled against them, pushing them away. She was practically the poster child for daddy issues. She obviously didn’t think about David in romantic terms, but he was the only guy in her life who had ever been able to put up with her petty, bratty attitude.

She was a little disappointed that she didn’t have a chance to get rid of her annoyingly perfect sister-in-law. But this wasn’t about her. It was about David. And, no matter what was going on with Eliza, she had convinced Kim of one thing today: Eliza wasn’t lying about wanting to be a good wife to David.

…

Eliza watched Kim’s car drive away from the window, her heart beating quick and hard in her chest. She had somehow convinced Kim, despite the squirming mass of anxiety filling her belly. Eliza couldn’t say whether that was a good or bad thing for David.

It was certainly a bad thing for Kim.

Eliza had always been a little envious of her sister-in-law. Firstly, she was gorgeous. A firm, petite little body with lush curves in all the right places, twinkling green eyes, and feathery blonde hair that Eliza would kill for. But beyond that, Kim was so… uninhibited. She had an irrepressible free spirit and a sharp, tomboyish attitude that let her make friends with others instantly. Eliza had always been more reserved. She wished she could make that kind of easy connection with others. That was why her deep connection with David was so important to her… and why she couldn’t just give him up, no matter what dark pathways that led her down.

She waited five minutes to make absolutely sure that Kim wouldn’t return for something she’d forgotten, then turned to the stairs with a riot of lust and reluctance blazing through her. As she made her way up, she slowly shed the respectable clothes that she had worn as a disguise for

Kim, leaving her in the lingerie that her master had purchased for her: a trashy leopard-print pushup bra with matching crotchless panties. This little outfit reflected what she had become more accurately at this point than the conservative sweater and jeans.

She was disgusted at her body's reaction as she padded softly toward the master bedroom. She was heating up just from getting close to him, her nipples rising to crinkled stiffness in her trashy bra. Her pussy growing moist and hot between her thighs. Even being away from him for the half-hour it took for the conversation had felt difficult; that was how strong a hold Gene had on her now.

Eliza opened the door to the master bedroom, the place where she and David normally slept side by side. She couldn't stop the perverse thrill of arousal that roared through her body as she took in the sight that met her eyes.

Gene, her master, was lying back on the bed, his broad, hairy body naked, his fist pumping up and down his massive, drooling cock as he raptly watched the laptop balanced on his belly. He looked up as she entered, his slimy eyes flicking with lustful, possessive interest over his Cumbunny's displayed body. Eliza felt her pulse quicken, her eyes dilated, and her pussy flush with heat and moisture. She couldn't help it. As much as she intellectually loathed the horrible man lounging in her marital bed, he was catnip to her body now.

Gene patted a broad, hairy thigh with a smirk. "Come here, sweetie," he chuckled. "Your master doesn't jerk off when he has a perfectly good sex toy ready and willing."

"Yes… honey," said Eliza meekly, the term of endearment tasting like ash in her mouth. The word only made Gene smile wider, his cock visibly throbbing in his fist. It was just one of the mind games that Gene had been playing with her in the week since her husband had gone to stay with Kim, and he had moved himself into their home. Eliza had been forced to use pet names with Gene at all times.

Gene was obviously deeply upset that his Cumbunny had successfully resisted his plan to addict David to his cum. This was his revenge: for the past week, he had moved in and forced Eliza to treat him like her husband. Cooking for him in just an apron, hand feeding him, cleaning up after him, and, of course, sleeping in the same bed… among other things. It was awful and humiliating, but disturbingly, Eliza sometimes found herself happy and eager to serve. There was something wrong with her lately. Serving her master was starting to feel disturbingly natural. She needed to make a new plan to get out from under Gene's thumb, and soon.

Eliza knelt down at Gene's side, obediently bending forward to take his thick cock between her lips, and bobbing her head with smooth, practiced motions, sliding and wriggling her tongue over every inch of his bulging head. Gene's eyes focused back on the screen in front of him as his rough hand gripped the back of Eliza's head, taking control of the blowjob. Eliza felt him forcing his cock deeper and deeper, knocking insistently on the back of her throat. The rough

treatment only increased the dark, twisted lust that was now her constant companion. Her hand slipped between her thighs, rubbing gently to further inflame her desire.

“Well, I have to admit, *dearest*,” said Gene, laying thick, mocking emphasis on the last word. “I wasn’t convinced that little Kimmy would be a more entertaining target than her brother. But I stand correctly.” His eyes glowed with sexual greed as he restarted the recording. Gene had forced Eliza to plant a camera before her sister-in-law arrived today, and now it was Eliza’s job to pleasure him with her mouth as he reviewed the footage.

“Mmmmmm,” said Gene with an oily smile, pushing himself into his Cumbunny’s tight, wet throat as he rewatched Kim’s impassioned, sincere speech. “A feisty, curvy little tomboy with Daddy issues? It’s like she’s begging for someone to tame her. I’m glad I got to her before anyone else. And the fact that her betrayal will crush David, maybe even worse than yours? Icing on the cake, *sweetheart*.”

Eliza couldn’t answer with her master’s thick cock buried in her throat… could barely think as her nipples throbbed with her forbidden pleasure and her traitorous pussy clenched hungrily around her inserted fingers. But she hoped that Gene was wrong… she had been strong enough to resist the ultimate betrayal of David, so it should be no problem for someone as strong-willed as Kim to keep her brother safe… right?

“She’s joining the stable, sweetheart. Isn’t that exciting? From sister-in-law to sister Cumbunny,” Gene gripped her hair, dragging Eliza’s panting, dripping mouth up off his cock and staring her dead in the eye. “And you're going to help. Help to trap her. Help to train her into a sweet submissive little bunny, just like you've become.”

“Yes, d-darling,” whimpered Eliza, her eyes hazy with defeated lust.

Gene released her hair. “Take the position,” said Gene with a chuckle, setting aside the computer and pointing imperiously down onto the bed. Eliza scrambled to obey, slipping off her trashy underwear, shoving her face down into the sheet (now scented with Gene’s earthy musk) and arching her back dramatically while she spread her thighs wide, giving her master an excellent view and easy access to her glistening, eager pussy.

She wished she could say she just did it out of habit, or because she knew she would be punished if she didn’t. But in reality her cravings for her master’s cock were just too strong for her to deny anymore. She loved David. That hadn’t been a lie. But she loved her master’s cock too. She needed it, almost as much as she needed his cum. It felt lately like there was a whole other version of herself lurking inside… Lizzie, the slutty, desperate, passionate Cumbunny. So much more submissive and stupid and fun than boring old Eliza the snow queen.

And right now Lizzie took the reins, wiggling her hips enticingly as she presented herself to be fucked by the man who was Eliza’s worst enemy, but Lizzie’s beloved master. “Fuck me, honey,” she moaned, reaching back to gently spread her lips, displaying her warm, dripping

depths, tempting her master to take what was his. As she let her new cumbunny instincts take over, the pet name no longer felt forced. The sultry giggle that escaped as she smiled back over her shoulder at the squat ogre of a man behind her didn't feel unnatural at all.

But as much as Gene was fascinated by his Cumbunny's tight, wet pussy, he had another project this week that had him equally interested. He reached down, gripping Eliza's plump ass cheeks in strong, dominant hands and parting them to reveal an even tighter pink hole. Eliza's perfect, unspoiled, virgin asshole. His next target.

Eliza groaned with nervous anticipation. Over the course of the past week, Gene had become obsessed with her ass. His insistent explorations felt wrong and dirty and uncomfortable… even if they did fill her with helpless, squirming desire. Something about the way Gene made her feel when he played with her ass felt almost dangerous. Like it was leading her over a cliff, and if she fell she may not be able to return.

Today she gently tried to head off the humiliating teasing and exploration of her tight asshole. "Baby, p-please," she squeaked as she felt Gene's finger slowly circle her sensitive anus. "I need you in my pussy! I'm so horny darling. Fuck me!"

Gene just chuckled and gave his cumbunny a sharp spank that made her yelp, a white hot flash of masochistic lust pulsing through her. She moaned deeply, her eyes hazy with lust as she stared at her master over her shoulder. Bedroom eyes sluttier and more submissive than her husband had ever seen. Gene's cock twitched at the sight, another drop of precum oozing from its swollen head. "I will, *sweetie*. Trust me, after the preview I got of my little blonde cumbunny I'm about to claim, I've got plenty of energy. But we need to work on your training too… We need you loosened up a little so you don't break when I finally fuck this tight ass."

Gene slowly pressed his finger tight to her hole, easing the tip inside. Eliza gasped in pain mixed with strange, unknown pleasure, twisting the sheets beneath her in her fists and squirming at the overwhelming sensation. Above her, Gene continued in a gloating voice. "Your pathetic beta hubby fucked your pussy before I claimed you. You even let his shrimpy cock into your mouth, God knows why. I'm going to take something that he's never had. That he'll never get to have. I'm going to conquer you in a way he was too much of a wimp to even try." The entire time he spoke, Gene's thick, blunt finger twisted and flexed lightly. Eliza's tight virgin asshole clenched around the intrusion, still snug and unyielding, but looser than when her master began her lewd training earlier this week.

Finally, Gene could no longer hold himself back. He withdrew the finger tip and got into position, grabbing his cock and lining his cock up with Eliza's streaming pussy. The sight beneath him was something to behold. Eliza. The office ice queen. The snooty, stuck-up wife of his worst enemy, panting and spreading lightly trembling thighs, reaching back now to spread her pussy wide, her blue eyes, normally so cold and calculating and haughty, dim with desperate, submissive lust. "Please, my love," she whimpered, the term of endearment dripping from her lips as sweet and sincere as she would say it to her beloved husband, "please show me who my

master is." With a smug, blissful smile, Gene slid forward into his Cumbunny's warm, slick cunt. She moaned immediately, her face buried in the dirty sheets she had once shared exclusively with her husband.

Her pussy gripped every inch of her master's thick, powerful cock. His cock felt exceptional inside her; as if it were made to fit her perfectly. As Gene gripped her hips tight, she couldn't help but arch her back, trying to give her master the perfect angle to reach her innermost depths, grinding backward into his incredible dick. After a few slow, deep pumps to lube the length of his cock, Gene set a punishing pace; the jackhammering, muscular fucking of a selfish man who wanted to get off as hard and fast as possible, without giving a shit about the pleasure of the slut beneath him. Not that his self-centered style mattered… In fact, Gene's cruel, self-centered style of fucking only turned Eliza on more. It usually meant that soon, she would receive the reward she craved so badly: a thick, hot, potent creampie. Because of how his cum affected her, Eliza knew she would cum her brains out on Gene's thick cock no matter how much of a selfish lover he was.

Eliza moaned and dug her toes into the cloth of the dirty bed sheets, grinding her hips back into Gene's powerful thrusts. She had come to a frightening realization this past week, and she was freshly reminded of it every time her master fucked her: She and Gene were actually really quite sexually compatible. She could feel it in the way her pussy seemed to mold around his conquering cock. In the way her heart jumped every time his gruff voice gave her another degrading command. She knew that the mjolkhare oil was partially to blame, but her helpless, burning arousal while being fucked down into the mattress by Gene's battering ram of a cock wasn't just about her cum reward at the end. As Gene reached down and gave her ass a resounding slap, Eliza was once again reminded of the terrifying truth: she had started to crave her master's cruel sexual domination almost as much as his semen.

Partially as a mental defense, and partially to increase her own pleasure, Eliza let her sharp, calculating mind fuzz out, allowing Lizzie, the happy bimbo bunny take over. Her hips began to move smoother, faster, humping back onto Gene's cock with desperate sexual greed. "Mmmm I love it, honey," she purred, shamelessly egging on her husband's worst enemy as his cock fucked her down into her filthy marital bed. Unlike boring old Eliza, Lizzie didn't have any complicated, worrying thoughts about how to resist Gene. She just looooved bouncing her sloppy pussy up and down her master's thick, yummy cock.

Lizzie moaned in slutty delight, gripping the sheets in sweaty fists to get better traction as she pushed back harder into Gene's punishing thrusts. Her hard nipples scraped and rubbed against the silky sheets as she concentrated on her master's cock. It's thick girth stretched her tight walls, it's bulbous head gouging and rubbing and teasing every sensitive spot inside her. His hairy gut and thighs slapping lewdly against her butt with every thrust, making it impossible to ignore that the man claiming her pussy wasn't her husband.

"Fuck me…" she whimpered. "M-master! My… mmmmm… Master!" In that moment, there wasn't a trace of hesitation or guilt in Lizzie's soul. She was beneath her dominant owner,

serving him humbly with her slutty Cumbunny cunt. Everything was exactly where it was meant to be.

And it was right then, when Lizzie was at her weakest, her sluttiest, her most submissive, that Gene's hand reached between her cheeks once again, this time grinding the flat of his thumb against her tender, twitching butthole.

Her body went rigid with shock and pleasure, arching her back to further press her ass backward into the strange, dirty sensation of Gene's anal teasing. But she wasn't Eliza anymore right now. Right now, she was Lizzie. And Lizzie wanted whatever her master wanted… even if it was a little scary. As Gene's cock plunged in and out of her pussy, as his thick, dominant thumb pressed against her asshole, she squeezed her eyes shut and relaxed. She thought open, welcoming, submissive thoughts, her body still squirming eagerly back into Gene's thrusts and his cock still setting her nerves on fire. Slowly, her tight, rosy little hole softened… then yielded.

Feeling the difference, Gene angled his thumb forward, never missing a beat with the rhythmic movements of his hips. He slowly increased the pressure until…

Lizzie let out a sharp, muffled cry, then bit a mouthful of sheets to stifle her whimpers as her butthole spasmed and gripped around her master's suddenly intruding thumb. The blend of pain and pleasure mixed with the filthy feeling of surrender and defeat, making her pussy flutter and leak and clench in sympathy around her master's cock as her asshole took the biggest object that had ever entered it. Lizzie's thighs shook, her hips grinding backwards against the twin sensations of fullness and submission. She was cumming once again on her master's cock, and it felt as glorious as ever.

Gene groaned in triumph, sticking his cock and thumb deep into his obedient, slutty sex toy. Orgasm overtook him, flooding his submissive Cumbunny's pussy with the creamy sperm she craved.

Lizzie's mind was overwhelmed by the pleasure of receiving her master's cum. She moaned with desperate animal heat down into the sheets beneath her, moist with her tears and drool. She could feel the potent blend of dopamine and adrenaline flooding her veins as her pussy completely milked the cock inside her. It felt like every nerve in her body was crackling with sexual electricity. Gene's cum in her pussy remained the deepest, strongest, most satisfying feeling she had ever experienced. Miles beyond what her husband had ever made her feel… or ever could make her feel, no matter how much she loved him.

She managed not to pass out… this time. She just lay there, in stunned sexual bliss, Gene's thick load felt like molten sunlight pooling inside her gaping pussy as Gene withdrew.

Gene chuckled above her, looking down with pride at the creampied, drooling slut he had made out of a devoted wife.

“We’ve got a busy evening ahead of us,” he said smugly, reaching down to smear his fingers over his Bunny’s gaping, cum-filled pussy. ‘We’ve got to plan exactly how we’re going to make sweet Kimmy mine. Not to mention the home-cooked meal you have to make for me, like the good little wifey you are.”

He lifted his fingers, now slimy with his thick cum, back up to the tight pink hole he had been training. “But first… we can’t neglect the most important part of your training, can we?”

He started working his hot, fresh cum into her asshole with tight, firm circles, bathing her anus in his addictive seed. And, as Eliza returned to control of her mind, she couldn’t help but worry that the pleasure of his teasing was starting to outweigh the discomfort…

…

Eliza was taken aback and startled when she saw David walk into the office, eyes down and brows knitted. Her eyes went wide and her breath caught at the first sight of her husband since last week.

Carl, their manager, let slip that David had been taking paid time off during one of the frequent blowjob sessions he now expected from Eliza. She could hardly blame her husband for wanting some time away. David’s last day at work had been brutal, even by Gene’s standards. Eliza still winced at the memory. Silently shutting Gene’s office door in David’s face while holding a mouthful of Carl’s cum in her mouth. Going home with Gene instead of her husband. Getting fucked by her master for the first time. In a sense David was lucky he wasn’t aware of the worst ways his wife had betrayed him.

Eliza straightened her clothes as she anxiously watched David cross the office floor. She was wearing a flouncy skirt that came down to mid-thigh and a sleeveless blouse with only two buttons undone, hiding the bra her master had allowed her to wear. It was a significant improvement over the slutty outfits Gene had forced her to wear recently. This new wardrobe was a hard fought compromise she had been forced to worm out of her master.

Eliza managed to convince Gene (in the middle of a sloppy, ball-sucking blowjob) that it would be impossible to convince David to reconcile if she continued to dress like a hooker at work, and if David didn’t think there was a chance of them making up, Kim would want nothing to do with her.

Gene had grudgingly agreed with her logic. Of course, the compromise that Eliza had been forced to accept in order to wear these more respectable clothes had been heavy, but she would cross that bridge when she came to it.

Her heart leapt as her husband drew closer on his way to his office. Kim said she was going to put in a good word… would David stop to talk to her?

He did look up as he continued on to his office, meeting Eliza's eyes with a gaze that was somehow both vulnerable and closed off. But then he quickly looked away, hurrying to enter his office and closing the door behind him.

Eliza couldn't help but feel a stab of disappointment. Gene had been poisoning her mind against David for months now, but through it all, she loved her husband. And she missed him too, no matter how addicted she had become to Gene's cock. She hoped that all David needed was a little more time before he would be ready to talk. Eliza knew that in the long run, she couldn't serve as Gene's loyal slave and protect her husband. Gene was just too enthusiastic about crushing his former rival. Those two impulses would clash eventually. But right now, she just needed to make sure her bond with David wasn't cut forever. She could figure out the rest once she had David at her side again.

The day began to pass quickly. Eliza felt on edge and jumpy, watching carefully for the times he left his office for coffee or to visit the bathroom. Partially, it was because she wanted to make herself available at all times in case he wanted to talk. But she also needed to be vigilant… because of the compromise she had made with Gene.

Gene had made his expectations very clear: if Eliza wanted to wear more modest clothes at work, she needed to compensate with immodesty elsewhere. Eliza had to accept and reciprocate any advances coworkers made on her, no matter how crude. In addition, she needed to maintain her act of being an airheaded, giggly bimbo when David wasn't in earshot.

So far, none of her coworkers seemed to understand the rules that bound her now. The worst that she had received was a few "accidental" gropings, which she had been forced to enthusiastically nuzzle into with purring approval. But her warm receptiveness definitely meant that the men of the office would grow bolder with time… and she suspected that Gene was egging them on with water-cooler talk as well. There seemed to be nothing as amusing to Gene as forcing his obedient bunny to act like a wanton slut.

Luckily, everything seemed quiet except for a few catcalls that she responded to with giggles and winks. She was relieved that the men of the office were having a little restraint now that David was back… but, of course, Max couldn't resist.

Once upon a time, David would have considered Max one of his friends. But apparently that didn't mean much to the horny bastard. Max was the man at the office most eager to see what he could get away with with his "friend's" wife. He was the one who had fully palmed Eliza's ass in the break room a few days ago. A clear attempt to test her limits, and apparently his success there had made him feel bold. Bold enough to see what he could get away with, even now that David was back.

Eliza didn't even see Max creeping up as she used the copier. It wasn't a very good spot to approach her if you wanted to be subtle: the copier was practically in the middle of the office

floor, near the water cooler. But if you wanted to be seen… if you wanted your aggressive flirting to be a spectacle for the entire staff to enjoy…

Then it was ideal.

Eliza's eyes were still longingly locked to the open door of her husband's office, so the first warning she had of Max's presence was when he was right behind her, inappropriately close. "Hi there, Lizzie," said the tall creep, his voice low and rough in a way that sent a shiver up Eliza's spine. "Having trouble with the copier again?"

She wasn't. Eliza had been using the copier without issues since the day she had been hired. But right now, on Gene's insistence, she was playing the part of Lizzie, the giggly bimbo Cumbunny. And Lizzie was a different story.

Right on cue, she let out a shy giggle, raising a hand to twirl a lock of hair in her fingers. "Awww, you know how I am, Maxy," she said in a sweet, breathy voice, batting her eyelashes at him. "This kind of thing is just too hard for a silly little girl like me!" Of all the humiliations that Gene had forced on her, turning herself into a bimbo slut in the eyes of the coworkers who had once respected her was one of the worst. But Lizzie felt like she was right beneath the surface now. Sometimes, it worried Eliza how easy it was to play this part.

Maybe Max intended his smile to be kind and helpful, but Eliza could see the predatory hunger bleeding through. "That's ok, honey," he said, reaching around her, "...Why don't I teach you?" Then, in a gut-churning, embarrassing, panty-moistening instant, his crotch pressed firmly against Eliza's plump butt. Max's erection was immediately and powerfully obvious, poking deep into her ass cheek.

Even in the middle of her act, Eliza went stiff and beet red. This was miles beyond innuendo or fleeting hand contact. This was another man's penis pressed against her body. And in front of everyone! The people on the open office floor might not be able to see the exact details of what was going on, but anyone who looked up from their desks would clearly see that Max's crotch was in full, sustained contact with her ass.

Eliza was about to rebel, to turn and slap him, to scurry away in humiliated retreat. But then she saw Gene. He was standing in his office doorway, leaning casually with his arms crossed over his gut, watching Eliza's slutty predicament with smoldering, lustful amusement.

Eliza felt trapped once again. Her agreement with Gene was clear. She had to enthusiastically reciprocate any advances made by her coworkers as long as David wasn't present. And, as crude and humiliating as Max's public grinding was, Gene would absolutely consider it covered by their agreement.

Eliza looked nervously at the door to her husband's office. Nothing. She looked back toward Gene. He smirked and gave her a tiny nod. Fuck.

Gulping and feeling a twisted sense of helpless arousal overwhelming her, Eliza closed her eyes and pressed her ass back against the thick, throbbing cock of her husband's friend, pushing it deeper into her soft, luscious ass. "Ooooh, you bad boy," she managed to whisper in a passable bimbo impression, "someone is reeeeally excited to teach me, isn't he?"

Max's hips worked forward, rubbing his bulge up and down her ass as she arched her back, offering herself to him. "I'm always excited to teach you a lesson," Max rumbled in her ear, both arms now reaching on either side of her toward the screen of the copier, trapping her between them as he ground his cock into her plush ass. "Now pay close attention, Lizzie… or who knows how long this could take." Some of the other coworkers had already noticed what was going on, looking up at the spectacle with a variety of expressions. Most of the women cast looks of disdain or mockery. Most of the men stared with lust and thinly-veiled envy.

Their judgemental eyes seemed to burn into Eliza's skin. She wasn't sure if it was the experience of submitting to Gene for months, or if this whole horrible set of circumstances had awoken a fetish she had always had, buried deep, but the humiliation of being used like this was turning her on so badly that she felt moans building softly in the back of her throat. Her pussy was warming up beneath her sensible skirt, moistening with submissive desire as Max grew more forceful and less subtle, dry-humping her in front of all of their coworkers. Eliza didn't need to force herself to press eagerly back into his cock anymore. The movement felt right… perfectly natural.

Based on the hungry expressions of the watching men, she suspected that the aggressive pursuit from her coworkers would probably take a massive leap forward after today.

But, despite the wicked sensation of Max's cock against her ass, and the distracting eyes of her watching coworkers, Eliza did her best to focus on her husband's open office door. What she was doing now wasn't just a betrayal of him… in fact, she had been betraying him so often and so badly lately that this dry humping seemed tame by comparison. More importantly, in this position, she stood a high chance of being caught. Being dry-fucked by a former friend in the middle of the office was a very public betrayal, and one that David would notice almost instantly if he emerged from his door at the wrong time.

Focusing was becoming more and more difficult. Although Max had made a half-hearted attempt to pretend to show Eliza some buttons on the copier at first, now he had her hands on her hips, grinding rapidly against the office slut's ass in front of everyone. Eliza was flushed and panting, leaning against the copier and submitting utterly to the humiliating public use, her lust growing and roaring inside her.

It was lucky that she had been focusing so completely on her husband's door. She had only a split second to react when she saw his shadow fall across the doorway. David was leaving his office. And that meant, according to her agreement with Gene, she no longer needed to submit to Max's harassment. But a part of her didn't want to stop. The part of her that she called

“Lizzie” wanted to continue feeling Max’s thick cock against her soft ass. She wanted to make him cum in his pants in front of the whole office. Luckily, Eliza managed to force that instinct down, wriggling out of her coworker's grasp in an instant, just as David emerged from his office, looking around with confusion at the strange, tense atmosphere of the open office floor.

Max looked annoyed for a moment at Eliza’s sudden and unexpected defiance, but when he noticed David, he rolled his eyes and stalked off with a sour expression on his face and an unfulfilled bulge in his pants. Eliza suspected that she would pay for that denial someday soon. David noticed her across the office floor, a determined expression locking onto his face as he made his way toward her. Eliza’s heart skipped a beat. Now? He wanted to talk right now? Her pussy was still pulsing from dark arousal. The men of the office, although they were returning to their work now that it was clear the show was over, were still giving her leering sidelong glances. But, poor timing or not, David looked like he had made up his mind. They were going to talk.

Just before her husband reached her, Eliza caught her master’s eyes, back where he still lurked, half in the shadow of his dim office. Gene gave her an odd grimace and nodded toward David before slipping back into his office. Eliza had a job to do here as well, and her master had instructed her to get on with it.

Now they were finally face-to-face again. Eliza’s loving husband, standing in front of her. He looked determined, but also seemed to be at a loss for words. *Weak.* The word flashed in Eliza’s mind. Gene had been conditioning her for weeks to see her husband as a lesser man… and David did look a little pathetic at the moment. *What kind of man was intimidated by talking to a woman who should belong to him?* Eliza fought back the cruel bullying instinct Gene had been fostering inside her and focused on positive thoughts. She loved her husband, and even Gene’s manipulation hadn’t taken that from her.

“Hi, David,” said Eliza gently. She wanted to reach out and touch him, but she knew that he might not welcome that right now. He looked… worn out. Clearly the week away from work hadn’t been restful. He had probably spent the entire time worried about her, Eliza realized guiltily. Her slutty wardrobe… her rudeness and dismissiveness toward him last Friday. *What a pussy,* Lizzie chimed in once again in the back of her head. Eliza ruthlessly crushed the uncharitable thought. She longed to make up for her poor behavior toward David… even if Gene was doing his best to make it worse.

“Hey,” responded David. Slowly, he smiled. A little wobbly, but for Eliza it was a sight for sore eyes. She responded with a smile of her own. Let the office see this instead. The real Eliza. The woman who loved her husband, instead of Lizzie, the slutty joke Gene had created.

“I… I’d like it if you’d come over to Kim’s tomorrow night for dinner,” said David in a rush, “so we can talk things through.” Eliza thanked Kim silently. If she was willing to offer her apartment as a setting for the reconciliation talk, clearly Kim had put in that good word with David that she had promised. Eliza felt a sting of guilt… Kim might end up paying dearly for her assistance.

“I would love to,” said Eliza with a genuine smile, forgetting about her doomed sister-in-law. She was doing all of this for David. For their relationship. She had to remember that, no matter how much Gene twisted her mind. And no matter what other sacrifices she was forced to make.

“Great,” said David with a sigh of relief. *Was he worried that I wouldn’t want to?* It made Eliza’s heart hurt that her husband thought she might no longer care about him. “I’ll see you then.”

Eliza nodded, feeling a little misty-eyed. She wanted so badly to reforge the bond that Gene’s cruel manipulation had bruised. It was hard not to consider David a bit of a beta wimp after Gene’s manipulation, and yes, his little wobbly speech had been far from Gene’s forceful manliness… but no matter what else David was, he was hers.

“Can I have a hug?” The words were out of her mouth before she knew what she was saying, and she was almost as surprised as David was by her sudden request. She thought for a second that her husband might refuse… but then he nodded, teary-eyed, and Eliza rushed forward into his arms, pulling him tight.

For one second, she forgot all about Lizzie, and Gene, and Cumbunnies, and just focused on her husband’s loving arms around her.

And then he let go. “I… I’ll see you tomorrow night,” he said, his smile less wobbly and more confident now. “Six o’clock”

“Six o’clock,” repeated Eliza, wishing that the hug could have gone on just a little longer. David waved awkwardly and retreated to his office, but he looked more hopeful and less worn down now. Eliza was happy that David was happy. And she hoped that he had a good rest of the day as well.

Because she certainly wouldn’t. It was just about time for her meeting with Gene. And she would have to report back to him that she had found the perfect opportunity to ensnare David’s beloved little sister.

…

Eliza could sense the tension as she walked into Gene’s office. His usual smug confidence was still there, but some other emotion smoldered in his eyes as he leaned back in his chair, silently appraising his approaching cumbunny.

Eliza gulped down the wave of intimidation and arousal that her master’s smoky eyes sent through her. She wasn’t sure what to do. Normally, Gene made his wishes clear the instant she entered the room. But right now, he was just staring at her silently with that strange, heated expression.

She decided to be proactive… that was something that Gene was always talking about: how she shouldn't just obey, but do everything she could to make him happy. Gene had drilled it into her over and over again during their week "playing house". He pushed her to be creative, to find slutty, submissive ways to please him without needing to be ordered. Cooking him dinner in nothing but an apron. Waking him up with a blowjob. Spontaneously joining him in the shower.

Lizzie was a lot better at it than Eliza was. When Eliza let her conscious, defiant mind turn off and became the slutty, ditzy little Cumbunny Gene was building inside her, ideas for how to please her master just seemed to flow into her mind. She let Lizzie take control now, turning off her worries and fears and plans for a second to become the Bunny who knew how to please her master.

Well… there's always one great way to start things off on the right foot.

Her eyes soft and submissive, Lizzie crossed the office to Gene, who watched her approach with silent, intense focus. She fell to her knees at his feet, hands in her lap and eyes upturned to his. "How may I serve you, master?" she asked sweetly. Gene loved it when Lizzie accepted her place. The kneeling, the humility… there was no way he could be angry with his poor little bunny now.

And his expression did soften a fraction. Gene's strong hand descended to stroke Lizzie's hair, then down to cup her cheek. His thick thumb nuzzled at her lips, silently demanding that she suck.

Lizzie obediently opened her soft lips, gently suckling her master's thumb, swirling her wicked little tongue all over it as she stared up adoringly into his eyes. They stayed like that for a silent minute. Gene glowering down and his bunny humbly expressing her devotion.

Then, finally, Gene spoke. "So you finally got a chance to make up with your pathetic cuck of a hubby. Was it everything you dreamed of? All warm and fuzzy inside now?"

Oh. Ohhhhh. Eliza rose to the surface again in her moment of shock, her analytical mind whirring. Gene was jealous! That seemed bizarre to her. After all, Gene was the one who was pushing her to slut around with other men… how could he feel threatened over her just talking to David? But, as she stared into Gene's greedy eyes, she knew the answer.

When Max dry humped her in front of the office, it was something that Gene commanded her to accept. When she was forced to kneel beneath Carl's desk and suck him off, it was because Gene told her to. But her relationship with David was outside of his control. It was something he hadn't managed to pervert and take over. Gene had spent all week forcing his Cumbunny to treat him like a husband, so seeing proof of his slutty bunny's real relationship and the real love and affection that went with it made him annoyed.

It was an interesting discovery, but not particularly good news at the moment. If Eliza knew one thing about Gene, it was that he had a selfish, petty hatred of losing… and he didn't hesitate to take his annoyance out on others.

Gene glared down at her for a moment longer, almost as if he expected a response, even though his thick, rough thumb was thrust deep into Eliza's mouth, her tongue still tenderly bathing it. Finally, he withdrew his thumb. A cruel smirk twisted his lips, and Eliza saw a perverse sparkle light up Gene's eyes. That was never a good sign… but she barely had time for a thrill of nervous anticipation this time before the words left his lips.

"Strip. My bad little Cumbunny needs a reminder of who she belongs to."

The flat, arrogant command sent a stab of adrenaline through Eliza's veins. She had taken her shirt off before in this office. That had felt dangerous enough. The thought of being completely naked and exposed in her master's office while her coworkers and husband were just one thin wooden door away was both terrifying and intensely erotic. But that wasn't the most concerning part of what Gene had just said. What did he mean by a reminder? He couldn't be saying what she thought he was… Maybe now was a good time to see if she could squeeze some mercy out of him. She had been having some limited success in getting concessions from Gene. The fact that she wasn't wearing hooker clothes to work today was evidence of that.

If she could just butter him up a little, then…

"Master," she said softly, "It's been soooo long since you gave me a hot, sticky treat right down my throat. Can I kneel down like a good bunny and…?"

Gene stood abruptly, unzipping his pants and fishing out his huge, throbbing club of a penis. He stroked it lazily, and Eliza's simpering words faded away. Her mind suddenly felt fuzzy as her eyes followed the progress of her master's hand moving slowly up and down his thick shaft. Her mouth was watering… and that wasn't the only part of her that was suddenly feeling a lot wetter. "If you don't strip right now," said Gene, "Then you won't get any cum at all today. How does that sound, Lizzie?"

Eliza gulped, her eyes widening and her eyebrows drawing together in an almost comical expression of dismay. Shit. Gene knew exactly how to get what he wanted from her. That was why she was in this trouble to begin with. At this point, she would do almost anything to ensure she got her regular fix.

For the past week, Eliza had been living in a sort of twisted fantasy. Being at Gene's beck and call and forced to pamper him like he was her husband had been humiliating… but the upside was that she'd had her favorite slimy treat practically on tap whenever she wanted.

It was easy to be sneaky and defiant when she had a pussy oozing with her master's addictive seed, but the threat of being denied was real and concerning. She hadn't been hungry all week, and she had no desire to go back to that feeling.

With a nervous glance toward the door, Eliza stripped quickly with fumbling fingers. Despite the terrifying prospect of someone walking into Gene's office to see her utterly naked, Eliza found herself shamefully wet beneath her skirt, her nipples standing stiff and proud with submissive arousal atop her firm tits.

After a few frantic minutes, she stood naked and shivering and horny, submitting to the possessive, smug stare of her boss… her owner. With another sidelong glance at the office door, Eliza scrambled to the safety of Gene's desk. All the other times she had removed her shirt, she had been at least hidden behind the thick wood of Gene's enormous desk. She assumed that this time would be the same.

But she was wrong.

As Eliza hurried to hide, her master grabbed her by the waist, the rough skin of his fingers scraping against her soft, naked skin. His grip wasn't tight or painful, but it was firm, not allowing her to move further into the safety of her normal hiding place.

"No," said Gene, his eyes sparkling with malice. "Turn around."

Eliza's heart was in her throat. Gene… wanted to fuck her. In the office. She felt her pussy flutter and clench at the thought. Ever since last week, when Gene had claimed her pussy for the first time, they had fallen into a very simple dynamic: Eliza would suck Gene's cock at work, then he would fuck her pussy at night in the safety of Eliza's home, where no one could hear her pathetic whimpers and begging for cum.

Eliza's mind rebelled at the idea of fucking Gene in the office. To be stripped totally naked and bent over a desk by her husband's worst enemy, behind an unlocked door where anyone could walk in, where anyone walking by might hear what was happening… The idea was filthy and terrifying and taboo.

But even if Eliza thought the idea was demeaning and foolishly risky… the growing Cumbunny inside her loved it. What greater sign of submission to her beloved master could there be? She wanted to show that she was his: his compliant little fuckdoll bunny who was happy to get naked and bounce on his cock no matter who might see or hear. And it was Lizzie who bit her plump lower lip and nodded to Gene, turning away from him to brace her hands across his desk and arch her back, presenting her plump butt and dripping pussy to his smug, appreciative eyes.

Crack

Gene's wide hand descended in a sharp spank that made Lizzie gasp. She glanced at the door to her master's office to see if the sound had drawn any outside attention. At this point, she would be presenting a deliciously slutty appearance to anyone who walked through that door. Her glorious pale body bent low over Gene's desk, her firm tits hanging beneath her, stiff pink nipples pointed down, her back arched and legs wide, presenting like a bitch in heat. Eliza was terrified of the idea… but Lizzie almost wanted someone to see her like this. She thought she probably looked fucking hot.

"OK, so report then," said Gene gruffly, his hand squeezing and kneading his Cumbunny's soft ass. "What's the word on your cuck… and more importantly, Kimmy. Are we in?"

"I'm going to a dinner party with them tomorrow, master," said Lizzie meekly, looking over her shoulder with wide, submissive eyes. "The perfect place to slip something into Kimmy's food."

Gene chuckled darkly. "I like the commitment, Bunny…" he said in a low growl. Suddenly, he was looming behind her. The feel of his thick cock nuzzling and rubbing at the lips of her pussy made Lizzie's breath catch and her fingers clench on the desk, crumpling papers. "Fuck me master, Oh God… please!" She whimpered, trying hard to keep her voice down. Every nerve in her body pulsed with need for her owner. She wanted to feel him fill and stretch every inch of her… wanted to feel his cock twitch and pulse, filling her with that indescribable elation of his addictive creampies. Like being pumped full of molten gold.

"Don't think you can fucking fool me," Gene added as he slowly pushed his way inside, parting Lizzie's tender, married lips with his massive cock. "I know that you're trying to reconnect with that useless pussy you call a husband." He thrust forward powerfully, forcing Eliza to brace against his desk as she gasped, her tits wobbling beneath her and her whole body blazing with submissive pleasure.

"But I'm going to teach you one important lesson if it's the last thing I do," grunted Gene above her, lunging forward with powerful thrusts, forcing his full weight down on Lizzie as his massive cock stretched her tight pussy to its limit, "You don't fucking belong to David. You belong to me. This pussy is mine." His hands gripped Lizzie's wide, graceful hips with cruel strength as he jackhammered into her. Lizzie bit her lips hard and squeezed her eyes shut, only partially successful at clamping down on her slutty moans. Her pussy made embarrassingly loud, wet noises as it welcomed her master's thick cock, gripping and milking him with every punishing thrust, her body physically agreeing with his bold declaration of ownership.

Gene's hand flashed down in another stinging, ass-reddening spank, louder this time. Even deep in her sexual haze, Eliza was starting to panic. Surely people outside the office could hear now! But she also found it hard to care. She loved the feeling of Gene's dominant control.

"... And his bitchy little sister is going to be mine too," panted Gene. Both of them were sweating at this point, losing themselves in the filthy, raw, animalistic act of coupling. Gene's cock filled Lizzie's pussy… filled all of her senses. She wanted more… somehow wanted him deeper, even

though he was bottoming out on each thrust as his swinging balls slapped wetly against her clit. Her tits wobbled and bounced as her hands braced, white-knuckled, on the desktop, occasionally slipping on the papers scattered there. God! She was fucking naked in the office, getting thoroughly dicked down by a man she hated, and she was right on the edge of sloppy, moaning orgasm. She really had become a desperate slut… just like Gene wanted. But that didn't matter now. What mattered was squirming her hips just right and milking her master's cock to earn her creampie. All of her senses narrowed to that single, focused desire, forgetting about everything else.

"There's nothing I can't take from him," said Gene in a voice of wicked triumph. "That little shit thought he could beat me? I'm going to grind him into the dust. I'm going to teach him…" Lizzie whined in disappointment as Gene's cock withdrew, but the noise turned into a strangled gasp as his dripping cock slid upward, poking against the tight, pink hole that he had been teasing and training all week. "I'm going to teach poor Davey that there is nothing he has that I can't conquer in ways he never dreamed possible." She suddenly wanted it badly… wanted to feel her master claim her in a way that her husband never had… never could. Lizzie reached back, panting heavily as she willingly parted her ass cheeks, spreading herself open and granting access to her master.

Slowly, Gene pushed forward. Lizzie whimpered, trying her best to stay silent. The burning hot head of Gene's cock, slick with his Cumbunny's slutty juices, felt enormous as it pressed against her virgin anus. Even though she wanted it to, there was no way it could possibly fit.

"M-master," she squeaked, still obediently holding her ass open for him, "I don't know if…"

But Gene was in no mood to hear his Cumbunny's pathetic protests. He pushed forward again, this time with the slow, unstoppable force of a bulldozer. Lizzie moaned deep in her throat, a sound of mingled pain and pleasure… It felt so good for Gene to stretch her married pussy. So how much better would it feel for him to expand this smaller hole? So much more forbidden… never touched by David… Feeling submissive and desperate to please her master, Lizzie felt her puckered asshole yield just slightly. And in that instant, Gene's cockhead slipped inside, her tight sphincter clenching in an air-tight seal around his mushroom head.

Pain. Pleasure. Submission. Disgrace. Lizzie shook and panted, sweat dripping down her body and off her nipples onto the papers on Gene's desk. Emotions rocked her. Sensations poured through her flushed, tingling body. It hurt so fucking bad. Gene's cock was just too big for her inexperienced asshole to handle… but it was the kind of pain she was sort of curious to feel more of.

The doorknob turned.

Eliza's mouth fell open in horror, and Lizzie disappeared in a flood of white-hot panic. There was nothing she could do this time. She was caught dead to rights: naked and bent over a desk, getting butt fucked by her husband's worst enemy.

In that moment of ultimate disgrace, as the door swung open, Eliza came. Hard. Her thighs trembled, and she went weak in the knees, leaning forward heavily on the desk. She couldn't stop the slutty moans puffing between her lips. Whoever walked through that door right now would see what she had truly become. And then everyone would know. It would become common office knowledge that she was Gene's submissive butt slut. Maybe even David would hear about it around the water cooler.

Oh God, maybe it was David walking through the door right now. A fresh wave of humiliated lust flowed through her then, deepening her ongoing orgasm and making her clench tighter around Gene… setting him off as well.

The door opened… and Carl, their boss, walked into the office. Eliza was a little too occupied to feel relieved that the person who had burst in was the one person in the office who already knew she was a filthy slut. She was too busy feeling her mind unravel with pleasure as Gene's meaty cockhead, trapped in the tight grip of her butthole, squirted thick, hot cream into her ass for the first time.

Eliza had assumed that cum would feel better in her pussy than in her ass… after all, the pussy is a major erogenous zone, and, if you wanted to be crude about it, was built for taking cum. But she was wrong… This anal creampie was just fucking incredible. Different than the feeling of Gene's cum in her pussy, but just as intense. It felt dirtier… wronger. But that just made the sensation even more delicious. Her ass had become an electric tunnel of hot, dirty sexual ecstasy.

Carl looked momentarily shocked, then gave a soft laugh and closed the door swiftly behind him. "Working hard as always I see Mrs. Meyer," he said with a mocking sneer, his eyes sliding over the sweaty, moaning slut with a cock buried in her ass. "Is now a bad time, Gene?"

"Just finishing up actually!" Said Gene cheerfully. He withdrew his cock head, and, unlike with her pussy, Eliza's ass sealed tight, trapping all of his cum inside her for the moment. She felt the pleasant buzz and tingle of its addictive contact maintained inside her. Gene gave her ass a dismissive little slap and tucked his cock back into his pants. "Why don't you leave us to have some man talk, Lizzie?" he said casually, gesturing toward Eliza's crumpled pile of clothes. Now that he had taught Eliza a lesson, all of his annoyance and anger had faded away, leaving just his normal cheerful, slimy smugness.

Eliza felt dirty and used as she donned her discarded clothes under the leering eyes of the laughing, chatting men. But then, that was the essence of her relationship with Gene, wasn't it? She was an object to be used for his pleasure, and he wanted her to be as dirty as possible. Eliza thought again about how she needed to find some way to escape. She hadn't given up yet… She swore to herself that she would fight through her growing dependence and enjoyment of being owned by Gene and somehow defeat him.

But not today. Gene turned from Carl, who had just murmured something into his ear, and said, “Head to Carl’s office and wait for him there, sweetheart. He needs a little service from you after seeing how… eager you are today. Oh… and we’ll discuss our plan for the dinner party after work.”

“Yes, sir,” she murmured meekly as she headed to the door, eyes down and ass filled with her master’s hot, euporia-causing sperm. Eliza sighed, frustrated that Gene had causally offered her up once again as a blowjob doll to their boss. But Lizzie was interested… another chance to get dominated by a big strong man while feeling like a total slut.

Even without her master’s yummy cum, it was one of her favorite things in the world.

…

Friday, 5:56 PM

Kim opened the door to find Eliza standing there with a bottle of wine and a sheepish expression. Kim’s eyes flickered down to see that, once again, the slutty, outrageous clothes her brother had complained over were nowhere in sight. Eliza wore a breezy, beautiful white summer dress with a blue floral pattern. Cute, and definitely suited to her slim, pale body, but not overtly sexy.

Good. It seemed like Eliza had the good sense to tone things down on today of all days. David had been moaning and stressing all day about this dinner. It was clear that he badly wanted things to go well, but was nervous about what his wife might say.

Kim reached out and took the bottle, pursing her lips as she read the label. She was no connoisseur, but it looked like top-notch stuff.

“How…” Eliza’s delicate throat bobbed, her eyes wide and nervous. ‘How is David doing? Is he ready to see me?” Kim tried not to roll her eyes. *Jesus. These two are acting more like two moody teens with crushes than a married couple*, she thought sourly. But Kim reminded herself that she needed to be gentle with them both. These two crazy lovebirds needed each other, and they were never going to figure out how to apologise and make up without her help.

She reached out and grabbed Eliza’s hand, warmly saying, ‘He’ll be a whole lot better once you two talk. And of course he’s ready, he’s been waiting for this all evening.” It was a polite smoothing-over of the truth, but that was what Kim was here for tonight: to support David completely. And right now, that meant bringing him closer to Eliza.

So, Kim headed back into her apartment, pulling Eliza along behind her and calling out, “Hey, bro, Eliza’s here. Come on out and say ‘hi’!”

…

Friday 9:39 PM

Eliza's heart was nearly beating out of her chest as she mounted the stairs to her bedroom. Her knees were wobbly, and her skin felt flushed. She had done it. Somehow. But had she made the right choice?

She had accomplished the mission Gene had set for her tonight. And, in the process, she had successfully rekindled her endangered relationship with David. That was what was truly important. She had to remember that going along with Gene's wicked schemes was just her way of defending her husband. This was all for him. But, as Eliza's hand fell to the bedroom doorknob, ready to enter and report to her master, Eliza hesitated. A look of disquiet crossed her face. She could have made a different choice tonight…

Earlier this evening, Gene had handed her a sample of the precious Mjolkhare oil, premixed with his semen. The loathsome payload was intended to transform poor Kim into his second Cumbunny. But instead of berating her sister-in-law, Eliza could have gone on the run. She had considered it, sweating and agonizing in her car outside Kim's apartment building for almost half an hour, staring at the disgusting, cloudy concoction in the glass vial.

The hunger would have been devastating. Even if she had convinced a scientist to take her seriously, how long would it take them to discover the secrets of the oil? Longer than Eliza could have stayed comfortable without another dose of cum, that was for sure. But maybe that would have been the way to truly save David… and Kim, too.

But even as she made excuses to herself, saying that it wouldn't have worked, or that the hunger would have been too crippling, or that Gene would have found a way to addict David if she hadn't returned, Eliza knew deep inside herself the real reason why she didn't escape with the oil. She couldn't defy her master that openly. Not anymore. The good little bunny bimbo growing inside her wouldn't let her betray Gene's expectations. Her master had ordered Lizzie to go out and snare another bunny slut for his harem, and that was exactly what Lizzie was going to do.

That self-discovery was… disquieting. And not a good sign at all for Eliza's long-term prospects. But, regardless of why Eliza had followed Gene's orders, the deed was done… and now the loyal bunny needed to report back.

Eliza opened the bedroom door to see Gene lounging back on the bed. He was naked, as he usually was when he hung around Eliza and David's house. Eliza's eyes wandered over her master's body, the lingering lust and shame she had been feeling all evening swelling inside her.

Gene was broad and hairy, with a hard, protruding gut. Fat, but not weak-looking. His cock was dormant now, lying soft between his thick, powerful legs. Even flaccid, he was nearly as long as David was when erect… Eliza wished that comparison didn't immediately flash into her head,

but there was no stopping it. The difference between the two men in her life was just too stark to ignore. Gene projected a sense of rough, crude masculine power, while David… lately he had been nothing but soft and weak in the face of Gene's bullying. Eliza knew that she once would have considered her master's body disgusting, but that didn't stop her subconscious response now, lighting her body up like a Christmas tree with desperate lust.

That dangerous, selfish annoyance was back in Gene's eyes, just like Eliza feared it would be. This mood made him unpredictable. And dangerous. Gene beckoned her forward with a thick index finger. "Look who's back from playing happy family. Come closer, bunny. Show me the dirty little secret your hubby didn't get to see."

Eliza nodded and moved forward with a blazing blush. Eliza had been Gene's submissive fucktoy for weeks now, doing countless filthy acts to please him. But still, he was finding new ways to humiliate and degrade her. Tonight, Eliza had doomed another woman to the same fate as her, and yet she knew she would cum on her master's cock the same as she always did, moaning his name and begging for more. That weakness was what fueled her burning humiliation tonight.

Finally, Eliza stood above where Gene's squat, hairy body sprawled on the bed. With her eyes downcast, she reached down and slowly lifted her dress up her smooth, pale thighs. Gene looked on with a possessive smirk as his Cumbunny revealed her humiliating secrets. Eliza wore no panties beneath her dress, for one. She had been terrified that David or Kim would figure that out through some mistake, although, in the end, she had gotten lucky. But even worse was the thick adhesive bandage plastered between her legs… and what it held inside.

"That whole time," said Gene, reaching up to peel off a corner of the bandage, "poor hubby thought he was claiming you back… while you hid the proof that another man owned you underneath your innocent little dress."

Eliza let out a little whimper of embarrassment and discomfort as Gene peeled the adhesive bandage slowly off her tender lips. Instantly, a thick dollop of cum slipped out, trailing down Eliza's thigh. Gene laughed, low and rough and cruel, at the obscene sight as his gluey cum drooled out of the married pussy he had defiled.

Gene, petty and selfish as always, had no intention of letting Eliza experience a pure, loving reunion with her husband. Instead, he had pumped her full of his cum, mixed a glob of the massive creampie into his sample of Mjolkhare oil, sealed the rest of his sperm inside his Cumbunny with a bandage, then sent sent her on her way to her husband with a slap on her ass.

It had been maddening, sitting there with tightly crossed legs, playing the part of the sweet, contrite wife while Gene's cum burned and itched inside her, making her so euphoric and horny she could barely breathe. Eliza had been terrified that the bandage would somehow fail… that

she would leak thick, pungent cum all over her sister-in-law's dining room chair. Eliza had a lot of experience acting cool and calm and in control, but this had taxed even her skills to the limit.

As the thick, sticky load of cum slipped down her thighs, Eliza watched Gene's cock wake up between his legs, twitching and pulsing as it rapidly inflated to its full length. She felt her body responding as well, her nipples pressing out tightly against her bra. Her pussy clenched hungrily as Gene raised his fingers to play in the pussy he had filled, rubbing his cum deep into her slick folds.

"So tell me how it went…" commanded Gene, his dark, wicked eyes locking with Eliza's. "Did they buy it?"

Eliza bit her lip guiltily, then nodded. "They were completely fooled, master. They never suspected a thing…"

…

6:23 PM

Kim took another sip of wine to cover her smile as she watched David and his wife reconnect.

She knew that David had good reasons for their short separation, but it was just so obvious looking at them how into each other they were. As they animatedly caught up with each other across the dinner table, sharing the little life stories they had collected in their week apart, Kim could sense the love in their eyes.

True, Eliza seemed a little awkward… she kept shifting in her seat and crossing and recrossing her legs, but she looked totally sincere when she listened carefully to her husband's little stories.

Kim had done her absolute best to set the scene tonight for them. Her modest dining room had been spiffed up with candles, matching silverware, and a real-ass tablecloth. It looked like a real dinner party. With food to match, too. Kim and David had worked together to make a delicious meal tonight, and the dining room radiated warmth and cheer.

The estranged couple themselves seemed to be radiating warmth at the moment as well. Kim wasn't sure why David had ever suspected that Eliza might betray him. Just looking at them, Kim could tell that David was totally hers, and Eliza was completely his.

…

9:43 PM

Gene raised his hand, digging into Eliza's pussy and extracting a palm full of gooey, viscous cum. Eliza watch with fascinated, aroused horror as he began to use his own semen to lube his cock, covering it in slimy sperm. "Take off that goody-goody dress and get into position, bunny," he growled, rising to his knees as he slowly pumped his shiny, semen-lubed dick. "Carl was rude enough to interrupt us last week, but I have a job to finish. I need to fuck like your husband never will. It's time to claim you completely."

So here it was… Eliza's heart thumped wild and fast in her chest. Her whole body was on fire, tingling and sensitive to the tiniest breath of air. She desperately wanted to resist Gene's humiliating desires, but another, stronger part of her wanted to give in. To feel the pain and pleasure of being anally conquered by her master's thick, powerful cock. Lizzie, the happy, horny sex slave, was practically drooling at the idea of being pinned down in her marital bed by Gene's massive dick… taking every inch in her tight, innocent ass on the very night she had reconciled with her husband.

And tonight, after an entire evening of apologizing to her beta cuck of a husband while Gene's cum buzzed and throbbed inside her cheating pussy…

Lizzie won.

With her hot, humid breath panting harshly in her throat, Lizzie raised the dress the rest of the way off her body, tossing it aside. "Yes, master," she said, her voice already carrying a hint of bedroom rasp. "I want you to have everything. Tonight I want you to take the hole my husband wasn't even man enough to try to fuck." As she unhooked her bra, she felt her butthole clench and wink between her cheeks in nervous anticipation. Tonight it would be spread open by Gene's powerful cock, claimed in a way she had never imagined. She remembered how painful and humiliating it had felt in Gene's office when he had managed to get just his head inside. How much more intense would it get to actually get fucked by her master's powerful strokes? Lizzie hopped onto the bed, her reluctance completely forgotten now as she bent into position, face down in the sheets and ass in the air, spreading her cheeks for her master to finally take what was his.

But instead of plunging straight into her, Gene reached down and scooped a little more cum out of his Bunny's well-used pussy. He lifted it between her cheeks, working his cum into her tight pink hole as he continued to stroke his cock, listening and watching with amusement as Lizzie squeaked and wriggled with the intensity of the sensation.

"You know, I always hear married losers say the same old shit," said Gene philosophically, raising the head of his throbbing cock to press it teasingly against his cumbunny's twitching asshole, "about how they 'belong to each other'. You know, the 'I'm hers and she's mine' kind of crap."

Eliza could barely follow what he was saying. She sucked in humid breaths with her blazing face pressed against the sheets, waiting for her master's cock with a mix of anxiety and bone-deep

longing. Her body tingled for him, the sensation of his cum rubbed into her tender asshole sending shockwaves of submissive lust through her trembling body. “Yes, master,” she moaned, agreeing with him without thought. “I… I’ve actually said that about D-david before. He’s said it about me, too.” Just the head of Gene’s cock inside her tight asshole had nearly overpowered her with its intensity in his office. She knew he wouldn’t stop there today. Now she wanted to feel him push deeper.

“It’s actually kind of funny, in a pathetic way,” continued Gene in a smug voice, beginning to put pressure on Eliza’s asshole. “Uhhhhn, yes…” she groaned into the sheets, instinctively pulling her ass cheeks wider, eager for the pleasure and pain of defeat. “Take me Master! I’m yours!

“None of them know anything about truly owning a person,” said Gene with a sneer. “Your husband certainly doesn’t. He never controlled you like I can. He never made you his obedient pet. Now prove it to me, bunny. Prove to me that I *actually* own you. Completely.”

Eliza knew what he wanted from her. The same thing she had done in the office that day. Relaxing. Welcoming him. Submitting. God, his cock just felt so fucking big pressed against her tiny, tight hole. She wasn’t sure she could do it. But… Lizzie could… maybe it would be fine to just completely give in to her slutty side. It would help her to relax and make it less painful. After all… the anal was going to happen anyway. Why not enjoy it?

With another moan, Eliza focused on that treacherous desire to please Gene. To make him happy. To serve. She let it take over, allowing that instinct to flood through her like warm, sugary syrup. “I… want your cock inside me, master,” Lizzie gasped, meaning every word from the bottom of her heart. “I want to feel your cock take my anal virginity. Fill my fucking ass. Please, sir!”

Just as Gene leaned forward, Lizzie relaxed her asshole, her body and mind aligning to fully submit to her master. With a sudden yielding, Gene’s cock popped inside her tight hole again. Lizzie gasped, her hands trembling as they gripped her spread cheeks. It was just as intensely painful and pleasurable as she remembered. But this time, Gene wasn’t finished. He pushed in, slowly but surely forcing his cock deeper and deeper into his Cumbunny’s ass.

“F-fuck!” groaned Eliza, wrestling with the sharp, maddening pain. Shockingly, Gene actually seemed to respond to her clear discomfort, pausing for a moment as Eliza caught her breath, her whole body shaking as she was wracked with sensation.

“Shhhhh, you can do it, Lizzie,” said Gene, as gently as his rough voice could allow, stroking her back with a rough hand. “I can tell how bad you want it. Just relax. Concentrate on pleasing me. Be open and welcoming.”

Eliza did as he commanded, breathing hard and concentrating on opening herself and accepting her master. After a second, it felt a little better. Less painful… and more arousing. “Ready?” asked Gene.

Eliza didn't even attempt to convince him to stop. At this point, she didn't even want him to. All that she could think about was how it would feel to hold his entire massive length in her tight asshole… to have him spurt a thick load where her husband would never ever reach. The words burst from her lips, straight from the bottom of her heart.

"Fuck me, master! Make my ass yours!"

Gene began to move forward again, still slowly, but with much less struggle now that Eliza was concentrating on opening herself up. His cock slid forward. Deeper and deeper, Eliza's tiny asshole spreading and stretching to accommodate his thickness. She gasped and moaned, gripping the sheets tightly beneath her and savoring the complex dance of pleasure and pain singing through her nerves. With one last push, Gene did it. Eliza's anus gripped in a tight ring around the root of his cock as he luxuriated in the moment, sitting balls deep in the ass of his worst enemy's wife.

It didn't get much more dominant than that.

In the dim light of the bedroom where David and Eliza had shared so many tender, loving moments, Eliza crouched on her hands and knees, face buried in the filthy sheets stained with Gene's musk, ass in the air, impaled by Gene's conquering cock. Her mind felt blank, singing with white-hot pleasure. Every inch of Gene's thick cock had been lubed with cum, and now that glorious sperm was spreading outward into her colon, making her feel new depths of pleasure in places she didn't even know she'd had. It was like a bar of red-hot steel was buried inside her, stretching her open in ways she had never felt before. Gene had wanted to break new ground; to take her last virginity, and it certainly felt like he had. This was much more painful than the first time she had lost her virginity, but already much more pleasurable too…

Gene began moving, pulling out his cock slowly… making Eliza feel like he was pulling a part of her soul out along with it. She wanted his cock back. She wanted to feel him stretching her wide. And in mere moments, her wish was granted. Gene pushed his cock into her asshole again, beginning a series of slow, shallow strokes designed to loosen her further.

Eliza lost herself in the obscene rhythm, squeezing her eyes shut and focusing on the feeling of the cock rubbing semen into the deepest parts of her ass, her anus a tight ring moving up and down his monstrous girth. Anal sex had always sounded painful and disgusting to her in the past. The one time that David had half-jokingly brought it up, she had nearly bit his head off. Even now, the idea of letting David put his penis in her asshole was ludicrous to her. But she was doing it for Gene… Lizzie, the good little Cumbunny would do anything for her master.

Gene powered forward, increasing the speed and the length of his thrusts, drawing a shuddering, muffled moan from his Cumbunny's throat. "Fuck me," she heard herself say, her voice raspy and muzzy with lust. "Fuck my ass master. I'm yours. Your slutty little Cumbunny. Ohhhh Fuuuck! Conquer me! Own Me!" Gene grunted in agreement, strong fingers moving to

grip Eliza's hips and increase his leverage, snapping his hips forward into her soft butt faster and faster. Now Gene was truly fucking her ass, working in long, smooth strokes, sliding and rubbing his cum-smeared cock all over her insides. She had never felt more humbled, more filthy, more… complete than she did right now, taking a cock in her ass over and over on the bed she shared with her husband.

Gene was beyond words, focusing on his own pleasure as usual. His powerful cock began to really hammer into his submissive pet's loosening asshole. Pressing her down into her marital bed with his hairy, muscular bulk, completely dominating his slutty bunny once again. He knew that they could both cum right there and then if he wanted. All he would have to do is maintain this pace for a minute or two more. Maybe a little careful dirty talk… a few well-placed spanks. Little Lizzie would cum her brains out like the good little Cubunny she had become.

… But why waste this opportunity? Lizzie's tight ass was finally open for business. Gene thought he should really take full advantage. He pushed himself balls deep one last time, drawing a pathetic, ragged gasp from the throat of the conquered slut beneath him, then withdrew his cock, leaving Lizzie's once-pristine asshole slightly gaping and glazed with leftover cum lube.

"Alright, bunny," he said roughly, giving the stunned and cock-drunk Cumbunny a motivational spank, "Time for round two… get over here and let's see how well you can ride."

…

6:55 PM

Kim pulled David aside into the kitchen, craned her neck around the corner to make sure that Eliza wasn't eavesdropping, then turned her sparkling green eyes to her brother.

"Well, what do we think? Are you ready to forgive and forget, or should we let her stew in her guilt a few more days?" she asked wryly.

She knew the answer before David even said a word. He was practically beaming. Kim knew that the past week had been hard on him. He really missed his wife, and finding out that she wasn't just willing to make up, but was supposedly deeply sorry for her behavior and missing him just as much had been all that David needed to hear.

"I think I'm ready to forgive her," said David, trying to hide his eagerness and the smile creeping across his face.

Kim sighed and gave her older brother an exasperated look, then reached up and ruffled his hair. "Why am I not surprised? Just do me a favor, ok? Don't move back in with her tonight. Give it a few more days, just to really emphasize that she's in the wrong here."

David was nodding, but his eyes weren't concentrating on Kim anymore. He was clearly anxious to get back to the dining room. They had both made excuses in the middle of the dessert course, Kim to fetch more wine, and David to use the bathroom. They had to be back soon.

Kim felt a tiny pang of annoyance. Once again, David was completely focused on Eliza to her exclusion. But that was the way it was supposed to be after you got married, and Kim realized she was being overly possessive. "And no more being a doormat, ok?" she demanded sharply, pointing a finger in her brother's face. "You can't just let Eliza off the hook all the time because you love her. You deserve the best, got it?" David stiffened, opened his mouth to retort… then looked embarrassed and just nodded.

"Ok," said Kim, her tone softening, "let's get back to your blushing bride then. Hopefully she hasn't polished off all of the banana pudding."

…

9:56 PM

Eliza squatted on trembling legs, Gene's thick cock teasing at the entrance of her now considerably stretched and sensitive hole. Her master lay beneath her, broad and hairy and powerful, grinning up at her as she positioned his cock between her cheeks.

He was waiting for his favorite entertainment: watching his Cumbunny debase herself for a man she once hated.

Finally, Eliza took a deep breath and sunk down, Gene cock slipping easily inside her asshole now. She pushed downward, further and further, feeling his thick, throbbing dick gloriously stretch her once again. She impaled herself on her master's hot spike of masculine lust until her soft cheeks made contact with his skin, sitting on his lap with his cock buried deep inside her.

And then she began bouncing. This was no longer something Gene was forcing on her; she eagerly slammed her hips up and down, addicted to the feeling of her master's cock reaming out her asshole. The pain had faded to a dull ache which only blended with and enhanced her pleasure. Her tits bounced and jolted, a feast for Gene's piggy eyes as he watched the snooty ice queen grunt and moan, fucking her own ass on his big fat cock. Sweat dripped down her body and feminine juices oozed out of her neglected pussy as she lost herself in the animal rhythm, faster and faster, harder and harder, filling her and her husband's bedroom with the wet slapping of traitorous anal sex.

Gene put his hands behind his head and grinned up at the spectacle smugly, then asked, "So… how did you do it? How did you snare that cute little brat for me?"

"Her pudding…" gasped Eliza, barely able to concentrate through the maddening pleasure radiating from her asshole as her hips pumped up and down. "I mixed your cum in when she

and David left the table. She… she ate it all. I saw it. She's all yours now, master. Even if she doesn't realize it yet."

Gene's chuckle was pure evil. His eyes glinted with naked sexual greed. "Perfect. And you're going to help me corrupt her, Lizzie. She was your sister in law before, but now she'll be your little sister in another sense. As the elder Cumbunny, it will be your job to help train her to please me… to be a role model in her journey from feisty brat to desperate slut. Are you excited?"

Eliza let out a deep moan, drool dripping unnoticed from her lips. Training Kim… having sexual authority over the perfect, confident little blonde that she had always felt an unconscious friction with… here and now, while she was totally giving in to her ugliest, basest sexual desires, the idea held a certain amount of nasty heat…

"Yessss," she hissed, letting the words slip out of her without holding back or filtering them. "I'm going to train her for you, master. Kimmy is going to be such an obedient little pet slut after I'm done, I promise!"

She was squeezing her master's cock as tightly as she could now, pumping her ass up and down his pole with as much speed as her trembling thighs could manage. She could feel her orgasm approaching… and her master's too. All she needed right now was to feel his cock twitch and spurt inside her, giving her the reward she needed with every fiber of her being.

But Gene still wasn't ready to be done yet. Especially not in a position that gave his Cumbunny even the appearance of control. He suddenly seized her hips and lunged forward, skillfully keeping himself inside her as he pushed her back into missionary position, pinning her wrists down to the bed with powerful hands as his bulk loomed over her.

"Great job bunny…" he whispered in her ear, his hot cock still throbbing in her ass, "but there is still one thing that I need from you before we're finished tonight."

…

7:06 PM

Kim watched Eliza and David sitting face to face, just inches from each other, clasping each other's hands tightly. This was better than a TV drama, and Kim always had liked happy endings. She swiped another nilla wafer through her pudding and crunched it down hungrily. Damn she was a good cook. Or maybe it just tasted better tonight because of the sweet feeling of success at her matchmaking.

"I'm sorry, Eliza," said David with misty eyes, looking somehow happy and heartbroken at the same time. "I'm sorry that I've been so stressed and distracted. I know I've been asking a lot from you lately without giving much back in return."

Eliza shook her head wildly, shaking loose some tears to roll down her cheeks. “No, David. Don’t say that. I’m the one at fault here. I’ve been a horrible wife to you. Just awful. But believe me, all I want is what’s best for you… and to keep you safe.”

Kim frowned a little as she lifted another big sticky mouthful of pudding to her lips. That was a weird way to phrase it… *keep him safe*? It must have just been a slip of the tongue in the heat of the emotional moment. David moved right past without even noticing the odd phrasing.

“I know, honey…” said David with a wobbly smile. “Let’s just both promise to do better from now on.”

“I promise to do everything I can,” said Eliza solemnly. Then they came together in a passionate kiss, made even wetter by their happy tears.

Kim smiled to herself as she scraped up the last little bits of pudding from her bowl.

She really did love happy endings.

…

10:00 PM

Gene slammed forward, fucking his Cumbunny down into the bed with ferocious strokes, stretching open her loosened asshole while letting out animalistic grunts of pleasure. Eliza whined and moaned in sexual ecstasy beneath him, trying as hard as she could to meet his thrusts, squeezing tight around him, her pussy leaking and clenching around nothing as she lost herself in a haze of lust.

Her hands were pinned down by Gene’s strong arms, her body covered by his muscular bulk. She had never felt more humbled and dominated than this; her forbidden hole pried open and conquered by this man who had defeated her and her husband in every possible way.

She fucking loved it. Or Lizzie did at least, that traitorous submissive part of herself that celebrated every cruel act of domination that her master dreamed up. *David could never fuck me like this*… she thought deliriously. *He just isn’t man enough.*

“Enough playing around,” grunted Gene above her, pumping furiously into her ass, gouging her inside with his blunt weapon of a cock. “I proved it tonight… I’ve claimed you like your cuck husband never could. I won’t let you pretend to be his anymore. Not in bed at least. You belong to me. Mine to fuck. Mine to lend.”

Eliza couldn’t tell exactly what he was saying, but she caught his rough, evil tone of possession, and it set her body on fire. “Fuck me,” she gasped. “Cum for me, master! I need it! I need it so fucking bad!” She wanted him to pump her ass full of his sperm more than she wanted another

breath of air. She felt her poor stretched asshole gripping tightly to his cock, her hips rocking, desperately spurring her master to cum. Her head swam with pleasure and desire.

Gene leaned forward, pushing her head roughly into the mattress with a dominant kiss, his rough stubble scraping against her tender skin. She swooned into the kiss, opening her mouth eagerly to swirl her tongue with Gene's in an obscene dance. The feeling of his plunging cock deep inside her forbidden hole, his tongue exploring her married mouth, his massive bulk pressing into her… dominating her. It was all too much. She was suddenly right on the edge of orgasm, her chest heaving and her tender nipples scraping against Gene's hairy skin.

Gene pulled away, whispering savagely, "Davey doesn't get to fuck you anymore. No penetration. He gets your hand or nothing at all. Like the inferior, beaten cuck that he is."

Eliza moaned. It was such a twisted, evil idea… Typical Gene, through and through. She'd just had a sweet reconciliation with her husband an hour before. How could she agree to Gene's demand? Not only because she knew it would hurt David to deny him that way, but just from a practical standpoint: how could their shaky relationship survive? It might work for a while, considering David's ongoing issues with performance in bed, but he would realize she'd cut him off eventually.

But somehow, that submissive, slutty Cumbunny side of herself rose inside her again… Wasn't she feeling good right now from the idea of being claimed by Gene? Saving all her holes for her master would make Gene's ownership real in a concrete way. Show how superior her master was to her wimpy cuck husband… God, she was riding the ragged edge of orgasm now, her body begging for release. Wouldn't it just feel soooo good to give in and submit?

Gene paused above her, his cock resting deep in her ass, his sudden halt preventing her from reaching climax. "Say it," he demanded in a rough voice. "No pussy for betas."

Eliza whined and tried to hump upward into Gene's cock. It wasn't working. She couldn't get the right angle. She needed to cum so badly… and the idea *was* sort of hot.

"N-no…" she said in a cracked voice, feeling the sting of humiliation and betrayal again like it was brand new, averting her eyes from Gene's smug grin.

"No pussy for b-betas…"

"Good bunny," chuckled Gene. And then he was slamming into her ass once again, making her moan his name over and over, holding nothing back anymore, chasing the shared orgasm he had been holding off all evening.

Eliza forgot all about her husband, and her twisted pledge, and all of her pride and dignity. She was Lizzie right now. And all Lizzie cared about in the whole world was taking her master's hot load straight up her ass. "Cum for me Gene! Cum in my fucking ass! Show me who my slutty

holes belong to!" she howled, her fingers clutching his hairy back tight as she experienced a deep anal orgasm.

Finally, blissfully, Gene pushed forward one last time with a grunt, planting another dominant kiss down onto his Cumbunny as his hairy balls pressed hard into her ass and his cock twitched and throbbed, blasting rope after rope of addictive, mindbending cum into his slutty pet's conquered asshole.

Eliza's moans were loose and low and sloppy, her eyes rolling into the back of her head. As Gene's thick, potent cum sent shockwaves of fiery pleasure through every inch of her body. one of her hands reached down to rub and tease her clit, prolonging her orgasm. She luxuriated in the feel of her master's warm cum flooding her rectum, pulling Gene close again, tenderly kissing her old, ugly master as his cock slowly softened in her loosened ass... She was his. His obedient Cumbunny. And, no matter how much trouble it would end up causing her, now she was *only* his. Well, his and whoever he saw fit to share her with.

Because, just like her dilemma earlier when she had failed to run with Gene's Mjolkhare oil, she got the feeling that it would be very hard to break a promise to her master now that she had made it. She had promised to deny her loving husband her pussy, and Lizzie was going to make sure she kept that promise.

…

11:48 PM

Kim lay awake in her bed, staring up at the ceiling.

The dinner had been a smashing success. Eliza was sorry. David was happy. And soon, Kim would have her apartment all to herself again. So overall, it made no sense that Kim couldn't stop thinking about the least important part of the evening.

Why can't I stop thinking about the banana fucking pudding?

Her stomach gurgled, and she winced, rubbing a hand over it. She may have overindulged a little after Eliza had left. She had eaten bowl after bowl of the sweet, sticky treat, but none of them scratched the same itch as that first serving she had eaten for dessert. Maybe she could try again with the recipe tomorrow. It was crazy to want to make the pudding again a day after eating four servings of it, but she didn't know if she would be able to resist.

That first serving had been soooo fucking good.

To take her mind off pudding, Kim slipped a hand beneath her pajama shorts, feeling the heat and wetness waiting for her there. It was odd for her to feel this horny after a busy stressful day, especially when she was uncomfortably full of dessert. But it did make sense. She hadn't had

any one-night stands while David had been staying over, out of respect. She hadn't even rubbed one out.

Despite the crude jokes they liked to trade, David always got super uncomfortable whenever he heard about his little sister's sex life. She would never forget how bent out of shape he had gotten when she snuck a boyfriend into her room during high school, and he happened to overhear.

But Kim couldn't hold back any longer. For some reason she was deeply fucking horny right now. She would just have to try to be as quiet as possible; her apartment walls were paper-thin. She slipped off her shorts and began gently rubbing her pussy, biting her lip to hold back her moans. She was already feeling a lot more sensitive than usual. It might be harder to stay quiet than she thought. But what confused her the most was why, even in the depths of one of the rawest, most pleasurable masturbation sessions she had ever had…

"Why the *fuck* am I still thinking about banana pudding?!"

Part 7

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 it's 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 cumputer, 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 harumphed, 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 immeadiately pissed Kim off. Maybe she shouldn't judge a book by it's 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 plasticy 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 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 immeaditate 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?

…

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 dependancy 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.

…

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 asshe 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 hurredly 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 infuraiting 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.

…

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 then 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 arosual.

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 way. 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 cumn-splattered floor of the kitchen.

“He wants you,” said Eliza, watching with fascinated horror as Bitsy bought 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 embarassing 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 rediculous 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

smeared 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 disseapear, 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 ofyears 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, bleachy 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 was 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 cricular 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 ot 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 crosseyed 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 it's 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 samply 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-gooey, 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 relaized 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, "Reeeeeallly… 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, decpetively 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 frist 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 embarassingly 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-conciously 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 enoyed 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 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 expereinced in the past. She had never tired cunnilingus with David, and Gene certianly 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 tongee 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 trianing 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 her,e 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. Definace didin'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 fufilled, 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, "Theeeere 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 positon 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 agaisnt 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 it's 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. “Oooooh, 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 Biitsy 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 puttered 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 wwas 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."

Part 8

Kim looked down to see that she had received a text from “Frank Penn” announcing his arrival. She straightened her scrubs and took a deep breath, rolling her shoulders. Show time.

Forcing herself to move casually, but briskly, she stood up from the nurse's desk and walked to the front doors to let Frank in. During normal working hours, he would be able to just stroll in, of course. But that was just the issue: this particular appointment was, by necessity, off the books.

Kim had done something really, really stupid last night. Something so bizarre that she couldn’t even explain it to herself, let alone justify it to any superiors who might have questions.

Last night, Kim had… it made her stomach turn with disgust and strange hunger to even remember it… she had eaten a full sample cup of sperm from a new donor while masturbating. It was one of the most deeply fucked-up, yet deeply erotic things she had ever done, and she was still processing exactly what had happened. But Kim didn’t have time for too much self-reflection. She urgently needed to correct the major issue that sexual misadventure had caused. There was a sample cup scanned into the system with Frank Penn’s name on it that was supposed to be full of cum, and when her bosses found out that it was empty, there would be hell to pay. Unless she could somehow make sure that it was full by the time the van arrived this afternoon to pick up the samples. Which is why she was here early, before the clinic opened, ready to trick this ugly old donor into believing that he needed to make a new sample for them.

As Kim approached the glass doors and saw Frank waiting for her with a wide, sloppy grin, she felt another wave of instinctive disgust wash over her. Every bone in her body screamed that this guy was a creep. And, just based on his behavior the first time they met, she didn’t need instincts to tell her that he was a cocky asshole. In short, Frank Penn was just the sort of guy Kim despised. A sleazy prick who thought he was better than everyone else just by virtue of the cock swinging between his legs.

But, alarmingly, disgust wasn’t the only feeling that raced through Kim when their eyes met through the glass door. There was an almost magnetic pull there as well. As if something inside her perked up and started drooling at the very sight of him. The feeling was so strange that Kim stopped in her tracks for a second, shaking her head in confusion.

It simply wasn’t possible that she was attracted to Frank. No woman would be. He was short, balding, and scruffy, with a huge gut pressed tight against his t-shirt. Kim forced the sudden, inexplicable feeling down, instead putting on a glossy, false customer service smile and opening the door for the obnoxious little man to enter.

“Good morning, Mr. Penn. Once again, so sorry for the inconvenience,” she said smoothly as he stepped inside. She gritted her teeth slightly as the older man obviously and insultingly let his eyes flick up and down her body, checking her out with no shame or tact. Luckily, she was wearing scrubs, so there wasn’t really anything to see at the moment, but the movement felt calculated and insulting: a demonstration of exactly how Frank saw her.

“I’ve gotta say, I was surprised to get your text!” said the older man in a rough, amused voice as he strolled into the clinic, hands in pockets. He grinned broadly, showing off a gold-capped tooth. “Ha! Well, don’t get me wrong, I wasn’t surprised to get a call from you asking to meet up. Wouldn’t be the first time a pretty lady couldn’t resist following up with me, if you know what I mean.”

Kim felt like her plastic smile would shatter at any second. She had forgotten how slappable this asshole was.

“But I thought you guys ran a tight ship here. That’s why I picked this place. What did you say happened to my sample again?” His eyes gleamed with some sort of hidden amusement, and for a heart-pounding second, Kim thought he might suspect something. But that was impossible, no one would look at a wholesome, vivacious young woman like Kim and suspect something that perverted from her. He was just being his usual obnoxious self.

“Accidental spill,” said Kim smoothly, turning away to lead Frank toward the donation rooms. “We pride ourselves on professionalism here, but mistakes do happen.”

“Mistakes. Right,” said Frank with a low, dirty chuckle. Kim gave him a sidelong glance. It really seemed like he was implying something. But she couldn’t jump at shadows. “So, why are you hustling me in before opening hours… Got something to hide?”

Kim stopped in front of the donation room, a bead of sweat forming on her forehead. Why was this guy asking so many fucking questions? She needed to get this finished as quickly as possible so that he had less time to pick at her lies. “We were totally booked up for appointments today, so this was the only time we could fit you in.” She opened the door and gestured impatiently for him to enter, holding the sample cup forward for him to take. “So we really should get this taken care of as quickly as we can.”

Frank’s piggy little eyes bored into hers, his wide grin never faltering. He didn’t take the cup from her hand, and he didn’t move into the room. Kim suddenly felt that magnetic pull again. Something inside her felt oddly compelled by his arrogant smirk and the smug certainty in his eyes. She opened her mouth to try to break the sudden, strange tension between them, but he spoke first.

“I don’t buy it,” said Frank flatly. “A sudden follow-up appointment out of nowhere. Only speaking to you about it and not using the appointment reservation system, then showing up with no one else around? Something's off.”

“I don’t know what you mean, sir,” said Kim, feeling her heart rate rise and trying to keep herself from panicking. This asshole was just fishing. He had no idea how things normally worked at the sperm bank; that had been his first ever donation. “I’m following standard procedure for situations like this.”

“So you won’t mind if I call your supervisor later and confirm that this is all above board?” asked Frank placidly. “It’s not a problem. I don’t mind waiting a few more days for my sperm to be tested if that’s the issue.”

Kim was holding onto her calm demeanor by the skin of her teeth. Frank’s smug grin was really getting on her nerves now, and that strange pulling feeling was growing inside her the longer she stared into his eyes. She looked away, digging her nails into her palm in an attempt to regain some focus.

“Just get in the room, sir,” she said through gritted teeth, pushing the sample cup toward him aggressively, trying to force the issue and get her way. Kim had always been a strong-willed person. That, combined with her natural good looks, meant that she wasn’t used to being denied what she wanted, especially by men.

So she was confused and offended on a fundamental level that her pushy demand was met only with a chuckle and a shake of the head by Frank, followed by another deliberate scan up and down her body by his slimy eyes.

“I don’t think so, sweetheart,” he said in a firm, decisive voice. “I think I am going to ask for a full accounting from the sperm bank over what happened to the sample I produced yesterday… Unless, of course, you are willing to cut a deal with me.”

Kim’s mouth felt dry, and that annoying, bone-deep hunger that she had finally satisfied by eating Frank's cum yesterday was suddenly and inexplicably back. Frank’s tone made what kind of deal he meant crystal clear, but she still opened her mouth and asked, “What sort of deal are you proposing, Mr Penn?”

Frank was as blunt and crude as he looked. “If you help me produce the sample, then I can forget all about the irregularities that I see popping up and forget that this ever happened,” he said with a smirk.

There it was. Kim had heard about it before from the other nurses. The pervy donors who “joked” about getting some help producing a sample. It usually earned them a one-way ticket out of the clinic and a polite but firm request to never return. The sperm bank took the issue very seriously. Kim had always thought she would knee the first man unfortunate enough to make a joke like that to her in the balls and teach him the error of his ways. Maybe that instinct was why it had never happened: she just looked too fierce for guys to risk it.

But now, for some reason, her eyes were drawn to Frank’s crotch, and not for kicking purposes. She saw a thick, powerful bulge forming there and she gulped. The hunger that she had hoped was gone forever roared inside her, twining with the strange magnetism she felt when looking at the awful man. She was alarmed to realize that part of her was considering saying yes.

Kim cleared her throat and shook her head, scowling. This had gone too far, and she needed to get things back on the rails right fucking now. She let her indignant rage swell up inside her and sneered at the ugly little man who had dared to openly proposition her. If this ugly son of a bitch thought he could just openly disrespect her like that, then it was time for Kim to drop the fucking customer service act and let Frank know what she really thought of him.

“Excuse me?” she said with a scoff, crossing her arms firmly beneath her tits, pushing them up slightly. She realized a second too late that this just presented her breasts even more clearly to Frank’s leering eyes, but she ignored the issue. If the old pervert wanted to look, let him feast his eyes on what he would never get. “Let me make things clear to you, grandpa. I’m a professional young woman, not some sort of bimbo slut here to service you. Where do you get off talking to someone doing their job as if they were a piece of meat? If I didn’t have to talk to you as part of my job, I wouldn’t look twice in your direction, you ugly, bald, perverted piece of fucking shit! No I will not touch your gross old dick. Just like the last dozen women I’m sure you propositioned this week.”

It felt immensely satisfying to let that acidic rant off her chest. Kim wasn’t just speaking to the man in front of her, she was pouring out all of her frustration at the odd feelings bubbling up inside her. Not just putting Frank in his place, but forcing herself back into line as well. Kim’s satisfaction only intensified when Frank’s smug expression transitioned into one of bewildered anger. He looked so surprised that it was actually comical, and Kim snorted a laugh. Did this loser really think that a few insinuations of misconduct and a clumsy come-on would be enough to get a hottie like her to whack him off? He was even stupider than he looked!

Her feeling of savage pride in herself lasted for about ten seconds, until the shock on Frank’s face hardened into stony annoyance. He suddenly stepped forward, invading Kim’s personal space with her eyes locked onto hers, burning with intense displeasure. “Wow,” he growled, “You really are a brat, aren’t you? You know, I think you need someone to put you in your place… and I’m just the man for the job.”

Kim was unprepared for the sudden adrenaline rush Frank’s proximity caused her. Her skin felt hot, and the gaze between the eyes crackled with odd electricity. The hunger that had been troubling her twisted and writhed inside her like a live animal. She forced down the powerful pulse of arousal that inexplicably flooded her, cursing whatever strange fetish was invading her mind lately. She would not give in to a creep like Frank Penn. it would be too fucking humiliating. She bit the inside of her cheek hard to get a hold of herself, and managed to get out, “Better men than you have tried.” She wished that she sounded a little more certain and a little less defensive, but at least she hadn’t given in, like her instincts had suddenly pushed her to do for a second.

But Frank seemed to sniff out her weakness, and his face lit back up with a leering smile. “You’ve got a mouth on you, sweetie. But I like that in a woman. Tell you what…: he jerked a thumb into the collection room with an evil twinkle in his eye. “I’m going to step into that room and drop trow. I’ll sit there for… let’s say ten minutes with my big fucking cock taking some air. If

a bratty little nurse steps in during that time and jerks me off, we all walk away happy. If not, I'll pull up my pants, walk out of here, and share my concerns with your management."

At the mention of Frank's big cock, Kim was disgusted to feel a pulse of heat run through her body. She carefully concealed the reaction, not letting it reach her face. After all the shit he talked, it would be utterly humiliating to give in to Frank now, even if part of her really wanted to. "It sounds fucking weird to me, but if you want to sit alone in a room with your pants down for ten minutes i guess I won't stop you," she said acidly.

Zane leaned in so close that Kim could feel his hot breath on her face. That magnetic pull toward the ugly man had never felt stronger.

"See you in a few minutes, Kimmy," whispered Frank in her ear with infuriating confidence. Then he turned and entered the room, closing the door behind him.

Kim growled in pure frustration, flipping off the closed door. She fucking hated the nickname Kimmy. It was what people seemed to use when they wanted to make her feel small or silly. The only person she even semi-tolerated using the diminutive was her brother, and even then she gave him shit for it.

She stared down at the sample cup still in her hand, stiff and furious, then turned on her heel and began marching toward the front desk, desperate plans whirling in her head. Maybe she could try to falsify a spill report… no, she had already thought of that and decided it wouldn't work. Maybe she could just preemptively quit? But tampering with biological samples could get her into potential legal trouble, even apart from getting fired.

Frank was in the room behind her. That thought began to crowd out the others. He was sitting in there, his pants down and his cock stiff and throbbing. Waiting for her. Her steps slowed. Why the fuck did the thought of the obnoxious perv's cock turn her on so much? Despite her resistance, the idea of giving in and wrapping her hand around his dick turned her insides wet, hot, and liquid.

She turned around, looking at the closed door to the donation room, her heart in her throat and her body pulsing with unwilling lust. When she really thought about it, Frank had her over a barrel. Did she have a choice? Just one short, demeaning experience, and she would have the sample, and Frank Penn would be out of her life forever. It might be humiliating in the moment to endure his gloating, but that would be a small price to pay, right?

She couldn't believe she was even considering this. She had been so confident just a minute ago when she had sneered at the very concept. But some bone-deep instinct was pushing her to march in there and jerk off the horrible man… and Kim tended to follow her gut.

Kim made an effort to avoid looking at Frank's cock as she entered the room, but it was no use. Even though she did her best to keep her eyes low, they seemed to have a mind of their own,

snapping upward like they were pulled by strings, locking onto the massive phallus in Frank's lap. The sneaky, consuming sense of lust inside her flared to even greater strength as she saw it for the first time. If there was any justice in the world, Frank would have a shriveled joke between his legs, but nothing could be farther from the truth,

Frank's cock was massive. Probably the largest that Kim had ever seen. It had to be at least eight inches, and was impressively girthy as well. It pulsed with masculine vigor, stiff and eager and veiny. Kim felt the perverse magnetism building inside her go into overdrive. Even while her mind recoiled in disgust at the idea, her body wanted to explore every inch of that thick, powerful cock. She wanted to feel its heat and strength in her delicate hand.

Frank, of course, had to ruin the moment of sudden, powerful attraction. "You made it nearly three minutes before deciding to come jerk me off!" he exclaimed with a rough, gleeful chuckle. "I'm impressed! With a horny little slut like you I was betting on something more like thirty seconds." The annoyance Kim felt at his grating voice was enough to drown out even the swell of desire pulsing through her. She looked up into Frank's piggy little eyes with a scowl.

"You must be so proud, *Mr. Penn,*" she said, using his name like it was a curse word. "You managed to use blackmail to force a young woman to perform sexual favors for you. Congratulations." She managed to turn away from him and his glorious cock toward some discreet cabinets at the edge of the room. Luckily, these rooms sometimes served as examination rooms, so there were latex gloves available. She wouldn't have to touch the loathsome man's cock with her bare hands. She had to push away an upwelling of lust at the thought. She had no idea why she felt this way, but she needed to get through this crisis as quickly as possible. With a flaming blush coloring her face, she snapped on some latex gloves and pulled out a small bottle of lubricant.

Am I really planning on doing this? Have I become one of those stereotypical ditzy sperm bank bimbos from porn?

She paused, her eyes closed, trying to examine her own feelings and understand exactly what was going on in mixed up mind.

But one moment of reflection was too much to ask for with Frank in the room. "Honey," he said smugly, "you can pretend all you want, but I saw that look in your eye. You're in this room right now because you want to be. So let's not play games. Get over here and jerk Daddy's dick like a good little girl."

Kim's lip twisted as she turned back to Frank and made her way across the small room to him, her eyes flashing with anger. "So you're one of those types of perverts," she sneered. "Sorry to break it to you, loser, but you aren't really the 'daddy' type. Maybe creepy old uncle at best."

Kim wasn't a fan of using the word "Daddy" in bed. She was a petite, bubbly young woman, and she felt a little suspicious that guys who wanted her to use the word "Daddy" were either making

fun of her size and youthful enthusiasm, or getting off on it in an unseemly way. In any case, if she had refused to use “Daddy” for the couple of smoking hot boyfriends who had tried to convince her to use it, she certainly wouldn’t for this creep.

This time, Frank didn’t look upset by her refusal, just shrugging and gesturing to his throbbing cock. ‘We’ll see, Kimmy. Now, are we going to stand around talking all day or are you going to make me fucking cum?”

Kim’s heart skipped a beat as Frank’s gesture called her attention back to the huge rod of flesh at his crotch. She felt a hot, furious blush spread across her face and squirted a healthy dollop of lube onto her gloved hand.

“Shut the fuck up, perv,” she growled, trying and failing to look away from Frank’s twitching cock. It just looked so… perfect. So powerful. She unconsciously licked her lips as she got into position standing on Frank's left-hand side. She took a deep, steadying breath and reached her hand out slowly towards the intimidating cock. It was now or never. She closed her fist around the hot, rigid shaft, a sizzle of erotic electricity firing through her veins as she felt its heat on her palm, Frank’s deep, strong heartbeat pulsing against her fingers.

Frank grunted in satisfaction the feeling of the cool, slick lube on his cock. With the little brat wearing gloves and in this impersonal side-by-side position, it was about the least personal that direct sexual contact could be… but it was a gateway to better things. He could tell by the mild shudder that ran through Kim’s curvy body that she felt what he just had… a connection had just been made. One more link had just been forged in the chain that would bind Kim to him forever.

With a shuddering breath, feeling her body involuntarily warming up from the feeling of holding powerful masculinity in her hand, Kim began to move her fist up and down Frank’s cock, smearing the slick lube all over his head and shaft. She tried to ignore the way her nipples were stiffening and the warm pressure building low in her belly. All she had to do was make this dirty fucker cum. And that shouldn’t be that hard. He was a pervert and she was a smoking hot woman half his age: in theory, he should be a quick shot. Kim was no slouch in her technique either; Frank’s was far from the first cock she had jerked off. She twisted her wrist expertly as her hand began to pump faster and faster up and down Frank’s thick shaft, trying to get her task over with as quickly as possible.

The cock felt good in her hands… strong, smooth, and pulsing lightly with Frank’s heartbeat. He might be an ugly man, but his dick was truly top notch. Kim lost herself for a second inspecting it. The way its bulging head squished lightly out of shape as her fish slipped over it… how there was a slightly thickening in its width toward the top. As her hand glided with smooth, squelching strokes up and down the towering shaft, it was impossible not to imagine how a thick, well-shaped cock like this would feel elsewhere. Kim shook her head and desperately dismissed the thought. Her feelings toward Frank were strange enough without letting her mind wander like that. She tightened her grip and pumped her fist faster, trying to finish up quickly before her mind wandered again.

But, although Frank threw his head back with an exaggerated sigh of satisfaction and angled his hips upward to give Kim optimal access to his raging erection, he didn't seem to be getting any closer to orgasm. Kim redoubled her efforts, her fist a twisting blur, loud, sloppy sounds of squelching lube filling the air as she did her best to get the annoying pervert off. She focused on the head, rubbing her palm over his cockhead with feverish intensity, her glittering green eyes focused intensely on Frank's face, trying to read his tiny expressions of pleasure like a map, telling her where to go.

For a moment, all of the prickly anger and defensiveness and disgust for this awful man fell away. Now he was just a cock and balls. A source of cum that Kim needed. And she became nothing but a tool for extracting that cum. *His thick, smelly, virile cum…* The memory swept over Kim in an instant. Fingering her slick cunt with desperate sexual need, dripping Frank's filthy sperm into her hungry mouth. Pleasure blending with satisfaction in one of the most intense sexual releases she had ever felt. Her desire for Frank's climax roared through her, twining with that powerful, shameful memory. She wanted his fucking cum so bad she could practically taste it…

But he wasn't giving it to her. Kim whined in frustration, her free hand falling to cup and knead Frank's heavy, hairy testicles as she worked his cock hard in her skillful hand. "Come on you fat fuck," she snarled, "fucking cum for me!"

Infuriating as always, Frank just chuckled, leaning back on his hands as he luxuriated in the handjob of a woman who had tried and failed to reject him. "Sorry, sweetheart," he said with a broad grin, his gold tooth glinting in the light, "It's gonna take more than a run-of-the-mill handjob to satisfy an experienced guy like me. I need a little extra to get the juices flowing. Should I give you a hint?"

"I know how to make a guy cum," muttered Kim irritably, both hands teasing and coaxing the best they could. She fidgeted uncomfortably, feeling the wetness between her thighs from her soaked panties. "It's not rocket science. You rub the long, hard part til they spurt."

"Suit yourself,' said Frank with a shrug. "Tell me, when do your coworkers get here? How do you think they'll react when they find you jerking off a donor?"

Kim glanced at him sharply, then up at the clock. A spike of adrenaline pulsed through her. She hadn't budgeted a massive amount of time for Frank's replacement donation: she had been worried that asking him to come in too early would look suspicious. To make matters worse, it looked like she had gotten lost a little bit in her haze of anger and lust. She only had around fifteen minutes before her coworkers showed up… less if anyone was a little early.

She didn't have fucking time for this anymore. And it was clear from the smirk on Frank's face that he had no intention of helping the process if she didn't listen to whatever obscene "tips" he was willing to provide.

“What?” she sighed, her hand still fruitlessly pumping up and down his rigid shaft, her other hand tugging gently on his balls. “What is it going to take?”

“I knew you’d see things my way, Kimmy,” said Frank in a tone that made Kim want to scratch his eyes out. His eyes met Kim’s, and he pointed down toward the ground at his feet.

“I’ll get off for sure if I see those pretty green eyes staring up at me while you jerk me off on your knees,” he said in a low, gravely voice, a hint of steel buried in his chummy tone.

“No,” said Kim automatically at the breathtakingly demeaning command. “I’m not going to fucking do that.” Jerking off his monstrous cock was one thing. At least she could pretend that this was some sort of fucked up medical procedure. Getting on her knees would be a thousand times worse. Being physically lower than him, humbly on her knees while she jerked off his cock… that would be far too much. Even the thought made the shameful spark of arousal inside her roar into full flame. But that gut reaction just made her want to submit to his awful desires even less. She was obviously not in full control of herself right now, and letting Frank take the reins in such a sexually dominant way felt dangerous.

Frank took her snapped response in stride, nodding as if it was no less than what he expected. “Suit yourself,” he said lightly, watching with deep satisfaction as Kim redoubled her efforts on his cock. “But it’s going to take more than a reluctant tug job to get me off. Submissive women are what turn me on… especially bitchy little brats submitting after they realize that they aren’t the hot shit they thought they were.”

Kim’s fingers swirled and pumped and squeezed and milked, desperate to prove the infuriating old man wrong… But it was no use. Frank was clearly enjoying her desperate service immensely, but he also had an iron will. He wouldn’t cum until she gave in and humiliated herself.

Kim looked up at the clock. Ten minutes. Her body pulsed with filthy, frustrating heat. Once again, Frank had deftly backed her into a corner. She had come this far. She might as well bend just a little further.

With a snarl of frustration, Kim got onto her knees beneath Frank, glaring up at him with wild green eyes, shining with hate. The change in the tone of the confrontation was immediate and troubling. Her heart beat faster in her chest, and her uncomfortable arousal filled her up with hot, squirming shame. Frank’s cock towered over her, huge and intimidating, forcing submissive thoughts on her despite her best efforts to remain defiant. She felt her breath catch as she reached up to grasp hold of it again, this time both of her hands gripping tightly and reverently around the massive shaft. *Shit. I’m really in trouble now. This bastard is fucking lucky that I happen to be having some sort of mental breakdown.*

“Good girl,” murmured Frank, his eyes glowing with satisfaction as he stared down at the wavering woman on her knees at his feet, “stroke Daddy’s cock.”

“I told you not to f-fucking call yourself that,” stuttered Kim, cranking and milking his cock as she stared up into his eyes, trying to control the wild heat spreading through her body. ‘You s-sound fucking ridiculous.”

Frank chuckled. ‘I’ll tell you what’s ridiculous… this idea that you just somehow lost my cum.”

Kim gulped, a thrill of apprehension lancing through her. ‘I… I don’t know what you mean,” she said weakly. Frank’s thick cock felt right in her hands, strong and commanding. Reaching up to service it from below like this made Kim feel pleasantly overwhelmed by its power. She could feel every curve, every vein through the thin latex of the glove. It made her almost want to strip away the gloves and feel it directly.

“I’m not as dumb as I look,” he said, his sharp, dominant eyes locking onto hers from above, over the pulsing cock her hands were now pumping up and down wildly. “When a little slut like you gets her hands on semen from a stud like me, she doesn’t just ‘lose’ it. Especially when she’s this eager to call me up and get me alone to make a replacement sample.”

“What the fuck are you talking about?” snarled Kim, blushing hotly as twisted and milked her hands up the cocky asshole’s giant dick. The way that he was framing this wasn’t just insulting, it was totally wrong. Yeah, she had been forced to call him back in to produce another sample, but it wasn’t because she was some kind of desperate slut who wanted his cum… She lost track of her train of thought, her stomach clenching hungrily. She felt a fresh wave of hot, wet lust roll through her at the thought of Frank’s semen… at the memory of his thick, salty essence tolling across her tongue. Her eyes shifted away from Frack’s head and instead fixed on his cock… on the meaty head, on the little slit where new fresh, potent cream would be spurting out in just a moment. Her hands started working faster, and she subconsciously licked her lips.

“You’re right,” said Frank with a nasty chuckle. “I’m mincing words. Let me come right out and say it. I don’t think you ‘lost’ my sperm sample.”

Kim’s eyes rose once again to meet him with a prickle of anxiety mixed with the wild and uncontrollable lust that this submissive sexual service was spreading through her kneeling body.

“I think you ate it,” said Frank smugly.

Kim tried to open her mouth and laugh, like any woman would at an accusation that absurd. But she froze there, panting, and blushing, and unable to deny the simple truth. He was absolutely correct. And if he was correct about this, what else was he right about? After all, he had successfully convinced a professional sperm bank technician to give him a handjob. To kneel at his feet and jerk him off submissively. How did this awful man seem to know more about Kim than she did? And what would he convince Kim to do next?

Frank chuckled, seeing the horrified, inadvertent confirmation of his obscene guess written all over the face of the cute, bubbly blonde kneeling between his fat, hairy thighs. “Ha! Don’t look so embarrassed, sweetheart. You aren’t the first woman who couldn’t resist my cum. In fact, I would bet you’re interested in a second taste… aren’t you?”

Kim’s hands rapidly pumped up and down the thick, stiff shaft, squelching thick lube beneath her fingers as she felt his pulsing heat. Honestly, Kim hadn’t even been considering tasting Frank’s sperm again. She had been narrowly focused on avoiding getting fired. To accomplish that, every drop of Frank’s filthy seed had to end up in the sample container. But now that he brought it up… despite a sudden rush of disgust at the memory of swallowing his thick, chilled sperm sample, her mouth began watering. It had somehow been one of the most sexually satisfying experiences of her life to roll his gooey, potent cum over her tongue, to swallow it in thick, salty gulps.

How much more satisfying would it be fresh and hot from the source?

“Gross,” she muttered unconvincingly. Her eyes were suddenly captured by Frank’s big, dangling testicles, hairy and round and filled with the sperm she was suddenly craving. Her eyes went wide and a flush of arousal spread through every inch of her body.

“Mmmmm, that dumb, horny look on your slutty face is about to make me cum,” said Frank with a groan of satisfaction. Kim could tell he wasn’t just dirty-talking. His heavy balls were drawing up tightly to his shaft, preparing to fire their thick, potent load. Kim lifted one hand to fumble for the sample cup that she had set to the side, but Frank stopped her.

“Not so fast,” he said in an oily, growling voice, his face lighting up with a sinister grin, “We both know what you want. What you crave. You don’t want to waste my cum in a sample cup.”

Kim’s heart thundered in her ears. Her breath felt harsh and hot in her throat, her panties now clinging wetly between her kneeling thighs. “What the fuck are you talking about?” she moaned, her right hand still stroking obediently up and down Frank’s monstrous shaft.

Frank’s voice was already rough from his onrushing orgasm as he said. “It would feel so fucking good if you sealed those pretty little lips around my cock and drank my cum down right now, wouldn’t it?”

“You’re fucking insane,” said Kim, but her protest came out as a breathy gasp. Suddenly, the strange, insistent hunger that troubled her last week roared through every fiber of her body. Her mouth watered uncontrollably as her eyes locked hungrily to the tip of Frank’s cock, winking in and out of the grip of her pumping fist. She couldn’t. It was be fucking stupid. She had called Frank here in the first place because she hadn’t been able to control herself around his cum. If she gave in again, she would just be making her problems a thousand times worse. But

suddenly the thought of his hot, salty cum bathing her tongue was all she could think about. She needed it more than anything she had ever felt in her life.

The time was now. Kim's hand fumbled desperately for the sample cup, a desperate battle raging in her mind between logic and lust. She could feel Frank's cock swell and twitch in her hand, and she let out a whimper of indecision. Her hand made contract with the sample cup and knocked it over, sending it rolling away across the floor. It was almost a relief: the decision had been made for her.

With conflicting feelings of wild arousal and disgust at herself and the entire situation, Kim darted forward, catching the very first pearly rope between her glossy lips as it spurt from the tip of Frank's dick, then sealing her mouth around his mushroom head to receive the rest.

The feeling of having this horrible man's cock in her mouth was humiliating to say the least, especially with his gloating eyes staring down at her, pleased that he had been right all along about how much of a slut she was.

But the pleasure that washed over Kim's body as she felt Frank's thick, hot sperm spurt over her tongue almost made up for the humiliation. She gasped at the sensation, her beautiful green eyes flying wide open as her brain flashed and spluttered with impossible pleasure. The satisfaction was almost frightening in its intensity as she greedily gulped down the hot, rich cream. Her eyes rolled back in her head as her tongue slithered over Frank's slit, desperate to catch the delicious creamy treat the instant it left his cock.

"Goood girl," cooed Frank above her, reaching down to condescendingly stroke Kim's feathery blonde hair. "That's it. Drink it all for Daddy."

In her moment of powerful satisfaction, Kim didn't even bother to correct him. Her mouth was too busy gulping down his thick, sticky seed. Besides, right now, shamefully, his insultingly dominant words actually felt sort of… good. *Right*. Almost comforting. She never would have admitted it to him, but she almost welcomed his dominant control in the heat of that submissive moment.

Kim discovered in that moment that Frank hadn't jerked off more than once into his initial sample cup like she had halfway suspected at first. The volume of his cum was staggering, and Kim had to swallow again and again to keep her mouth clear, gulp after thick, gooey gulp disappearing down her throat, each one more satisfying than the last. Even with all of her hard work, trickles escaped the corners of her mouth to drip down her chin, barely missing the front of her scrubs.

Finally, the powerful bursts of cum slowed to a trickle. Kim continued to swirl her tongue lazily over the head of Frank's cock to lap up the last few drops, still stuck in a warm, fuzzy haze of submissive lust.

Finally, when there was no more cum to be had, she released him from her mouth with a pop. And it was then, staring up into his smirking, punchable face, that her stupidity hit her like a ton of bricks. Her stomach gurgled, sloshing with a stranger's cum, and her heart flip flopped with shock and shame. *What the fuck just came over me?* She had not only just utterly fucked herself over by failing the one reason she had called this raging prick to the sperm bank in the first place, she had done so by utterly humiliating herself and submitting to an ugly asshole twice her age.

It was such a stunning failure that her brain struggled to accept it. She just sat there, Frank's softening cock still hanging in front of her face, the taste of his sperm still heavy on her tongue, and his gloating expression leering down at her. Finally, she shook herself, scrambling up, her face red with shame. She glanced at the clock. She had maybe five minutes. If she hurried, she could quickly leave and be gone before her coworkers arrived, and at least avoid any awkward questions… for now.

"What's this now?" asked Gene with a smirk, "trying to leave without even saying goodbye?" he didn't even seem to realize how horribly he had fucked her over.

"Yeah, I'm fucked now, dick," she said flatly, stripping off the gloves and preparing to make a break for it. "I fucking lost your sperm sample, and thanks to your brilliant idea to do some impromptu cum gargling, I've lost my last chance to fix it."

Frank just chuckled, reaching down to stroke his well-lubed cock, which curiously had only softened down to about half-mast. "Oh? Is that all? Well, why don't you let Daddy help you out, since you seem so upset? Hand me the sample cup."

Kim rolled her eyes. As a sperm bank nurse, she was well-versed in male refractory periods, and felt pretty certain that Frank was talking out of his ass. But, hey, what did she have to lose? She reached down to pick up the empty sample cup and passed it over to him with a raised eyebrow. Frank set to work immediately, jerking his huge cock to full stiffness again in no time at all. She let the continued "Daddy" thing pass without comment. It must be this creep's pathetic fetish, but calling attention to it would only encourage him.

Frank's eyes were focused on Kim as he worked. Their burning intensity was, frankly, a little intimidating. Their flashing heat caused that strange spark of arousal to leap up inside her despite her efforts to appear cool and collected on the outside. *Is this guy seriously trying to cum less than a minute after his last ejaculation? He would have to be some sort of freak of nature…*

But it seemed like that was exactly what Frank intended, and soon he was grunting and thrusting his flabby hips upward into his hand in a disgusting, but riveting display of obscene self-pleasure that Kim found it hard to look away from.

“Come on, Kimmy,” he grunted suddenly, his eyes boring into hers. “I need something to push me over the edge. Beg me. Ask Daddy to cum for you.”

Kim made a face. If she hadn’t wanted to call this gross old pig “Daddy’ even in the middle of her peak of arousal, she certainly wasn’t going to do it now. “No way. Fuck you, creep,” she said with a sneer. She was gratified by Frank’s angry scowl. He looked like he was about to make further demands, but then he simply gritted his teeth and said.

“Fuck! Fine then, you little brat, show me your tits or something. Otherwise I’m not going to be able to fucking finish!”

Kim considered refusing that as well… then she saw the clock over Frank’s head. She was out of time. Her coworkers would be there any minute now. Biting her lip hard and closing her eyes, she yanked her scrubs upward, gripping the bottom or her bra cups to roughly pull them up over her soft tits. She heard Frank grunt in release, and opened her eyes in surprise to see that, hard as it was to believe, Frank hadn’t just been idly boasting. His cum looked a little thinner than the load he had fired down Kim’s throat just a minute before, but he was producing a fresh sample, squirting a hot, sticky load into the sample cup held beneath his cock, his eyes fixed on Kim’s bare tits the entire time.

Finally he shook the last few drops off into the half-full container and screwed the lid on firmly, holding it out to the stunned, topless blonde with a crooked grin on his face. Kim remembered herself with a hot blush, tugging down her scrubs and bra to recover herself and taking the warm sample from him with a murmured, “Uhhh, thanks, I guess.”

She couldn’t quite believe it. After all of the antagonism and humiliation and back-and-forth sniping, she was somehow going to walk away from this with what she needed and still keep her job. The emotional whiplash and deep erotic confusion of the past half-hour left her feeling drained, and for a second, she just stood staring at the impossible sperm sample in her hands.

Frank snapped his fingers. “Hey hey. Earth to Kimmy. Weren’t you working on some sort of deadline here?” he asked roughly.

Kim looked up at the clock with a spike of adrenaline. He was right. She was nearly out of time. She turned to the door, ready to rush up to the desk, when Frank stopped her one last time.

“Hey! If you ever need another refill, you know where to find me,” said the obnoxious little man, standing and pulling his pants up over his finally-deflating cock.

Kim did her best to hold back a sneer. Now that she was out of the complex, heated moment of submission that her desperate need had forced her into, he just looked like the disgusting creep she always knew he was. But, she didn’t have the time or energy to start another fight with him, so she simply said, “No, Mr. Penn, this should be all that I need. If they determine that your

sperm is of high enough quality, you will be able to make all further appointments through the scheduling system."

"I wasn't talking about the sperm bank, sweetie," said Frank with a filthy wink. "I was talking about your cum-swallowing habit. You have my number. Let me know."

Kim gave him an icy glare of contempt, then swept out of the room, refusing to dignify his crude proposition with a response. She made it to the front desk, unlocked the sample fridge with her badge, and had just slipped the refilled sample onto the shelf and closed the door when Gloria strolled into the lobby, yawning and holding an extra-large latte in one of her manicured hands.

"What are you doing here so early, girl?" she asked with a confused smile, but she let it pass with a laugh when Kim countered, saying, "I could ask you the same thing!"

There was still the issue of Frank being in the building before it opened, but in the end he was smarter than he looked. He waited for the first wave of patients to come in about fifteen minutes later before slipping unobtrusively out of the lobby while Gloria was distracted, and, as far as Kim could tell, no one noticed him leaving.

The day went on, and Kim realized that she really had somehow gotten away with it. She had done the stupidest, most perverted thing that she had ever even heard about, and now it was all behind her. With a sample in the fridge just where it was supposed to be, the bosses would have no reason to check through the security tapes, which would be overwritten by the end of the week. Mission accomplished.

And the best part about it was that, thanks to the fact that Frank Penn would never in a million years be accepted as a full-time sperm donor no matter how healthy his sperm was, she would never have to see his obnoxious face again.

…

Gene knocked back another swallow of his gimlet. His face twisted at the bitter taste. Cheap rail gin. He wasn't surprised. What more could you expect from Tweety's? The place was a shithole, though the girls were always hot. That was sort of why Gene had made it his regular spot in the first place. He felt more at home in a place that didn't try to be something it wasn't.

Tweety's was a sleazy all-nude strip joint, and it didn't pretend to be some sort of fancy "gentleman's club." It wore its filth out in the open, much like Gene himself.

He hadn't been here for a while, although it used to be a frequent haunt of his. He no longer needed what the strip club used to give him. Not now that he had an eager Cumbunny to keep him company. The thought twisted his face worse than the cheap gin. That was why he was here tonight, in fact. He had told Eliza that he was going to take the week off to focus on

capturing Kim, but right now, Kim needed some alone time to think. The next step required that the cute little brat come to him rather than the other way around. So he was free for the evening. He could have called Eliza, and he knew if he did she wouldn't be able to resist rushing to his side to take his cock… but the idea didn't appeal. If he called her in the middle of the week after saying he would be gone, it would make him look needy.

And Gene hated it when other people thought he needed them.

Tweety's was decently busy for a weeknight, with a couple of rough, bitter-looking men skulking around in the shadowy booths, eyes locked onto the dancers on the stage under the pulsing lights. Not the top-shelf pieces of ass, of course. Not on a Tuesday. But the slut up there now wasn't too bad. Maybe just a hair older than what it took to strip during prime hours, but her big fake tits were still worth a look.

Gene sneered at the sad men in the strip club, nursing drinks and staring at the slightly past-her-prime stripper with a sort of angry hunger in their eyes. Gene recognized that look. He used to be one of these losers. Not that he felt bad for them. He was here to silently gloat, in fact. Gene wasn't like these sad sacks anymore. He had finally been given what he truly deserved, real power.

That was what Gene's old man had always told him. The old bastard had been mean and dumb-as-brick, but he had taught his son the one lesson that really matters. In this life, power is everything. Control, respect, women, they all flowed from a man's power. Gene had been taught that he should never be another man's bitch, and always hold the reins in any relationship he had with a woman. The key was to never back down and fight tooth and nail for what the world owed you. Be pushy. Be aggressive. Be willing to stab anyone and everyone in the back to claim what was rightfully yours. Gene was glad his asshole Dad was dead, but he still carried the bitter old man's teaching around with him, a central part of who he was.

Which only made it more frustrating that Gene's life had turned out how it had. Demanding power at all costs and taking what was rightfully his had only made Gene unpopular at work and in love, and by the time he entered his forties a few years back, he found himself in a moderately well-paid mid-level position at his job with no friends and no women.

Worse, a much younger, more charming man had been hired at his office and climbed almost instantly into a position equal to Gene's. A position it had taken years of cutthroat pushing and scheming to attain. Everyone seemed to like David, despite the fact that Gene marked him instantly as a total pussy. He got everything on a plate, without demanding it or forcing others to do what he said. It made no fucking sense. David had instantly been on Gene's shit list from the very first day.

And that was even without Eliza. Eliza, with her supermodel body and her long, dark hair. Eliza with her cool blue stare. So dismissive. So indifferent. Even when Gene had tried flirting with her to get a rise out of the ice queen, the only reaction he could get was just the faint tinge of

disgust. Like he was a bug that needed squashing. As if someone like him was nothing but an annoyance to a beautiful, untouchable woman like her.

It reminded him of Candy.

At the thought, Gene took another deep pull of his satisfying drink to chase away the bitter memory. Candy had been a long, lithe woman like Eliza, all legs and ass, with just enough curves in her chest and hips to make her femininity really pop. She was blonde, not dark-haired, but her eyes had been just like Eliza's: two chips of sharp, sparkling ice. It would have been deeply satisfying to make Candy his first Cumbunny. He would have, too, if he knew her real name or where she was now. But Candy had quit stripping long ago, and Eliza, whose disdainful eyes gave him the same feeling as Candy's had, had been the next best thing.

Gene had always wanted a controlling, dominant relationship with the kind of woman he truly deserved, and for a moment, he thought that he had that with Candy. As his savings slowly drained away, she had seemed like a perfect, obedient slut. She was such a good actress that Gene fell under her spell. He truly believed that he was her master.

Then he ran out of money.

He would never forget when Candy found out that he was out of money in the middle of a private dance. She had been grinding her pussy against the bulge in his pants, telling him how badly she wanted her master's cum… how she would do anything for it. She had asked him about a ridiculously expensive diamond bracelet she had been bugging him about, and somehow, in his attempt to weasel out of that conversation, Gene had dropped that his savings account was empty. Her sparkling blue eyes had turned cold and flat in an instant. The next words out of her mouth had been to call for the bouncer just outside.

As the Bouncer manhandled him out the door, he had fucking *laughed*. Commented that Candy had done it to another poor guy. Like Gene was some sort of idiot sucker. And it had stung even deeper, because Gene knew it was true: he had been a sucker. For the remaining couple of months Candy had worked there, she never even glanced in Gene's direction. He was nothing to her now that he had no money to spend on her.

Gene stared moodily at the stripper twirling around the pole on stage. He wouldn't be spending any money tonight. He didn't need places like this anymore. He had something better. He had found the real thing that Candy had only been pretending to be.

Eliza was his; Kim would be soon. And they were going to fulfill every dream of his. Better than Candy ever fucking could have.

…

Two days later…

Kim's thumb hovered over the number in her call history, her plump lower lip fixed firmly between her teeth, at war with herself. She knew on an objective, rational level that a cocky, abrasive asshole like Frank Penn was the very last thing she needed in her life right now. But that didn't stop her stupid pussy from getting hot and wet everytime she remembered kneeling at his feet, jerking off his stiff massive cock while staring up into his dominant eyes…

With a groan, Kim tossed her phone away once again, covering her eyes with frustration as she stuffed a greedy hand down her panties, rubbing and teasing her slick, throbbing folds with flexing fingers, trying to find some sort of relief. She just couldn't do it. She somehow instinctively knew that if she called Frank, he would give her the sexual satisfaction she craved… But she also knew that it would come with the smarmy, gloating I-told-you-so attitude that she already knew was Frank's specialty. She wasn't sure she was willing to put up with that awful humiliation, not to mention the bizarre way it actually felt sort of good to submit to an old creep like him last time.

But she wasn't sure what else she could do… Kim twisted and writhed in her sweaty sheets, biting her pillow to stifle a slutty moan as her fingers rubbed and plunged inside her wet panties. Her breaths hitched in her chest, her tits jolting and bouncing with the rhythm of her panting. This was the horniest she had ever been in her life: she was sure of it. And that horrible, gnawing hunger was back again as well, worse than it had ever been. She needed cum. Craved it. She wanted that salty, funky cream splattered over her tongue, sliding down her throat, filling her and satisfying her. Her hips humped upward into her fingers, her hot, humid breaths puffing into the air of her bedroom, and she whimpered with consuming, embarrassing desire. She needed to get fucked.

But who says I need to get fucked by Frank?

The idea was so simple and obvious that she couldn't believe she hadn't thought of it before. Wiping her glistening fingers absently on her tight pajama shirt, Kim dived for her phone and exited the call history, instead looking through her contacts. She scrolled through the dozen numbers she had saved of previous lovers until she found the perfect candidate.

Jamie, one of Kim's former personal trainers who she had hooked up with once or twice. She had never found him to be boyfriend material, but he was perfect for this role. He was older, although not as old as Frank, thank God. He was also sort of a controlling asshole, just like Frank had proven himself to be. But, notably, he was also smoking hot, with smoldering, chiseled good looks. In other words, the perfect candidate to scratch the inexplicable itch she had recently developed for older jerks with big dicks without resorting to a creep like Frank Penn. If she knew Jamie, he would one hundred percent be in for a quick, no-strings-attached fuck session.

And Kim was absolutely correct. A few exploratory texts and a few risque selfies traded back and forth with Jamie over the next half-hour was all it took to convince the cocky gym rat to come over and “catch up”. Kim ran her fingers through her tangled hair and took in the state of her bedroom. Her sheets were tangled and moist with her sweat and frustrated juices of desire. She hardly looked any better, wearing fuzzy old gray panties now soaked through at the crotch and a tight little tank top, her hair a total mess from rolling around on her bed in a sexual agony all day.

She should probably take a quick shower and change her sheets since she had someone coming over and all… But then again, she could spend her time warming herself up for him instead, and right now that felt so much more appealing. She flopped back on the bed, lazily slipping her hand back into her panties and raising the other to grasp and tweak the nipple on left breast. Warm, swelling heat filled her core from the fingers rubbing desperately at her clit while crackling bursts of sensation burst from the nipples she teased between thumb and forefinger. Her mind filled with the image of that cocky prick looming above her, his cock overshadowing her as his smug eyes stared straight into hers. She grunted in frustration while lust boiled through her veins, trying to picture Jamie’s handsome face instead. But it was no use… All she could see was Frank fucking Penn.

By the time the doorbell rang, Kim was wild with pent-up lust. She leapt up off the bed, green eyes flashing and wild, blonde hair steaming behind her as she almost sprinted to the door, her powerful desire nearly seeping from her pores.

She flung the door open to see Jamie standing there, a smarmy grin on his face and a bottle of wine in his hands. His eyes widened in shock, and his mouth fell open as he saw the sex-crazed wildcat panting in the doorway in front of him, her blonde hair ruffled, her chest heaving, and her panties completely soaked through.

Good. The dick is here.

Kim seized him by the collar and hauled him inside. The wine bottle in his hand slipped out of his grip and crashed to the floor, shattering in a wave of pungent burgundy, but Kim didn’t give a shit. She had already yanked Jamie down from his towering height to capture him in a bruising, possessive kiss, her tongue aggressively tangling with his.

Luckily for her, Jamie wasn’t the type of guy to let an open invitation like this go to waste. As he pulled away, he chuckled, “What’s gotten into you, Kim?” but he didn’t look disapproving in the slightest. In fact, his strong hands settled on her waist in a way that indicated he approved of her initiative quite a bit.

“Tonight,” said Kim in a raspy, horny whisper, “I want you to fucking own me Jamie. I want to be your little slut. Can you do that for me?” She had to make new memories with this replacement. She needed him to burn Frank out of her brain. And to do that, Jamie needed to be in charge.

Jamie's face lit up with dark delight, and Kim could feel his cock rapidly stiffening through his pants as he pulled her tight to him, saying, "I think that's something I can help you out with, yeah." He seized her in his arms, pulling her upward, back into a kiss. Kim wrapped her toned legs around his waist as he carried her to the bedroom, their lips locked in a passionate, tongue-tangling kiss as they went.

Yes! This is exactly what I fucking need!

Kim ground her face relentlessly against Jamie's, desperate to feel his power… his control. But as she did so, Frank's leering face and flabby body kept flashing through her mind, sending little jolts of arousal sizzling up and down her spine. She groaned in frustration, her hands clawing at Jamie's back, willing him to force all thoughts of other men out of her head.

They had reached the bed, and Jamie tossed her down onto the sheets, his eyes blazing with lust. Kim loved the sight of his strong, dominant body looming over her, squirming out of her soiled panties and thin tank top with a wide grin on her face. Her whole body thrummed with lust. Her nipples were two crinkled pebbles on her chest, and her pussy was a sopping, swollen mess of arousal, desperate for penetration. Jamie couldn't get his pants off fast enough. He may have been shocked at the aggressive welcome he had received, but he was anything but reluctant to have fun with the hot little nympho he had suddenly discovered in Kim's apartment this evening.

Finally, his pants and boxers hit the floor, letting his stiff cock bounce free. The sight of it filled Kim with… disappointment? Kim tried to push through the strange knee-jerk reaction. Jamie may not be packing a monster quite as big as Frank's, but he had nothing to be ashamed of. So why did the sight of his slightly shorter, slightly thinner, slightly curved-to-the-left dick fill Kim with an odd sense of dissatisfaction?

"Hey," said Jamie, calling her eyes up from her intense study to meet his twinkling, charming eyes, "Want to show me what that mouth can do, pretty lady?"

Kim felt an odd stab of annoyance. Like this wasn't playing out according to the script she had in her head. "Are you asking me, or fucking telling me, pussy?" she asked sharply, raising a challenging eyebrow.

Jamie snorted a surprised laugh, then reached down and gripped Kim's hair. 'So that's the way the spoiled little princess wants to play it tonight, huh? Well, have it your way. Suck my fucking cock, you slut."

That's more like it.

Kim relished the feeling as Jamie's strong hand pulled her forward toward his cock. She opened her mouth, sucking him in, wrapping her lips greedily around a dick that she didn't have to feel guilty about wanting to suck. It felt fucking good to have a big, thick spike of lust thrust deep into

her wet, welling mouth, her tongue wriggling around it's powerful length. That powerful lust welled up inside her, blazing in twin points on her chest and roaring between her legs in a hot, wet inferno.

Kim pressed herself further down. She wasn't normally eager to deepthroat. A bit too sloppy and demeaning for her in usual circumstances. But right now, her mind and body ached to be used. She pushed Jamie's cock until it hit the back of her throat, then kept going, taking him deep. But when she stared up at him, her eyes shining with a strange mix of submissive desire and fierce defiance, she felt that sense of mismatch again. Her mind had been expecting a different face. And although Jamie's rugged features staring down at her desperate, slutty deepthroating with horny glee were objectively attractive, for some reason she felt frustrated at the sight.

With a little growl of annoyance, Kim closed her eyes, focusing on the feeling of the hot, hard cock in her mouth. Working it in and out of her tight, wet throat. Squeezing and milking every inch of it with her tongue and lips. One hand rose to gently cup and roll her lover's big, hanging balls in her fingers while the other gripped the base of his cock, jerking and rubbing constantly to provide extra stimulation. She fell into a rhythm, ignoring the actual man she was sucking off and simply focusing on the feeling of being dominated by a powerful cock. This is what she needed right now. Her body began to sing with pleasure.

With her eyes closed, she could almost pretend that she was deepthroating…

Kim came up off of the cock, coughing and scowling. *What the fuck? Why am I pretending that he's Frank? The whole fucking point is that I don't need that fat asshole!*

"Holy shit, Kim!" said Jamie in a voice of awe. "That was fucking incredible! I had no idea you could even do that!" He was beaming at her, clearly having the time of his life, his cock dripping with Kim's thick saliva.

But that reaction was wrong, too. Kim instinctively felt like he should be ordering her to do better. To be sluttier. "Shut up," she rasped, grabbing the handsome, muscular man above her in a frantic grip around his waist and pulling him down on top of her. "Come here and fuck me."

"Hell fucking yes, I will," said Jamie. Finally, a dominant growl had crept into his voice, and that, at least, made Kim's pulse quicken with desire. His hard, powerful body pinned her down and her thighs spread open beneath him, welcoming him into her flushed, dripping pussy, desperate to feel his cock.

She clawed Jamie's broad back as he entered her, hissing in pleasure as his thick cock spread her open. Her whole body sang with pleasure as he stretched her wide. God yes! There was something about a hot, solid cock deep inside you that no dildo or fingers could ever match. For a second, she forgot all about Frank and his obnoxious face… and his thick, rich, gooey cum. She was able to focus completely on the moment and enjoy getting roughly fucked by a powerful man. Jamie gripped and lifted and an ankle in each hand, manhandling into position for

the deepest possible penetration, and Kim's apartment filled with wet, sloppy sounds of rough fucking.

Kim moaned, low and growling in her throat as Jamie thrust into her hard and fast, just like she craved. She wasn't sure she had ever been this fucking wet before. Her juices dripped down her thighs and butt as Jamie plunged into her, soaking her sheets. Her fingernails clawed into his shoulders. She was desperate for his powerful control, but at the same time, she wanted to fight back, to resist. "Fuck me," she snarled, staring up at Jamie, her wild green eyes glowing with a potent mix of hate and longing. "Show me what you can do…" she hesitated, on the cusp of letting loose with a word that she hadn't even realized she was planning to say.

Well, why shouldn't I fucking say it? Tonight is about getting all these nasty little kinks out of my system, right?

"Show me how you own this pussy, *Daddy,"* she purred in a molten hot whisper, straight into Jamie's ear. She felt a delicious twist of taboo arousal unfurl deep inside her as she gave in and used the word. The kinky power of the word only seemed to magnify as it spurred Jamie on, making his thrusts harder and faster, his panting breaths becoming grunts of dominant lust. Kim had no idea why that stupid word felt so powerful, but even if she didn't understand, she couldn't deny the results. She whimpered in sexual surrender, pulling Jamie down into a warm, melting kiss as his jackhammering thrusts pushed deep inside her, stretching her tight pussy to the limit.

"Fuck me Daddy," she mumured against his lips, "Harder! Harder, Daddy!" She felt right on the edge of explosive orgasm. She just needed a little more. She just needed Frank… fuck! No, she needed Jamie, a real, worthy man to fuck her a little harder and drive that worthless, fat fuck out of her mind.

Jamie did his best. He not only fucked her down into the matress with his impressive cock, he reached down to play with her clit as well, playing Kim's body like an instrument. Jamie was an experienced lover, and, to be fair to him, he had the power and muscle to make Kim feel the domination she craved… or at least he should have, in theory. Something was missing. Kim spread her toned thighs wide, letting Jamie plow down into her with relentless force. Her hips writhed upward to meet him, clenching and milking at his cock, chasing maximum sensation from the pumping rod plugging deep inside her sopping cunt. His fingers rubbed and teased her clit, his mouth kissing her with passionate heat… But for some reason, it wasn't hitting the way it should. Kim needed more, and even she wasn't sure what.

In a desperate moment of horny inspiration, Kim seized Jamie's hand rubbing at her clit and brought it up to her throat instead. "Take control, Daddy!" she whimpered, staring into his eyes and willing him to go further… to make her feel like the dirty owned slut she craved to be. "Tell me to tighten up for you! Make me milk that big cock!"

But as Kim looked up into Jamie's face, she could tell that he wasn't going to be able to get there. In fact, the request seemed to throw off his rhythm a little. He gave her delicate throat a

half-hearted squeeze, but Kim could tell his heart just wasn't in it. Even worse, for some reason, every time she looked up, her mind expected to see Frank's smug eyes leering down at her. It should have been a relief that a much more handsome man was there, but instead, it turned Kim off a little. To dodge the issue, she yanked Jamie's head down, prompting him to suck and bite at her neck… where she wouldn't have to see his face. After a moment, his hand fell away from her throat, and Kim did her best to forget that she had asked him to choke her.

With Jamie's face out of view, Kim was able to focus on the delicious sensation of physical domination. She writhed and moaned like a bitch in heat, slick with sweat and her own juices. Aching to be fucked… aching to submit to her Daddy. Her cunt gripped Jamie's cock in a silky vice, hugging every contour of his cock as it plundered her depths again and again. But she wanted more. More girth? More length? It was like there was a nagging, annoying itch she couldn't quite scratch, holding pleasure just outside of her grasp.

"Oh God, Kim…" warned Jamie with a snarl, "I'm gonna…"

Yes! That's what I fucking want! It seemed so obvious now. What Kim needed more than anything was hot, sticky cum filling her to the brim. Now that the thought occurred to her, she wanted it more than anything she had ever heard in her life. Her whole body flushed with desperate heat, eager to receive the dominant sperm of the man above her, pinning her to the bed with the powerful thrusts of his manly cock. "Inside!" she gasped, raking red furrows down Jamie's shoulders in the heat of her passion. "Fucking cum inside me, Daddy!"

Using that heated, submissive word again sent him over the edge, and Jamie thrust forward one last time, holding there deep inside her with a shuddering groan.

Kim was right on the knife's edge of orgasm, and knew without a doubt in her mind that feeling Jamie's cum would push her over the edge. But, as his cock twitched inside her… nothing happened. She could tell that he was cumming, but she barely even felt it. She had experienced Frank cumming into her mouth, and that had felt like a powerful, gushing torrent. This felt like… nothing at all. Kim couldn't hold back a little huff of disappointed surprise as her potential orgasm receded, leaving her disappointed. The tension left Jamie's body as his orgasm subsided, obviously feeling a satisfaction that Kim hadn't reached. The mismatch between the powerful, fiery orgasm she was expecting and the anticlimactic ending left a bitter taste in her mouth as Jamie rolled off her to the side with a breathless laugh.

"Oh my God!" he said, grinning ear to ear and sweating as he pulled Kim close to his side. "That was fucking incredible! Whatever the fuck has gotten into you, keep fucking doing it! You were like a tigress or something, I don't know… fuck!"

Kim put on her best smile, despite the teeth-grinding frustration she felt deep in her bones. "What can I say?" she said, unable to keep the sigh completely out of her voice. "I really am a sex goddess, aren't I?"

“You fucking are,” agreed Jamie, snuggling up to her and nuzzling into the crook of her neck, unexpectedly clingy. “And what was with all that ‘Daddy’ talk? I’ve never heard you use that before.”

“Just something that I decided to try out,” said Kim cooly, her eyes distant, staring over Jamie’s muscular shoulder. “I don’t think it’s my thing.”

But, in fact, Kim had a sneaking suspicion that calling someone Daddy during sex might actually be quite satisfying.

It might just require a different partner.

…

It took a while to convince Jamie to go home.

He kept trying to initiate sex with Kim again, but, as horny as she felt, Kim somehow knew that trying again would yield the same disappointing results as the first time. She had to be very firm and straightforward with the big idiot to finally push him out the door.

Jesus… I always thought this guy was an asshole. I guess all it took to turn him into a loyal puppy was a little rough, submissive sex.

A month ago, she would have considered it useful information. Now it was barely of interest. When he finally left, Kim slumped back naked onto her bed, just as rumpled, frustrated and horny as she had started.

She stared at her phone on the end table beside her with a flat, angry expression. Well… in the end, maybe she had never had any choice. Whatever was going on in her mind when it came to Frank and inappropriate arousal, she wasn’t going to wriggle out of it with a substitute. She needed to grab the bull by the horns and get to the bottom of whatever this was.

With a strange blend of creeping anxiety and relief that she was finally just getting it over with, Kim reached for her phone, took a deep breath, and began drafting a message to Frank Penn.

Part 9

Kim bounced her knee irritably, sipping the too-sweet cappuccino she ordered and looking furtively around the coffee shop through her dark glasses to see if Frank had arrived yet. She tugged the hoodie she was wearing up a little higher, knowing that the motion made her look even more conspicuous, but not able to help herself.

She would rather die than have anyone recognize her meeting with someone like Frank Penn, especially if they even half suspected the purpose of her discussion. It was humiliating to even consider a sexual relationship with a disgusting fat-ass twice her age, let alone actually ask for one. Kim still couldn't quite believe she was giving this a try, but last night with Jamie had convinced her. Whatever strange fetish she had recently developed wasn't just a desire for older men or jerks: it was an itch that could only be scratched by Frank. God knew why. So no matter how embarrassing it was to become friends with benefits with an asshole like Frank, she just wasn't willing to put up with her gnawing sexual cravings any longer.

She was so distracted by stewing in her conflicted sexual misery that she didn't notice Frank approaching until he slid into the chair across from her, a massive cup of steaming black coffee in one hand and his usual cocky grin plastered across his face.

"Kimmy!" he said in a too-loud voice, making Kim glance around nervously. "I've gotta say I was surprised to get your invitation. You were pretty insistent that you wouldn't be contacting me again after I gave you that sample. What made you change your mind?"

Kim narrowed her eyes. It was clear just from his tone of voice that Frank found this whole situation deeply amusing. She could tell that he loved how humiliating it was for her to come crawling back after saying that she wouldn't be contacting him again. His entire shitty attitude was going to make this whole thing so much harder. But she had to push through. Kim had already decided she needed this, and it wasn't like Frank's attitude was unexpected.

"Look, let's cut the bullshit," she said in a quiet voice dripping with irritation. "I called you here because I have an offer for you."

Frank raised an eyebrow and took a long, slow sip of his steaming hot coffee. "Ok, I'll bite," he said finally with a smirk. "What exactly did you have in mind?"

Admitting that she wanted this out loud was the hardest part. Kim looked down at the table, fidgeting with her coffee cup for a moment before she managed to get out, "You and me. Hooking up. We split the cost of a hotel room, fuck for a couple of hours, then go our seperate ways. If we are interested in continuing, maybe it could be a regular thing. No strings attached, no contact outside of setting up meeting times, and absolutely no fucking romantic gestures expected or desired."

She waited, ready for a crude comment or dirty joke from the crass jerk sitting across from her. But Frank reacted in a way that she didn't expect.

He fucking laughed.

Kim looked up at the repulsive older man, shocked and stung as Frank chuckled low and deep in his throat.

“My my, what a generous offer,” he said with a wicked twinkle in his eye, turning his coffee cup around and around in his hands as he stared across the table at the angry young woman across from him. “I bet you’re expecting me to jump up and kiss your fuckin feet for being willing to slum it with someone like me, right?”

Kim’s mouth dropped open. He was joking, but honestly, she had expected something to that effect. She was a stunning young woman, and he was an ugly, unpleasant middle-aged man. Frank was such an asshole that Kim hadn’t exactly expected him to be grateful… but yeah, she had thought he would at least be a little excited about a smoking hottie twenty years younger than him showing an interest in his wrinkly old cock.

Before she could even formulate a response, Frank was already moving on. “Let me counteroffer,” he said with a grin wide enough to display his glinting golden tooth. “You come with me to the bathroom of this overpriced coffee shop, get on your knees, and beg me to be your Daddy by sucking my big fucking cock until I cum down your throat.”

Kim stared at the repulsive old man for a moment longer, mouth open with shock, fury building inside her, then rose from the table in a burst of energy. She leaned across the table, her lips curling into a sneer as she hissed, “Fuck you, old man. I was being nice by even considering this. Let’s see how far that cocky fucking attitude gets you with other women, loser.”

Frank didn’t look disturbed or upset by her defiance. In fact, he seemed more calm and confident than ever. He took one more deep drink of his coffee before saying in a lazy drawl, “Ok, looks like you need a little more time to think. I get it. But next time that we meet, I expect you to show up with a much more… cooperative attitude. And no more fucking coffee dates. I’m not a twenty-something. Next time, I decide where and when we meet.”

Kim couldn’t believe this guys fucking balls. She couldn’t even think of a good response to someone this delusional. She settled for a middle finger in his face before turning on her heel and striding away, across the coffee shop and out the door onto the busy street.

She should have known that this was a waste of time. Frank had never been someone she could trust or depend on from the beginning. She was just going to have to find some other way to deal with the growing sexual dissatisfaction burning inside her.

…

Kim panted and groaned, stuffing her fingers deep into her burning, needy cunt. It was no good. Everything she tried felt fucking good… but not good enough to take the edge of the monstrous craving inside her.

For the hundredth time, she grabbed her phone and pulled up the text conversation with Frank. She bit her lip hard, almost breaking the skin. She had to be strong. He was such a disrespectful bastard. And, more importantly, he had made his position crystal clear: if Kim wanted to meet him again, she would have to submit to him completely.

Kim just didn't know if she could stand that. She had always had a problem with masculine men pushing her around. More than a handful of her relationships had ended because she felt like her boyfriend had become too controlling. There was something inside her that wanted to rebel anytime a dominant man assumed she would do as she was told. Her Daddy issues cropping up again, most likely. But as much as her instincts told her to fight back against Frank's smug, condescending control, a deeper part of her craved him for reasons she couldn't explain. And no substitute would do.

Kim was strong and tossed her phone away with a groan, but as the night wore on, her need grew stronger and stronger. She chased an orgasm that never came, Frank's eyes burning in her mind as she moaned and whimpered, twisted in her sweaty sheets.

And in the dark of the night, with her strange sexual hunger burning inside her…

She gave in to her growing weakness.

…

Gene leaned against his old beat-up car, waiting for his new Cumbunny to show up with a twinkle in his eye and a song in his heart. Kimmy was turning out to be a lot different from Eliza. She was fiery. Bratty. Doing everything she could to avoid submission. But Gene was finding that he didn't mind her smart mouth and glaring hatred. It would just make things that much sweeter when she was forced to sweetly beg her new Daddy for cum.

He was certainly glad that he had gone to the trouble of using a fake name and approaching Kimmy anonymously. Gene had no doubt at all in his mind that if he had started the same way he had with Lizzie, telling Kimmy straight up that he addicted her to his cum and she belonged to him now, things would have gone a lot differently. Kimmy probably would have laughed in his face and marched straight to her pussy brother, instantly giving the entire game away.

No, Kimmy needed to get broken like a wild horse before Gene told her the awful truth. And tonight he was going to tame this brat. Luckily, Frank Penn was a name that he used frequently in situations where he didn't want others to know who he really was… including at Tweety's, so no one was going to call him Gene and ruin the surprise.

Finally, headlights swung across the parking as Kim's car pulled in, and a second later, the woman herself got out, slamming the door behind her and staring irritably up at the neon sign casting a lurid pink glow over the cars. She was wearing a cute black dress. Tasteful, but still showing off the womanly curves of her hot little body. It looked like she had assumed that Gene was going to take her out to dinner tonight.

She clearly still didn't really grasp the dynamic of their relationship.

Kim turned from her study of the massive sign reading "Tweety's" over to Gene as he walked across the parking lot toward her, unable to suppress a big, toothy grin.

"What the fuck, Frank?" she asked in disbelief. "Did you bring me to a fucking strip club?"

…

Kim almost got in her car and left when she found out where Frank wanted to go on their "date". Almost. But she knew what would happen at this point. She would go home burning with righteous anger, certain that she had done the right thing by telling Frank to go fuck himself. But then, over the long, frustrating hours, the anger would drain away, and all that would be left was dull, pulsing lust, growing stronger and stronger without relief.

She couldn't do that again. Even going to a shitty stripclub with an asshole was preferable.

"Fine you fucking asshole." She sighed. "You win. So what, I just need to play a shitty game of simon says with you all night and then you'll finally fuck me? That's the deal? I guess if you want to do something pathetic like going to a strip club, you're the boss."

Frank sidled up to her in the dark parking lot, his deep-set eyes reflecting the pink glow of the sign, his expression strangely serious. "That's right, Kimmy," he said in a low, hard voice that sent a reluctant thrill of desire up Kim's spine. "I am the fucking boss. That's how we agreed it would be if you wanted to meet again, right?"

Kim stared him down, gritting her teeth, rage and frustration boiling inside her at his smug tone. Then her gaze dropped. She was glad for the lurid pink lighting suddenly. Hopefully it would hide her blush. "Yeah," she muttered reluctantly, a perverse twinge of arousal radiating from between her legs. "Whatever, I guess. You're in charge tonight."

It had been an absolute non-negotiable from Frank's end. If she wanted Frank to satisfy her sexual cravings, he was going to be calling the shots all evening. Agreeing to this had been one of the most embarassing fucking things Kim had ever done, but somehow that shame only made the filthy heat inside her grow hotter.

"Good girl," said Frank with an obnoxious chuckle. "I'm going to teach you how fun it is to be my submissive little doll tonight." Then his huge, chunky arm slid around Kim's waist. She

shuddered from the feeling of his insultingly possessive touch as his broad hand rested on her hip, pulling her petite curves tight to his bulky frame.

Kim shuddered. “Gross,” she said under her breath… but it was only partially sincere. Part of her was disgusted by the intimate contact with the older man. But, as much as she hated to admit it, something inside her craved that touch and rejoiced to feel the strong, dominant hand holding her close.

As they entered the club, Kim could feel the confused eyes of the burly bouncer on her as they walked in the door, and a fresh wave of shame crashed over her. He clearly couldn’t understand why a hot young woman like Kim was on the arm of a troll like Frank. She couldn’t blame him for his confusion. She herself had a hard time believing she was allowing Frank to treat her like slutty arm candy. But oddly, the feeling of the bouncer’s judgmental eyes and Frank’s broad fingers clinging to her waist sent a sizzle of sexual energy tracing up her spine, raising goosebumps up and down her arms.

Kim had never been to a strip club before. She might be adventurous and free-spirited, but something about a place where girls got naked and danced for money just felt sleazy to her. Tweety’s didn’t alter her impression, either. It was a low, dim room, lit by pulsing lights, with booths and tables arranged around a central runway and stage and a raised DJ booth in one corner. The was a bar along the wall on one side of the club with a oily looking man behind it who nodded at Frank as they entered. The room was a few degrees to warm, and smelled like cheap perfume and cheaper beer. Kim couldn’t help but notice that the floor felt sticky as they walked deeper inside.

A chesty blonde with hooded eyes languidly twirled around a pole on a central stage as they entered. Kim blushed hotly and glanced away from the big, fake, naked tits as soon as her eyes rested on them, embarrassed and strangely aroused. Kim had always had a bisexual streak, although it wasn’t something that she had pursued seriously in the past. But that wasn’t the reason for the hot, swooping feeling rolling through her belly right now. All of a sudden, the idea of someone being that exposed in front of a room of men felt more hot than disgusting to her.

The music was loud enough that Kim felt it rattling her skull with every beat. All around the stage, sleazy men with hungry eyes watched the performance, some tossing bills up onto the stage or handing them directly to the performer as she shimmied past. They all looked like Frank to her. Not all of them were as old as the man holding her close to his side, or as ugly, but they all had the predatory look on their faces. A desire to control. To own.

As they approached the bar along one side of the room, the performance ended. The lights brightened a little in the room, and the music receded to a dull background thud. Kim could see now that other strippers were circulating around the room, chatting with patrons and trying to interest the men in private dances. Kim was glad that none of them were near the bar right now… She had no idea what to even say to a fellow woman if a stripper approached in one of

the slutty outfits they were dressed in. How could they even stand to wear things that embarrassing in public?

An oily-looking man with slicked-back hair stood behind the bar, and his eyes widened as he saw Frank approaching with a hot young woman on his arm. “Whoa!” said the man in a raspy voice, his pale grey eyes slowly tracing up and down Kim’s curves. “Good to see you, Frank. And *especially* good to see your little friend here. What service is she with? Because I think I might need to set up a date myself, if you know what I mean.”

Kim stiffened at the implication. *What the fuck? Does this slimy creep think that I’m some sort of fucking hooker?*

“Bite me!” she said venomously. She was already on edge from the feeling of Frank’s possessive hand on her hip, and for a second she wanted nothing more than to launch herself over the bar and teach the slimy bartender a fucking lesson.

“She’s a little firecracker too!” said the bartender, roaring with laughter. “You should tell her to put that smart mouth to better use, Frank!” He didn’t seem the least bit put off or intimidated by Kim’s furious glare, but she supposed she didn’t look too intimidating when she was acting as arm candy for a slob like Frank.

“Ha! Don’t worry, Tony. By the end of the night, she’s going to be using that sharp little tongue for her real calling. And you’ve got it all wrong. This little girl is an amateur slut, not a pro. She’s here cause she can’t get enough of yours truly,” said Frank with a broad, sleazy smile, pulling Kim’s soft feminine body close to his bulky side.

“Right,” said the bartender with a shrug. His eyes clearly disbelieving as he openly stared at Kim’s round tits. Kim felt completely degraded and on display. Her dress wasn’t even particularly revealing, but the very fact that she was openly here with Frank seemed to make her a piece of meat in the shady bartender’s eyes.

“Say Tone,” said Frank conspiratorially, “You don’t mind if I… have a good time with my girl out on the floor tonight, do you?” Kim felt a wave of disbelieving fury shot through with desire as Frank’s hand wandered downward, cupping and groping a firm, perky buttcheek through the thin material of her dress. Her hand twitched, aching to grab his wrist and pull the presumptuous hand off her butt… but then she remembered that right now, she had agreed that what Frank wanted, he got. So instead, she just hung her head and let helpless submissive lust flood through her as Frank demonstrated his dominance, palming her ass in front of his friend like he owned it.

Tony the bartender looked thoughtful, his slimy eyes still locked onto Kim’s tight young body. “Well, normally I would say I don’t want anything distracting from the girls. But what the hell, sounds like a laugh to me. Just don’t overdo it, huh? Wouldn’t want the free show to keep the boys from spending money.”

“Strictly over the clothes,” said Frank with a wink, then pulled Kim with him, heading for a table closer to the stage. Kim felt the eyes of the patrons following them as they went. An heavy older man with his hand openly groping the ass of his hot young eye candy. She could feel the jealousy coming off the watchers in waves; sense their eyes soaking in every inch of her curvy body. The squirming, uncomfortable arousal deep in her belly intensified even further. Frank had better make this worth her while by finally scratching her maddening sexual itch. That was the only reason she was putting up with this public humiliation after all.

They sat at a small table within arm’s reach of the stage, and Frank kept Kim close, slinging a hefty arm over her shoulder and pulling her chair snug to his, practically engulfing her with his massive bulk. Kim felt like the hungry eyes of all the patrons were turned on her. She was so distracted and flustered by the attention that it startled her when Frank broke the silence between them, rumbling, “So… How does it feel?”

“How does what feel?” she muttered irritably, squirming a little under the weight of his arm holding her close.

“Being mine?” said Frank simply with a cocky smirk.

Kim snorted, but it took her a second to answer. She wanted to say that she didn’t belong to anybody, especially not the cocky asshole currently strong-arming her into this submissive relationship. But that didn’t ring true to her. She had come here today knowing that Frank would push her around and disrespect her. If she knew beforehand that that was how she would be treated, what else would you call it other than ownership? For the moment at least.

The truth was that it felt disturbingly good. As sickening as it was on one hand to feel like Frank’s plaything, it only made the powerful sexual tension she had been struggling with even stronger. Her mind rebelled, but her body longed to give in… to snuggle up against Frank’s powerful bulk and relish his power over her.

As she stared into Frank’s piggy eyes, Kim struggled for the hundredth time in the past week to understand what was wrong with her. Some sort of trauma from unresolved Daddy issues? A mental break due to stress? Just plain old perversion that had somehow surfaced unexpectedly? It made no sense. Frank was the worst possible match for her in the entire world, physically and personality-wise.

So why do I ache to see his big hard cock again… and to taste his hot sticky load as he blasts it all over my slutty tongue?

“It’s fucking embarassing,” she said truthfully in a smoldering whisper, staring up at him with hate-filled eyes. Then she added a lie. “I fucking hate it.”

Frank looked like he was about to make a smug, mocking reply, but then the floor lights dimmed again, and the stage lights grew bright. “Time to watch the show, Kimmy,” said Frank with a grin. “This is one of my favorite dancers. We can talk more afterward.”

“Ladies and gentlemen!” crowed a loud voice of the DJ over the speakers, “Please welcome to the stage, the one… the only… Vesper!”

Kim’s attention was gripped as a long, slim, leggy dancer strode smoothly out onto the stage. She could instantly tell why Frank had said she was one of his favorites. Vesper had a supermodel build and a sort of lithe, catlike grace that made her movements fascinating as she leapt athletically onto the pole, twining her long legs around it and spinning while giving her audience a smoldering glare.

There was something about Vesper that reminded Kim of someone… A complex flip-flop of emotions pulsed through her as she realized who it was. Vesper looked a lot like her sister-in-law, Eliza. Not a perfect match by any means. The face was all wrong, for instance. But she was a tall, willowy brunette with incredible legs, confident feminine grace, and a cool, haughty stare at odds with her job as a slutty nude entertainer. It was strange to make the comparison between her modest, straight-laced sister-in-law and the sultry performer who was currently reaching behind her back to deftly unhook her push-up bra. Kim had never put any thought into whether she found Eliza sexually attractive… But as Vesper shook her tits for the crowd, her stiff pink nipples wobbling obscenely in the pulsing neon lights, Kim was forced to reflect that she probably did find Eliza pretty hot.

Kim let out a strangled sound of shock as she felt Frank’s arm shift, dropping a hand down between her thighs. “What the fuck?” she gasped, instinctively trying to wriggle away from the feeling of Frank’s fingers as they wormed down between her thighs.

“Settle down,” commanded Frank, his lips right up against her ear to be heard over the pulsing music. “I’m the boss right now, remember?” Kim held herself rigid against him for a moment, her thighs tightly clasped together… then slowly, she relaxed, whimpering in surrender as her thighs loosened, then spread, allowing Frank access to her pussy on the public floor of the strip club.

His thick, rough finger felt like electric fire on the soft, burning-hot center of her sexuality, even through the cloth of her dress and panties. Even she was surprised by the wetness she felt in her panties as the cloth was mashed against her moist sex.

“Mmmmm,” said Frank’s voice, hot and harsh in her her ear as his finger kneaded and bunched the soft cloth of her dress between her thighs, “someone’s getting horny, isn’t she? Is it from the embarrassment? Or the feeling of Daddy’s arm on your body? … or maybe Kimmy has a sneaky little thing for other girls?”

“Sh-shut up,” whined Kim, panting heavily and squirming against the feeling of his rough, probing fingers. She was painfully aware of the other men in the room, just feet away. She felt

her body pulsing with filthy heat as she noticed some of the men look over, elbowing each other and getting distracted from the slutty show happening on stage.

“Ooh, I think we have a winner!” chuckled Frank, his fingers moving endlessly in a firm teasing motion, pressing her hot, wet panties hard against her swollen clit. “Kimmy likes girls! Well… that *is* interesting information. I’ll tell you what, doll, Vesper is a real nice lady. If you like her so much, why don’t you let Daddy buy you a dance? You can see that sexy body right up close and really explore that embarrassing same-sex attraction in front of everyone.”

“Don’t… don’t you fucking dare!” gasped Kim, but she was already picturing it. Getting a lap dance from the gorgeous, slim stripper in front of everyone. Her humiliated arousal on display for Vesper and all of the audience members to see. The stimulation between her thighs was setting her veins on fire now, and her hips began making little involuntary thrusts forward into Frank’s hands. She didn’t have to imagine being the center of attention. More and more eyes around the room were focusing on her and Frank rather than the action taking place on stage.

A little moan wormed its way out of Kim’s throat. Her eyes focused on the lithe, pale beauty of Vesper as she gyrated on stage, both the stripper and Frank’s fingers moving in time with the deep pulsing beat of the music.

Vesper moved on the stage with elegant grace that was at odds with her slutty nudity, leaning back against the chrome pole to hump the air, with smooth, dramatic pumps of her slim, feminine hips. Her pussy was shaved utterly smooth, silky pale skin with just the lightest pink flush visible at her lips as she spread her legs wide. A strange perverse question popped into Kim’s head… was Eliza’s pussy shaved the same way? She shook her head, irritated at herself. *Why am I thinking about my fucking sister-in-law right now. It doesn’t matter if the stripper looks a little like her, that’s fucked up.*

But the problem was the movement of Frank’s fingers was making it hard to think clearly. One thick finger pressed tight against the cleft of her lower lips over the layers of her dress and panties, rubbing incessantly right at her clit, driving her crazy with the sensation. You could accuse Frank of being a loser in a lot of ways, but the man had an understanding of female anatomy that made it clear he was experienced at sex. Kim couldn’t help but spread her legs a little wider, trying to increase the sensations between her legs. Even as embarrassing as it was to be played with like this in front of an audience, her body craved more intense stimulation than over-the-clothes groping.

“You would fucking love it,” hissed Frank in her ear. “We could go further than just a lap dance, too… This place is as seedy as they come. A lot of strippers are willing to do a little… extracurricular work on the side. How would you like to really explore your little lesbian streak while Daddy watches? Or better yet, you could share my cock with another woman…”

Kim wished that she didn’t like the sound of that, but she couldn’t stop picturing it as she stared at the now-naked dancer on the stage. Vesper gave her audience a sultry bedroom stare as she

leaned forward, letting her firm little tits hand down from her chest and jiggling them for a moment before raising her hands to cup and squeeze them for her audience's pleasure. Kim pictured her hands running over Vesper's slim, beautiful body in the same way. her breath hitching in her throat at the powerful erotic image. Her mind went further, picturing kneeling across from Vesper, that same sultry gaze on the stripper's face, as Frank loomed above them, his massive cock throbbing betweeen the two women.

Oh God… Sharing Frank's massive cock with another woman. Kissing his thick, salty cum back and forth between soft, feminine lips… Kim moaned again, a little louder this time, her hips pressing forward, needily rubbing her pussy up against Frank's thick fingers.

She felt her back arching, a tight spring of sexual pleasure winding tighter and tighter inside her, building up to a powerful release. And then, suddenly, it was over. The lights grew brighter, and the audience clapped, including Frank. His hand withdrew from between Kim's legs, leaving her breathless and frustrated, denied just a hair's breadth from climax. She looked around with a scowl to see that half of the appalling audience wasn't looking toward Vesper as they clapped, instead leering at her and Frank, who was grinning widely at the attention.

Kim flushed hotly. She had known that she had maybe been making a spectacle of herself, but the mocking, horny eyes of the rough-looking men around the club brought home the point that she had become the center of attention for their lust.

"Looks like my little bunny is ready for what comes next," said Frank approvingly, suddenly standing up and moving from her side. Something about how his tone when he said the word *bunny* made Kim shudder for reasons she didn't fully understand. "Wait here, Kimmy. I need to check something with my pal Tony. I'll be right back to fetch you."

Kim took a deep breath and let it out as Frank moved away through the dim room. She felt drained and shaky from the sexual intensity of Frank's teasing, but her body still brimmed with that power craving, desperate for the repulsive older man to fulfill it. As she huddled at the table, lost in her thoughts, she was both happy that she didn't have to deal with Frank for the moment, and wished that he would hurry back and finally give her what she needed.

"Are you ok, honey?" came a cool, calm voice from Kim's left, startling her. She turned with a start to see Vesper, the lovely stripper who somehow reminded her of Eliza, bending toward her with a look of concern on her lovely face. In her horny state, Kim couldn't help but swiftly run her eyes over the delicious curves of Vesper's lithe, graceful body, sending another embarrassing pulse of arousal through her. The tall, slim brunette had donned a cut-off top that gave Kim a direct view down her cleavage, as well as a tiny miniskirt and ridiculously tall platform heels, which she wore with effortless ease.

"I… I'm fine," said Kim breathlessly, trying her best to look Vesper in her clear blue eyes rather than staring at her tits. She suddenly felt like a tongue-tied high school boy rather than the confident, independent woman that she knew she was. Being here with Frank tonight had

fucked with her head. She couldn't stop picturing kneeling with Vesper in front of Frank's thick cock… and that image made it hard to act calm and collected in front of the beautiful stripper.

Vesper nodded, but the look of concern didn't leave her face. "I saw what Frank was doing to you when I was up on stage. Everybody here knows that he's a total creep. Tony is the only one who can stand the guy… and that's because he's a creep too. Is he forcing you to be here? Do you need help? Trust me, honey, no matter what he's using to pressure you, it's not as bad as it seems. Tony's a fucking asshole, but some of the bouncers are good guys. I could have them toss Frank, and we can talk."

Kim flushed bright red, her insides filling with hot, acidic shame as Vesper's lovely, kind eyes bored into her. The sweet, sexy stripper saw Kim with someone like Frank and immediately assumed that she must be blackmailed or sex trafficked. In a way, it was even worse than the bartender's assumption that she was a prostitute, because it made the truth that she was here because she wanted to fuck Frank that much more humiliating.

"N-no," she stuttered, unable to look Vesper in the eyes. *God fucking damn it, why is this turning me on even more?* "I'm ok. I…" She gulped and managed to force out the truth. "I'm here because I want to be."

Vesper opened her mouth to say something, but then she caught the sincerity in Kim's humiliated, blushing expression. Kim read the mild disgust in the gorgeous woman's eyes as Vesper straightened up abruptly, the concern finally leaving her expression. Vesper now saw that Kim wasn't a victim. She was just a slut with bad taste. Being looked down on this way by another woman was more embarrassing than the entire club watching her get fingered. Even worse, she was being looked down on by a woman who took her clothes off for money! Anger started to bubble up through her embarrassment, but before she could say anything, Frank reappeared, a wide grin on his ugly face.

"Two lovely ladies getting to know each other," said Frank with a chuckle, putting on hand possessively on Kim's shoulder. "You love to see it. Are you interested in hanging out with us, Vesper? It would pay very well, I promise."

Vesper crossed her arms beneath her small, firm breasts and looked at Frank like he was something she had scraped off the bottom of her shoe. "It wouldn't pay well enough, Frank," she said in a frosty voice. It was exactly the tone and attitude that Kim wished she was able to take with Frank. But for some reason the inexplicable sexual weakness inside her simply wouldn't allow it. When Vesper's eyes turned to Kim, they didn't thaw this time. Kim knew what she looked like in the Stripper's eyes.

Just some pathetic pervert who was willing to slum it with a disgusting specimen like Frank.

And Kim couldn't even say she was wrong.

As Vesper turned and gracefully clicked away across the strip club floor, Frank shrugged carelessly, clearly used to that sort of dismissive reaction from women. “Her loss,” he grunted, then shook Kim’s shoulder, jerking his head to the side in a “this way” gesture. “Come on, Kimmy. I have a little surprise for you… or I guess, more accurately, you have a little surprise for me.”

Kim scowled at him, but she couldn’t deny the sudden powerful pulse of desire that flooded through her from his suggestive tone. Was it finally going to happen? Was Frank going to stop teasing her and fuck her already, calming the raging torrent of pent-up sexual frustration inside her? She got up from the table, trying not to look like she was too eager as she said cautiously. “What do you mean? Where are we going?”

Frank chuckled, throwing his arm around her again as he led her to one sign of the dimly lit room, toward a short hallway guarded by a burly, bored-looking bouncer. “Somewhere a little more private, Kimmy. Trust me, you aren’t going to want to do what happens next in public.”

…

Gene felt like he was in heaven right now.

Everything was going perfectly tonight, Exactly how he had envisioned it: Kim falling slowly but surely deeper and deeper down the rabbit hole of total submission.

Kim’s expression was sour and confused as he led her toward the private room, but Gene could see the signs of her fall beneath the surface. She was fucking horny. Desperate for his cock, and she had no idea why. That had been the best part about this pursuit so far: watching the fiery, bratty little blonde conquered and forced into humiliation by her own cravings.

It filled Gene with an intoxicating sense of control and power. Here was exactly the type of woman who normally sneered at him. Rejected him. Showed him zero interest or respect. Watching a cocky little brat like Kim brought to heel and forced to obey made Gene feel like the king of the fucking world.

And it was about to get a thousand times better. He had bribed Tony to let him use one of the club’s private dance rooms. In fact, the exact same room where he had suffered an awful humiliation just a few years ago from a woman just as self-centered and stuck up as Kim. He was going to overwrite the memory of that embarrassing failure tonight with a sexual victory that he would never forget.

Kim looked around suspiciously as they entered the room, arms crossed defensively over her chest, but her cheeks flushed with arousal. It was a small room, just big enough for its purpose. A leather chair sat on one end of the room, and a one-way mirror was set along the outer wall, allowing the bouncer to supervise the action and make sure there was no funny business.

Which was sort of a joke. Tony didn't give a shit if his girls got up to funny business in the private rooms as long as everyone was happy and getting paid, including him.

Tonight, there would be no need for a bouncer's protection. The slut in this private room wasn't one of Tony's; she was one of Gene's. And Kimmy was desperate for all the funny business he could give her.

Gene removed his arm from around Kim's waist and plodded across the small room to the chair, plopping down with a grunt and surveying the bratty little slut he was about to bring forcefully to heel.

Kim really was a hot piece of ass. Petite, with tits and hips that made a man want to run his hands all over them and feel her tempting curves. She had tried to wear a modest black dress tonight, as if this was a date with the sort of limp dicks she normally went after, but nothing could hide the sweet feminine swells and dips of her luscious little body. With feathery, lustrous blonde hair and lovely flashing green eyes that showed the fire she had burning inside, Kim was a knock-out beauty.

And tonight, she was all his. Even she, bratty and defiant as she normally was, had agreed to that. She stared at him, anger and frustration clearly written all over her face… But lust was there as well, staining her delicate features a pretty pink and making her breaths hitch, bouncing her tits softly beneath the cloth of her dress.

'What is this?" she asked sharply. 'What are we fucking doing here?" It was pretty cute how she continued to try to act like a badass little tough girl when she was this fucking horny for the man she hated.

Gene reached down slowly and unzipped his pants, watching with amusement as Kim's beautiful green eyes, normally so sharp and intelligent, but right now hazy with reluctant lust, tracked his every move. Her lips parted softly and she let out an involuntary gasp as Gene fished out his stiffening cock, exposing it in the dim light of the private room.

"This is what you want, right?" he taunted, reaching down to slowly stroke his cock, bringing it to full hardness. "It's what you've been craving all evening.'

Kim's face grew pinker. "Shut up," she muttered bitterly… but there was already a little rasp of arousal in her voice that made her true feelings clear.

"Be honest with me," commanded Gene in a steely voice, making his new bunny look up into his eyes, her gaze filled with reluctant desire and hatred. "Or there's no way you're getting what you want tonight."
Kim's lip twisted into a snarl, and her hands gripped her dress in white-knuckled fists of anger. But finally she dropped her gaze and muttered, "Fine… Yes. I want your cock."

Gene relished the humiliated, horny whisper, his cock now pulsing with dark lust in his palm. Taming this little brat had been a lot harder than a submissive softie like Lizzie, but it was oh so rewarding to hear Kimmy submit. Now he wanted to see that submission in action.

“I want you to show me how much you want this. Convince me.”

Kim looked up at him with a questioning scowl. “Convince you? What the fuck do you…?” She seemed to finally realize where she was. In a private back room. In a strip club. Her eyes widened in disbelief, and Gene grinned widely. She seemed like the sort of snooty woman who looked down on strippers, and it didn’t seem like she was taking the idea of acting like one very well. The funniest part was that she would be even worse than a stripper: her only payment would be dick.

“You seriously expect me to…?” she asked in a choked tone, her body stiff with rage.

“Kimmy. Who’s the boss right now?” asked Gene in a low, deceptively calm voice.

“Frank, you can just snap your fingers and turn me into a fucking slut!”

“*Kimmy,”* Gene’s voice cracked out like a whip, startling Kim into silence, and, by the looks of her suddenly harsh breaths, sent a fresh flood of arousal between her thighs. “Who is the fucking boss right now?”

Kim stared daggers at him… then rolled her eyes and said grudgingly, “You are…” in a small, defeated voice.

“Damn right I am. And I say my good little girl is going to dance for her Daddy to show him how much she wants his cock. No dance, no deal. You can walk out the door right now with no hard feelings if this is a dealbreaker for you.”

Gene could see the war play out on his new Cumbunny’s pretty face. Her pride, self-respect and hatred of her new master fought tooth and nail against the monstrous thirst for cock forced on her by the oil she still didn’t know she had swallowed. And, credit where credit was due: Kim’s resistance almost won. She really was a tough little cookie.

But her struggle ended the way Gene always knew it would. It was inevitable. Even if Kim had somehow resisted right now in this moment, she would have just come crawling back in a day or two when her cravings grew even more intense. The mjolkhare oil was unbeatable. It gave cumbunnies a new basic need as strong as the need for water or air. And you couldn’t fight your physical needs for long.

Kim bit her lip hard, closed her eyes so that she couldn’t see Gene’s gloating face, then slowly began swaying her hips, the hem of her dress flipping and swirling around her thick thighs. It was awkward and jerky at first, but at the same time, it was one of the sexiest things that Gene

had ever seen because of what it symbolized. A clear sign of the fiery brat's submission to Gene's will.

"You're a stripper right now, Kimmy," said Gene in a low, amused voice. "Start acting like one. Run those hands up and down your body. Do your best to tempt me."

With a shuddering breath, Kim did as she was told, hesitantly running her hands slowly down from her shoulders over her heaving breasts, across her taut belly, and over the swell of her wide womanly hips, pressing the black fabric tight to the flesh beneath. As she went, her movements started to grow more fluid and natural. She let go of her anger and let her arousal take over, her hips flowing and swirling in liquid movements as her hands traveled slowly back up the curves of her petite body.

Gene let her get into the rhythm for a long few minutes, her eyes closed and her hands growing more enthusiastic as they roamed over her body. But eventually, the show had to go on. "Kim," said Gene with a chuckle, "You know, the thing about strippers is… they strip. Be a good girl and take that dress off for Daddy."

Kim's eyes flashed open, and Gene noted with smug satisfaction that Kim no longer looked defiant or angry. She seemed almost confused by the powerful depths of lust that had taken hold of her. "Yes, D…" Kim paused, looked shocked at herself, shook her head, and started again. "Yes, Frank." But Frank had noticed the near Freudian slip. His incessant use of the word Daddy was slowly slipping the word into Kim's subconscious. Mjolkhare oil didn't just addict people to a man's cum… it also made all the master's actions more arousing to his Cumbunny, and produced a subtle psychological effect that made the bunny want to please him. It would only grow stronger with time, and no matter how disgusted Kim was by the word right now, before long Kimmy would be his little Daddy's-girl Cumbunny slut.

Kim demurely turned her back on Gene as she lifted the simple, flowy dress. The dress slowly came up and off over her head, giving Gene a feast for his hungry eyes as Kim's toned thighs, perky butt, and smooth, lightly muscled back came into view. He began stroking himself as he watched, noting that Kim seemed to have picked out some sexy lace underwear for her date this evening. He supposed it made sense, since she was anticipating having sex.

As Kim turned back, her eyes went wide, focusing with laser-like intensity on Gene's hand pumping up and down his stiff cock. She visibly gulped, and Gene could see the way her perky nipples strained against the thin lace material of her bra. The poor girl had it bad, staring at his cock with obvious hunger in her eyes.

"Keep dancing, Kimmy," taunted Gene, "you have to earn this reward." This time, there was no flash of anger, Kim just nodded silently and began her liquid, swaying hip movements again, her hands trailing up and down her sexy curves. She had lost herself completely in her submissive arousal for the moment, and there were no more complaints about the demeaning nature of her

master's demands. Her lustful gaze stayed completely focused on Gene's cock as he stroked it, her eyes on the prize as her movements became even more sensual.

Gene enjoyed the sight of Kim's slutty dance as he lazily pleasured himself. Kim had picked out an exquisite pair of underwear for this evening, a tiny black lace triangle clinging snugly between her thighs and a bra sheer enough to show the shape and color of her big pink nipples. But as alluring as the sight was, no good strip show ended with the slut wearing underwear.

Luckily, Gene didn't even have to ask for the next escalation. Kim had fully accepted her role as stripper for the evening, and with a heated glance flicking up to her master's eyes, she reached behind her to unhook her bra, allowing Gene a full, unobstructed view of her round, perky tits for the first time. Gene began stroking faster. They were perfect. Well-shaped and firm, with big, stiff pink nipples standing proud and tall as they heaved with Kim's submissive passion. Tits like that weren't just for looking at…

Gene beckoned his Cumbunny closer, his hand never ceasing its journey up and down his thick shaft. Even though Kimmy was playing a stripper tonight for her master, she wasn't one. And that meant there were no rules against touching her. Gene remembered Candy, the stripper who had made a fool of him a few years back. She had always been full of excuses why Gene couldn't touch her very much. But that was why this was so fucking sweet. He had found a real slut now. One who craved his touch even more than he craved her tits. Candy had been a false submissive, but Frank was molding Kimmy into the real deal. And it was time to enjoy the fruits of his labor.

There was hesitation in Kim's eyes as she stepped closer… even intimidation. But it was outweighed by her bone deep desire as she stood above him, trembling with lust as Gene stroked his cock, staring at her beautiful body.

His hand reached out greedily, and Kim couldn't hold back a slutty little moan as Gene finally felt what was his, hefting one of her juicy tits in a broad, strong hand. His thick thumb brushed against, then pressed firmly into a stiff pink nipple, drawing a shuddering gasp from the horny, sensitive bunny trembling above him, She was putty in his hands now. Ready to do anything her new Daddy asked.

"Lap dance. Now," growled Gene, raising his hand off his throbbing cock so that he could squeeze both of Kim's tits in his sweaty paws.

Despite her inexperience, Kim took to her task like a pro, straddling Gene's lap with an intense expression of horny concentration and pressing the wet surface of the lacy panties covering her crotch against Gene's cock, rubbing and grinding her sexual heat hard into her master's manhood. Gene took the opportunity to turn his full attention to Kim's beautiful breasts, pulling her close to seize a pretty pink nipple between his lips. Kim had fully abandoned all resistance for now, throwing her hands around Gene's thick neck and crushing his face eagerly into her naked tits, her hips swirling and grinding madly against him.

Gene lashed his tongue against one nipple, then the other, building up Kim's pleasure to the breaking point as she whimpered, her head thrown back and riding his lap with abandon. This was so close to his final moments with Candy, the stripper who had humiliated him. Well… minus the nipple sucking. She had never actually let him get that far. But the pussy grinding was just the same.

Tonight was going to end differently, though. Gene finally pushed Kim away, gently but firmly, and said gruffly, "Panties off. I want to see everything."

Kim nodded eagerly now, her eyes hazy with all-consuming submissive lust. She hooked her thumbs through the waistband of her panties and slipped them down her lovely tanned legs. Too eager to make it a sexy striptease now, she hurriedly stepped out of them and stood fully nude in front of her new master.

Gene's eyes ran appreciatively over Kim's beautiful young body. Her pussy was as cute as the rest of her, chubby and pink, with a neat little triangle of golden pubes above it. Currently, it was oozing desire, swollen with need for her Daddy's cock.

But Kimmy wasn't quite ready for that yet. He couldn't let her walk away entirely satisfied from this encounter. With what he had planned for the rest of the evening, he needed his bunny to be thirsty for more. Besides, Gene knew a much more humiliating way that his bratty little bunny could show her fresh submission.

"On your knees," he said with a smirk, pointing to the floor of the private room between his hairy thighs.

For just a moment, the humiliation and reluctance flashed back across Kimmy's pretty face. He was commanding her to sink lower than even a stripper. To get to her knees naked on the filthy floor of a sleazy strip club's champagne room to serve a man she hated.

Gene chuckled with satisfaction as he saw Kimmy swallow her pride and sink to her knees, defeated. She was right back where she had been earlier this week, staring up at his cock with lust, intimidation, and desperate hunger. But this time, a handjob wasn't going to cut it.

"Suck Daddy's cock, Kimmy," rumbled Gene, his eyes locked with his slutty brat's gaze as she panted with lust beneath him.

"I…" said Kim hesitantly, nearly crosseyed as she stared at the monstrous cock looming above her. Her big round tits heaved up and down with her hot, ragged breaths, ther stiff pink nipples tracing little circles. "I… yes… yes, sir," she whispered, pursing her pouty pink lips and planting a lingering kiss on the tip of Gene's cock, smearing them with his filthy precum. Gene reached down with a possessive growl, firmly seizing and handful of Kim's lustrous blonde locks and pulling her down, sinking his cock deep in her warm, wet mouth.

Kim was submitting fully to him now, letting him take control of her moments as she deepened the slutty blowjob. Her soft pink lips made a vacuum seal around Gene's thick shaft as her head bobbed between his fat hairy legs, her tongue wriggling and licking every inch of his cock, worshipping the man she hated with the perfect little mouth that had sneered at him all week. Her eyes locked with his, their pretty green depths roiling with shame and lust and deep, helpless submission.

It was a dream come true. Gene would never be able to get revenge on the woman who had made him feel small, but this was the next best thing. Yet another woman who had assumed she was better than him was humbly on her knees, taking his cock. After all of her defiance and insults, their relationship had finally arrived at its natural state: with Gene on top and his little Cumbunny serving him on her knees.

Gene pulled Kim harder into him, deepening the blowjob and pushing up against her tight throat. Carefully at first, but as it became clear the Kim was experienced enough to handle it, with increasing speed and pressure, Gene fucked his cumbunny's willing face. Spit dripped down her chin in sloppy strands as she submitted the to brutal domination. Her hand slipped down to rub and tease between her legs, increasing the chorus of obscene wet sounds filling the private room.

Gene was ready for his first orgasm of the night. But Kimmy wouldn't be allowed a fully satisfying load of his cum down her throat right now. He needed her craving to still be sharp and powerful for a little while longer… at least until he showed her the big surprise he had waiting for his new bunny at home. He slowed down the speed of the blowjob in preparation for his climax, thrusting long and slow and deep into the red-faced slut beneath him, relishing the feeling of her tiny throat snug around his powerful cock. Kim moaned desperately around him as Gene's balls tightened and drew up to the base of his shaft. The slutty sound of pleasure sent a pleasant gargling buzz around his cock, tipping him over the edge.

With a deep grunt of satisfaction, Gene quickly withdrew his cock, aiming it down at Kimmy's slutty little face and painting her with hot, sticky ropes of his semen. She moaned beneath him, her back arching and her tongue sticking out, desperate to catch his seed. Gene aimed around it, focusing everywhere except her mouth. Right now, Kim was only allowed to get the tiniest teasing taste of his semen… not enough to satisfy the hunger raging inside her.

While Kim was stunned, and before she had a chance to scoop the cum off her face into her hungry mouth, Gene reached down and picked up her discarded dress, roughly wiping away the sticky globs of his semen from her splattered face. Then, wiping off the last drops, he finally allowed Kim to take his cockhead back into her desperate mouth. She would only be able to get a measly few teasing drops at this point, but he let the little slut try, petting and stroking his new Cumbunny's hair as she suckled greedily on his cock. Her eyes closed in dreamy concentration as her tongue wriggled and lapped over his slit, sucking down every drop she could find.

This happened with Eliza too: she would go into a total trance as the obsession for his cum washed over them. Sometimes Gene wondered what it must feel like. Clearly it was a sexual thrill that was unmatched by any normal physical sensation. He would never know for himself, of course. The tradeoff to experience that mind-numbing pleasure was too damn high. But regardless, the utter, powerful wave of satisfaction he saw on Eliza's face sometimes almost made him jealous. In any case, Kim didn't have any deep satisfaction on her face as she tasted a few stray drops of his leftover cum. Gene saw only desperate, frustrated lust there as she sucked frantically for more.

Finally the spell that had gripped Kim passed, and she let his cock go with a pop, her blazing green eyes opening to stare at him with desperate hunger and a fresh sparkle of hatred. She seemed to realize where she was, naked on a strip-club floor, and shivered lightly, turning to grope for her discarded underwear and cum-soiled dress.

"Hold on, now," said Gene sharply, making her look up at him, startled. "You won't be needing your old clothes, Kimmy. Daddy has arranged a brand new outfit."

"What… what the fuck do you mean?" Kim asked him in an apprehensive tone. Right on cue, a brief pounding at the door signalled that the bouncer had brought the outfit that Gene had purchased from Tony.

The only question was… would Kimmy be willing to wear it? Humiliating herself this way would be a major test of her submission to him. Gene wasn't that worried, honestly. After the submissive blowjob and filling her mouth with the taste of his cock, she would probably walk through the club naked for him if she thought it would earn her a load of his cum on the other side. Kim had been wound up into a tight ball of sexual desperation, and Gene couldn't wait to see how far she could be pushed.

Without another word of explanation, he winked at Kim and rose from his chair, crossing the room to open the door and accept the hanger and pair of shoes from the bouncer. Kim squeaked in alarm, hurriedly trying to cover her pussy and tits from the eyes of the burly, smirking man in the doorway, but it was sort of a silly gesture. Afterall, the bouncer had likely taken the time to watch the little nude slut get her face painted with cum through the one-way mirror before knocking.

Kim was so distracted by the bouncer's arrival that she didn't even fully absorb the outfit that he was holding until the door was closed and he turned back to her. Her eyes widened in horror as she gazed at the stripper outfit that Tony had parted with for a few hundred bucks, complete with shiny black platform shoes. Sort of a rip-off, but it would be worth it to see Kimmy paraded out of the club wearing it. Not to mention the spice it would add when they got back to Gene's apartment

"F-fuck you, Frank," she said shakily, her nipples still broadcasting the fact that she was deeply aroused. "There's no way that I would ever…"

Gene just had to laugh at this point. “You keep saying that, Kimmy,” he said, shaking his head as he brought her new outfit across the room to her, “but we both know that you’re going to do whatever Daddy says in the end.”

…

Kim sucked in a nervous breath, tottering on the massive platform shoes as they made the way down the short hallway toward the main floor of the strip club.

Her body pulsed with squirming anxiety and lust. Her sensitive nipples pressed hard against the flimsy white material of the tight cutoff top that left her toned, tanned stomach bare to the air. Her pussy throbbed with sweet aching need beneath the pornographicaly tiny red tartan skirt. Her long blonde hair was now gathered into two long pigtails that fluttered down her back as she walked, and her long legs were encased in silky white stockings that reached halfway up her thighs. She was wearing a slutty schoolgirl costume worthy of the strippers that she had probably inherited it from, dolling up and showcasing her curvy body in a demeaning display of total slutty submission.

When Frank had first presented the outfit to her, Kim was ashamed to say that her first knee-jerk reaction hadn’t been disgust or anger. She had only felt a powerful wave of humiliated lust at the thought of wearing it for the smug asshole who had just dominated her. The anger and disgust had come right afterward, of course, but the eagerness to submit had been decisively first.

She hesitated for a moment as they reached the end of the short hallway, taking deep, gasping breaths and trying to control the powerful arousal pulsing through her.

I can do this.

Frank had convinced her to dress as a slutty schoolgirl under the condition that all she had to do was walk out the door with him in the outfit. It would only be a short walk from the edge of the room to the front doors. A short walk that she was sure would have the eyes of every slimy patron in the club glued to her slutty outfit for every second.

Wait… why the fuck did I agree to this again?

She could have just said “fuck you” to Frank and left if she really wanted to, regardless of whether she agreed to let him call the shots or not. But, although Kim fantasized about being that strong and defiant, she knew that she would never have been able to. Frank had won tonight. He wasn’t just the boss because she was allowing it. As much as Kim hated to admit it, Frank had genuinely dominated her in that room in a way that no man had ever done before. Kneeling with his powerful, throbbing cock filling her mouth… stretching out her submissive throat… it had made her feel weak and helpless and owned in a way that still made her knees feel wobbly just thinking about it. Worse, the intense blowjob hadn’t satisfied the insane arousal

building inside her. And Frank had hinted with a twinkle in his eyes that if she left with him in the stripper outfit, things might continue between them once they left the club. Kim needed that with every fiber of her being at this point.

She had known that she would be wearing the schoolgirl outfit the second she had seen it. There was just no way she could say no to Zane tonight… not when there was a chance he might still fuck her and give her what she truly craved.

Seeing that she was hesitating, Frank half turned, looking over his shoulder at her with a discerning eye, his gaze traveling up and down, taking in her demeaning costume. His ugly face broke into a wide, satisfied grin and he held out his hand, gesturing her forward.

“Come on, Kimmy. Let’s show everyone who you really are.”

Kim gave him a flat, unimpressed stare… but she had to admit that there was no use waiting. This humiliating walk wasn’t going to be any easier in five minutes. She walked forward, ignoring Frank’s outstretched hand, doing her best to stand proud despite the hot, tingling shame that filled her belly and buzzed between her thighs. It was now or never. Just a quick walk.

No problem.

Kim could tell from the way the dirty eyes of the men around the room snapped to her that someone had tipped them off that there would be a spectacle to see. Probably that slimy weasel, Tony. If the feeling of the strangers’ lust was intense before when she was just on Frank’s arm, now it was a thousand times worse. Her whole body lit up with humiliated arousal as a dozen leering men saw her dressed in a demeaning stripper costume, her nipples pressed tight against the thin, sheer cloth of her ridiculous parody of a button-up shirt, her bare pussy feeling vulnerable and exposed beneath the obscenely tiny skirt. She was frozen for a moment, caught in a swirl of powerful shame and arousal… which unfortunately gave Frank a chance to sidle up behind her, slipping his hand under her skirt to palm her bare ass.

Kim had to bite her lip to stop from moaning. The shame, combined with the physical sensation of Frank’s domination made the sexual cravings inside her flare up worse than ever. God, she needed cock. And not just any cock. She turned to Frank standing by her side and shakily whispered, “L-let’s fucking go.”

“Lead the way, Kimmy,” he said with a smirk, gesturing her toward the front of the club… past a gauntlet of hungry eyes. Kim walked forward feeling her belly flip-flop and her pussy clench and flutter with need, sending little trails of lubrication down her inner thighs to wet the tops of her pretty white stockings. She felt the gaze of the crowd like a physical weight on her body. All the work that Frank had done to belittle her and make her feel small and submissive came down to this erotic, humiliating moment.

He had turned her into his slutty little school girl. Publically. Frank slung his arm around Kim's waist once again as she walked, this time his hand resting on the bare skin between the cutoff shirt and the tiny skirt. Claiming her publicly. His slut. His plaything. Kim couldn't even say he was wrong at this point. Every step in this degrading outfit was another admission of Frank's ownership, and as she grew closer and closer to the door, she grew more and more aroused as well. She couldn't think straight. It was all too much.

Just as she had almost reached the entrance and escaped from the lustful eyes of the gathered crowd, Kim noticed that Vesper was watching her, arms crossed over her chest, hip cocked in a pose that displayed her lithe gorgeous body and eyebrow raised in an expression of mild, disgusted amusement. God… Kim had looked down on this woman earlier, assuming that she was a total slut for displaying herself for the patrons of the club. But Kim realized now that she was ten times worse… She had no excuse for the powerful desire pulsing through her veins and leaking from her pussy. She wasn't a woman doing her best to earn money, she was just a desperate slut willing to do anything for Frank's cock.

Finally, they were pushing out the frost doors past the bouncer's one last set of leering eyes, and they emerged out into the warm darkness of the evening, lit only by the buzzing pink glare of the neon sign. Kim stood, wrapping her arms around herself, closing her eyes, and feeling the buzzing, fiery lust roar through her, stronger and more frustrating than ever before. There was no price too high to pay to relieve this feeling. When she opened her eyes, she locked gazes with Frank, standing in front of her with a smoldering look in his eyes as he relished the sight of his slutty little school girl bunny.

Kim was tired of waiting.

She launched herself forward, wrapping her hands around Frank's fat, balding head and pulling him in for an angry, hateful kiss. Her tongue slipped between his smirking lips to tangle and writhe wetly with the middle-aged man's fat tongue. Her leg raised instinctively, pushing up against Frank's side and lightly grinding her throbbing pussy against his bulk. One of Frank's broad hands descended to grasp her beneath her knee, supporting her lifted leg and pulling her close as he dominantly took control of the sloppy makeout, invading her mouth his his tongue and taking Kim's breath away with his forceful dominance.

She broke away, her breathing ragged and her nipples diamond hard beneath her slutty shirt. She cut right to the chase. "Are you going to give me what I want, Frank?" she asked in a husky whisper, lightly grinding herself against him in the warm darkness of the strip club parking lot.

Frank chuckled, like the fucking bastard that he was. "You really are a little horny slut. Making a fool of yourself really got you all hot and bothered, didn't it Kimmy?"

Kim wanted to snarl at him and bite his head off… but she didn't think that would get her any closer to fucking him, and that was all she cared about right now.

“Yeah,” she said with a little groan of horny frustration. “Yeah, it fucking did, Frank. Now would you please fuck me already?” She didn’t even know if she was asking him to take her home or fuck her right there in the parking lot. And, to be honest, she didn’t particularly care at this moment which one he chose.

“I want to see,” said Frank, his smile dropping away, replaced by an intense look of hunger. “I want to see how horny you are, Kimmy. Bend over for me.” He gestured toward his beat-up ride. “Hands on the car.”

Kim obeyed, untangling herself from Frank’s grip, planting her hands on the hood of his beater, spreading her legs, and arching her back to present herself for his inspection. It caused another twist of humiliated lust inside her, but only a small one. After the public parade of shame in the club, this didn’t feel that bad… despite the fact that the tiny fringe of skirt and the angle of her skirt meant that her pussy was exposed to Frank’s eyes and the night breeze. Hopefully no one would choose to leave the strip club at this moment and see her bare, wet pussy lit up in pink neon.

She let out a low moan as Frank’s rough hand glided up her inner thigh, sliding over to rest on her plump, upturned ass for a moment before cracking down in a stinging spank. She yelped and slapped a hand over her mouth, suddenly worried that if she drew too much attention, someone might see what she was doing here in public with a gross older man. But she wasn’t worried enough to protest or shut Frank down. Instead, she arched her back even harder, wiggling her ass lightly, desperate for more dominant attention.

Her hand muffled another animal moan of lust as Frank’s thick flingers slipped down between her cheeks, grazing her virgin asshole before resting lightly on her sopping cunt. Her breaths were coming in huge, hissing breaths through her nose, her heart thumping wildly in her chest. She knew now that she wouldn’t be able to stop even if all of the sleazy patrons of the club came out to watch her. She needed Frank that fucking badly.

Kim went weak in the knees as Frank slowly inserted a thick finger into her hot, dripping pussy. She had never felt this turned on in her entire life. She could feel her pussy clenching and milking Frank’s invading finger as he slowly pumped it in and out, wiggling his thumb to stimulate her throbbing clit as he went. She felt so fucking close. Right on the edge of an orgasm that she prayed would finally relieve her consuming lust. But she needed more. Either Frank needed to move faster, or he had to drop the fucking tease and pull his cock out right here and now.

But instead, Frank disappointed her, withdrawing his hand and wiping his hand contemptuously over the soft, hot skin of Kim’s exposed ass.

Kim looked back at him over her shoulder, lips parted, panting with lust. He couldn’t leave her hanging like this. Not when she was so fucking close. “Frank… please,” she said in a small,

weak whisper, swaying her ass on her tall platform heels, trying desperately to tempt him to go further. “Fuck me. I fucking need it.”

“You want me to fuck you in public?” asked Frank with a toothy grin, eyebrow raised. “In the parking lot of a filthy strip club? But I thought you were soooo much better than me. What happened?”

Kim groaned in frustration, reaching back to finger her own juicy cunt as she said, “Come the fuck on! I know you want to, you fucking bastard.”

Kim saw, based on the teasing expression on his face, that Frank had no intention of satisfying her cravings. “Sorry, Kimmy, no can do,” he said with a shake of his head. “You might be a slut that fucks in dirty parking lots, but I guess I’m just too classy of a guy. You’re going to have to wait until we are back at my place.”

Kim whined in raw, intense sexual frustration. She could see her chance slipping away. She was going to have to leave her car behind in this parking lot and go home with Frank, enduring a long, teasing car ride with him before she would finally get her reward. Even that long was too much for her to wait at this point. She wanted Frank’s cock right fucking now.

And she thought there still might be a way to get it. It would be devastatingly humiliating, but at this point, even crossing her last red line and shattering her pride wasn’t too high a price to pay.

Kim locked eyes with Frank and took a shuddering breath, her lip trembling slightly as she worked up her courage. Frank stopped in his tracks, sensing that something was coming he would want to hear.

“Please fuck me…” said Kim in a husky, trembling whisper, her luminous green eyes shining with naked need.

“...Daddy.”

Even as Kim felt the conflicted stab of submissive pleasure and twisted humiliation at finally giving in to using the demeaning pet name, she could see that her tactic had succeeded. The look of sudden intrigued arousal on Frank’s ugly face sent a thrill of anticipation through her, making her pussy twinge and raising goosebumps over all of the bare flesh exposed by her slutty outfit.

Frank looked conflicted for a second, an expression that Kim was unused to seeing on his face… then he reached down to unzip his pants, fishing inside to pull out his big, thick cock, his expression hardening into dominant lust. “Ok, Kimmy…” he grunted, stepping forward and placing a firm hand on Kim’s waist, moving into position behind her. “You want Daddy’s cock that bad? How can I say ‘no’?”

“Yes, Daddy, yes!” gasped Kim, spreading her legs wider as Frank slid the swollen head of his cock up and down her dripping slit. “Fuck me, Daddy!” Now that she had broken the seal, she embraced the twisted pleasure of the word. Frank felt like her Daddy now… the dark, dominant male figure who she couldn’t resist. Who she couldn’t help but submit to.

With a grunt, Frank pressed forward, sinking slowly into Kim’s needy cunt, stretching it wide inch by inch with his thick, dominant cock. It was like Kim had found heaven on earth. Her fingers gripped the hood of his beat-up car in white-knuckled claws, throwing her head back in a silent scream of pleasure. Her body was on fire with deep satisfaction. She clenched tight around her Daddy’s invading cock as it slowly slid home, filling every inch of her slutty, submissive pussy. The comparison with Jamie from the other day was mind-blowing. It was complete night and day. This cock felt like a revelation. A whole new world of pleasure. Jamie’s cock had just felt underwhelming.

Multiple times this past week, sexual situations with Frank had felt like they clicked a puzzle piece into place for Kim. Like she had found the perfect match. She had no idea why that might be. Objectively, Frank was a fucking asshole with a face only a mother could love. But she wasn’t going to worry about that now. Right now she had no room for anything in her brain beside the sizzling, glowing satisfaction of having Frank’s cock bottom out, balls deep in her hot wet pussy, filling and stretching her in ways she hadn’t known were possible.

Frank began to thrust into her with short, powerful strokes, and Kim leaned forward heavily on the hood of the car, suddenly unable to trust her pleasure-weakened knees. She was completely unable to stop herself from moaning louder as Gene’s cock ploughed into her soft pussy. She was totally exposed, humiliatingly dressed as a slutty school girl, getting fucked doggy-style by a fucking creep in a strip-club parking lot… and she fucking loved it. She squirmed her hips backward frantically, trying to feel every inch of Frank’s cock. “F-fuck! Give it to me Daddy!” she moaned breathlessly as his massive cock slid in and out of her slick cunt. “Make my pussy yours!”

“It is fucking mine,” grunted Frank, reaching down to take one of Kim’s pigtails in each hand. She let out a little wail of pain, surprise, and submissive pleasure as he pulled her hair back, using it as handles to get better leverage as he plunged deep inside her. “You’re all mine now, Kimmy. More than you even realise.”

Kimmy couldn’t care less what Frank was saying right now. She only cared about his massive cock thrusting deep inside her. Low animal moans poured from her throat, and she stopped worrying that she might get caught. But just getting fucked wasn’t enough for her right now. Her body instinctively knew what she needed. The same thing that had drew her to the fucking asshole in the first place. Cum. Jizz. Thick, hot, sticky semen. Her pussy rhythmically milked her Daddy’s cok with every thrust, doing its best to make him cum.

“Cum for me, Daddy!” she whined, a bitch in heat bouncing on Frank’s cock as he pulled her hair from behind. “God I fucking need it so badly!”

Frank roared behind her, speeding up his powerful thrusts. Kimmy's body tensed with anticipation, somehow knowing that when he came inside her, it would unleash an orgasm that would finally satisfy her horrible sexual tension. But just when she was sure Frank was about to explode, his hand left her hair and his cock withdrew, leaving her trembling and whimpering, brought once again to the edge of orgasm but not over it. She had a wild hope for a second that Frank was just repositioning, but when she turned over her shoulder to look, he was tucking his cock back into his pants, breathing heavily with a sheen of sweat on his brow and a wide, sloppy grin on his face.

"Daddy, no," whined Kim desperately, the hateful cutesy word already feeling more natural on her tongue. "You can't do this to me! Give me your cum… please!"

"You already got an extra little treat I wasn't planning on giving to you, you greedy little brat," said Frank jovially, giving her a playful spank on the ass. "Now get in the fucking car."

With that, he circled the car to the driver's side, leaving Kim staring after him in disbelief. *He's seriously going to stop when we're both so fucking close?* She couldn't beleive the audacity of the fucking prick. But maybe she should have been used to it by now. The passenger side door unlocked with a clicking noise and Kim straightened back up onto wobbly legs, muttering, "Fucking smug entitled asshole son of a fucking bitch," to herself savagely under her breath as she self-conciously tugged down her tiny skirt. Luckily, despite how loud and slutty her moans had become, it looked like no one had noticed their filthy parking lot fuck session.

Frank impatiently beeped the horn of his car, making Kim jump and glare at him. She spared one last longing glance over her shoulder to where her car was parked… if she turned around right now, she could be back home taking a long cleansing shower in half an hour. But she knew she couldn't do that. To get what she needed, she would have to go home with Frank. And as unappetizing as that was, it sounded much better than giving up without getting the satisfaction she craved.

With a sort of horny resolve filling her, Kim opened the door and eased herself down off of her high heels into the passenger seat of Frank's awful little car, ready to do whatever it took to earn the satisfaction she craved.

…

By the time they made it to the door of Frank's apartment in the shitty building where he lived, Kim was so horny she could no longer think straight. Frank had reached over between her thighs for the entire ride to his apartment, flipping up her slutty little skirt to play with her pussy as he filled the car with a constant stream of filthy dirty talk.

As they made their way through the halls to his apartment door, Frank no longer needed to put his arm around Kim's waist and forcefully pull her close. She was hanging off him now,

snuggling up, her hand resting on his crotch beneath the hard swell of his gut, massaging and gripping the thick bulge there with hungry intensity. They didn't pass anyone on the way in, but if they had, they would have seen a naughty little schoolgirl slut, cock-crazy with submissive lust for a man twice her age and half her attractiveness.

"God, I'm going to make you cum so hard, Daddy," she said in a sweet, whimpering voice, "I'm going to wrap this sweet pussy around your cock and milk every last drop out of those big fucking balls."

"I like that spirit, Kimmy," said Frank with a nasty chuckle, unlocking the door of his apartment. "Keep focusing on that feeling. I think you're going to need that motivation in a second."

Frank's ominous words just barely registered with Kim, whose forehead wrinkled into a frown for a moment as Frank opened the door to his apartment and led the way inside. But she let it pass quickly. It was hard to concentrate on worries when she was so fucking close to getting the creamy load she craved. She walked in behind Frank, saying in a raspy, seductive voice, "So where do you want me, Daddy? Are we going to use your bed, or do you just want to fucking bend me over and…"

Kim trailed off in shock as she left the entryway/kitchen and entered the living room, her eyes going wide as she realized that she and Frank weren't alone. There was another woman sitting on the edge of Frank's couch wearing a bunny costume just as obscene as Kim's schoolgirl outfit, complete with a tight corset that hugged her curves, fishnet stocking that encased her gorgeous, willowy legs, silky black bunny ears on a headband, and a leather collar snug around her delicate throat.

The unexpected sight of another woman in a slutty costume shocked Kim so badly that for a moment she didn't recognise the mystery woman. But when Kim's eyes met the icy, beautiful gaze of the slutty bunny on Frank's couch, the recognition snapped into place with sickening clarity.

Eliza.

The room seemed to sway around Kim, her whole perception suddenly swimming with dreamlike unreality. She felt like she might faint. It wasn't fucking possible. What the fuck was her sister-in-law doing here in Frank Penn's apartment? Why was she dressed up like a slut? Why was Frank standing there grinning ear to ear like he was fucking proud of himself. More and more questions piled up on top of each other as Kim stared at her sister-in-law, slack-jawed and speechless.

Eliza looked almost as shocked as her, her hands flying up to absurdly cover her chest… as if that would hide how slutty the rest of her bunny costume was. "Gene!" yelped Eliza, her eyes darting over the ugly middle-aged man standing between them who was looking like the cat that ate the canary, "You didn't tell me we would be doing this so soon! Is she ready to…?"

“Don’t question me, Lizzie,” said Frank flatly. “Kimmy’s ready for the truth. It might just take a little convincing, from both of us.”

Kim’s lust-addled mind struggled to keep up with the impossible things that were happening. But one detail did stick out.

“Gene?” she asked in a disbelieving tone, her eyes darting between her sister-in-law and the man that she wasn’t sure she knew at all anymore.

“As in Gene Crowder? As in the asshole who’s been bullying my brother?”

She read the truth in Eliza’s guilt and Frank’s… no… Gene’s smug grin.

As bad as it had been to be under this horrible man’s influence, now it was a thousand times worse. She had sucked the cock of her brother’s most hated enemy. Her brother’s wife was sitting there in a slutty costume as well, for reasons that Kim still didn’t want to ponder. She needed to get the fuck out of there.

But she was dressed in a slutty stripper costume. With no car.

And even worse, even through her shock and sense of awful betrayal, herself of powerful, suffocating arousal never left. She was still so horny it was hard to think.

Eliza stood, her eyes concerned. She clicked across the room on heels almost as tall as Kim’s, letting her tower over her much more petite sister-in-law. She placed a soothing hand on Kim’s arm, an effect a little spoiled by Gene’s gloating face leering at Kim from the side.

“I know you’re confused, honey,” said Eliza gently, “but I think we need to have a talk. There are some… important things that you need to know about your situation. About our situation. About the strange feelings you’ve been having this week.”

And, although her mind was swirling with lust and rage and devastating confusion, when Kim stared up into Eliza’s clear blue eyes, she could tell that her sister-in-law wasn’t lying about having answers for her. And she wanted those almost as much as she wanted Gene’s cum.

This confusing, mind-boggling situation made Kim want to bite and claw and scratch at the perfect bunny standing above her and the evil, gloating asshole standing a few feet away until they were sorry they had ever messed with her. But if Eliza had some sort of answers… she needed to hear them. Kim swallowed around a suddenly dry mouth, licked her lips, and nodded hesitantly.

“Ok…You have exactly thirty seconds to tell me what the fuck is going on.”

Kim stared into the cool blue eyes of her sister in law, breathing heavily.

It was a lot better than staring anywhere else right now. Eliza was wearing a breathtakingly slutty bunny costume, composed of a tight leather corset, clinging fishnets, and cute silk rabbit ears. A vision of degraded, sexualized femininity. It honestly blew Kim's mind. She had nursed a sneaking dislike for Eliza for most of the time she had known her, but that wasn't because her sister-in-law was a slutty dresser. On the contrary, it was because Eliza was normally annoyingly perfect.

But there was nothing perfect about her brother's wife standing in the apartment of David's bully, dressed up like some sort of sex doll.

To be fair, Kim didn't have a leg to stand on when it came to calling others slutty. She was wearing a stripper's outfit that could only very loosely be compared to a schoolgirl uniform. A sheer, skimpy little top was tied beneath her big, round, braless tits, and a tiny strip of tartan cloth draped over her wide hips in a way that barely hid her pussy.

But it was different. She hadn't known until just a few seconds ago that the man she had been trying to hook up with wasn't "Frank Penn", but instead was Gene Crowder, the evil bully who had been making her brother's life a living hell for months. But Eliza had known. She was the one who called him Gene. Eliza was here willingly, in an outfit that dripped sexuality.

And she claimed that she had a good explanation.

"Ok, what are you waiting for?" asked Kim impatiently, her eyes flicking back and forth between Eliza and Gene, who was sitting on the couch with the same cocky smirk Kim had grown used to, "Spill it. You said you could explain how I've been feeling this week. Let's hear it."

The deep, powerful cravings and attraction for an old, fat prick like Gene certainly wasn't normal, but Kim had no idea how Eliza would know what had made sucking Gene's cock and fucking him in a strip club parking lot seem like a good idea.

Kim shuddered at the memory of how she had submitted to the man she didn't know was her brother's worst enemy. Her eyes moved by themselves, seeking Gene's crotch. Annoyingly, just that quick glance at him sent a pulse of desperate lust through Kim's veins, making her nipples stiffen against her sheer top. She furiously pushed the feeling away. Why was she still getting turned on by Gene now that she knew what a monster he really was? God, I sucked his fucking cock tonight… I let him stick his fucking cock inside me in a strip club parking lot. The memory burned hot with shame and guilt and arousal. As frustrating as it was, even the shock of finding out "Frank's" real identity hadn't been enough to take away the burning, unquenchable lust that had been eating away at her.

"Ok," said Eliza with a sigh and a grimace, drawing Kim's attention back to her. "This is going to sound crazy. But I promise you every word is true. And if you think back on how you felt this

week, I think you'll agree that it makes sense, as hard as it is to believe." She paused, wringing her hands in front of her.

"I said you had thirty seconds," said Kim impatiently, "Tick Tock, Eliza." She crossed her arms under her breasts, then realized, as Gene grinned over at her, his eyes on her chest, that the pose only put her stiff nipples further on display. She thought about covering them, then decided that would make her look weak.

"Ok, you've been addicted to Gene's cum through the use of a substance called "mjolkhare oil". It's given you a biological need for his semen, and there is no way I know of to resist. You have to regularly consume his cum or suffer increasingly intense cravings." The words came out in a rush, as if Eliza wanted to rip off a band-aid.

Kim stared at her for a second, expressionless, then looked over to where Gene had flopped back comfortably on his ratty old couch, grinning insolently. "It's true," he said with a wink. "You won't be able to live anymore without a regular dose of my thick, hot baby-batter."

Kim stared silently for a few more seconds, then snorted. The short became a chuckle, rising deep from within her, and soon she was caught in the grip of a powerful, deep, authentic laugh that jiggled her barely clothed tits and nearly doubled her over. She swayed for a moment on her tall, wobbly heels, then caught herself and managed to control her gasping laugh. "Fucking *what*?!" she said incredulously, wiping her tears away from her eyes as she stared into Eliza's shocked face. "I give you a chance to explain why you've become the personal whore for your husband's worst enemy, and that's the best you can do? That you were forced to by fucking *magic*?"

"Kim…" said Eliza, stunned and beginning to look a little upset, "Just… think about what you've been feeling this past week. The urges. The cravings. You think that all of that was natural?"

"I think I was fucking horny, you stupid bitch," said Kim with a sneer. She glanced over at Gene on the couch and was gratified to see that, for once, the smug look of superiority was wiped off his face. Kim's body still pulsed and roared with dark, twisted lust, but her anger and skepticism were in the driver's seat for now, and her satisfaction at fighting back against the twisted game these two were playing felt nearly as satisfying as when she had downed the specimen cup full of cum earlier in the week.

She turned on her heel and clicked across the dirty floor of Gene's kitchen with her head held high.

"Wait," said Eliza, her voice edged with panic, "where are you going?"

"Where do you think?" said Kim over her shoulder with a raised eyebrow. "Straight to my brother, to let him know that his blushing bride has been stabbing him in the back. I hope you're

satisfied with this fat asshole's freakish cock, Sis, because when my brother leaves your ass, you'll be able to spend all the time in the world with him."

"I drove you here," said Gene, leaning forward on the couch with an angry scowl on his face. "How the fuck do you plan to…"

"I'm going to call a rideshare, you fucking idiot," said Kim lightly, scoffing as she headed for the door. This whole thing had been humiliating and frustrating, but at least she had uncovered the truth about her cheating whore of a sister in law. That would let her finally put things to rights.

"Lizzie, time to pull out all the stops. You know that thing I asked you to bring along? It's your training aid for the evening. Bring her to heel," said Gene roughly. Kim's hand rested on the doorknob, and she rolled her eyes. *What, is this some other stupid magic trick that they think is going to brainwash me?* Kim thought about not even dignifying Gene's strange words with a response, but the temptation was too great: it would be satisfying to turn and sneer at whatever they thought would get her to change her mind. Eliza approached, standing right behind her now. Kim turned, ready to give one last parting shot to the two repellent lovers…

…Only to find Eliza holding something up in front of her eyes. I was unmistakably a used condom, bulging with a hefty load of thick, pearly semen and tied off. Kim opened her mouth to say something cutting, but that just let the unmistakable bleachy scent of sperm waft into her nose even stronger.

Kim's petite, curvy body suddenly seized with an overwhelming, debilitating spasm of pure, animal lust. Her pupils dilated, her mouth watered, and her nipples grew diamond hard, pressing tight against the thin cloth of her top. Her wet cunt pulsed and clenched between her suddenly-quivering thighs. Fuck… all of her anger and certainty was now fighting tooth and nail against her primal cravings… which were demanding she snatch the used condom from her beautiful sister-in-law's hands and chew it like a piece of fucking bubble gum.

"Now that I have your attention," said Eliza softly, her eyes blazing with cold heat, "Let's continue our conversation, Kimmy."

…

Earlier that day…

By Friday afternoon, Eliza had run out of the cum supply that Gene had provided for her at the beginning of the week. She even took the opportunity when her husband was occupied to desperately lick up whatever residue she could from the inside of the creamer bottle.

In the end, it had felt like a long week. Following her trip to meet with Bitsy, Eliza made a return trip the next day to hide the burner phone behind Coach S's trash cans like they had discussed. Now she had windows of five minutes or so every afternoon where she was able to

commiserate with Bitsy, her fellow Cumbunny. That by itself was nice, but there had been no further updates so far on their plan to experiment with the effects of getting two mjolkhare doses at once. Bitsy thought that bringing the idea of another Cumbunny meetup up out of the blue to CoachS would be suspicious, and Eliza had to reluctantly agree.

Which had left Eliza alone all week without Gene. She had sort of hoped that Gene would get bored with ensnaring a prickly firecracker like Kim, who wouldn't fuck him yet, and come back to satisfy his lust during the week. But he hadn't. Instead, Eliza was spending all the time she wanted with her husband, just like she had craved when they were separated over the week before.

And it had become a living hell.

Not that she disliked her husband or didn't want to spend time with him. She was still able to enjoy their time together on that level. No, the problem was that Gene had forbidden her from allowing David to penetrate her in any way. No blowjobs, and certainly no vaginal sex. That rule was getting harder and harder to follow as both Eliza and David grew hornier and hornier. David had been plagued by erectile dysfunction for months, but since Gene was no longer around to stress him out this week, he had been blossoming.

And that meant that he wanted what Eliza wasn't allowed to give him more than ever.

It was frustrating for them both, although Eliza obviously couldn't explain why she couldn't just give in and have sex with him. David would kiss her, run his hands over her aching, burning body with sweet, loving caresses, reach to pull down her soaking panties… and Eliza would stop him. Something would compel her. It wasn't that she didn't want to fuck her husband. She was desperate to make love to him in fact. Being without Gene's thick, powerful cock for a week had left Eliza deeply sexually frustrated, and she was positive that Gene would have no way of knowing whether or not she had sex with David. He was busy with Kim right now, after all, and didn't seem to be monitoring her. But every time Eliza decided that she would defy her master's orders and have sex with her husband, that other part of herself that she called "Lizzie" after Gene's demeaning nickname for her, reared her ugly head.

Lizzie refused to disobey her beloved master's commands. She was positive that Gene would be so proud of her for resisting temptation and refusing to let her cuck husband's shrimpy cock inside her pussy. Whenever Eliza and David got close to sex, Lizzie would seize control, and Eliza would make some sort of excuse.

David could be oblivious sometimes, but even he had clued in to the fact that something was wrong. He had assumed that it was some sort of relationship issue and had been very sweet and considerate the past two days, trying to make up for whatever mistake he had made. It made Eliza squirm with guilt, but at least it was preferable to telling him the truth.

On this lazy Friday afternoon after work, the loving act that David had settled on to bring them closer was a foot rub. David knelt at Eliza's feet, rubbing her arches dutifully as she watched television. Foot rubs were a common way that David showed his affection for his wife, although he didn't usually go to the lengths of getting to his knees and using both hands. He was clearly hoping that if he buttered her up enough, Eliza would melt and allow him to have sex with her. She didn't have the heart to tell him that it was never going to happen. She had to find some more permanent excuse that David would accept for why she couldn't have sex with him, and fast, because she wasn't going to be able to keep this up for long. As cruel as it was, she sort of hoped that Gene would get back to bullying him soon. At least then David's stress-induced erectile dysfunction would make her inability to have sex with him a moot point.

"So, how was your day at work?" asked David with a warm smile, working his thumbs into her sole in deep, circular motions.

Eliza sighed, trying to push past her conflicted emotions and her buzzing, uncomfortable arousal and just enjoy this moment with her loving husband. "It was fine. Had to finish up reviewing a thick stack of resumes for the open position in the auditing department. Tedious, but not difficult." A breezy, simple story, and it had the benefit of being true in this case. The other men of the office were still watching her like scavengers ready to pounce, but now that she was reconnected with David, he was around the office enough to keep them at bay. It wasn't so much that they respected Eliza's husband; they had just caught on to the rules of the game: according to Gene, she didn't have to entertain their sexual advances while her husband could see.

"Saw you got called into Carl's office," said David with a raised eyebrow, rubbing a thumb tenderly over the ball of her foot. "I hope that wasn't anything too serious."

Eliza cringed internally. Right… She did visit her manager's office today to kneel beneath his desk and suck his cock, bobbing her head up and down, her lips sealed tight around his throbbing shaft, swallowing down a hot, sticky (but ultimately unsatisfying) load of his cum. It probably said a lot that the event hadn't even really registered with her as notable. Swallowing a hot load from her boss had become a regular part of her routine, happening multiple times a week. It was a part of Gene's deal with Carl to make sure he remained in his position of authority despite his subpar performance. Although the humble service turned Eliza on just because of the fetish for submission and humiliation that Gene had trained into her, it wasn't even close to as intense as the feeling of serving her master. It really had become just another part of her job.

"Just some routine stuff," said Eliza dismissively, pulling out her phone as a way to avoid looking her husband in the eyes. She had just asked, "How about you, dear? How was work today?" when her phone coincidentally buzzed loudly in her hands.

Her heart skipped a beat, and goosebumps pebbled her skin. It was from Gene.

Lizzie rose up inside her, always eager to be a slutty Cumbunny for her master. It was a part of her she hated, but Eliza recognized that Lizzie was a legitimate part of her. And right now, Lizzie was desperate to talk to her master. So, even though David was right there, launching into a story about some complex financial mystery he had been untangling this week while Gene was away from the office, Eliza opened the text chain with the man she was fucking behind his back.

[Hey, Lizzie. Miss me yet?]

Eliza's breath felt hot and heavy in her throat. This was… wrong. It would be far from the first time she had texted Gene, but that had always been secretly, when David wasn't around or in the dark of night. Right now, he was inches away, rubbing her feet and smiling up at her while the phone was between them, chattering away about his job. But, as much as betraying her husband like this made Eliza's belly squirm, it had been almost a week since Lizzie had seen her master. And that trumped everything.

[It feels like it's been a long time. It's been difficult. Are you almost finished with your side project?] There. Neutral and restrained. Not the fawning message of devotion or begging for a meeting like a part of her had wanted to send. "Well, the numbers didn't add up, even though they swore that…" Eliza tried to focus on her husband's boring work story, smiling warmly at him as he continued her loving foot rub, but she was consistently distracted by checking and rechecking her phone every few seconds, waiting for Gene's reply.

She didn't have to wait for long. She zoned out from her husband's story, focusing fully on her phone as it buzzed once again with a text from Gene.

[Kimmy is coming along just fine. And don't try to play coy, you little slut. I know how much cum I gave you… and I know that by now you must be desperate for your master. So don't play innocent. Tell me what you want.]

Eliza sucked in a shocked breath as the primal hunger she had become so familiar with pulsed upward powerfully from between her legs. Even reading her master's dirty talk without being in his presence was enough to fill her with helpless, filthy lust. Her eyes flicked downward, meeting her husband's eyes as his hands moved humbly over her extended feet. He was still telling her about what he had been doing at work, although she had lost track of the story completely.

"... but it turned out that the value hadn't actually been re-entered in error, there was just a poorly documented transaction that had happened at about the same time for about the same amount! Just one of those weird coincidences, I guess. So I called up…"

Eliza looked back at her phone, gulping. It felt so wrong to have this kind of conversation with Gene while her husband was right next to her, his hands rubbing her body… But Lizzie wouldn't be denied. She missed her master so badly, and the last thing she wanted to do was disappoint him by not answering promptly. Letting her husband's chatter fade into the background once again, Eliza texted back.

[I want your cock, master. You cumbunny needs a fresh hot load right down her slutty throat.]

She was surprised at her own filthy words, but she pressed the button without hesitation. She meant the message from the bottom of her heart. Secretly texting her owner while her husband rubbed her feet was turning her on more than she could stand, her lust augmented and enhanced by her week of sexual frustration and her growing hunger for cum.

Gene's response to her obscene admission was swift and shocking. A picture of his thick, hard cock, drooling precum and held with his broad fist gripping its base.

Eliza let out a low, quiet moan at the powerfully erotic sight. Her nipples rose swiftly to attention and wet heat bloomed between her thighs, her body awakening with interest at the sight of her favorite source of pleasure and fulfillment. David looked up, concerned at the noise. "Are you ok?" he asked, confused. "Did I hurt you or something?"

"No, dear," said Eliza swiftly, with a wobbly smile, trying desperately to control the lust roaring through her and avoid tipping off her husband. "Your massage just felt so heavenly that I groaned a little at the feeling. Don't stop." David looked concerned for a second longer, then smiled and nodded, continuing the thoughtful footrub. Another text from Gene popped onto the screen.

[I love it when my little slut is honest. I think you deserve a reward for telling me how you really feel. Let's meet. I need your help with something.]

Gene wanted to meet? It was what Eliza had been secretly hoping for all week, but now that the moment was here, it seemed easier said than done. David was being very clingy and lovey-dovey at the moment, so it wouldn't be easy to extract herself. If she had a few hours, she could probably cook up an excuse… and god, it would feel good to let her master take the edge off her cravings. [Where? When?] She texted rapidly, her body simmering with filthy heat at the thought of tasting her master's cum again.

But Gene's answer filled her with white hot panic rather than arousal. [Right fucking now. I'm parked across the street. Come down.] Eliza's eyes went wide, and her pulse drummed hard and quick in her chest. She was grateful she had so much experience staying cool and emotionless, because otherwise she was sure that even her oblivious husband would notice her shock. Gene had come to her house? In the middle of the afternoon? While David was here? And wanted her to come down and service him? The idea aroused her almost as much as it terrified her. But it was obviously impossible.

[I can't, master. I'm with my husband right now. I won't be able to get away that quickly. Let's meet somewhere soon.] She hoped against hope that Gene would understand that his order was almost guaranteed to get both of them caught. But by now she knew her master well… and she knew that he wasn't likely to take "no" for an answer.

[Don’t fuck with me, Lizzie. I know you can’t resist. Do you want chaste, boring quality time with your limp-dick beta hubby? Or do you want to be my Cumbunny, and have fun with this…]

A short video briefly loaded on the screen and began playing. Gene’s hand gripped his monstrous, throbbing cock tight as it slowly moved down to its thick base, then up to its swollen head. Eliza’s mouth felt dry, and her panties wet. Her body sang with pure, primal need.

She stared down at her poor, weak husband. On his knees. Humbly serving her in the futile hope that she might agree to let him stick pathetic, tiny dick inside her. Gene was right. He was weak. A total pussy. Gene would never beg like this. Her master didn’t serve. He didn’t do her desperate favors. Gene took what he wanted. He sent her images of his superior cock and demanded she come to him. The contrast was stark, and while Eliza kept repeating to herself that she loved her husband and that David was a much better man than Gene… Lizzie, for one, saw the choice as crystal clear.

Eliza knew that these dark, cruel thoughts about her husband were coming from Gene’s manipulative training. The combination of the insidious oil and Gene’s constant venomous words were shaping her thoughts about her husband toward her master’s way of thinking. Eliza didn’t actually think that a man being nice to his wife was pathetic… But even though she knew that, on a deeper, more subconscious level, she couldn’t help but look back and forth between the taunting image of Gene’s thick cock, and her kneeling, politely smiling husband, and sneer a little at the man she loved.

In the end, her choice was never really in question. She couldn’t resist Gene when her hunger was growing stronger by the minute and she hadn’t been properly fucked in a week. She texted Gene [5 minutes] then put her phone in her pocket, already deciding on the tactic she would use to fool her husband. She needed something quick. Something that he wouldn’t even think to question.

Well, there was one idea that was guaranteed to get her away immediately. It wasn’t an ideal answer, but sometimes the simplest lie was the best.

“Sorry, dear,” she said briskly, cutting off her husband’s rambling small talk. She withdrew her feet from his attentive hands and slipped them into her sandals, trying not to give her husband enough time to question her. “I need to run to the restroom.”

“Oh. Sure,” said David, getting up from his kneeling position and moving to sit on the couch. “Well, see you soon then.” Going with the excuse of using the bathroom was a risky maneuver, but it was all Eliza’s lust-addled brain could come up with in the moment. It was easily believable, but it would also put her on a time limit. She needed to move fast.

Eliza slipped down the stairs on swift, but silent feet, hurrying to the front door and making sure to open and close it softly enough that David wouldn’t hear. How long could she be gone without

David growing suspicious? Five minutes? A little longer? Anxiety crackled through her. Maybe she should have said she needed to run to the store for something. She had been so focused on getting away smoothly that she hadn't thought out how things would go later.

She was starting to make obvious mistakes. The sort of mistakes a junkie might make...

Eliza pushed the worries out of her mind as she noted Gene's old, beat-up car parked a block down from the house, his bulky shape recognizable behind the wheel. Eliza walked as quickly as she could toward him without looking suspicious. If David happened to look out the window, her lie would be exposed either way, but this way, none of the neighbors would see her wildly sprinting through the neighborhood.

Gene perked up as he saw her, his ugly face splitting into a grin. He reached over and unlocked the passenger side door as Eliza reached it. She glanced nervously over her shoulder at the surrounding houses, praying that none of her neighbors would notice her getting into a car with a stranger. It was already a miracle that no one seemed to have noticed Gene living in her house all of last week, but she couldn't count on her luck reaching any further.

Despite her nerves, being in Gene's presence once again filled Eliza with a pathetic delight she couldn't hold back. Gene didn't even greet her as she slipped into the passenger seat of his dirty little car. He simply chuckled and reached across to openly paw at her breasts with a strong, grasping hand, drawing a little whimper from Eliza's throat and making her squeeze her eyes shut against the overwhelming feeling of submissive desire that flooded her veins, stiffened her traitorous nipples, and dampened her panties.

"Good to see you too, Lizzie," said Gene with a cocky little chuckle, clearly noticing and approving of her arousal.

Eliza struggled to get a hold of herself, her breath coming in hot gasps and her chest arched upward into her master's possessive hands. "M-master, please," she said in a breathy whine, "I… I don't have much time. I told David that I was using the bathroom. I need to get back as soon as I can!"

Gene snorted with laughter. "Oh shit! Maybe I should keep you here for hours, then. How long do you think it would take that little pussy to realize you weren't on the pot? How long do you think it would take him before he checked outside… before he walked up to the strange car rocking on the curb, the windows all steamed up from the inside?"

Eliza moaned with a potent mix of terror and desire, her body aching with dark, twisted lust even as her mind reeled with the awful perversity of the thought. David catching her in the act with Gene would truly ruin both of their lives… but in a way, the awful climax of her weak husband discovering how his hated bully had stolen her away would be powerfully erotic in the worst possible way.

Gene read the conflicted horror and arousal on her face and shook his head with a grin, palming one breast and squeezing firmly. “I’m just joking, Lizzie! I don’t want your cuck to find out about what’s been going on yet. We’ve got to make it truly special when he finally realizes how badly he’s been beaten. I do sort of wish you had been smart enough to come up with a better excuse, but I suppose what did I expect when I asked a bimbo bunny to use her brain?”

Eliza felt the sting of his casual insult like a slap to her face, even as his roaming hands on her aching breasts sent arcs of sexual electricity blazing through her. She had always been a confident, sharp woman before she had been ensnared by Gene. The only reason she might be considered a “bimbo” at all was because of his corroding influence. But Gene neither noted nor cared about her indignation. He was too busy fishing his cock out of his pants with his free hand.

Eliza’s anger at Gene for belittling her immediately fuzzed out into irrelevance as her eyes fell on his cock. She felt her mouth flood with drool. Her core pulsed with dark, hungry heat at the sight of the commanding rod of powerful male flesh, pulsing lightly with Gene’s heartbeat. Gene could insult her as much as he wanted if it meant she could fuck herself silly on that magnificent cock and take his hot, thick cum deep in her desperate pussy.

“I need to get my rocks off right away,” said Gene bluntly, stroking his thick cock for emphasis. “And now that I have a Cumbunny, I don’t jerk off. So you’re up, Lizzie… and it looks like you had better hurry the fuck up if you don’t want your pussy husband to get suspicious.”

“Here? Now?” said Eliza in a voice of cringing shock. They were parked on her suburban street in the sunny late afternoon. They were inside a car, but anybody passing by on the sidewalk would be able to see inside easily and tell what was going on. There was currently no one in sight on the quiet street, but still, the very danger of the suggestion made Eliza’s whole body throb with anxiety. But it wasn’t just fear she felt at Gene’s insane suggestion. There was arousal thhere too at the idea of being caught with another man by one of her neighbors.

Gene let out a mean guffaw. “Yeah *here*, you silly bunny. Do you have brains between your ears or cotton candy? I don’t hang out with you for the sparkling conversation. Besides, you said we don’t have time to go somewhere more private. Speaking of time, I think this conversation is a waste of it. Make me cum, you little slut. That’s an order.”

Eliza gulped back a wave of humiliation at his dismissive tone, but nothing he was saying was wrong. She should have known that Gene wanted her to get him off when he called her down to his car, and they truly didn’t have time to go anywhere else. Besides, it was an excellent opportunity to fulfill the cravings roaring through her…

Eliza reached out, ready and eager to touch the throbbing shaft jutting up beneath Gene’s hard gut. She embraced the powerful arousal roaring through her, pulsing in her nipples and blooming with wet heat between her thighs. If she had no choice, she might as well enjoy the wild passion that Gene made her feel… She shouldn’t need anything more than her hand to

make Gene cum. Eliza was confident in her hand job abilities at this point, and jerking him off seemed like the least conspicuous way to extract a load from him in her exposed positon.

But, just as Eliza had almost touched the cock that she craved so badly, Gene stopped her. “Oh, shit, wait,” he said gruffly, digging in his pocket, “I almost forgot the most important part.” To Eliza’s bewilderment, he extracted a foil-wrapped XXL condom, ripped it open with his teeth, and began to roll the huge rubber prophylactic down over his massive erection.

Eliza was dumbfounded. “Gene…” forgetting to use any honorifics as she watched him putting a condom on for the first time since they had become sexually involved, ‘What the fuck? Why are you…?”

Gene looked up at her sharply, his eyes hard, and Eliza quickly corrected her tone. “S-sorry, master. It’s just… I want to feel your raw cock so badly! Why would you wear… something like that between with me?”

Gene glared at her a second longer, then resumed rolling the condom down the length of his towering shaft. “All part of my plan, bunny. I want to save up a load of my cum and transport it easily. But you don’t need to worry about that. You need to worry about how you’re going to make me cum when I’m wearing one of these fucking cock straightjackets.”

He was clearly not going to share any more of his reasoning, and once again, he had raised an excellent point. Gene was used to power sexual stimulation after months of using Eliza’s perfect body like his personal sex toy. It would take all of the skill Eliza had to get Gene to cum with the reduced stimulation of a condom.

Eliza launched herself into the problem, wrapping a hand around her master’s latex-shrouded cock and jerking hard and fast, twisting her wrist on every upstroke. It immediately felt… wrong. And not just because she was paranoid over the exposure of jerking off Gene in broad daylight. The lubricated latex beneath her palm felt distant and unnatural compared to the warm, soft skin she was used to. Gene was still there, with his cocky grin and normal superior attitude, but Eliza didn’t feel the same sexual connection to him as usual through the condom. It irritated her. She tried to focus on pleasing her master with her pumping hand, but the odd sense of disconnect only bothered her more and more as time went on.

Eliza’s hand glided up and down the slick, lubed condom with rapid, graceful twists of her wrist. But Gene gave no indication that he was getting any closer to climax. “That’s not going to do the job, Lizzie,” he said with a hint of mockery in his voice, leaning back in his seat with his arms behind his head, obnoxiously enjoying her service. “Didn’t you say you were in a hurry? What’s with this weak shit?”

Eliza hissed in frustration. As much as she hated to admit it, she needed to step up her game if she wanted to get back to her husband before her absence grew suspicious. Besides, it was becoming more and more apparent that just jerking off Gene’s enormous cock through a

condom wasn't going to satisfy her desires either. Feeling horribly exposed, Eliza cast a nervous glance up and down the empty, quiet street through Gene's car windows. Her belly squirmed with anxiety and desperate arousal.

If she acted quickly, she could finish up before she was caught by any nosey neighbors or her poor husband. With one last shaky breath, Eliza dived into Gene's lap, sealing her lips around his wrapped cock and bobbing her head with single-minded ferocity. There was no time for seduction or teasing: Eliza's lips formed a vacuum seal and her tongue slithered over every inch of the latex-covered rod dominating her mouth. Just as she had warmed herself up, Gene's hand went to the back of her head, pushing his cock deeper, pushing at the endtrance of her throat. Eliza welcomed the initiative: hopefully if he controlled the blowjob, it would mean he could reach orgasm faster than her working alone.

But Eliza could instantly tell that this didn't have the spark she was seeking either. Just like with the handjob, Gene's cock just didn't scratch the same itch if she couldn't wrap her lips around its raw skin. It just wasn't the same if she couldn't trace every ridge and vein with her slutty tongue. Gene grunted with displeasure as he pushed his cock into Eliza's throat. "Ugh… looks like this isn't going to cut it either, Lizzie. Not sure what to tell you… seems like your technique just isn't enough to get me off."

It's your fault for putting on a condom! Whined Eliza internally, but her mouth was too busy to say anything out loud. Her body buzzed with unfulfilled arousal that Gene's cock did nothing to satisfy when wrapped in rubber. Eliza nuzzled her nose deep into Gene's pubic hair, his fat balls pressing tight tight against her chin, drool dripping down onto the car seat between his fat thighs. God, what would a neighbor say if they looked into the window right now and saw her stuffing her mouth with this strange, ugly man's fat cock?

And that was to say nothing of her poor husband, who any second might…

Eliza's phone buzzed, sending a spike of panic through her heart. *Shit*. She raised her head off of Gene's cock, leaving the latex slick and dripping with her thick saliva. Her hand immediately took her mouth's place, jerking rapidly as she pulled out her phone, doing her best to maintain whatever heat and pleasure her mouth had managed to build up.

The message was exactly what she feared.

[Hey, honey. Everything ok in there? Are you sick?]

Her husband had already noted her absence. Panic spiraled through her even as her hand made obscene squelching noises on the cock of another man. She needed to get back, or David was going to discover what was going on. "Master… I'm sorry," she said desperately, "but he just texted me. I need to get back right now, or he's going to find out!"

She tried to turn to the door of the car, but Gene caught her wrist. The wrist of the hand that still held his hot, throbbing cock. Eliza turned back to him, ready to argue further, but was halted by the powerful, dominant glare in his eyes and the arrogant expression painting his ugly features.

“Let me be clear, Lizzie,” he growled, holding her wrist firmly, but not painfully, keeping her hand on his cock, “you’re not going back to your pathetic cuck husband until you fill this condom. I don’t care what it fucking takes. If we need to drive back to my place, we can do that. I’m not like your dickless hubby; you can’t just tell me that sex isn’t going to happen. Only betas accept that kind of shit. Understand?”

The wild, raw panic still roared inside Eliza, but in was overshadowed by a sudden swelling of submissive desire to please her master. Lizzie rose up within her like an unstoppable tide, seizing the reins, and her poor husband suddenly seemed like a secondary concern. “Y-yes, master,” she breathed, her eyes glazing over with desire and her whole body suddenly burning with dark fire, “I’ll make you cum. I’ll fill that condom full.”

Eliza didn’t even spare a second to look around the neighborhood this time; her focus was wholly consumed by the throbbing cock in her master’s lap. She hastily unzipped the sensible work slacks she was wearing and wriggled them down her hips, dragging the panties with them, exposing her puffy, dripping pussy to Gene and anyone who might pass by on the sidewalk.

It was awkward to pull her pants down to hang from one ankle in the cramped confines of Gene’s shitty car, but desperation can accomplish many things, and Lizzie needed to feel Gene’s cock stretching her slutty Cumbunny pussy as soon as possible. With her lower half now nude, Eliza slung a leg across Gene’s lap, making a noise in her throat that was partway between a growl and a moan. Gene helped out by pulling the lever to lean his seat back, his eyes gleaming with possessive approval as he looked up at his slutty Cumbunny”: desperate, panting, and gleaming with a sheen of sweat as she fumbled beneath her to get his cock into position.

Lizzie finally lined up Gene’s massive cock with her eager, pulsating hole, then pushed her hips firmly down, sheathing him in her tight, wet heat. She had no time to waste with teasing and foreplay right now, no matter how much she wanted to savor the feeling of her master’s cock. Lizza began bouncing up and down, already humping quickly from the very beginning. She need any time to warm herself up after her long, frustrating week. Her master’s presence was more than enough to have her dripping and ready, and open.

Lizzie knew she had to end this as quickly as possible. Even if she wanted nothing more than to fuck her master for hours on end, there were the unavoidable twin dangers of her husband growing too suspicious, or, worse yet perhaps, someone walking by and seeing her openly bouncing on the lap of a troll-like man in a parked car on the side of the street.

Eliza moved swiftly. Grunting with strain as her hips bounced up and down, her pussy gripping tight around Gene's thick, rigid shaft. Her butt made meaty slapping sounds as she rode with wild, athletic bucking motions, impacting Gene's thighs over and over again.

Once again, there was something missing… The condom made the feeling of Gene's cock feel hollow and unsatisfying compared to when he fucked her raw. That gap between what she wanted and what she felt made Lizzie redouble her efforts, pumping her hips up and down Gene's long, thick cock with frantic speed, trying to get him off, but also desperately chasing the satisfaction that her body craved so badly. She looked down, panting and gasping with desperate, heated desire, at the man she hated but also craved. Gene's broad, powerful hands rested on her hips, his gold tooth glinting as he stared up at her with a wide, cocky grin. Just the sight of him made her belly twist with hatred and submissive desire.

"Try harder, bunny," he said tauntingly, giving her a few teasing thrusts upward. "Can't keep that beta you married waiting, can we?"

As if summoned by his mocking words, Eliza's phone buzzed loudly, trapped in the pocket of the pants dangling from her ankle. She moaned low in her throat, a blended sound of frustration, lust and sheer panic. Her hips were a blur now, the small dirty car filling with the scent of sex and sweat as she worked hard to fill the fucking condom that was preventing her from feeling fulfilled.

Lizzie could sense that she wasn't going to be able to do it with her physical efforts alone, no matter how fast she humped her hips or how tightly her pussy milked Gene's dick. Not in time to avoid being caught. She needed to somehow ramp up the intensity. Otherwise, a jaded sex-hound like Gene might take hours to cum with the added desensitization of the condom.

But by this point, Lizzie knew her master well. She was practically an expert at getting him off. What the situation called for was a little submissive dirty talk to heat things up.

"Cum for me," rasped Eliza, staring deep into Gene's hard, cynical eyes as she engulfed his cock again and again with her wet, pulsing cunt. "I want that jizz so fucking bad. Look at me, master. Look at what you've made me into. I'm here, riding your cock in broad daylight. I left my cuck husband all alone to come serve you. That's how much your jizz means to me."

She could see her words were having an effect. A dark, smoldering heat burned deep in Gene's gaze, and his hands gripped more tightly at her hips suddenly. His cock began to thrust upward to meet her downward riding strokes, lightly at first, but harder and harder as he was drawn like a magnet toward her slutty display of submission. Eliza's tits bounced heavily as she rode, pleasure crackling through every nerve as Gene's cock slammed inside her again and again, making her moan and whine… making her thighs tremble with the intensity of her sexual pleasure.

“So give it to me,” said Eliza in a sugary, slutty whine, “please, master. Your little cumbunny needs her favorite treat. Show me how much manlier you are than my weak, inferior husband. Steal me. Claim me. Teach me who I belong to with your big, hard dick.” The words were pouring out of her now, coming from a twisted, lustful place deep inside of her, exiting her mouth with no filter. The little car was no doubt rocking wildly with their unstrained movements, not to mention their loud moans and grunts. It wouldn’t take someone peering into the car window to see what was happening anymore.

“Cum. Cum for me now,” gasped Eliza. Her pussy gripped tight around her favorite cock, and she was out of words. She could tell that Gene was a hair’s breadth away from cumming, but she needed to push him over the edge.

She did what felt natural in the moment.

Eliza leaned forward and pressed Gene down into the seat of his car with a passionate kiss, her tongue thrusting between his flabby lips to tangle with his as her hips slapped down onto his lap again and again, desperate for his cum. It wasn’t the first time they had kissed, but this time was unforced, on her own initiative. She poured all of her deep lust, attraction, and frustration into her lips. A deep, scorching-hot kiss that should have been reserved only for her husband.

It sent Gene over the edge immediately, but, although Eliza felt a savage sense of triumph at making her master cum even through the latex barrier, that elation was mixed with a sudden, gnawing surge of dissatisfaction. She should have realized from the beginning what the main issue would be when it came to fucking Gene with a condom on. Her whole body ached with a powerful craving for Gene’s cum… but not one drop of it touched her. Her pussy clenched and gripped and milked her master’s dick desperately, but every glorious drop of his satisfying jizz was trapped behind rubber.

Eliza felt like she was dying of thirst just inches from a drinking fountain. She could feel the twitches of Gene’s cock inside her, and the swell of the condom, but she got none of the powerful satisfaction that his creampies normally gave her.

Semen, semen everywhere, and not a drop to drink.

Eliza’s hips continued to pump for a few seconds by instinct alone, chasing a release that she now realized would never come. Finally, she stopped, panting and hazy with unfulfilled lust, staring down at her master’s smirking, satisfied face.

Then she remembered her predicament.

With a yelp, she lifted herself off of Gene’s lap, leaving behind a filled condom with a swollen, pearly reservoir of cum. She looked wildly around, half-expecting to see a crowd of scandalized neighbors surrounding the car. But it seemed as though, in this sense at least, she had been lucky. The street was still deserted. It was possible someone had seen the action from a

window: with Eliza openly riding Gene's lap, she was sure what was happening in the car would have been clear even from a distance, but she would have to leave that possibility for another time. Right now, she had bigger fish to fry.

She scrambled to pull her pants up, tangled them around her knees, then, with a growl of frustration, plucked her phone out of the pocket to check it.

[Seriously… are things ok in there? Just text me back so I know you didn't pass out or something, haha.]

Fuck.. That had been a couple of minutes ago, but she had been too busy to respond. With desperate speed, Eliza yanked her pants back up and zipped them. Beside her, Gene tugged the swollen condom off his cock with a wet snap and tied it off.

Before Eliza could open the door and escape, Gene handed her the slimy, filled condom. "Mission accomplished, Lizzie. You'll need this later. I know that you didn't get what you needed right now, but if you come by my place tonight, I'll make sure you get what you need. Bring the condom with you. No taste tests before then."

Eliza knew that making an excuse to get away from her horny, desperate-to-connect husband tonight would be difficult, especially if he discovered she was missing right now, but she had no time for argument. She took the used condom, filled with what she wanted most in the world, but wasn't allowed to taste, and said hurriedly, "Yes, master. I understand. I'll see you tonight. But can I…"

Gene chuckled at her desperation, but nodded graciously. "Ok, ok, fine. Go lie to your cuck, bunny. I'll text you the details of our meet-up later."

Finally free to go, Eliza burst out of his car and broke into a sprint, headed for her house. The danger that someone might see and note her sprinting through the neighborhood remained, but at this point, it was a risk she would just have to take. On the way, her phone buzzed again, and she looked down to see the text, almost tripping over the curb as she read.

[Babe, I just checked the bathroom and you aren't there… What's going on? Where are you?]

A cold spike of panic stabbed through her heart. She was too late. Her mind scrabbled desperately for excuses. David was already downstairs and suspicious, if she came in the front door, did she have a good explanation for why she had been outside after she told him she was using the bathroom? She rounded her car parked in the driveway, then stopped dead, an idea striking her like a bolt of lightning.

She yanked open the passenger side door of her sleek suv, opened the glove compartment, and rifled through it, searching, searching…

She heard the front door open just as she found what she was looking for. She straightened and got out of the car just in time to see David walking toward her, a look of mild concern on his handsome face.

"What's up, sweetie?" he asked mildly, his eyes searching hers earnestly. "I thought you were in the bathroom. I was worried for a sec."

Eliza steeled herself internally and put on her best fake smile. "Sorry to worry you, babe, " she said lightly. "I just happened to get a call from Lily, one of my old sorority sisters. We were reminiscing a little." She held up the little keychain she had managed to dig out of her glove compartment. It was old and a little worn out since she had used it through most of college, but the words "Ice Queen" could still be read on the snowflake design. "Lily was asking if I still used this silly thing, so I just had to dig it out to show her."

David's eyes glanced at the keychain in her hand, then back to Eliza's eyes. She felt her heart beating wildly against her ribs, and her teeth gritted hard through her fake smile. But there was no need to worry. Even after their recent troubles, her husband trusted her. "I don't know why you stopped using it," he said with a smile. "It fits you perfectly. I should have known you were on the phone. No wonder you didn't get my text."

Eliza's laugh may have been a little manic as she took her husband's arm and walked him back to the house, but if it was, David didn't notice. One quick glance over her shoulder confirmed that Gene had driven away while she was preoccupied. But, although he may be gone physically, the foul man was still burning in Eliza's mind. The used condom seemed to pulse with dark, twisted power hidden in her pocket.

She would be seeing him tonight. Betraying her trusting husband once again. Denying him the sexual connection he craved while she satisfied her needs with another man. Her master had given her a direct command: come meet him tonight, and bring the filled condom along.

She couldn't resist. Worse, she wasn't even sure she wanted to anymore.

"So," she said delicately as they reentered the house, prepared for her husband's weak-willed disappointment but ultimate acceptance of her lie, "Lily asked if I might be able to meet up with her tonight…"

…

Eliza held up the heavy, bulging condom in front of her sister-in-law's eyes. She felt a certain smug triumph as Kim's eyes widened. It looked like Gene's semen had more of an effect on her than she was willing to admit.

There. Now so high and mighty now, are you?

Eliza understood Kim's anger and confusion, and she obviously sympathized with her sister-in-law's immediate knee-jerk reaction to run to David and tell him all about Gene's evil schemes. How many times had Eliza wished that she could do the same? Too many to count. But there was something unforgivably annoying about the judgment in Kim's eyes. Kim's sneer showed what she thought Eliza was: just a weak woman who had cheated on her husband.

In the heat of this moment, Eliza found that she wanted to humble Kim almost as much as Gene did, and not just because her master had ordered her to do so. A twist of cruel joy flashed in Eliza's chest as she watched Kim's face. The pretty young blond stared at Gene's load with reluctant hunger. Eliza's urge to drag Kim down to her level and wipe the superior look of judgment off her face was too strong to resist.

"Now that I have your attention," said Eliza softly, "Let's continue our conversation, Kimmy."

She could see the war taking place on the Kim's face. A desperate struggle between pride and hunger that Eliza had fought and lost herself hundreds of times. She waited patiently for Kim to fail, and was gratified that her sister in law dropped her hand from the doorknob of the apartment door with a little sound of frustration. "It's just…" said Kim angrily, sweeping her feathery blonde hair back from her forehead in a quick, compulsive movement, her eyes never leaving the condom, "It's a fetish or something, not a magic spell."

Eliza shrugged, and amused herself by swinging the condom back and forth a little, watching Kim's normally-intelligent eyes following its sway. "Whatever you say, sweetie," she said lightly. "Let's go with that. But whatever it is, it's strong, isn't it?"

Eliza could feel the pull of the cum inside the condom herself. Her mouth watered and her stomach twisted with uncomfortable lust every time her eyes fixed on it. Her hunger was growing stronger by the minute, and if Gene hadn't already told her she wasn't allowed to taste the contents of the condom, she would have ripped it open with her teeth right now. But it wouldn't be so simple to get her fix tonight. She knew that in order to get the satisfaction she craved, she had to play the role Gene had set for her: an evil, dominant woman leading his sister-in-law down the path to corruption.

Kim's eyes finally tore themselves away from the cum she craved and fixed onto Eliza's, their brilliant green depths still boldly displaying her strength and defiance. Kim was still early on her journey to submission, and it was Eliza's job to help her new Cumbunny sister make the transition from fiery brat to submissive slut. Eliza had her work cut out for her, and it was time to get started. Before Kim could open her mouth to say something cutting that she would regret later, Eliza cut her off. "Well, fetish, magic, whatever it is, you aren't going to solve it by running away. Come, sit. We can talk this out. I can tell you how I've been dealing with my own… fetish."

Eliza turned and clicked across the dingy living room in her stiletto heels to take her seat next to Gene, who winked at her, pleased by her performance. The odious man had been unusually quiet so far. He seemed happy to let Eliza take the reins for now and enjoy the show. Eliza

suspected… no, she knew that Gene found the idea of his first Cumbunny training and instructing his second both amusing and arousing. And, as usual, Eliza had no choice but to dance for him like a puppet on a string.

Kim stood in the entryway for a moment, scowling at Gene and Eliza on the couch. Eliza held the filled condom a little higher and jiggled it lightly. Kim gulped, looked away with a blush, then reluctantly crossed the living room to join them, tottering slightly on her stall black platfrom heels.

Eliza took the opportunity to survey her sister-in-law as she approached, thoroughly evaluating her as a sexual prospect for the first time. Kim had spouted a lot of harsh judgments about Eliza's clothes a moment before, but she wasn't exactly dressed like a refined woman either. The young blonde was wearing a slutty schoolgirl uniform that turned her curvy, petite body into a mouthwatering display of female sexuality. A tiny, sheer white top tied off right beneath her tits clearly displayed the size, shape, and color of her nipples, while leaving her toned little tummy bare. The strip of tartan cloth slung low across her wide hips barely concealed her pussy, and only came about halfway down the swell of her tanned butt, and was nearly joined at the lower edge of silky white stockings clinging tight to her juicy thighs.

Eliza felt an unexpected pulse of desire at the sight of her barely clothed sister-in-law as her eyes wandered up and down Kim's luscious body. She could feel her nipples tighten beneath the tight leather corset and her skin flush with warmth from her sudden surge of lust. Maybe it was just the built-up sexual frustration from her week apart from Gene, inflamed by their sexual rendezvous earlier today. Or maybe it was a sneaking satisfaction at being granted the tiniest sliver of sexual power over someone else after so much submission. Whatever it was, the sight of Kim's slutty costume set a fire burning low in Eliza's belly. She knew that, as a fellow Cumbunny ensnared by their evil master, Eliza should feel solidarity and sympathy for Kim… but a part of her was turned on by her new role as the powerful senior Cumbunny.

Kim turned Gene's ratty easy chair to face the couch and threw herself down onto it. For a second, there was a glimpse of tanned, naked flesh beneath her tiny skirt, then she crossed her thighs tightly, cutting off the view.

"I'm not sure why I'm even entertaining this," she said stiffly, her cheeks flushed with embarrassment, but her eyes haughty as she stared at Eliza. "But you said that you had something to say. So… out with it."

Eliza glanced over at Gene, who simply shrugged and nodded toward Kim. He wanted Eliza to take the lead on this. Eliza took a deep breath, getting her thoughts in order. Kim was justifiably angry, but Eliza needed to convince her to fall in line, for all of their sakes. Best to be straightforward and blunt.

"Your plan of running to David and telling him everything simply won't work," she said flatly, staring into Kim's eyes and trying to pour as much sincerity into her gaze as possible.

Kim crossed her arms defiantly, a movement that only pressed her tits up further and pushed her nipples hard against the thin cloth, displaying their stiffness. “Of course you would say that,” she said grimly. “You’re cheating on my brother. If I tell him, you’ll be fucked.”

Gene chuckled, amused with Kim’s sassy response. *The fat prick might as well pull out a bag of popcorn. Doesn’t he realize that this is his problem too?* A wave of annoyance made Eliza grit her teeth and take a deep breath before she answered. She leaned forward, trying her best not to snap as she said, “If it were as simple as that, I would have told him myself a long time ago. I’m not the heartless cheater you seem to be implying.”

Kim smirked, bouncing her foot and dangling a massive black platform heel. “Is that why you’re dressed like a sex object and hanging out with the guy who hates his guts? Because you’re a pure and loyal wife?”

Eliza brushed off the taunt impatiently, raising her hand with the condom once again. That shut Kim up. The bratty blonde glared at the bulging condom with a mix of discomfort and desire in her fierce green eyes. *That’s better. Maybe now you’ll listen to the truth.* “I’m here for the same reason you are,” said Eliza grimly. “Because we need this. Call it a fetish, or magic, or whatever the fuck you want. It doesn’t change the fact that something inside you would do anything to get this. And that’s why you can’t rebel against Gene. He’s the only source.”

Kim licked her lips, a troubled expression flickering across her face. She squirmed uncomfortably on her seat. Eliza was willing to bet that the little bitch’s pussy was as wet and hot as hers at the mere thought of drinking Gene’s jizz, no matter what she claimed. “B-bullshit. There are a thousand guys who would line up around the block to cum for me. A thousand hotter guys who haven’t been an asshole to my brother.”

Something in her tone gave her away, and Eliza shook her head with a pitying sigh. “Ha! You tried it didn’t you?” rumbled Gene beside her, guffawing with amusement. “You let some pretty boy treat you like his cum slut for the night. So? Don’t keep us waiting. What were the results of your little experiment?”

Eliza grimaced at his crude taunts, but didn’t say anything. Gene might be letting her take the reins on pulling her sister-in-law in, but he was still the master, and Eliza couldn’t tell him to shut up… even if she did think that taunting Kim would be counterproductive right now.

Predictably, Kim glared murderously at Gene, although Eliza thought she caught the gleam of poorly concealed desire in the fiery blonde’s eyes as well. “None of your business, prick,” she spat. “If you're trying to sell me on keeping your dirty little secret my brother, you’re not doing a shit job. It might be worth the trouble just to see that smug smirk wiped off your face.”

Eliza held out her hand and hit the condom against it with a wet splat, drawing Kim’s attention to her once again. “No, you’re wrong. It wouldn’t be worth it, Kim,” she insisted. “Because the

hunger you've been feeling for the past week, the aching, bone-deep desire… It doesn't get better. It only gets worse. Even I don't know the top end… but if you never saw Gene again, you would discover how bad those cravings could get. The only thing that can possibly satisfy them is Gene's semen. We need to protect him in order to protect our access to his cum."

Kim's expression was wary, but her stiff nipples still pressed tight against her shirt, broadcasting her continued arousal as she asked, "And what exactly does Gene ask for in return? What does he get for letting us drink his cum?"

Eliza knew that lying was useless now. Kim's evident arousal and the disgust written across her cute features made it clear that she already knew the answer. There was no choice but to be honest. "We do whatever he asks," she said simply.

"Which is?" said Kim challengingly, demanding that Eliza say it outright.

Gene jumped in again, one thick arm snaking around Eliza's waist to rest on her hip as she smugly said, "Come on, Kimmy. You know what Lizzie means. Cumbunnies use their lips, cunts, and tight little buttholes to milk their master's cocks for the sticky, salty treat they crave. Don't pretend that you haven't been fantasizing about it."

Kim's face was a picture of angry determination. She didn't dignify Gene's obscene taunt with even a glance, let alone a response. Instead, she stared daggers at the condom in Eliza's hand, as if the cum she held was her worst enemy. Which, in a way, it was.

"I won't do it," Kim said in a strained whisper, her lovely green eyes lit with an inner fire as she stared at the obscenely bulging condom. "I don't care how hard you say it will be, or how much it will hurt. I won't give up my pride to a monster like him. Or my brother's pride either."

Eliza sighed. She was afraid it would come to this. Kim was a strong-willed young woman, and she wasn't far enough along in her corruption to fold that easily. Gene had never been very patient, and it seemed that he had jumped the gun a little in his desire to break in his new toy.

Eliza was going to have to break out the big guns if she wanted to successfully bring her new sister Cumbunny into the fold. She began working at the knot in the condom with her fingers, slowly loosening it as she wriggled out from Gene's grip and stood, looming over her seated sister-in-law on her tall stilettos.

"What are you doing?" asked Kim sharply, her eyes widening a little at Eliza's sudden movement. Eliza was gratified to see Kim squirm in her seat again, recrossing her thighs as her eyes flicked up and down Eliza's sexy body, taking in her porny bunny outfit. It looked like Eliza wasn't the only one who was strangely attracted to their sister-in-law tonight. *Good. If I'm right about what Gene wants from Kim and I, a little attraction will make things easier for the both of us.* Eliza finally got the knot free, untying the condom and releasing a wafting smell of bleachy cum into the stuffy living room.

“I’m showing you why you’re wrong,” she told Kim, arching an eyebrow at the cocky blonde. “I’m going to prove to you that you’ll do whatever your new master says.” Holding up the condom performatively, she stuck out one slim, delicate middle finger and dipped it into the open mouth, scooping up a fingertip of the thick, pearly goo.

Before Kim could react, she clicked forward and thrust her finger right beneath the defiant young woman’s nose. “Suck,” she commanded in a flat, imperious tone.

Kim’s face went red, and she opened her mouth to say something else just as harsh and dismissive as everything else she had said all evening… And then her eyes glazed over with lust, going crosseyed as they stared down at the feminine finger hovering beneath her nose. “I… I won’t,” she insisted, but her voice sounded weak and indecisive. “I’m not some sort of slut who’ll just… just…”

“Just suck sperm off another woman’s finger?” asked Eliza teasingly. She pulled her finger back a little, and Kim’s head followed after it, her lips parting unconsciously, deep breaths whistling in through her nose to sniff in the intoxicating scent. “Don’t be so confident, Kimmy. Your master is training you to be exactly that type of slut. Just give in. It’s going to taste so fucking good. I promise.” Then she reversed the direction of her finger, pushing it forward toward Kim’s glossy lips. Kim didn’t resist or move, simply letting out a weak little whimper as Eliza’s sperm-daubed finger slipped past her lips and into her warm, wet mouth.

Eliza felt a surge of victory as Eliza looked up at her, her beautiful green eyes blazing with frustration and arousal… and then swirled her tongue around the finger in her mouth, acknowledging her defeat in an act of humiliating physical submission. Is this what Gene felt like all the time? Forcing Kim to obey made Eliza feel satisfyingly powerful. A wicked, dark pleasure pulsed through her, centered in the tight leather hugging between her thighs. For once, she was the one in charge; the one making someone else submit. Eliza knew she should hold back. She hoped that Kim would be her ally in this end, after all. But the power was addictive…

“Good girl,” she purred, pushing her finger a little deeper and pushing it dominantly onto her sister-in-law’s squirming tongue. “Just like that. You said you wouldn’t, then you did. And it will be the same for our master.” Both her and Kim’s eyes were drawn to Gene like a magnet. He was watching the little scene of lesbian dominance and submission was smug satisfaction, openly pawing the bulge in the front of his pants. “You’re a Cumbunny now, Kimmy,” continued Eliza, feeling both bitter defeat and traitorous eagerness at the words as they poured out of her mouth, sickening and arousing at the same time. “Just like me. We belong to Gene now, and we’re going to serve him as a team. We might as well enjoy it.”

Kim spat her finger out, lips sneering and eyes blazing with renewed defiance as she said, ‘Fuck you! You might be weak enough to become his loyal pet, but I never will.”

‘We’re talking in circles now,” said Eliza with a sigh. She looked her nose at Kim speculatively, then over at Gene. He met her gaze and nodded with a hungry grin. He was ready to join in the fun. “The time for words is over,” he said in an deep, eager tone.

An evil grin spread slowly across Eliza’s face as she heard the rough, dominant lust in her master’s voice. She had been a very good Cumbunny today, and had played the role of trainer well enough to please her master. It looked like she was about to get the reward she so richly deserved.

“Why don’t we give our new Cumbunny a more… hands-on demonstration of how good it can feel to be mine?”

…

Kim knelt on the dirty floor in the living room of a man she had every reason to despise, not quite sure how she had gotten here. When Eliza had first talked about the Myolk… the whatever-it-was oil, Kim had actually felt a flood of relief. For one shining moment, everything had felt simple again: Eliza was just a lying slut who had been too stupid to resist an asshole with a big cock.

But then Kim had seen and smelled that fucking cum… When Eliza had pulled out that fucking condom, something in Kim’s brain had short-circuited. The strange hunger that had been troubling her for the past week had blazed to life, and her brain had filled up with warm pink fog. Nothing seemed simple at all anymore.

The now-opened condom now dangled from her sister-in-law's fingers, right next to her wedding band, which was glinting in the dim light of the dingy living room. The beautiful, pale brunette loomed above Kim on those ridiculously tall heels, her icy blue eyes infuriatingly smug as she stared down at Kim on her knees.

When Eliza had told her to kneel, Kim had tried to say ‘no’, but then Eliza had promised she would be allowed to taste more cum from the condom and, well… somehow before Kim realized what was happening, she was on her knees, her nipples stiff and her pussy throbbing with wild, untamed heat beneath her tiny skirt. She tried to keep up a defiant front, glaring up at the woman she now knew was a heartless, evil bitch, but it was hard to look proud when you were on your knees wearing a slutty schoolgirl outfit.

As Kim watched, a broad, hairy hand slid around Eliza’s hip and over the belly of her leather bunny corset. A thrill of lust raced up Kim’s spine as she looked up into Gene’s leering eyes. Her whole body broke out in goosebumps, her belly twisting with desire and disgust. Gene’s hand slipped lower, possessively groping and grasping over the tiny leather panties covering Eliza’s pussy. The pussy Eliza had pledged to David. It made Kim feel sick with anger… but at the same time, a big part of her wanted nothing more than to see what that massive cock could do to a beautiful woman like Eliza.

Well, maybe there was one thing Kim wanted more… but she refused to admit that to herself. She might have been willing to have sex with a fat asshole like Gene back when she didn't know that he was the prick who bullied her brother… but now it was completely out of the question. The fact that she had sucked Gene Crowder's cock earlier tonight still made her cringe with shame and rage. There was no way she would ever stoop that low now that she knew who he really was.

No fucking way.

Eliza's eyes gleamed with the amusement of a cat toying with her prey as she teasingly dangled the condom above Kim. "I get it, honey. I really do. You aren't ready to fuck master yet. Your stubborn pride won't allow it. But don't worry, if you're a good, obedient girl, you can get a little taste of your master without having to fuck him tonight," Eliza said with a mocking smirk, swirling her hips a little against her master's groping hand right in front of Kim's face. "All you have to do is obey some simple orders, and I'll give you a little treat." She tipped the condom above Kim, and Kim unconsciously opened her mouth, her body crying out to taste the white slime inside. Eliza giggled and stopped the tilt of her hand just before the first drop of semen slipped free. Kim snapped her mouth shut with a furious red blush. Eliza had proven her point, She was in control right now, and if Kim wanted to relieve her hunger, she was going to have to play the smirking bitch's twisted game. It was humiliating, but if Kim could take the edge off her hunger without having to fuck Gene, she had to take that chance.

"Your first assignment," purred Eliza as Gene slipped his hands upward to hook his thumbs through the waistband of her tiny leather panties, "is to watch."

Kim couldn't have disobeyed the order if she wanted too. She sat staring upward with bated breath as the panties slipped down and away, revealing her sister-in-law's puffy, dripping cunt. Eliza's beautiful pink pussy looked as aroused as Kim felt as Gene took a moment to greedily dip his fingers between his Cumbunny's thighs. Kim watched Gene's thick fingers part Eliza's flushed lower lips, slipping inside, emerging slick with the juices of her adulterous lust, making loud squishing noises in the heated air of the small living room. She could smell Eliza's arousal blending with the heady scent of Gene's semen, and it made her feel almost dizzy, her body throbbing with need.

But Gene couldn't be satisfied with using only his fingers for long. There was a soft clink of his belt being unbuckled, and a moment later his massive cock thrust forward between Eliza's slim thighs, pressed tight to her juicy pussy from beneath, making her moan softly from the sensation as he rubbed against her.

"Mmmm, it feels good," murmured Eliza, reaching down with her free hand to stroke the thick cock that was now jutting out from between her thighs, for a moment looking as if she herself had a cock. "I bet it looks good too…" she held up the condom teasingly, tipping it so that a little

cum almost slipped out of the open mouth. “What do you think, Kimmy? If you admit how good Master’s cock looks to you, I’ll give you a taste of what you need.”

Eliza’s entire body buzzed with deep pleasure as she stared down at the pathetic little defeated slut on her knees beneath her. Gene’s cock pressed stiff and hot upward into her dripping pussy. She could feel his heartbeat against her sensitive flesh, sending sizzling bolts of electricity through her body at every throb of his cock against her clit. And the look of frustrated surrender in her sister-in-law’s pretty green eyes just made her arousal that much sweeter.

Kim gritted her teeth. Being treated like some sort of dog was humiliating. But worse than that was the fact that Gene’s cock legitimately did look really good. With his face hidden for the moment behind the tall, lovely woman looming above her, Kim could focus on the cock itself rather than the disgusting man who owned it. It was thick and powerful-looking, veiny but well-shaped. A throbbing monument to masculinity that made Kim’s entire body sing with need. Her mouth opened before she realized what she was saying.

“It… it looks good,” she admitted in a croaking voice, wiping her suddenly drool-filled mouth with the back of her hand. Her ability to resist was being worn away rapidly, not just by her thirst for cum… but also by a powerful, distressing desire to feel Gene’s manly cock for herself.

Eliza let out an evil chuckle, her hand slowly stroking up and down the length of the cock thrust between her thighs, her lovely, elegant features locked into a gleeful smile. Kim had never seen her this way before. True, Kim had always gotten the impression that her sister in law was a bit stuck-up, but she had never expected Eliza to act like some sort of fucking dominatrix. As much as Kim hated to admit it, Eliza’s icy blue gaze and the superior smirk on her face were having an unexpected effect on her. Maybe it was the over-heated circumstances and Kim’s frustrated lust, but being under Eliza’s power like this was actually kind of turning her on.

But she didn’t have time to confront that strange and unpleasant thought, because Eliza was tipping the condom once again, and this time she wasn’t just teasing. “Honest girls get rewards,” she said in a heated voice. “Say ‘ahhh’...”

Kim just barely had time to open her mouth wide before a thick drizzle of cum fell down from the condom. Most of it landed on her tongue, although a little of the thick, cool slime splattered onto her glossy, parted lips as well. Kim’s eyes dilated and her back arched as a wave of intense pleasure burst through her. She rolled the thick, salty goo over her tongue, savoring the taste and feel of her hated enemy’s sperm. Part of her insisted that it was the same old disgusting slime that she had experienced any time a man had cum in her mouth, but that instinct was overridden by a deeper, more primal part of her that insisted that Gene’s cum was the most divine thing she had ever tasted. She held it in her mouth for a moment before swallowing it down. She could feel it slipping down her throat like molten gold, all the way down until it reached her stomach, where it seemed to warm her from within.

Eliza watched the pleasure light up Kim's face with an indulgent smile, her hand sliding up and down her master's thick shaft while her hips slid back and forth gently, rubbing her pussy against the hard length of his powerful cock. She knew thhe pleasure that Kim must be feeling right now, and she would have been jealous if she didn't plan on receiving his cum in her pussy in a few minutes. She was sure the taste of cum was satisfying for her new Cumbunny sister, but it wouldn't be enough to quench her thirst. She had fed Kim maybe half of the contents of the condom. Kim would have to obey more commands if she wanted to earn the rest of her prize.

Behind her, Gene had run out of patience with Eliza's teasing game. One powerful hand gripped her hip tight as the other reached beneath her, slipping his cock backward to nuzzle against her wet, ready opening. Eliza gasped eagerly, biting her lip hard in anticipation before glancing down at Kim beneath her, who was watching with open fascination. "Keep watching, Kimmy. You can deny it as much as you want, but I can see the truth. You want Master's cock just as much as I do. Watch. Look closely at what you're too proud to admit you want."

With that, Gene's hips snapped forward, drawing a breathy gasp of delight from Eliza's mouth as he stretched her wide. Kim's eyes were wide as she watched closely, just like she had been commanded. From her position beneath Eliza, she could see how Gene's thick, veiny cock had spread Eliza's tender lower lips. As he began to move, thrusting himself balls deep into Eliza's married pussy, Kim could see how tight the fit was… how Eliza's pink pussy clung tightly to every inch of her master's shaft.

Her own pussy clenched hungrily. She bit her lip to try to force back the feeling, but it was no use. Her whole body ached with filthy lust. She had felt it all week, never satisfied except for the moment that she had greedily slurped down Gene's sperm sample. She needed the fulfillment she saw etched across Eliza's moaning face. She needed the satisfaction that she knew she could only get from the condom wiggling and dangling from Eliza's fingers and Gene began to thrust into her from behind.

Gene's powerful thrusts rocked Eliza forward, throwing her off balance, and the slutty, moaning bunny reached down to steady herself with one hand, gripping Kim's shoulder as Gene's belly and thighs loudly slapped into her again and again from behind. The other hand held the condom aloft, just out of Kim's easy reach, making sure she could take it while Eliza was distracted by the ecstasy of their master's cock.

Eliza pushed her hips backward into her master's powerful thrusts, her pussy eagerly squeezing and gripping his shaft as he plunged into her again and again. This is what she had needed all week. What her pussy of a husband wasn't man enough to give her. Gene was so strong… so masculine. His thrust hammered into her, his cock stretching her wide. Her knees felt weak, and moans poured from her mouth as she forgot all about her role in training Kim, and her plans to fight back, and even her husband. She focused her whole mind on her master's cock and how good it felt in her pussy, and everything else drifted away.

As Eliza bent forward, the angle now hid Kim from a direct view of the action between her thighs. But now Eliza's panting, moaning face was just inches from Kim's, filling her entire view with that image of wild female pleasure. Eliza's tight grip on her shoulder sent tingles of sexual electricity crackling through Kim's body. Kim could practically feel Eliza's sexual ecstasy from this close. She wanted to feel what her sister-in-law was feeling so badly that she could barely breathe.

Kim's hand slipped down beneath her skirt, shamefully stroking and rubbing the wet heat she found waiting there. Even in the depths of her ecstasy, as Gene's thick cock plunged into her from behind, Eliza saw what Kim was doing. Her icy blue eyes peered down at Kim's fingers swirling and flexing beneath her schoolgirl skirt, and when they rose to meet Kim's gaze again, they were no longer gloating or taunting. There was an understanding there. A solidarity in the depths of their depraved mutual pleasure. As Kim began to finger herself deeper and faster, Eliza gave her a little nod, biting her lip hard from the intensity of her pleasure. In that moment, for the first time, they really were sister Cumbunnies, bound together by their unnatural lust.

Suddenly, Kim heard Gene's growling voice speak from behind her whimpering, panting sister-in-law. He had been fairly silent so far tonight, letting Eliza draw in his prey for him. But now, at the peak of Kim's sexual desperation, he pounced. "You see what my cock does to Lizzie?" he said in a voice rough with exertion. "This is what you need, Kimmy. It's the only thing that can satisfy you. Well… that and my cum." He let out a dirty chuckle. "Lizzie seems to think you're not quite ready to drink straight from the source. But you will be… very very soon. For now, you're going to do exactly what Lizzie said. You're going to obey. That's how you're going to earn the reward you were promised."

His pace was increasing, and Eliza was panting harsh, hot breaths right into Kim's face. Kim could feel the strength of Gene's thrusts as he pushed Eliza forward into her. Kim's fingers rubbed and plunged into her beneath her skirt, matching the pace of Gene's thrusts. Her skin felt tight and hot, every beat of her heart carrying molten hot desire through every inch of her body. She hated Gene with all her heart, but right now she couldn't stop thinking about how his cock had felt when he took her from behind earlier tonight. Kim's eyes locked on the condom held in Eliza's fingers, dangling just out of her reach. Her resistance had crumbled. She would do whatever her tormentor wanted. "What?" she asked desperately, in a voice cracked by pleasure and frustration. "What do I need to do?"

"Promise me you won't tell your brother a fucking thing about this unless I tell you to," said Gene in a hard voice, never ceasing his brutal thrusts into the desperate Cumbunny beneath him.

Kim gritted her teeth. Keeping that promise would mean betraying her brother, the most important man in her life… But her body ached for the taste of Gene's semen, and she wasn't sure if she could resist any longer. *Just staying quiet isn't that bad… I can fight back against this asshole in other ways.* "F-fine," she said bitterly. "I promise. I won't tell him."

“Good,’ said Gene, his voice dripping with triumph in a way that turned Kim’s stomach. “Now… one last thing. I want to hear it from you. I want you to admit that you’re my Cumbunny now.”

Kim moaned in frustration, her hips humping upward into her fingers. Eliza bounced backward onto her master’s cock, her slutty moans blending with her sister-in-law's as both women hurtled toward orgasm. Kim wanted to scoff, wanted to insist that she didn’t even know what the word "Cumbunny" meant outside of Gene’s perverted fantasies.

But she did know. It was everything that Eliza had just outlined. Subservience. Submission. Pleasure, but only at Gene’s cruel whims. It wasn’t what she wanted. Kim shook her head, unable to say “no”, but unwilling to agree to the humiliating new position. She felt caught, trapped between her pride and her lust, tormented by her need for release and her need to stay true to herself.

Suddenly, Eliza, who had been lost in her private world of pleasure, fixed Kim with an intense, heated gaze, just inches away as Gene plowed into her from behind. “Do it, Kimmy,” she said in a husky whisper melting with pleasure. “Join me. You’ll feel better than you ever have in your life. We can do this together. Trust me.”

And for just one split second, Kim saw a flash of some hidden emotion in Eliza’s eyes. Just a sliver of double meaning in her words that only someone that close to her face could catch. It was laughable, really. What had Eliza done to earn Kim’s trust? All evening, she had acted like she enjoyed tormenting and corrupting Kim almost as much as Gene did.

But in her desperation, Kim was willing to take any small scrap of hope she could find. So she did what Eliza seemed to be asking… and surrendered.

“I… I’m your Cumbunny, Daddy,” she moaned, giving into the fierce pleasure pouring through her. “I’m your little slut. Your cum-addicted little bimbo sextoy. Please. Please give me what I need!”

Gene roared with laughter, a broad grin of triumph painted across his face. “You heard your new sister!” he said to Eliza, giving her rump a hearty slap as his pace reached a fever pitch, “Why don’t you deliver Kimmy’s reward… personally.”

Eliza gave Kim a wink that she wasn’t sure was teasing or conspiratorial… and then put the half-full condom in her own mouth, tilting it upward to empty the contents between her lips. For a second, Kim thought that the greedy bitch was stealing the cum for herself… but then, without warning, Eliza’s face closed the distance, pressing her soft lips against the stunned, kneeling blonde’s gasping mouth.

Kim let out a startled moan as the thick, gluey cum slipped between her lips along with her sister-in-law's writhing tongue, delivering an electrifying taboo kiss along with the powerful euphoria of Gene’s semen that Kim had already learned to crave. She was shocked into

stillness for just a moment, and then Kim kissed back hungrily, greedily sucking and licking every inch of the inside of Eliza's mouth, trying to lick up every drop of the salty nectar she craved. She gave in to her base desires, surrendering to her thirst for cum, to her strange, unfamiliar attraction to her sister in law, and to the slutty submission that Gene wanted from her. She orgasmed around her fingers, with Gene's cum flowing down her throat and her tongue wrestling with her sister-in-law's.

She registered that Gene was grunting in pleasure, and then Eliza was biting her lip, almost hard enough to draw blood, throwing her arms around Kim's neck and pulling her deeper into a suffocating, passionate kiss.

Eliza's mind fuzzed out into fluffy pink ecstasy as she felt Gene spurt inside her, coating the walls of her spasming pussy, giving her the deep satisfaction that no man had ever made her feel before. That he husband could never match. She greedily kissed Kim, relishing the strange, unfamiliar pleasure of a woman's mouth on hers as her pussy milked every last drop from her master's heavy balls.

God… he's cumming inside her… thought Kim deliriously as her tongue tangled wetly with Eliza's. She couldn't help but wonder how that felt… She assumed that it must be much more intense than just tasting his cum.

But, as all three of them came down from their orgasms and the elation died down, Kim began to reflect that she probably wouldn't have to wait very long to discover what a creampie from Gene felt like.

Because she was certain that he wouldn't be satisfied with her just watching for long.

…

Kim slammed the door behind her as she climbed into the backseat of Eliza's car.

Predictably, her submission had faded sharply after she had been satisfied by a taste of Gene's cum. Eliza held back a frustrated sigh. One glance in the rearview mirror showed her that Kim was staring daggers at her from the back.

Eliza had hoped that Kim would see that everything Eliza had done tonight was a necessary act to divert Gene's suspicions. True, she had gotten a certain amount of twisted pleasure out of her dominant role, but those blurred lines of necessity and pleasure were inevitable when you were a Cumbunny. Kim would learn that… But she would have to learn fast. Because Eliza needed her as a partner, not an enemy, and there was no time to waste.

With someone as prickly and rebellious as Kim, that would be much easier said than done. But… Eliza had to try. She took a deep breath, and, as she pulled out of the parking lot of Gene's apartment building, she began.

“So… We need to talk about what our actual plan is.”

Part 11

“So… we need to talk about what our actual plan is for resisting Gene,” said Eliza heavily as she pulled out of the parking lot of Gene’s apartment. She glanced into the rearview mirror to see Kim glaring back at her, her arms wrapped defensively around herself to hide the pornographic schoolgirl outfit Gene had tricked her into wearing. Eliza knew that this might be a bad time to initiate a conversation with her new Cumbunny sister. After all, Kim had just learned that the man she had been unconsciously lusting after for a week wasn’t “Frank Penn”, but actually her older brother’s worst enemy. Not only that, Kim had been forced to submit, not just by Gene, but by Eliza as well, drinking Gene’s semen straight from her sister-in-law’s mouth.

So Eliza could understand if there were some hard feelings now that Kim’s lust and hunger cleared a little, like they always did after a Cumbunny got their fix. But, even if Kim was in a well-deserved bad mood right now, there was no time to waste. Regardless of what had just happened up in Gene’s apartment, Eliza and Kim were natural allies now, and they had to get on the same page as soon as possible.

So Elia doggedly continued. “I have a lead,” she said grimly, focusing on the road as she flicked on the windshield wipers to combat the rain that was beginning to fall, “but it’s stalled a little right now. I found out that another Cumbunny…”

She stopped in confusion as she heard an unexpected noise from the backseat. Laughter. Eliza’s eyes flicked to the rearview again, where she saw Kim shaking with laughter, a bitter grimace of incredulity on her face. “Listen to you,” said the petite blonde in a disgusted tone, sneering at Eliza’s reflection in the mirror. “You’re so far gone you don’t even realize it. What do you mean, *another* Cumbunny? You’re using his insulting term for yourself now, huh? God, you’re pathetic.”

Eliza felt a swell of rage bubble up in her belly. Kim was looking down on her. The woman who knelt beneath her not twenty minutes ago, pledging to be Gene’s loyal slut, wanted to get all high and mighty about how corrupted Eliza supposedly was. Eliza took a deep breath and focused back on the road. *Kim’s upset. A totally natural reaction. I have to take it in stride. As someone who has lived in this situation longer, I need to be the bigger person.*

“I’m sorry for what happened back there,” said Eliza, controlling her sudden flash of anger. “But right now, Gene has too much power over us for us to defy him directly. We need to find a way to stop him by working behind his back. All of that in his apartment was an act. A necessary one to keep him happy and in the dark.” It was true, but only partially. Even if she had been acting, Eliza still found everything that had happened between her, Kim, and Gene in that apartment explosively erotic. That was the issue. It was becoming harder and harder to separate the act from her true feelings as the Cumbunny inside her grew stronger and stronger.

But Kim was in no mood for olive branches. “What is this ‘we’ you keep talking about?” she asked sharply, her eyes blazing with rage. “I didn’t see any ‘we’ back in that apartment, *Sis*. I didn’t see any acting either. You might be a two-faced bitch, but you aren’t fucking Meryl Streep. How do I know you aren’t acting right now?”

Eliza sighed deeply and gripped the steering wheel. She knew that Kim was a little hard-headed, but this was eyerollingly stupid. “We’re both in Gene’s crosshairs here,” she said, heat creeping into her voice despite herself. “I know you don’t like me, Kim, but you have to at least recognise that the enemy of your enemy is your friend!”

“*Are* you that fat prick’s enemy?” asked Kim in a soft, smoldering voice. “Is that what you tell yourself when you bounce on his cock? When you moan his name? When you beg for his cum? I don’t need help from someone like you, Eliza. Whatever you’ve been trying is clearly a failure.”

Eliza was struck speechless by the devastating dismissal. She stared out into the rainy darkness, lit up by the streetlights and the beams of her headlight, chilled to the bone. *No. Kim doesn’t know what she’s talking about. I’ve been fighting back. I’ve been doing everything I can in an impossible situation. She’ll learn. She'll feel a lot less high and mighty once the hunger starts gnawing at her again.*

As she stopped at a red light, Eliza turned to explain that to the aggravating young woman in her back seat, but she was shocked to see that Kim was already opening the car door and stepping out.

“Where are you going?” she snapped, confused out of the planned lecture she had for her sister-in-law.

“I’m going the fuck home,” said Kim wearily. “I’m like five minutes away from my apartment.”

“I’m driving you there,” insisted Eliza, gesturing for Kim to get back in the car. “It’s pouring out there, and you’re dressed like a…”

Kim was already walking away, her bare feet slapping on the wet pavement as her ridiculous heels dangled from one finger. She was ignoring Eliza as if talking to her just wasn’t worth the effort.

Shit, in this sort of mood, she might…

“Don’t tell David!” Eliza called out desperately after Kim, blurting out her anxiety.

Kim just raised a middle finger as she walked away, disappearing into the darkness of the rainy night.

…

A few days later…

Gene held Eliza's head in a tight grip as he glowered down at his phone. As he watched his phone like a hawk, He plunged his cock into her mouth again and again, plundering her tight, wet throat mercilessly, using her like a stress relief tool.

Finally, he growled, "What the fuck!" under his breath and tossed the phone away, concentrating fully on his Cumbunny's frenzied, submissive blowjob. "Where the fuck is she, Lizzie?" he asked, just like he had last night and the night before, with increasing annoyance. He didn't stop sliding his thick cock into and out of Eliza's throat to give her a chance to answer… but of course, an answer wasn't the point. Gene didn't care about his Cumbunny's opinion on the issue. He was just venting his rage.

For the past few nights, Gene had sent text messages to Kim demanding that she come to his apartment to begin her training in earnest. He had no choice but to text: Kim hadn't been answering his phone calls. It made Eliza nervous. Kim must be feeling intense cravings by this point three days later, without a drop of her master's cum, but somehow she was still holding back. Eliza had to hand it to her fiery little sister-in-law: she wasn't sure if she would be strong enough for an act of defiance like that.

But Kim's rebellion was beginning to cause problems for Eliza as well. Gene was taking his frustrations out on David at work during the day and on Eliza at night in his apartment. David was once again a ball of stress and frustration after just three days of Gene returning to work, and Eliza had to submit to rough, humiliating sex every night. Luckily, David had been so exhausted that he had been falling asleep early, allowing Eliza to sneak out to meet Gene on a nightly basis without him realizing. But she worried that she wouldn't be able to keep her nightly trips a secret forever. David was bound to wake up in the middle of the night one of these nights… it was just a question of when.

Even more concerning was how much Eliza had been enjoying Gene's aggressive domination. Even now, as the angry man pulled her head down his cock once again, pressing his heavy balls against her chin and her nose into his pubes, her body ached with desire for him. She throbbed with lust for the man treating her like a sex toy, the submissive Cumbunny inside her melting into a puddle of pleasure every time his thick cock stretched her lips wide. Her body craved her master's cum. Every nerve tingled, and her pussy pulsed between her legs with a moist, needy heat. She knew that it was dangerous when Gene was this angry, but Kim's bratty defiance was almost worth it for the power she felt coming from her furious, dominant master in every stroke of his cock.

Eliza's head bobbed up and down Gene's powerful shaft, outpacing her master's hand in her enthusiasm. Her mind swam with images of thick, hot, sticky, creamy, salty, gooey, yummy cum. She forgot about Kim and David and all the stresses of her life as her body became a machine for extracting semen for the moment. Her thick saliva slid down the shaft of Gene's cock, dripping onto his heavy, hanging balls, the source of her favorite treat.

But then, just as Eliza's instincts told her that her master was about to fire a hot, fresh load of ambrosia down her slutty throat, Gene stopped her, pulling her up off of his cock, dripping, gasping, and red-faced.

"You dosed her like I told you, right, Lizzie?" he asked, his voice dark with suspicion.

Even though looking into his ugly face when he was this angry made Eliza cringe, it also sent her heart racing in her chest, the fire of twisted lust deep in her core blazing bright. The oil had remodeled her subconscious completely: at this point, she was addicted to Gene's dominant power. And he had never looked stronger and crueler than he did right now.

'I did!" gasped Eliza. "I did master. I stirred it right into her pudding and watched her eat every bite!"

Gene stared hard into her eyes for a moment, then stood suddenly. "Get up. Hands against the wall," he barked. Eliza got the distinct impression that her master needed to feel in control now that Kim was defying him, and she was happy to fulfill her master's dominant needs. She scrambled up and planted her hands on the walls of Gene's apartment, spreading her thighs, and arching her back to offer her curvy ass for his inspection.

Gene rested a broad, rough hand on the soft skin of his Cumbunny's ass. Eliza shivered at the touch, goosebumps pebbling her skin, her nipples swinging diamond-hard from her hanging breasts beneath her. There was still a level of her mind that was repelled by Gene's hands touching her intimate places. That shame and disgust had never truly left her, but it was now drowned beneath an ocean of filthy, red-hot desire. It made for a complex tangle of sensations and emotions every time Gene fucked her.

She wondered if the most corrupted Cumbunnies she had met, Mitsy and Cumslut, still felt the same dislike for their masters at some level, or if eventually that would fade away as well, leaving her a horny bunny eager and happy to serve her master. She needed to stop that from happening. And to do that, she needed Kim on her side. Or at least she needed Kim to stop actively sabotaging her…

"I know you fed her the oil," admitted Gene grudgingly. "I saw it in her eyes last week. She's hooked, that's for fucking sure. So why? Why is she still resisting?" His hand rubbed slowly over the curve of Eliza's upturned ass, sending little shivers of pleasure up her spine from his touch. Then his hand slipped lower, teasing up and down her inner thigh, closer and closer to her aching, dripping pussy without ever quite touching it.

"I… I d-don't know master!" whined Eliza desperately, wiggling her hips and arching her back, trying to position her desperate pussy beneath her master's fingers with no success. "She's just a little brat, I think! If you showed up to her work… or better yet, her apartment, you know that she wouldn't be able to resist you, master! She would crack in a second!"

Gene's hand withdrew from Eliza's thighs and cracked down onto her plump ass in one smooth motion, leaving a pink handprint on the silky alabaster skin of Eliza's left ass cheek and drawing a shuddering gasp of pain and pleasure from her throat. Her back arched further, a slick trail of arousal tracing its way down her shapely thigh. It hurt, but from her master, even pain made her veins sing with submissive arousal.

"Think for a second, bunny!' growled Gene, his voice crackling with frustration. "I can't just walk up to Kimmy and say, 'Hey! Why aren't you answering my texts?' I would look like a fucking pussy! No. That would be a horrible precedent. She needs to learn that she does what I say, when I say it." Eliza heard the clink of Gene's belt, a sound that sent a Pavlovian thrill of lust down her spine. Gene took his place behind Eliza, sliding his hands up her hips, then gripping them tight. She could feel his hard cock nuzzling against the lips of her pussy, and a little whine of sexual need wormed between her lips. "And you're going to be the one who teaches her that lesson, Lizzie," promised Gene in a hard, dark voice.

He cock slid forward, entering her, splitting her, completing her. Eliza's fingers clawed against the grubby walls as she panted in slutty delight, her thighs already trembling from the intensity of the sensations. She could remember a time when sex had been pleasant, but more useful as a way to feel close to her husband than something to obsess over.

Gene had changed that. As Eliza felt his cock press into the deepest part of her, stretching her married pussy wide, she realized that Kim had been right about one thing: she really had fallen a long way. Part of her was Gene's eager slut now. His happy little cumbuny. She stared back into his smirking face, biting her lip hard as Gene pushed balls deep, packing her cunt full of his big, thick cock. The only thing she felt in that moment, staring at his ugly anger-reddened face, was helpless lust.

Gene's first thrust pushed her forward into the wall with a squeak of pleased surprise. Gene had no patience for long, teasing strokes tonight, his cock thrust into her with short, rough, powerful strokes, fucking her hard and fast right from the start.

Eliza's pussy clenched and writhed around the massive cock inside her, her hips slamming backward with equal force to Gene's forward thrusts, matching his brutal pace eagerly. Eliza closed her eyes, focusing completely on the humiliating, yet deeply arousing sensation of getting roughly fucked by her worst enemy. Her tits jolted and bounced beneath her, nipples throbbing and stiff with almost painful arousal as Gene jackhammered into her from behind.

Gene reached forward to pull Eliza upward, gripping her throat from behind with a powerful hand as he continued to fuck her powerfully from behind. Eliza saw stars. Gene had experimented with choking before in missionary position, but it felt much more intense to be held like this. Her body was arched up, pressed tight against her master's hairy bulk as his powerful hand dominated her in an intimate, erotic way. His firm palm on her throat, just tight enough to make it a little hard to breathe, made her feel weak, controlled, submissive… and utterly, completely, mind-blowingly horny. She let out a low, muffled moan, her hips grinding and

writhing back against her master frantically, desperate to feel every inch of his incredible cock as it slammed into her again and again.

“You’re going to go to that little brat…” hissed Gene in her ear, his voice roughened by anger and lust, “And you are going to bring her to heel. Understand me?”

“Yessss master,” moaned Eliza, her body on fire with submissive lust as her master manhandled her and used her like a toy.

“Good. Now make me cum, you little slut,” growled Gene. Somehow, he found even more strength, pounding into her from behind, his hand tightening further. Eliza came: her body submitting completely to her master’s sexual dominance. Her thighs shook. A strangled, broken sound of sexual pleasure escaped her throat. But this time Gene didn’t care if she had orgasmed or not. He was completely focused on his own pleasure and didn’t give a shit about hers. He fucked his Cumbunny nonstop, forcing Eliza to roll straight into another climax.

Eliza’s vision began to grow dark around the edges. Drool dripped down her chin. Her pussy clamped tightly around her master’s conquering, invading cock, desperate for the creamy treat that was now the center of her world.

And finally, she got it. With a roar of released frustration, Gene shoved his Cumbunny against the wall, thrusting and holding deep as he filled her pussy with hot, thick jizz. Eliza’s fuzzy consciousness snapped back to life, woken up by the overwhelming feeling of Gene’s addictive cum flooding her eager cunt. She screamed with pleasure as his hot seed overflowed her and flooded down her legs, filling her with a blazing, soul-searing satisfaction.

Gene withdrew and backed away, panting heavily. He collapsed on the couch, looking drained, and wiped his brow, murmuring, “Get me a beer.”

Eliza felt like she was also about to collapse, but she knew that Gene wouldn’t respond well to complaints. “Yes, master,” she said meekly, turning to make her way to the kitchen on wobbly legs. Her whole body buzzed and glowed with the feeling of her master's cum. It felt like it was almost burning the inside of her pussy with its radiating pleasure as it slowly leaked out of her. But, even as it satisfied and fulfilled her, Gene’s cum sharpened her mind as well.

So… my job iss to go convince Kim to give up on her little protest. In theory, it should be an easy task. After three days without Gene’s cum, Kim would definitely be feeling the itch. But, on the other hand, Kim had shown a remarkable resistance by lasting this long. Eliza opened Gene’s rattly old fridge and grabbed one of the cheap beers he preferred, a calculating expression on her face, hidden from her master by the open fridge door. Actually, Gene’s command happened to align with her interests in this case.

From the beginning, Eliza had been firmly convinced that the best way to control Gene was to keep him happy and unsuspecting. She hadn’t always succeeded at that, but she still believed

that Gene was a lot less dangerous when he thought he had her completely under his thumb. When he was this angry, reckless, and insecure, it would only be a matter of time before Gene did something big enough to tip David off.

No. Kim needed to be convinced, whether through the easy way or the hard way. Once Kim was playing along and making Gene feel safe and secure in his dominance once again, then they could work on a plan to stab him in the back without him even suspecting a thing.

Eliza returned to the living room, getting to her knees and offering the ice-cold beer to her master with a bowed head, just as he preferred it. He took the offered beer, cracked it open, and chugged half of it, letting out a massive belch. Then he reached down and gripped Eliza's chin, lifting her eyes to him.

"Just to give you a little incentive…" he said with a cruel smirk, "That's the last cum you're getting from me until you bring me Kimmy. Understand?"

Eliza felt a chill of apprehension, but she nodded. "Yes, master."

Well, that settled it. She was going over to Kim's house tomorrow, and that little brat was going to submit, one way or the other.

…

The following evening…

Kim writhed and moaned in her sweaty sheets, pulling her bonds tight against chafed wrists, trying to escape, or at very least find some angle where she could rub her pussy against the bed to get some sort of stimulation.

Finally, Kim heard a little click and her handcuffs dropped away, released by the timer. She had a simultaneous instinct to rub the raw red skin of her wrists and touch her throbbing, dripping pussy. The second instinct won out. Her fingers delved between her juicy lower lips, circling her clit and plunging deep into her quivering pussy as she grunted and strained. In seconds, she was already tipping over the edge into a wild, toe-curling orgasm, hissing her fierce pleasure to the ceiling as an intense climax ripped through her.

Then she slumped back into her sheets, sweaty, gasping… and unsatisfied. Over the past few days, Kim had been consumed by fiery, inescapable lust, throbbing through every nerve of her body, as well as a deep, gnawing hunger. She had felt this kind of hunger before. The same craving had clung to her all last week. She had been hoping that knowing what she was craving would make it easier to resist, but in a lot of ways, it made things even worse. She couldn't stop thinking about Gene's cock… and how amazing it had felt when he spurted a thick, powerful load of cum into her mouth. No matter how disgusting she found the man, both physically and morally, there was a part of her that wanted to run to his side and beg to suck his cock.

Thus, the handcuffs. She picked them up and looked at them with a rueful expression. They were padded and had a simple little LCD screen that allowed you to set a timer. When Kim looped them around a bar on her headboard and closed them around her wrists, she wasn't able to leave for the next couple of hours.

No matter how much she wanted to.

The day after that humiliating meeting at Gene's apartment had been a shit show. Kim had been forced to rideshare to the strip club, convince a couple of gruff men in a tow truck not to haul away her car from the parking lot, and go in to work a full shift at the sperm bank, all while exhausted and filled to the brim with dirty, sickening arousal.

But things had gotten even worse that evening, when she got the text from Gene. It was arrogant and demanding, naturally, insisting that she come to his apartment that evening to begin her sexual training as his new Cumbunny. The text had only made Kim roll her eyes… at first. But as the night wore on, and the time Gene had specified crept closer and closer, the insidious hunger rose inside her. She couldn't stop thinking about it… If she just gave in and abandoned her pride, she could experience that powerful satisfaction tonight. She could have her lips wrapped around Gene's cock within thirty minutes, and all it would cost was her dignity.

Kim wanted to be proud that she had resisted, but in reality, it had been a twist of fate. She had been so distracted by all of the crazy fucking shit in her life that she had forgotten something a lot more mundane. On the way to Gene's apartment that night, Kim's car ran out of gas, stranding her on the side of the road. By the time she had gotten it all sorted out, she was late to Gene's specified meetup time by over an hour, and that fact had given her the strength to turn around and go home rather than submit.

The next day, she bought the handcuffs. If the inconvenience of being late was enough to make the temptation bearable, she figured that forcing herself to miss Gene's deadlines might help her resist. Every night since then, she locked herself in the handcuffs when she felt herself wavering, and set the timer for long enough to miss Gene's meeting time of ten o'clock.

Weirdly, Gene hadn't sent a text at all this evening, which made Kim think that maybe she would be able to do without the handcuffs altogether. Unfortunately, around ten o'clock, the temptation to visit Gene had started creeping up again, so she had been forced to lock herself up just in case. It reminded Kim of the Odyssey… Odysseus tied to the mast, so he could avoid leaping overboard toward the bewitching sirens. It would be kind of funny if it weren't her real life.

Kim found her hand sneaking down once again to her pussy and was forced to grit her teeth, screw up her will, and stop herself. If she didn't limit her masturbation, she would just rub herself raw. She had found that out the hard way the second day after her encounter at the apartment. Orgasming again wouldn't calm the powerful arousal that gripped her anyway. There was only one cure for her arousal and boundless horniness, and that cure wasn't worth it.

Instead, she got up and headed for the kitchen. She needed to eat, even if her body screamed for other kinds of satisfaction. Things wouldn't get any easier if she passed out from hunger.

But as she made her way toward the kitchen, there was a knock at the door. Kim paused, a thrill of apprehension zipping through her. *There's no way that it's Gene, right?* The idea made dark, burning lust well up from her core. What would she do if the fat, repulsive sack of shit was standing right outside her door, waiting to come in and give her a dose of her new hot, creamy obsession?

She briefly considered retreating back to her room and locking herself up for another hour until whoever was outside the door fucked off… But her curiosity got the better of her. Kim crept forward toward the door and silently looked through the peephole.

The tension went out of her as she saw who was standing there on the doorstep of her apartment. "Eliza?" she whispered to herself, a faint sneer forming on her face. Eliza felt like the least of her worries right now. Kim had always thought Eliza was sort of annoyingly perfect, but that illusion had been utterly shattered by that night in the apartment. Eliza was weak. And not just that, she was a weak person who revelled in the tiny scraps of power that her master granted her.

Kim had strongly considered calling up her brother the morning after the encounter at the apartment and just spilling the entire dirty mess. Only two things had stopped her so far. The first was her distraction. With her powerful cravings and her struggle against giving in to Gene's orders, she had a lot on her plate right now. Secondly, there was now a possibility that things could blow up in her face. If David asked her how she knew that his wife was cheating on him, what could she say? That she found out when she was headed to Gene's apartment to fuck him?

Even if she tried to cover it up, or truthfully say that she didn't realize who Gene was initially, she was sure that all of the details would come out in the end when David confronted Eliza. All of the kneeling and pledging to be Gene's slut on that night in the apartment had come after she knew who he was…

Anyway, Kim didn't feel like she had anything to worry about from Eliza, besides her very presence being annoying. All of Eliza's power came from Gene. Without him, she was just a cheating slut. Kim considered just ignoring her and going about her day, but she paused as she began turning away from the door. Actually, it might be kind of cathartic to have someone to yell at about her mounting frustrations.

Working on adrenaline and impulse, Kim flung open the door. "Hey bitch," she said acidly, "here to sell me some sob story about working together again?"

But Kim would never have imagined what happened next. Instead of simpering and sighing and whining about how they should work together, Eliza wordlessly pushed forward, forcing her way past her stunned sister-in-law and into the apartment. She raised an eyebrow, glancing briefly around Kim's kitchen, before turning back to Kim with an expression that radiated icy displeasure.

Kim stared at her with shock, her door-knob still in her hand, the door to the apartment hallway wide open. *Who exactly does this bitch think she is?* "What the fuck are you…?" she began, but Eliza cut her off almost instantly.

"Close the door, Kim. Unless you want all of your neighbors to hear what I have to say." Eliza had been nicknamed "The Ice Queen" at her fancy-pants sorority in college. Kim had heard her brother joke about it sometimes. Kim had always thought it was some sort of backhanded reference to her sister-in-law's prudishness, but right now, she could see why Eliza had gotten the nickname. Eliza stood stiff and regal, her height letting her tower over Kim's petite frame as her cold blue eyes glared down her nose.

Kim felt a strange twist of desire deep in her core. The memory of that night in the apartment flashed into her head. Kneeling beneath her tall, gorgeous sister in law, Eliza's pale skin flushed with desire, her firm tits bouncing as Gene pumped into her from behind. Drinking Gene's cum from Eliza's plump lips…

She buried the sudden flash of lust beneath a wave of anger. That reaction was just coming from her overall sexual frustration. If she ordered a pizza, whoever showed up to deliver it would probably turn her on too: that's how on-edge she was. The fact that Eliza made Kim horny right now only pissed her off more… but the icy bitch did have a point. If they were going to have an argument, Kim probably didn't want her neighbors to be privy to the details of their disagreement. She swung the door shut and turned back to Eliza, ready to tell her off again, just like she had the night before.

And once again, Eliza did the very last thing Kim would ever have expected.

It all happened in an instant before Kim even had a chance to react. Eliza stepped forward and wrapped her arms around the smaller woman's body, pulling her close. They she dipped her head and captured Kim in a searing, passionate kiss.

Kim's mind spun and fizzed, unable to handle the sudden switch from fighting to kissing. Eliza's soft, feminine lips felt like heaven on hers. Eliza's slim body felt incredible pressed tight against Kim's shorter, curvier frame. Kim began to melt into kiss, her subconscious need for sexual relief overriding her anger and disdain for her sister-in-law… but just as Eliza's tongue flicked confidently into her mouth, Kim got a hold of herself, pushing the taller woman away with a gasp.

“What the *fuck* do you think you’re doing?” snarled Kim, fighting back the burning desire flooding her body.

Eliza just gave her a regal, unimpressed stare, raising one eyebrow as she said, “You feel it. I know you do. I’ve felt it too. That bone-deep ache for satisfaction. Why are you fighting it?”

Kim’s rage and frustration bubbled over, fueled by the same deep aching horniness that Eliza was describing. Her sister-in-law was so tall, beautiful and confident. So frustratingly perfect that it made Kim want to scream… made her want to kiss Eliza again. She chanelled her anger once again to push back her growing arousal. “Why the fuck aren’t *you*!” she snapped accusatorily. She marched up to Eliza, getting in her face, her anger lighting her up on the inside like a hot coal. “I was there at your wedding, you cheating bitch! You swore to be there for my brother forever! Not just until some magic bullshit made you horny! Until death do you part? Remember that? If you couldn’t resist a bullying asshole like Gene, then maybe you should have just died!!”

The slap came out of nowhere, snapping Kim’s face to the side and making her see stars for a moment, her ears ringing.

“I’m not going to die for David. I’m going to live for him,” said Eliza with a touch of heat in her voice. “And that means playing the long game. It means working behind the back of the man who could ruin my life with a snap of his fingers. It means keeping Gene ignorant and happy. Not making a petty, meaningless show of defiance that’s going to piss him off!”

Kim massaged her jaw, glaring murderously at the tall, lovely woman who had just slapped her. “Whatever you have to say to make you feel better, right?” she spat. “Whatever lie you need to make it seem like it’s the noble choice to stuff your slutty pussy with Gene’s cock on a nightly basis!”

She was gratified to see that Eliza’s cool, calm exterior was cracking now, anger leaping up in her eyes. “If you won’t listen to reason, I guess I’ll just need to teach you how to submit, just like Gene wants,” she said in a low, smoldering tone.

Kim could read the same odd, volatile blend of anger and arousal in Eliza’s eyes that she felt inside herself. Their words were angry and acidic, but there was a stifling, uncomfortable sexual tension in the air between them as well. Eliza and Kim had kissed cum between each other’s lips, sparking a forbidden attraction they had had no chance to explore. But that desire was rubbing up against a certain sneaking dislike they had shared for each other for years, not to mention their current disagreement. The tension was awful. Something had to give.

Eliza wants to crush my spirit? Let her fucking try. Even Gene’s magic sluttification sauce couldn’t do it. There’s no way this pale, skinny bitch can make me submit.

“Bring it on, you fucking slut,” snarled Kim, and launched herself at Eliza, eager for the opportunity to make her gorgeous sister-in-law eat her smug words about submission.

Kim immediately tried to grapple Eliza, attempting to throw her to the ground. But Eliza was ready for her, widening her stance and grabbing Kim in turn, pulling her close and limiting Kim's leverage. The feeling of Eliza's body pressed tight against hers was distracting. Even as she strained and pulled, Kim couldn't stop focusing on Eliza's breasts pressed up against hers. She tried to concentrate on the fight at hand, pushing aside the pulsing arousal inside her with only limited success.

Kim was proud of her physical fitness. She hit the gym on a daily basis… or at least she had before this whole mess started. But the fact was that Eliza had a lot of height on her, and, despite her slim build, was heavier than Kim as well. Kim would have to shift her tactics; it was rapidly becoming clear that she wouldn't be able to throw Eliza to the ground if Eliza didn't want her to.

So she tried something different. Kim released her grip on Eliza and raised a hand, cracking Eliza across the face with a slap even fiercer than the one that Eliza had given her a minute ago. Eliza narrowed her eyes, and her own hand snaked up, lightning fast, to grip Kim's hair. Kim braced herself, ready to be dragged around, perhaps slammed the the ground the same way she had hoped to do with Eliza.

Instead, Eliza kissed her for a second time, roughly pulling Kim forward toward her lips. Kim made a strangled sound of rage against Eliza's mouth, sealing her lips tight and hitting Eliza's side, struggling against her grip. *What the fuck is wrong with this bitch? Does she really think that she can make me give in with a fucking kiss?*

But Kim's furious rage was just covering up the roiling ocean of desire beneath it, and the feeling of Eliza's body and lips pressed against hers scratched that thin surface. Her snarl tuned into a whine, and her hands stopped flailing against Eliza and gripped her tightly again instead. *Well… maybe Eliza thinks that I'm some pushover like her who can be led around by the nose because I'm horny. I'll show her… She's the one who can't control herself… and she has no idea how good of a kisser I am!*

Kim parted her lips and aggressively kissed Eliza back, pushing the tall slim woman backward until she bumped up against the wall and snaking her tongue between her plump lips. Eliza didn't take the kiss counterattack sitting down. Her grip on Kim's hair tightened, while her other hand slid down to cup Kim's ass. One of Eliza's slim thighs slipped between Kim's legs, pressing up against the tight leggings clinging to her crotch and sending a fiery sizzle of sexual delight radiating through Kim's body.

Kim moaned in frustration and arousal. Eliza wasn't holding back, exploiting Kim's frustrating arousal to the fullest by grinding her thigh upward into Kim's pussy, mashing her hot, wet panties firmly against her sex. Well, once again, two could play at that game. Kim slid a hand up her sister-in-law's flat tummy and seized her breast, cupping it firmly and running a thumb

around its curves, all while continuing to tangle her tongue with Eliza in a slick, wet wrestling match between their locked lips.

Kim's brain felt like it was about to melt and drip out of her ears from the intense stimulation. Elia's thigh pressed upward firmly and confidently as her lips pressed downward from above bruisingly hard, no matter how soft they were. Kim's hand gripped Eliza's breast firnly, but rather than getting revenge on Eliza and driving her crazy with lust, Kim found the feeling of Eliza's breast against her palm was only making it harder for her to control herself. She felt like she was losing ground rapidly, getting lost in the powerful pleasure of Eliza's dominance

That feeling only got worse when Kim felt Eliza's slim fingers slip beneath the bottom hem of her pajama shirt, lifting it up without warning. Kim tried to resist, but Eliza pulled back for a second and lifted her pajama shirt up and over her head. Kim's muscles felt loose and weak from her intense arousal, and she wasn't able to stop Eliza's swift confident movements. In an instant, Kim's breasts and shamefully hardened nipples were exposed to the cool air of her entryway… and Eliza's icy, blazing gaze.

Kim clapped her hands over her tits with a flaming blush staining her face. Not before Eliza had seen them, unfortunately. *Stupid fucking gorgeous, tall, elegant Eliza, staring at me with that weird angry hunger in her eyes! Who the fuck wouldn't get turned on by that? It's not my fault…*

"So what?" Kim murmured defensively, her green eyes flashing like a cornered tiger, her nipples hot, throbbing pebbles against her palms, "Are you just planning on fucking me in my entry way? Is that why you're here?"

Eliza stared down at her with the infuriatingly superior eyes, a faint smirk on her face. "No," she said flatly, "I'm going to fuck you on your bed. Come on." She grabbed one of Kim's elbows and dragged her, squawking and protesting, toward her bedroom.

Kim hit the bed with an oof as Eliza pushed her back onto it, now looming even further above her. Kim was mesmerized for a second by the sight as Eliza slowly unbuttoned her classy blouse, revealing a cream-colored bra. Kim knew she should be getting back up, but she felt stunned and overwhelmed, unable to move as Eliza reached behind herself and unclasped the bra, letting it fall loosely down her shoulders before shrugging it off completely.

Kim had known that she could be attracted to girls ever since she was in junior high. She had even dated a girl for a few months in college. But she had never felt the stark, fascinated lust that she did when seeing Eliza's naked tits.

They were perfectly shaped. Not large, but beautiful, firm handfuls with glowing, creamy skin and rosy nipples that stood at stiff, lustful attention. Kim had a sudden urge to feel them again, naked against her palm this time… to taste them, sucking and licking every inch of the perfect, pale tits until they both came from the taboo pleasure. Kim realized that, as she had been

staring eagerly at Eliza's tits, she had begun massaging her breasts beneath her hands, feeling the crackling sparks of pleasure as she rubbed against her sensitive nipples.

She stopped immediately, but realized to her annoyance that Eliza's cool, smug eyes had been watching closely. Eliza had definitely seen what she had been doing. Feeling the sting of humiliation, Kim forced herself with a titanic effort to tear her eyes away from her sister-in-law's tits and looked her dead in the eyes. "So what is this?" she asked with a defiant lift of her chin, "Gene's rotten cock not enough to satisfy you? You have to force yourself on your unwilling sister-in-law?"

Eliza laughed. She looked down at the panting, flushed little blonde slut beneath her and couldn't help but relish the feeling of control that she had been denied by Gene for so long. Her visit tonight had some very important objectives. She had to follow her master's command to break Kim's resistance and bring her in to submit. She had to convince Kim behind Gene's back that appeasing him was more effective than open defiance. Most importantly, she needed to bring Kim in as her ally, like she had failed to do on the car ride home that rainy night.

But that didn't mean she couldn't have a little fun while she did it… Eliza realized that Gene's influence was probably behind her dominant feelings toward Kim. The oil made her horny whenever she did what her master wanted, and Gene wanted Eliza to be a bisexual slut that kept her "Cumbunny sister" in line. But these days, Eliza didn't try too hard to resist her base instincts. She had learned the hard way that outright resistance just made it hard to think.

It was much more effective to try to ride the wave of her lust while fighting back in more subtle ways. More fun too. It was time for Kim to learn that lesson as well.

A few quick motions stripped off the rest of Eliza's clothes, exposing her hot, dripping pussy. She moved forward with the grace of a panther, crawling across the bed toward her trembling little sister in law. Kim scrambled back on her heels as she approached, her bratty little tough girl act crumbling at the edges as intimidation and arousal lit up her face.

"Unwilling?" purred Eliza, staring into Kim's pretty green eyes. The cute blonde had run out of room to back up, and pressed up against the headboard. Eliza loomed over her, straddling her tight little body. Moving with swift confidence, Eliza plunged her hands down Kim's tight leggings, beneath her panties. Kim's hands were busy trying ineffectively to preserve her modesty by clutching her breasts, and although she yelped and tried to slam her thighs shut, Eliza was too quick. She felt the soaking wet heat in her sister-in-law's panties and raised her fingers in front of Kim's blushing face in triumph.

"That's a funny word to use when describing a girl as dripping wet as you are, sweetie," said Eliza with amusement. Her fingers glistened with shining lubrication, and as she gently parted them, a thread of clear, viscous goo glimmered between them.

"That's… that's…" stammered Kim, clearly at a loss for words.

“That’s all the proof I need,” purred Eliza. She gripped the waistband of her sister-in-law’s leggings and yanked downward sharply, dragging her soaked panties along with them to reveal Kim’s puffy, flushed pussy in the dim light coming from the hallway.

Kim gave a strangled gasp, her hands flying down to try to fight Eliza’s attempt to strip her, revealing her big, round tits splayed softly over her chest, her nipples crinkled and hard enough to match Eliza’s. “Wh-what the fuck are you doing, you crazy bitch?” asked Kim, but despite her brash words, her usual sharp confidence was clearly shaken. Kim’s flaming blush had spread downward onto her heaving breasts, and the fingers clutching at the waistband of her leggings were trembling with nerves and arousal.

Eliza stared up at her, her hands iron-hard and unrelenting on Kim’s leggings. “I think that I’m giving you exactly what you want, but refuse to admit,” she said in a smoldering whisper. Maintaining her intense gaze on Kim’s wide, hungry green eyes, Eliza slowly leaned forward. Her hot breath fanned against the sensitive flesh of her sister-in-law’s wet pussy.

Kim’s breath hitched as she realized what was about to happen, but it was already too late to stop. Eliza closed the last inch, pressing her soft, warm lips to Kim’s needy pussy and drawing a strangled moan of delight from her sister-in-law’s lips.

“F-fuck!” whimpered Kim. “You freaky bitch! You don’t know mmmme. You don’t know what I want!” Her tone sounded pleading now, shot through with liquid pleasure despite her harsh words.

“But I do,” said Eliza softly, pausing to extend her tongue and run it gently up Kim’s hot, juicy slit, tasting her little sister-in-law for the first time. “I know exactly what you want. Because I want it too. You just need to learn not to fight what you want so hard.” With that, she pressed forward again, kissing Kim’s tight little pussy more deeply.

Kim moaned and wavered, her grip loosening on her leggings, which Eliza was still pulling downward steadily. Her mind raced. She was so fucking horny she could barely think, and Eliza’s soft, feminine lips gently kissing her pussy weren’t helping matters at all. She knew that she had to fight back against Eliza… but she couldn’t remember exactly why all of a sudden. *Eliza isn’t Gene. He’s the real problem… and if I needsexual relief this badly, why am I fighting this so fucking hard? Might as well let the horny psycho eat me out and get something out of this…*

Kim’s fingers loosened, then gave up, allowing Eliza to triumphantly slip Kim’s leggings and panties down and off. Then the pale, grinning ice queen spread her curvy blonde sister-in-law’s thighs wide and dived back into her feast. This time, Kim tangled her fingers in Eliza’s hair and pulled her closer, hissing in visceral delight as Eliza flattened her tongue and lapped at Kim’s throbbing pussy like a dog, making long, slow strokes of her tongue up the length of her slit again and again.

Kim's body was on fire with pleasure, every nerve pulsing with the dirty heat that had been swelling up inside her stronger and stronger ever since that night. Eliza's words were running through her lust-addled mind on repeat, too, and before long, Kim couldn't hold back. "What the fuck did you even mean?" she muttered. "I shouldn't fight what I want? But I want fucking Gene! He's the enemy. He's the worst fucking guy I know. You think I should just give up?"

Eliza's intensely blue eyes stared up at Kim from between her spread thighs and heaving belly, giving Kim's fluttering pussy a few more lazy licks before pulling away long enough to answer. "And what have you accomplished with your little fight, Kim?" she asked calmly, her fingers replacing her tongue momentarily to gently rub Kim's pussy as she spoke. "You're hiding in your dirty apartment, finger-fucking yourself silly, if the smell of your sheets is any indication. And you pissed off the cruel bully who holds your life in his grubby hands. Do you feel like you've won?"

Kim ran her hands through her hair in frustration, distracted by how good Eliza's fingers felt on her pussy. "It… it doesn't matter if I win," she insisted in a frustrated huff. "That cocky bastard needs to know that he doesn't get to win all the time. I want to see that smug fucking expression wiped off his face!"

"I want that too," said Eliza seriously. "But I don't want to see him ever get that confidence back. I don't want Gene to get inconvenienced. I want to see him lose for good. Completely crushed. And I think we can do that. If we work together."

Kim wanted to believe her. But she had also seen Eliza out of her mind with lust, bouncing eagerly on her master's cock. Eliza had eagerly dominated Kim by Gene's command. In fact, she was probably here now on Gene's orders. How could Kim ever trust a woman who was that deeply compromised? What if this was all a trick to force her to let her guard down?

Eliza's sudden look of cool disappointment let Kim know that she had caught on to Kim's hesitation. But, instead of arguing further, Eliza returned to her work, licking and sucking Kim's horny pussy with renewed energy. Kim groaned in appreciation, curling her toes against the sheets as Eliza pursed her lips and began to suck gently at her clit. The taboo pleasure of receiving oral sex from her sister-in-law was so much better than touching herself. Her body cried out for more and more stimulation. Kim began to grind her hips upward into Eliza's mouth, desperate to cum from the intense, maddening stimulation.

But then, for reasons that Kim couldn't understand, Eliza began to suck slower and more gently, backing off from the peak of pleasure that Kim was chasing.

"Keep going!" Kim urged in a raw, raspy voice, running her fingers through Eliza's glossy raven hair and trying to pull her into her throbbing cunt to finish the job. "I'm… I'm almost there!"

But Eliza resisted Kim's grasping fingers and grinding pussy, raising her head with a mischievous gleam in her eyes to say, "Oh… but I thought that you didn't want to work with me. Weren't you just trying to tell me that you didn't need my help, Kimmy?"

Kim stared down at her with a sulky expression, her hips still moving on their own, straining to get closer to Eliza's incredible mouth. "Don't call me that…" she muttered distractedly. *What sort of game is Eliza playing here exactly? A second ago, it felt like Eliza was desperate to fuck me, and now she's holding back?* Kim's lust-addled mind struggled to keep up with the games that her gorgeous sister-in-law was playing.

Eliza extended her tongue, teasingly licking up the length of Kim's pussy once again. Kim squeezed her eyes shut, letting out a whimpering moan. "If you want to cum," said Eliza in a smoldering voice, her luminous eyes locked with Kim's, "you're going to have to be a little more… cooperative."

Kim's heart was suddenly thumping rapidly against her ribs. She vividly remembered the other night… How Eliza had made her suck a glob of sticky cum off her finger. Had made her kneel down beneath her and say filthy things about submitting to Gene.

Submission. That was what Eliza wanted. The very idea sent a little shudder through Kim's burning body. Allowing someone to have power over her had always been an issue for Kim. Although she found confidence and dominance attractive, something about humbling herself and accepting someone else's authority had always been a bitter pill to swallow. Eliza didn't just want to fuck her… Eliza wanted to dominate her. The thought scared Kim almost as much as it turned her on. *I can't give up. I can't let someone else make decisions for me. No one else can be trusted. I have to be strong.*

"You just want to warm me up for Gene," said Kim accusingly, her pussy clenching from the feeling of Eliza's gentle breath puffing over it. "He's the one you really want me to submit to."

"Don't think about him right now," said Eliza firmly. She leaned forward and gave the dripping lips of the curvy blonde's pussy another long, lingering kiss. "Think about me. I'm the one who wants you. All of you, body and mind. Give in. Give me control. You won't regret it."

Kim made one last effort to drag Eliza forward toward her needy pussy and be the dominant party in their encounter. Her arms strained and her hips writhed upward needily… But it was no use. She was weakened by lust and nerves, and eating poorly for several days. Eliza just stared at her with those infuriating eyes, filled with their own lust, but controlled and powerful, while Kim felt so desperate and weak…

Wait… is it possible that this evil bitch might be right? Is surrender stronger than defiance? That can't be fucking right!

But no matter how hard Kim struggled, she couldn't force Eliza to do what she wanted. Eliza had the upper hand here, and now that Kim's body had been wound up to the breaking point, pushing Eliza away without orgasming felt impossible. As humiliating as it was… Kim thought she might have no choice but to give in.

Just this one time. It's not like I'm surrendering to Gene after all.

Her shoulders slumped and she sighed, letting her fingers go limp in Eliza's hair. "I… I don't..." she muttered, blushing and looking away from Eliza's attentive eyes. "What do you want me to say…?" *This is so fucking embarrassing. I have no idea how to do this. Does she want me to beg? Call her mistress or something? Is she going to rub my nose in it?*

But Eliza's eyes held a strange affection as she shook her head, rising to her knees and staring down at the defeated fellow Cumbunny awkwardly submitting to her authority. "You don't have to say a thing, honey," she said warmly, her smile holding only a hint of teasing triumph. "You just need to show me that you can be a good girl."

With her heart in her throat and her body buzzing with the unfamiliar arousal of submission, Kim parted her glossy lips to ask what exactly Eliza meant, but the slim, confident beauty was already preparing to give her a physical demonstration.

Eliza seized Kim's ankles firmly and pulled her down the bed, making Kim gasp in shock, her eyes going wide. She didn't have much time to wallow in the moment, though, because Eliza was already moving, turning and slinging one slim, perfect thigh over Kim's upturned face. Suddenly, Kim was faced with her sister-in-law's perfect pink pussy just inches above her face, tight and juicy, with a well-groomed strip of dark hair above it. Kim nearly went cross-eyed from the sight, and shamefully, her mouth began watering from the tangy smell of the dominant woman's arousal.

"Eliza, what are you…?" She gasped, her eyes mesmerized by the sight of Eliza's beautiful pussy hovering just inches above her face.

"Shhhh…" said Eliza in a sultry purr, "I thought I told you that you don't have to say anything right now. Let's put that sharp little tongue to better use…"

And then, ready or not, Eliza's pussy descended, pressing hot, wet flesh against Kim's glossy lips, silencing a desperate moan before it could even fully escape.

For a moment, Kim kept her lips tight. She had never been in a position like this before. She had gone down on guys lots of times, but despite doing lots of hand stuff with her college girlfriend, she had never tasted another woman's pussy. She felt hot and trapped with Eliza's thighs clamped around her ears and Eliza's weight resting gently on her face.

But, despite her discomfort and unfamiliarity with it, Kim's body lit up with submissive desire from the subordinate position. Her beautiful, annoyingly perfect sister-in-law was above her… a goddess demanding worship. A queen sitting on her throne. And right then, desperate for release and filled with new submissive desires that she didn't fully understand, Kim didn't hold back.

Breaking out of her moment of hesitation, Kim extended her tongue, parting her sister-in-law's tight lower lips and eagerly tasting her dripping arousal. Her hands rose to slide slowly and hestantly up Eliza's thighs before gripping needily at her hips and pulling her downward, shoving her face deeper into Eliza's hot, throbbing cunt.

Eliza groaned in satisfaction above her, subtly grinding her hips downward over and over again in small fluid motions, smearing her slick juices over the face of the bitchy little blonde who had tried to defy her. Dominance felt good… almost as addictive as submission. Kim's wriggling tongue and little humming noises of satisfaction showed that Eliza's new junior Cumbunny was learning the pleasures of submission rapidly. Time to really drive this lesson home.

"Mmmm, that's right," said Eliza in a low voice rich with pleasure, "Serve me. Show me what a good girl you are, and you'll earn a nice reward."

Kim's whole body was flushed with humiliation and lust, throbbing with the rapid beat of her heart. Her tongue slurped and delved into the wet pussy pressing down tight against her face, hungrily tasting Eliza's pussy. Demonstrating her obedience. Somehow, even though her own pussy wasn't receiving any stimulation at all, this was even more intense than when Eliza was licking and kissing her. Kim tried her hardest to be the good girl that Eliza wanted, tossing aside her pride and reluctance and working her hungry mouth into the sopping cunt grinding downward into her face.

"That's it!" moaned Eliza, pressing down a little harder and chasing the pleasure that her submissive sister-in-law's tongue was sending crackling through her. "Right there! Mmmm, such a good little pussy licking slut. Well, like I said… good obedient girls get rewarded."

Kim felt a shift above her, and the angle of the grinding pressure on her face changed. She was so focused on serving the pussy pressed tight against her mouth that she didn't realize what was going on until it was already happening.

Eliza bent forward, seizing Kim's plump butt in her hands and burying her face once again in the petite blonde's needy pussy, turning the dominant facesitting into a sixty-nine.

Kim's curvy body writhed and trembled as the new stimulation blended and harmonized with the pleasure of submissive service, lighting up her brain and body with a tidal wave of pleasure. Eliza's tongue swirled around her clit, dominant and confident, while Kim kissed and slurped and sucked with wild submissive joy.

Eliza was still above her, but now they were linked together in an even more intimate way. Kim could feel Eliza's breasts pressing against her, soft, with two hot, hard points, while her own nipples pressed and scraped Eliza's body in turn. Eliza's slithering tongue teased and licked while Kim was tongue deep in her. In her submission, Kim found a connection she had never expected, and in that moment, she felt, perversely, that she and Eliza truly became sisters, not just by marriage, but through the bond of taboo pleasure.

Both women were already on the razor's edge. Kim from the unexpected pleasure of surrender, and Eliza from Kim's submissive pussy eating. It only took a minute of making out with each other's steamy sexes before they were moaning into each other, sweaty bodies straining and rubbing as they came hard. Together as sisters.

They continued to kiss and lick and suck, riding the powerful, toe-curling orgasm together for a long, satisfying minute, sweating and grunting and tasting each's other. Then, when their torrid passion had finally cooled, Eliza rolled off, leaving Kim red-faced, panting, and shiny with juices. *Great. Now I've humiliated myself in front of this smug bitch again. I'm sure that she is going to run right back to her master and…*

Unexpectedly, Eliza pulled Kim into an embrace, molding their sweaty naked bodies together, both women still buzzing pleasantly from their shared orgasm. For a second, Kim thought that Eliza was immediately launching into another round of sex. But she made no further move, just holding Kim tight.

Kim's body was stiff for a moment, resisting Eliza's strangely tender gesture. *What the fuck does this bitch think she's doing? Does she think that just because she burst into my house and fucked me that we are galpals now? She's working for Gene! She's taking advantage of me! Shes… She's…*

Kim tried to hold it back, but the tidal waves of emotion inside her broke through her prickly shell of defiance. She returned Eliza's hug and buried her face in Eliza's warm, soft chest, tears springing to her eyes.

"I'm afraid," she admitted softly. "That's why I can't just act all slutty and plan behind Gene's back. I'm afraid of these desires inside myself. I feel like if I give in just a little, I'll be swept away completely. I'll be his little submissive pet. And, worst of all… I think I would like that. I think it would feel good." It didn't make any sense. Eliza wasn't to be trusted, but somehow, submitting to her and giving up some of her burdens felt freeing to Kim.

Eliza's hand rose to stroke Kim's hair. This is the connection that she wanted. The closeness that they would need to resist Gene together. The idea that it had taken sexual domination to break through Kim's emotional walls was a little disturbing to Eliza. She worried that sex was beginning to look like the solution to all of her problems… another isidious influence from Gene. But in this case, it seemed to have worked, forging a tentative bond of trust between them. But she knew she had to be careful, too. Dominating Kim had felt scarily good. She could imagine a

future where she became just like Mitsy, lording it over her junior Cumbunny and serving her master.

“I’m scared too,” Eliza admitted. “But it’s better than being scared alone.”

Kim laughed shakily, swiping away her tears as if embarrassed that they had been there in the first place. “And I’m still fucking hungry!” she added frustratedly.

Eliza nodded with a grimace. “That’s going to stay a problem until you get more cum from… him. In fact, it will only get worse.”

“Worse than this?” Asked Kim, her face twisting in anxiety.

Eliza nodded. “And the bad news is, he won’t make it easy this time. Gene is immature, narcissistic, and emotional. He’s going to want to punish you for your disobedience. It’s going to be humiliating.”

Kim wriggled from the hug and lay back on her bed, heels of her hands dug into her eyes, a picture of frustration. “Ugh! I can’t! I can’t just let that fucking asshole win! To come crawling to him begging for forgiveness that I didn’t immediately become his loyal sex pet…? I just… I don’t have it in me!”

Eliza bit her lip, thinking quickly. She needed Kim to settle into her new role sooner rather than later. With Gene this frustrated and angry, he would both be on high alert and more likely to blow their tenuous cover with David.

Luckily, she had discovered that Gene could be manipulated.

“I have an idea,” she said firmly, placing a supportive hand on Kim’s naked thigh. “If we put on a good enough show for Gene, he will be so pleased that we can steer the encounter. Make it a little humiliating, but not crushing.”

Kim looked at her, her eyebrows drawn together into a reluctant expression. “I… I don’t know,” she said hesitantly. “The idea of having sex with him still makes me angry just thinking about it.”

“Trust me,” said Eliza, staring straight into Kim’s eyes.

And Kim, tired and confused and desperately hungry, gave in to the new peace and satisfaction she had found in submission…

… And nodded reluctantly.

…

Kim ran her hands through her feathery blonde hair, and once again, Eliza shot her a warning look. They had just spent a good hour doing their hair and makeup, and Kim knew that she should be messing around with her soft curls, but she couldn't help it. She was a bundle of frayed nerves right now.

"I don't think I can do this," she said for what must have been the hundredth time that night. They were in Gene's disgusting bedroom right now, making themselves beautiful for the ogre of a man sitting out in the living room, audibly belching every few minutes as he drank beer and watched filthy porn like it was a sports game.

Luckily, Eliza had slipped Kim in while Gene wasn't there… Kim really might not have been able to go through with their humiliating plans if she had been forced to parade past Gene's gloating eyes on her way to get dressed for him.

Eliza came to sit next to Kim on the bed, placing a hand on her shoulder sympathetically. But despite her supportive gestures, her voice was firm as she said, "You can do this. You will. We have to make Gene think that he's won completely." Over the past two days of preparation, Eliza had stepped into the role of dominant confidently, and Kim, addled by hunger and lust, had been relieved to let her take the lead. She just wasn't sure if she could go through with Eliza's plan.

Eliza's hand traced over Kim's bare shoulder with a ticklish touch. Her lips pressed up right against Kim's ear, her whisper close and hot as she added, "Besides, it'll be fun."

Kim shivered, a repressed thrill of desire shooting through her. "Don't say that," she said softly, without any force or heat behind her words. Her monstrous hunger had only been growing over the past two days, and so had her lust, despite daily "relief sessions" with her sister Cumbunny. A part of her was looking forward to the humiliating session planned for this evening, but Kim was terrified of giving in to that desire.

Eliza laughed, low and musical, and planted a lingering kiss on Kim's cheek. "Why not? It's true. And like I've been telling you, leaning into the pleasure works much better than fighting it tooth and nail. The wise willow tree bends but doesn't break in the storm, Kimmy."

Kim eyed Eliza warily. "I wish you wouldn't call me that," she said uncomfortably. Eliza had shared with her that she had also been banned from drinking Gene's cum until she brought Kim back with her. Kim could see the difference in Eliza that just a few days without Gene's semen had made. Eliza was clearly horny to an almost dangerous extent.

"Sorry," said Eliza quickly, her eyes darting away with a sudden look of guilt. "I'm just… getting into character. But trust me. You can do this. What I'm trying to say is that if you relax and have fun tonight, it will sell it better to Gene, and it doesn't mean you've given up."

Kim nodded and sighed, but she still felt nervous about giving in to Gene so completely. The desire inside her to submit and make him cum was overwhelming. It felt like that kind of

surrender might sweep her away completely. But, in the end, she accepted Eliza's logic and plan. *What other choice do I have?*

Tonight, Gene would be Kim's Daddy, and that lit a dark, pulsing fire deep in her core that demanded satisfaction.

"Are you ready?" asked Eliza quietly. Kim nodded. Tonight, Gene was going to be the luckiest son of a bitch in the world, and her terrible hunger would finally be satisfied, for better or worse.

"Then I'll go get him. Take your position," said Eliza, rising from the bed with a fox-like expression of eager hunger sneaking onto her face.

Kim watched her leave the bedroom, and slid off the bed to kneel at its foot, already feeling the twisting sensation of arousal and humiliation fill her belly.

…

Eliza stepped out of her master's bedroom, her entire body buzzing with dirty heat. She needed this badly. Yes, it was part of her plan, and Gene needed to be kept happy, and she wanted to bring Kim into the fold without letting Gene crush her completely… all of that was true. But more important to her right now was the fact that she needed to get fucked. She hadn't had any of her master's cum since he had commanded her to make Kim submit, and Eliza had been surprised by how far her addiction had come. It had only been a few days, and she was walking around in a horny haze, panties soaked and nipples swollen, at all times.

This past week at work, she had even broken down and begged Gene to fuck her, calling an unscheduled meeting with him, stripping down, and literally pleading with him, naked and horny, on his office floor.

It had only amused him. He had been firm and unrelenting. She would get her fix when Kim gave in. Not before.

And Kim would be giving in tonight. Eliza had made sure of it. She hadn't been lying to Kim. She believed everything she said about resistance and leaning into the pleasure working better than resisting… But a part of her deeply wanted to see the bratty little blonde submit to her Daddy as well. Eliza just hoped that part of her wasn't influencing her decisions too much. It was hard to tell these days.

Gene looked up from the couch as Eliza approached, his face breaking into a broad grin at the sight of his sexy Cumbunny all dolled up for him.

Today, Eliza wore a set of lacy, black lingerie that lifted and presented her tits and barely covered her pussy. It was sheer enough to show her pale skin and pink nipples through the material: an enticing contrast between black and white. Her raven hair fell in a sleek, shiny

waterfall down her back, pin-straight and lustrous. The sexy ensemble was completed by dark stockings, tall platform heels, and a studded collar that added just a hint of a hard edge to the sexy, feminine lingerie, befitting her new, more dominant role as senior Cumbunny.

Eliza knelt down in front of Gene, placing her hands on her thighs and gazing up at him with adoring eyes.

“I did as you asked, master,” she said in a meek voice. “Kimmy is waiting… eager to submit to her Daddy.”

Gene reached out, caressing Eliza’s face with a look of greedy possessiveness, amiring the treasure he had conquered. He pressed his thumb against Eliza’s pouty lips, demanded entrance. Eliza sucked his thumb into her mouth, swirling her tongue around it, luxuriating in the feeling of her master’s attention.

“It’s like I’m living in a fucking porno. Just imagine,” said Gene with a chuckle, “poor little Davey at home all alone while his wife and little sister offer up all their holes to his worst enemy. What did you tell the stupid cuck this time? Did you tell him you’re taking a multiple-hour shit?”

Eliza was ashamed at the way that her body flooded with hot, horny shame when Gene mentioned her husband. She released his thumb with a wet pop and averted her eyes, whispering, “He’s asleep. I gave him a pill, and…”

Gene let out a nasty chuckle. “God, that’s rich! Drugged up your limp-dicked loser of a hubby to go fuck his boss! You’re a wicked woman, Lizzie!”

Eliza flushed red. It wasn’t quite like Gene was describing. It wasn’t like she had crushed up the sleeping pill in David’s drink or something… But she had suggested that he take it because he needed more sleep. And the reason she had suggested it was so that he would be sound asleep when she left to fuck the man he hated most in the world.

Sometimes, Eliza felt like David would have caught her a long time ago if he didn’t trust her so completely, and that just made her deception even more unforgivable.

She changed the subject to one that she knew her master would find hard to resist.

‘We can’t keep poor Kimmy waiting, master,” she purred, rising on her knees to run her hands up the front of Gene’s grubby pants, palming the thick throbbing bulge in at his crotch. “She’s desperate for her Daddy’s thick cock.”

And so was Eliza. It was so much fucking better than David’s. *His limp little noodle isn’t even allowed to penetrate me anymore. It can’t hold a candle to this monster.* Eliza practiced what she preached to Kim, letting go of thoughts of her husband and sinking fully into the slutty mindset she called “Lizzie”. She licked her plump lips and gave Gene a needy stare with her icy

blue eyes, now lit up with passion. Her hand gripped his cock, jerking him slowly through the pants.

But tonight wasn't just about her. It was about the grand debut of the latest Cumbunny in her master's stable. She reluctantly released her grip on Gene's cock and stood gracefully on her long luscious legs, grabbing Gene's hand and playfully tugging him upward.

"Come, master. Time to give your new bunny what she needs."

"Oh, I'll give her what she needs, alright," growled Gene, getting up with a hard light in his glowering eyes. Eliza had expected this. Gene was a… predictable man in some ways. With her little show of defiance, Kim had hit him right where it hurt. Directly in his pride.

There little game of dress-up tonight had been designed to blunt Gene's anger by showing him such a complete, slutty submission that he was delighted, distracted, and convinced that Kim no longer needed to be taught a lesson.

Eliza hoped the plan worked… But even if it didn't, it had the added benefit of turning Kim into a delectible little submissive fuckdoll, and that was its own reward.

Eliza pulled her master toward the door of his bedroom, swinging the door wide to reveal the present that she had brought him.

Kim knelt on the floor of his grubby room, eyes downcast demurely. She was a vision of innocent beauty, crafted by Eliza to incite her Master's dominant lust. In contrast to Eliza's coal-black lace, Kim wore pure white, almost bridal lingerie, with a shelf bra that displayed the hard pink nipples on her big tits, a frilly lace-trimmed white thong, and gossamer stockings. Eliza had done Kim's beautiful blonde hair in soft, shining curls to contrast with her pin-straight black locks.

Kim's lovely green eyes looked up shyly, a pink blush coloring her face. For the time being, the prickly, acid-tongued rebel was gone. Eliza had never seen anyone look as soft and submissive in her life.

All exactly according to plan.

"Hi, Daddy," said Kim softly, her eyes flicking to Gene's, then down to his crotch, then away. "I… I'm sorry I took so long. Do you think…" Her blush deepened as she looked back up, her eyes burning with humiliated submission as she met Gene's gaze. "...do you think I could m-make it up to you?"

Gene was so surprised that he was brought up short for a moment, his eyes widening. Eliza bit her lip to keep from letting out a giggle as she saw his cock literally jump in his pants. "I can think of a few ways," he said in a low, hungry voice, his eyes running up and down the soft,

curvy form of his newest sex toy. Gene had come in here tonight with a chip on his shoulder, ready to break Kim's will. But they had done the equivalent of pulling open a door as he charged at it with his shoulder. He seemed almost confused by the conflicting desires to punish Kim and smugly accept her humiliating submission.

But his cock didn't seem to be confused at all. Eliza stepped forward beside him, deftly reaching down and releasing his throbbing dick from his fly. It practically burst outward, carried by the lust of a man looking at a beautiful woman's sexual surrender. Eliza began stroking her master's thick cock, her pulse quickening as she looked back and forth between Gene and his new Cumbunny, kneeling humbly. Their eyes were locked on each other, rapt with mutual lust, dark and fiery, and Eliza felt herself responding to it, her nipples pressing hard against the lacy fabric of her bra and her panties growing moist between her thighs. Right now, Kim looked like a lost lamb and Gene like a hungry wolf. Kim like dry tinder and Gene like a roaring flame.

Some perverse instinct in Eliza wanted to bring them together and watch what happened.

She pulled Gene forward by his cock toward Kim, whose heaving chest exposed her own desperate arousal. Eliza didn't blame her one bit. Kim hadn't gotten a taste of Gene's addictive semen for almost a full week. His throbbing cock probably looked like a tall frosty glass of water to a woman dying of thirst.

Now Gene's broad, hairy form loomed over the petite kneeling woman, a huge, monstrous form in contrast to her innocent-looking beauty. Yet, no matter what Gene had intended for tonight, it was obvious that Kim wouldn't need to be forced into anything. Her entire body looked flushed with arousal, and her chest heaved, calling attention to her rock-hard nipples. Her glossy lips parted, letting out rough, hot pants of breath, and her eyes were hazy with wild lust.

Gene turned and looked to Eliza, his eyes sharp and lustful. A rough hand circled her waist and pulled her to his side. "You did it," he said, his voice dripping with amusement. "You tamed the little brat. How did you bring her to heel? For future reference."

Eliza snuggled into Gene's side, staring down with him at the blushing, kneeling woman beneath them. "All it took was a hot, wet pussy pressed against those pouty little lips," purred Eliza, "and she was putty in my hands, master… but I think a cock would work even better."

Kim was obviously mortified by the two people standing above her and talking about her like an object… but she was also clearly a woman in submissive heat. Her eyes left Gene's face to focus on the thick cock just inches from her pretty, blushing face. Eliza felt a hunger and a perverse curiosity deep inside herself. She needed to see Kim give in. And a spitefeul bitter little voice deep in her heart, despite her genuine desire to work together with Kim, wanted to watch her cute blonde sister-in-law lose. *You think you're so much better than me…* the twisted little voice whispered, *but you're on your knees after all, calling the man you hate Daddy. I guess you weren't stronger than this "weak slut" after all…*

Eliza knew it was Lizzie talking, mirroring Gene's contempt and hatred, but she found the nasty little thought difficult to shake.

"Look at you," Gene said, staring down at Kim while Eliza stroked his cock. "Little Miss high and mighty. You thought you were too good to even respond to my texts. Now you're on your knees, begging for cock." he moved a step closer, pressing the length of his cock against Eliza's pretty face while Eliza let her hand fall away.

Kim whimpered, a complex expression of mingled disgust and desire contorting her face. Gene shifted his hips slightly, rubbing his cock all over Kim's face, smearing her with his pre-cum. "If you want my cock that bad, then say it. I don't want to from Lizzie how much you want me now. I want to hear it from you."

Kim looked up again into Gene's face, biting her lip, reluctant again to take a further step into her own degradation. Her eyes flicked to Eliza, who gave a little nod, trying to keep the look of eager triumph from her face.

"I… I want your cock, Daddy, said Kim in a low, throaty whisper. Eliza could tell just by looking at her flushed face and trembling body that Kim was telling the truth. She was even subtly nuzzling her face up against Gene's hard dick.

But apparently it wasn't enough for Gene. he grabbed his cock at the root and gently slapped it against Kim's cheeks, first on one, then the other. "And who owns you now, bunny? Who do you belong to?" His voice was hard and uncompromising, his eyes still holding a hint of fire… anger at Kim's annoying defiance over the past week.

Kim squeezed her eyes shut, and Eliza held her breath. For their plan to work and let Kim off with an evening of erotic humiliation rather than angry punishment, this moment was key. Could Kim do it? For a second, Eliza wasn't sure.

Then Kim's eyes opened again, blazing with sincere submissive lust. "You do, Daddy. I'm yours. You're slutty little Cumbunny. And all that I want is to suck your big, fat cock. M-may I Daddy?" Asked Kim in a broken whisper, the last word dripping with reluctant arousal.

Gene's smile nearly split his face, and his cock leaked another bead of slick precum down onto the submissive blonde's face. Eliza felt a powerful sense of relief. They had him, hook, line, and sinker. "Suck my cock, slut."

Eliza knew that Kim had already sucked Gene's cock once. But back then, she hadn't been aware of the monster he truly was. This time, the act of sexual service was obviously an effort for the new Cumbunny. Kim raised a hand and wrapped it firmly around the root of Gene's thick cock, her breath hitching a little as her palm felt its pulsing strength.

She visibly gulped, staring at the thick rod of dominant pleasure in her hand. Gene waited, watching like a hawk. Everything was going exactly like Eliza had planned with Kim. Instead of trying to break his new Cumbunny's will, Gene had been convinced that she had already surrendered completely and was now watching gleefully.

Which meant, at least for tonight, Kim had to play her part to perfection.

Kim closed her eyes, breathing heavily as she leaned forward, gently pressing her lips to the bulging, precum-drooling cockhead of her hated tormentor. Eliza couldn't hold back any longer; she reached down and cupped the back of Kim's head, firmly pulling her closer, letting Gene's cock slip between her glossy lips.

Kim opened her mouth eagerly, accepting her Daddy's thick cock. Gene gave and deep, rumbling chuckle of triumph. "Good girl. That's my little slut… Feels a lot better to suck cock than to be a frigid little bitch, doesn't it?"

It was a fascinating sight. The soft pink lips that had sneered at the very idea of surrendering to Gene sealed tightly around his cock. Eliza began pulling and releasing rhythmically, guiding Kim's head up and down her Daddy's hard dick. Slowly picking up speed, faster and sloppier. Soft glucking sounds came from Kim's throat as she took Gene's cock deeper and deeper at Eliza's urging. She opened her brilliant green eyes, staring upward with utter submissive dependency into Gene's face as his cock plundered her wet, willing mouth, staking his claim on his property and ending her short-lived rebellion with a humiliating show of dominance.

And Eliza shared in his triumph, grinning broadly at the sight of another woman conquered by her powerful master. She knew she would probably feel guilty later for how much she was enjoying Kim's shameful defeat, but for now, Lizzie was holding the reins, and the Cumbunny inside Eliza celebrated her master's victory. Eliza pulled Gene's face to the side with her free hand, kissing him deeply as she continued to push Kim's mouth down his cock. He tasted like sweat and cheap beer, but at this point, she loved her master more than he disgusted her.

Gene broke the kiss, his eyes alight with dominant fire. "Join her,' he growled, nodding sharply to the ground at his feet. "I want to see how my two little Cumbunnies work as a team."

Eliza nodded and meekly said, "Yes, master." It was a swift, efficient reminder that she didn't have a position of any real power in this relationship. She might be able to push Kim around, but Gene was the one who held all the cards, and, ultimately, Eliza was a submissive at his beck and call. The reminder was sobering, but not crushing. Lizzie loved to serve, after all. A thrill of arousal flashed through Eliza as she fell to her knees. Her true place: serving her master.

Eliza pulled her horny fellow Cumbunny off their master's cock with a pop and stared into Kim's lovely green eyes. She was totally lost to her submissive desires right now, so thirsty for cum she could barely think. Eliza could see it in her eyes. Working on instinct, Eliza pulled Kim in for a brief, but deep kiss, tasting her master's cock on the slutty blonde's tongue.

“Follow my lead, Kimmy,” Eliza said in a throaty whisper as she pulled away. “Let’s give him a show that he’ll never forget.”

“That’s right,” said Gene with a chuckle. “Show me what you can do.”

Eliza began kissing and licking perfomatively up and down the thick shaft of Gene’s cock, and, after a second of observing, Kim joined her. Together, they showered his monstrous, throbbing dick with affection, rubbing their soft lips and cheeks on it, wetting it with their tongues, and even giving it gentle nibbles, one on either side.

Gene loomed over them, staring down past his hard gut with a wide, smug grin on his face, enjoying the sight of his tow bunnies working together, one slim and elegant in dark lingerie and straight black hair, the other cute and curvy in angelic white lace. Eliza's eyes were icy blue, and Kim’s were blazing green, but they both looked up at him with horny, desperate submission as they worshipped his cock. Two goddesses, different, but both dripping with raw sexuality. Both humbled and serving a man like him. Both of them slobbering all over his dick as if it were the most delicious thing they had ever tasted. And the best part was who they were. The wife and sister of the young pretty-boy who thought he was better than Gene. Someday soon, it would be time to finally land the crushing blow. To pull back the curtain and reveal to David exactly how badly he had been beaten. But for now, Gene was happy to sit back and enjoy training his two loyal Cumbunnies into perfect, slutty obedience.

The teasing and visual stimulation were fun, but after watching Kim from the sidelines, Eliza needed to have her lips wrapped around a cock. She authoritatively gripped Eliza’s head and pushed it down, wordlessly assigning her to serve her master’s heavy, hanging testicles while the senior bunny took her rightful place above, plunging her master’s slick, dripping cock into her greedy mouth.

Eliza took her master’s cock deep in long, smooth strokes, warming herself up rapidly until his full length was thrusting deep into her slutty, married throat. Beneath her, Kim worshiped her Daddy’s balls, bathing the heavy orbs with her sharp little tongue before sucking each one between her soft lips and gently sucking.

Eliza reveled in the feeling of her master’s dominant cock fucking her throat like he owned it, but it was clear that the stimulation of their two-pronged attack was too much for even a jaded deviant like Gene to handle. After barely a minute of deep, passionate face fucking complemented by sensual ball-sucking, Gene pushed Eliza away, then leaned down to grip Kim’s chin in his hand, turning her face up to stare deep into her eyes.

“On the bed,” he rumbled. “I’m going to make you mine.”

Kim’s heart beat a wild rhythm in her chest as she stared up into Gene’s hard, cruel eyes. The strangest part of this whole thing was that her hatred and disgust for Gene had never really

gone away. She could still feel her dislike for the fat, ugly prick burning bright in her heart… but it had tangled and merged with the monstrous artificial lust that had taken her over so hopelessly that she could no longer sort her true feelings out.

All that she knew was that now her desire to be claimed by her Daddy was even stronger than the disgust she felt every time she looked at Gene.

Kim got up onto the bed, her limbs feeling loose and weak, her skin hot and sensitive, her nipples throbbing in time to the rapid beat of her heart. She lay back, as nervous as a virgin despite the large number of casual hookups she had had in the past. She could tell by instinct that none of the men she had been with before could possibly match how she was about to feel with Gene.

Her eyes were focused on her Daddy. Her obsession. He stood like some sort of hulking troll at the end of the bed, his cock jutting up proudly from beneath his hairy gut, throbbing with manly power. Kim's body wanted that dick more than she had wanted anything in her life. Her pussy felt empty. Needy. Desperate to be filled. She reached down with trembling fingers and slid the wet lace panties down her shapely thigh, leaving the scrap of cloth dangling from one ankle as she spread her legs invitingly, staring up at Gene with smoky bedroom eyes.

Gene's eyes were immediately drawn between his new Cumbunny's thick thighs to her tight, juicy pussy, and Kim could see his cock throb at the little surprise that she and Eliza had prepared for him there. She had waxed herself clean yesterday. Damn near came all over the poor aesthetician she was so fucking on edge and horny. But this reaction was work that embarrassed. She could tell that Gene was utterly enamored by her submissive act of preparation, making herself soft and smooth and defenseless in preparation for his cock.

"Come fuck me, Daddy. Come show your Cumbunny who's the boss," she purred, abandoning herself entirely to the role as she ran her hands up her thighs to her smooth, silky pussy, gently parting her lips to show her Daddy the wet pink heat within, inviting him to come claim what he had won by right of conquest. Calling this horrible man Daddy was deeply humiliating… but somehow that filthy demeaning word set Kim on fire. She knew how much Gene liked it when she made a fool of herself by using it, and that made her ache with shameful arousal every time it passed her lips.

Gene had lost of of his quips and put-downs and taunts by now, utterly absorbed by bestial desire. He growled with unleashed lust, lurching forward to rub his swollen cockhead all over the soft, smooth lips of Kim's waxed pussy. Kim gasped, throwing her head back and gripping the sheets tight in white-knuckled hands. *God, it feels fucking good! If it feels like this just for him to tease me, how fucking good will it feel when he actually puts it in? When he fucks me? Oh God… when he fucking cums?* The thought alone made a guttural moan bubble up from deep inside Kim. Her hips thrust upward toward the feeling of her Daddy's cock, desperate for penetration… and for insemination.

Gene didn't make her wait any longer. It looked like he could barely wait to begin himself. He thrust forward, parting and stretching her buttery smooth lips in one motion, making Kim cry out in ecstasy as she experienced his thick, powerful cock for the second time ever.

Gene grabbed Kim's hands as she spread her thick thighs wide, welcoming the deep, fulfilling penetration as Gene filled and stretched her completely, leaving her needy pussy satisfied at last.

"Fuck you're fucking tight!" groaned Gene as he bottomed out in Kim's pussy. "What do the asshole guys you pick up have swinging between their legs, tic-tacs? Well… don't worry, bunny. Daddy's going to teach that pussy to take a real man's cock…" Kim took a shuddering gasp of breath as Gene began moving, slowly pulling his cock out, watching her tight pink lips grip his shaft as if fighting to keep him inside… before snapping his hips forward again, pushing forward until he was balls deep once again.

Kim was trying hard to ride the wave, just like Eliza had told her to, but it felt like she might be crushed beneath the tide of lust at any moment. She had never had a guy this big inside her before, but she was so fucking turned on that it wasn't painful at all, just an unbelievable sensation of satisfying, pleasurable stretching.

"Yes Daddy Yes Daddy Yes Daddy," gasped Kim, her hips grinding and writhing against Gene's big cock as he plunged into her again and again, spreading and battering her pussy with his thick cock. Kim felt a rushing wave of powerful, humiliating surrender as the ugly, hairy man above her thoroughly fucked her, conquering her pussy despite how much she hated him as a person. It was a level of sexual submission she had never even conceived of to let a fat bastard like him fuck her this hard and deep, but it made her whole body light up with twisted pleasure. Her tits bounced and her thighs trembled as Gene gripped her hands tight in his, using the leverage to fuck her like an animal.

As Gene began to really warm up, rutting hard, making Kim feel the wild, animatic force of his thrusts as his cock stretched out her tight pussy, Eliza appeared over his shoulder. Her hand draped possessively over his hairy chest, caressing him as she grinned down with a sharp, predatory smile on her lovely face.

For a second, Kim had the swooping, terrifying thought that she had been duped. That all of Eliza's talk of teamwork and working behind Gene's back was a lie to maneuver her into this situation. To trick Kim into getting fucked by Gene and breaking her down into his loyal Cumbunny. As scary as the idea was, it was also oddly arousing… Kim wasn't sure why the thought of being used and manipulated into submission by her gorgeous sister-in-law turned her on, but it did.

But, just a moan of despair bubbled up through her lips, sure that Eliza was the evil scheming slut she had suspected all along, Eliza slipped down to Kim's side. She palmed one of Kim's ripe, bouncing tits in one hand while she pressed her soft, warm lips directly up to Kim's ear,

whispering, “You’re doing sooo well Kimmy. He’s fucking you, but you’re holding him in the palm of your hand. Keep going… earn that cum.” She punctuated her words with a firm squeeze of Kim’s nipple and a little lick around the curve of her ear.

Gene looked down with a smirk as he powerfully pumped his hips forward, impaling the soft pussy beneath him again and again. “What's going on, bunnies? Secrets?”

Luckily, his tone was joking, and Eliza turned to him with a smile, flicking the nipple on Kim’s bouncing breast casually as she said, “Just telling Kim how good she looks with your cock inside her master. Now, could you really fuck the shit out of her? Please master? I want to hear this little slut moan!”

Gene chuckled and released his iron-hard grip on Kim’s wrists. “Ha! You think the little minx can handle it if I go hard, Lizzie? It’s her first time after all,” he rumbled with a cruel twinkle in his eyes.

Kim looked back and forth between Eliza and Gene, her eyes wide. “Wait… that just now wasn’t as hard?” she asked with a whimper.

Gene’s only response was a deep chuckle… and to hunch down over Kim, pressing her body down into the mattress with his heavy bulk. Eliza lay next to them, watching with a wide smirk and idly rubbing her pussy.

Gene began pistoning into Kim, faster and harder and deeper than she thought possible. She moaned and writhed, her body jolting and bouncing from the powerful, frantic pace. She felt trapped beneath Gene’s heavy, hairy bulk, but that sense of control and oppression just made submissive arousal flare brighter. She could feel Gene’s cock in her deepest places, stretching her wide again and again, making her feel things no man had ever been able to before, staking his claim on her pussy forcefully and completely.

Kim knew that she would be sore tomorrow. Getting fucked this hard basically guaranteed that. But she didn’t care. Her pussy clenched and milked the thick, powerful cock on every thrust, desperate for her Daddy’s cum, and her body radiated sexual pleasure from her toes to the roots of her hair as Gene’s disgusting body rubbed against hers. She began to moan, just like Eliza had requested. “Ffffuckk! Yesss, fuck me! Fuck me, Daddy! Make me your little Cumbunny! Take this fucking pussy and make it yooooours!”

Working on feral, unleashed instinct, she reached up and seized Gene’s head, pulling him down into a rough, sloppy, tongue-tangling kiss as his thick, throbbing cock speared her soft pussy. Wet, sloppy sounds filled the air as they fucked like animals, consummating their new relationship as dominator and dominated.

Eliza lay beside them, and craned her neck in as well, kissing first Kim, then Gene, then turning it into an obscene three-way make-out that left all three smeared with mingled saliva. As she

worked, she fingered her pussy, failing to hold back needy little moans. It was fun to watch her master fuck his new toy down into the mattress, but Eliza was already discovering a new downside to this new arrangement… Gene only had one cock, and so only one bunny could fuck him at any given time.

She snuggled close to the rutting pair, grinding her hips needily against Gene's hairy thigh as she whimpered urgently, "Master, please… It's not fair. I need you too!"

Gene turned a bloodshot eye toward her and grinned proudly. Only a few months from a loyal wife who sneered at his very presence to a slut who got jealous when he fucked other women. He surged upward, leaving Kim behind with a mewling moan of disappointment, and took Eliza in his arms, manhandling her into a reverse cowgirl position.

Eliza gripped Gene's thick, veiny cock in her hands, still slick with her sister-in-law's aroused lubrication. Her mouth was dry, her skin tingling, and she could feel the heat and pulsing heartbeat of her master's cock as it pressed tight to her pussy. This was what she needed. This connection. Kim watched, panting, sweaty, and unfulfilled, still lying back on the bed in a sexual daze, her pussy pink and lightly gaping from the hard fucking she had just taken. Staring Kim dead in the eyes, Eliza rose up and positioned Gene's cock against her tight, wet hole, slipping him easily inside as she brought her hips down smoothly to meet his.

As Gene's cock filled her, she felt an odd sense of possessiveness. *It's my cock. Know your place, newbie,* growled Lizzie inside her as Eliza began bouncing with smooth, rolling hip motions. She let out a long, sensual moan as she picked up speed. It had only been a few days since Gene had fucked her, but still, it felt like she had been starving for his cock. Her pussy clenched greedily around her master's shaft as she stared down at Kim. The cute little blonde stared back with obvious envy, rubbing herself as she watched her senior Cumbunny sister receive her reward. The reward that she richly deserved for tracking down her wild cat of sister-in-law and bringing her in as a tame little kitty.

Gene slapped her ass hard from behind, grunting and puffing with exertion. "Fuck! Ride that cock you married slut!" he hissed. "Show Kimmy how a Cumbunny earns her reward!

Eliza was already on edge, and she could feel that Gene was too after fucking Kim so thoroughly. Eliza had no desire to hold back or drag this session out. As wonderful as her master's cock felt, hard and hot inside her, she wanted his cum more than she wanted a long sex session. She quickened her pace, sweat dripping down her body and soaking her flimsy bra, more beast than woman as she chased the primal, raw need that Gene had inspired.

Kim crawled closer, desperate for connection even after her master had chosen Eliza for the honor of receiving his cum. She carefully positioned herself between Gene's thick, hairy legs so that she could kiss, lick, and suck Gene's balls once again, preparing him to creampie the gorgeous dark-haired angel riding him. Gene grunted from surprise at the unexpected sensation, and his balls drew tight to the base of his cock, ready to fire their potent load.

Eliza wanted that fucking load. Wanted it more than anything. Her hips rose and fell in rapid liquid motions, slapping her ass loudly against her master's thighs again and again. Her whole body cried out for his semen. She moaned, 'Cum… Cum for me, master! Fill my pussy. Give me my reward…"

Gene's fingers seized iron-tight on Eliza's hips, pulling her down and thrusting his cock as deep as it would go. He let out a roar of triumph, releasing a hot, thick load into the depths of his Cumbunny's pussy as she writhed and moaned on his cock. Eliza lost the capacity for speech as she felt the flood of white-hot jizz paint her inside, spreading radiating bolts of pleasure through every nerve, lighting her body up like a Christmas tree. Her back arched and her mouth flew open, letting out a strangled, guttural cry of primal fulfillment as her pussy milked every drop of cum from the monstrous cock filling it.

Gene must have been saving up for the past few days as well, because his thick load spilled out of Eliza's pussy, dripping down the root of his cock and onto his balls, where it was caught and licked up by Kim. Her tongue greedily found every last drop, then pulled her Daddy's softening cock out of Eliza's pussy and licked every inch off that as well, mindlessly devouring his cum, her body screaming for more and more.

Finally, Gene's cock was clean, and Kim stared at the messy, well-fucked pussy in front of her eyes, still dripping thick globs of pearly semen. She glanced up and saw that Eliza was watching her with an expression of deep, powerful satisfaction. Kim didn't feel that yet. She hadn't had enough semen to scratch her itch. And if she wanted to get it, there was only one source.

"Go on," purred Eliza, spreading her thighs a little wider and scooting her sloppy pussy closer to Kim's face. "You deserve a reward for being such a good girl. Take what you need."

Kim gulped, part of her repulsed by the filthy act that Eliza was offering… but, after all, was it any worse than what she had already done?

Kim closed her eyes and latched her lips onto Eliza's pussy, pulsing her tongue deep inside and extracting the creamy goodness she had been desperate for.

God, it's even better when it's hot! Kim's hesitance fell away almost instantly as the incredible taste hit her tongue, lighting up her brain with pleasure. She dug deeper, feasting on the pussy of the beautiful pale queen above her, not even caring anymore how ridiculous it made her look as she sucked and swallowed the thick, tasty jizz she craved.

After a few seconds, Gene extracted himself from beneath Eliza, sitting on the sidelines for a minute, just watching with a smug smile as Kim hungrily ate Eliza out.

"Good job, bunnies," he said in a gruff voice. "I can tell you two are going to make me very, very happy. Give me one sec. I need to hit the can."

He bounced up off the bed, scratching his ass as he wandered out of his bedroom door, leaving the two women with a fleeting moment of privacy.

Kim raised her head with a gasp, finally feeling a warm, glowing sense of thorough satisfaction settling over her after a week of torturous hunger.

Eliza pulled Kim's face up into a gentle kiss, smiling as she said softly, "We have him right where we want him! He won't suspect a thing! Good work, Kimmy."

But now that her cravings were finally fulfilled, Kim wasn't sure she shared Eliza's confidence. "I told you not to call me that," she muttered, breaking free from Eliza's hands cupping her cheeks. "And I don't know if that's true. I think maybe he had us right where he wants *us*."

Eliza was about to say something in response, but they had already run out of time. Gene reentered the doorway, his cock already stiffening again as he saw his two Cumbunnies in each other's arms.

'Well, don't get started without me," he said with an evil leer that sent a chill down Kim's spine. "I'm not done with the two of you… no, not by a long shot."

“It’s fine,” said David in a stony, smoldering voice that told Eliza that he didn’t think anything about this situation was “fine”.

“Honey, I’m sorry,” said Eliza desperately. “It’s just been a long day, and I’m tired, and I think I caught a bit of a bug I’m still getting over, and…”

“Yeah, and next time it will be a headache, or an upset stomach, or you ‘just won’t be in the mood’. Be honest, Eliza. You don’t want to have sex with me anymore.”

David’s voice was so weary and wounded that Eliza’s heart went out to him… but there wasn’t much that she could do to make him feel better. She was bound by her Master’s cruel command to refuse all types of penetration from her husband. So it was basically hand jobs or nothing. Explaining that would have worse consequences than refusing to fuck him, so Eliza was forced to rely on increasingly strained excuses.

“Be patient with me,” pleaded Eliza, feeling a swelling sense of hopeless guilt inside her. “I’ve… been having a hard time lately, honey. It's not easy for me either. I wish I could have sex with you. I really do.”

David turned over, his expression a picture of pain and frustration. “So explain it to me. Why have you been struggling? What’s making things so hard for you lately?”

Once again, Eliza was tempted to confess everything. To tell her husband how she had been ensnared, humiliated, and sexually dominated by his worst enemy. But there was no way David would understand. If it hadn’t happened to Eliza herself, she wouldn’t have believed it either. “Magic oil” was such a terrible excuse that using it would probably worse than just telling David she had cheated on him on purpose. It didn’t matter that it was true: no sane person would believe it.

“I… I can’t explain it,” said Eliza miserably. “Maybe I’m just depressed or something. I’m sorry.”

“Then get help!” said David earnestly, taking her hands in his. “If you can't talk to me, talk to a professional. I can tell something is wrong, Eliza. And it’s not just the sex. I mean, our anniversary is coming up this week. We’re supposed to be celebrating our relationship, but somehow it feels like we are further apart than ever.”

Shit. That’s right. Eliza had been so wrapped up with all the drama over Gene converting Kim into a Cumbunny that she had completely lost track of their upcoming anniversary. It felt like the precarious double life she had been living, caught between her loving husband and her cruel, dominant master, was coming apart at the seams. She needed to find some way to reassure David, or she was going to lose him, just like she had always feared.

She wasn’t sure why she said what she did next. It wasn’t a particularly smart idea. But she just had to tell her husband *something*.

“Don’t worry so much, honey,” said Eliza softly, squeezing his hands in hers, “on our anniversary… I won’t have any problems. I want to show you how much I love you. How much our relationship means to me. Can you wait for me until then?”

She had intended it to fall just short of an explicit promise of sex, but she could tell by the wide smile of relief on her husband’s face that he had taken it as one. “Sounds good,” he said happily, planting a brief warm kiss on her lips. “Sorry for pushing, but it really has been a while. We’ll have a romantic evening… and then reconnect a little in bed. I can’t wait.”

“I can’t wait either,” said Eliza, trying to keep her anxiety off her face and out of her voice. She had just promised something impossible, and when she failed to deliver this time, she knew that her husband was going to have some serious questions.

They said goodnight and settled back into bed, but Eliza’s mind was still working feverishly, seeking some way out of the noose that circumstances had woven around her neck. There was one option… although it was dangerous and nearly as impossible as finding a workable excuse for her husband.

The reason she couldn’t fuck David was that Gene had forbidden it. If he lifted the prohibition, Eliza could give her husband what he needed.

But what could possibly convince a monster like Gene to show mercy to the man he hated most?

…

“Fuck!” hissed Kim, “I can’t believe that the sick bastard is making us fucking do this!” Her face was flushed red, and she was doing her best to cover up her barely clothed body without much success. Two hands could only do so much for a woman wearing one of the new “outfits” that Gene had gifted them today.

Kim was wearing something much closer to a fetish outfit than a bikini. The two postage-stamp-sized triangles of bright pink cloth didn’t even fully cover her areolas, and the tiny wedge of cloth between her thighs, precariously connected by pink threads, left her patch of blonde public hair completely exposed.

At least Eliza had a basket she could hold awkwardly over her chest to hide her matching purple micro bikini. “I'm not surprised,” she said in a strained voice, trying to ignore the growing lust inside her. It was yet another insidious effect of the oil. What was hot to Gene was hot to his bunnies… and Gene seemed to love humiliating them with slutty public exposure. “You’ll learn. If there’s one thing Master likes more than humiliating his bunnies, it’s showing them off. He would probably be thrilled if everyone in this complex saw us and knew we belonged to him.”

Kim swore murderously under her breath, but Eliza could see she was aroused too. Kim's corruption wasn't as far along as Eliza's, but she was progressing rapidly, and her tiny, thin bikini wasn't up to the task of hiding her stiff nipples. Finally, Kim appeared to steel herself, saying, "Well, if we don't hurry the fuck up, he might get his wish. People are about to get home from work. These halls aren't going to get any emptier if we wait."

Eliza flashed her a humorless smirk. "You think people in this shit hole work?"

The snarky comment surprised a genuine laugh from her sister-in-law. "Ha! I never knew you could be such a bitch, Lizzie. Where have you been hiding all that cattiness?"

"Gene brings out the best in me, I guess," said Eliza with a sigh. "You're right. Let's get this over with."

They emerged from the little alcove beneath the apartment stairs where they had been hiding, tottering on the massive, slutty platform heels that Gene loved so much.

Luckily, their destination wasn't far. Unluckily, the hallway they were walking down wasn't empty. A haggard woman who looked either fifty or a hard-living forty was coming from the other direction, carrying bulging plastic grocery bags in each hand. Kim and Eliza froze as they saw her, and the woman did as well. The two bags slipped from her hands as her mouth fell open.

The expression that spread across her face wasn't promising. More shocked anger than shocked delight.

"Run!" said Kim, taking Eliza's hand and breaking into a ridiculous-looking boob-jiggling jog on her too-tall platforms, making for the corner they needed to turn to reach their destination. It felt like Eliza might fall at any moment, but they managed to slip around the corner just as the woman yelled, 'Fucking Hookers! The landlord said you skanks can't come around no more!"

They ran for a few more feet down the hall despite the fact that their feet were killing them, but it soon became clear that, no matter how much the stranger disapproved of prostitutes, she couldn't be bothered to chase them down.

Both women caught their breath for a second, staring at each other wide-eyed. Then a laugh bubbled up from Eliza's throat. She couldn't help it. Seeing Kim standing in the middle of a shitty apartment hallway in the sluttiest Bikini Eliza had ever seen was just ridiculous, no matter how you looked at it. Kim shook her head, but began giggling too, clapping a hand over her mouth to try to muffle the sound. Sometimes, things were so fucked up that all you could do was laugh.

Finally, still chasing away the aftershocks of laughter, Kim gestured further down the hall. "Come on," she said softly, in case the woman could still hear them, "Let's get this over with."

Eliza couldn't have agreed more. They made their way to the door directly beneath Gene's apartment and paused for a moment outside, nervously glancing up and down the hall to make sure they weren't being observed.

"You ready?" asked Kim, biting her lip in a way that broadcast her reluctant arousal at the embarrassing situation. She reached over to pluck her phone out of the basket Eliza was carrying and got ready to film. Gene insisted that they bring back proof they had carried out his humiliating task "properly", and Eliza had offered to let her junior Cumbunny take the filming duties, since she had more experience with acting slutty at this point.

But experience wasn't going to make this any less embarrassing. "No," said Eliza truthfully, "but we have to get this done. Start the recording."

Kim nodded and tapped the screen, and Eliza slipped into Cumbunny mode. It felt disturbingly natural to take on a slutty, submissive mindset at this point; the Cumbunny version of herself that she called "Lizzie". When she saw the video later, she could detect the instant that she let the Cumbunny take over, just a second before she turned to the door and knocked.

An irritated voice from inside the apartment called out, "Just a second!" and a few moments later, the door swung open to reveal Gene's downstairs neighbor, Larry. He was a lanky, ugly man wearing a grubby-looking t-shirt with the name of a metal band Eliza didn't recognize on it. For a second, his face wore an expression of irritation. It blossomed into shock, and then delirious pleasure as he saw the two barely-clothed sluts at his door.

"Hi, Larry," purred Eliza. "Remember me?"

"Oh! Uhhh, hi!" said the flustered man, reaching up distractedly to push back his greasy mop of hair. "Yeah, I mean… of course! You're the sl… the woman who hangs out with Gene."

"Oh… I do much, much more than just 'hang out' with him, Larry. And I think you know that." Eliza moved forward half a step, invading Larry's personal space. His eyes were practically popping out of his head, zooming all over Eliza's slim, pale, perfect body, barely covered by tiny violet scraps of cloth. "Master tells me that my noises have been upsetting you a little. Is that true?"

"Oh! Uhhh, I mean, yeah, you guys have been a little… You know, enthusiastic," said the tongue-tied man sheepishly. According to Gene, Larry had been coming upstairs to whine and complain every morning after their shared sessions. And this little nearly-naked trip had been Gene's response to those complaints.

At first, one might assume that it was a goodwill gesture. But Gene had been very clear about how he wanted this "peace offering" to go, and Eliza doubted that it would do anything to lessen the tension between the two neighbors.

“Oooh, I’m so sorry, sir,” cooed Eliza, reaching forward to run a hand down his chest while Kim filmed the action. “But I’m afraid I just can’t help it! When I’m with Gene, it’s just not possible to hold myself back.” Larry was doing a poor job of concealing his growing erection, Eliza noticed. Well, it was hard to blame him. What else could you expect when two oversexed sluts appeared at the door of a loser like this? The best Eliza could do for Larry was to complete Gene’s cruel taunt without dragging things out.

“But my master said it just isn’t fair to make you sit down here all lonely listening to our fun,” said Eliza sweetly.

For a second, she saw Larry’s ugly face light up with anticipation. He clearly thought he was about to get some sort of sexual favor as compensation for all the loud, slutty noises Eliza and Kim had been annoying him with. But generosity and empathy just weren’t Gene’s style.

Eliza pushed forward the basket. It took a second for Larry’s eyes to tear themselves away from her barely covered tits to look at it, but when he did, a scowl slowly darkened his face.

“Gene thought he would send down a… care package. So that you could enjoy the experience a little more,” chirped Eliza happily, and she heard Kim suppress an evil giggle, and when she gave her fellow Cumbunny a sidelong glance, she was surprised to see that Kim was biting her lower lip, trying hard not to laugh.

Sort of weird for Kim to be getting so into the spirit of things…

Larry snatched the basket from Eliza’s hands, rustling through the contents with growing annoyance. Nestled right at the top of the gift basket was a big bottle of lotion. Next to it was a box of tissues, and the final item was a sealed envelope with the word “enjoy!” scrawled across it in red marker.

Larry tore open the envelope and pulled out the stack of photos. Gene had conducted a little photoshoot with his bunnies the other day purely for this purpose. The shots showed Eliza and Kim hanging all over their fat, ugly, older master wearing slutty lingerie. No nudity, of course. That was just for their master, not the likes of Larry.

Larry was starting to look at the calculated insult from Gene, but Eliza still had one line she needed to say.

“My master hopes that this will help with your loneliness while you listen to what a bigger, better man does upstairs. Have fun, big boy.”

Now Larry was furious. He tossed the basket to the ground and took a step towards the almost naked woman taunting him, his fists balled.

“If you think you can just come to my door dressed like a whore and make fun of me like this…” he began in a growl. Eliza wasn’t sure what to do. She was almost naked, wearing ridiculous heels that made running away almost impossible, and was clearly weaker than the repulsive man in front of her. She opened her mouth, hoping to say something to appease him…

And then suddenly, Kim was standing at her side.

“And what?” she asked in a flinty voice. “What are you going to do then, big man?”

Larry paused, seemingly taken aback by Kim’s inexplicable confidence in the face of his aggression.

“Well… maybe I can make you sluts give me what Gene gets,” he said with a scowl. But Kim's continued glare was clearly sapping his confidence.

Kim barked a harsh laugh. “Ha! You really think you have the balls? Look at you! You couldn’t “make” a cashier give you change for a twenty, let alone get something you don’t deserve from fine pieces of ass like me and Lizzie.” She took a step towards Larry, and he actually stepped back, almost as confused as he was intimidated. Eliza wasn’t sure why Kim was able to cow a bigger man while she was wearing a ridiculously slutty bikini, but she was somehow doing it through sheer force of will alone.

“You can’t… You can’t just…” sputtered Larry, but Kim didn’t give him a chance to collect his thoughts.

“I’m a hot chick and you’re a worthless little jerk off loser,” snapped Kim. “I can do whatever the fuck I want. And I can tell you what you’re going to do too.”

She deftly bent to scoop up the dropped basket and pushed it hard into Larry’s chest. “You’re going to shut the fuck up, take the gift my Daddy graciously gave you, and jerk off like a good little loser.”

“Fuck you!” snarled Larry, slamming the door in Kim’s face. Eliza couldn’t help but notice that he was clutching the insulting gift basket to his chest as he did so.

Kim aimed a kick at his door, then swiped a lovely blonde lock of hair back into place with a sigh, visibly calming herself.

“Jesus,” said Eliza in an awed voice, “why didn’t you do that with Gene?”

“I tried,” said Kim, giving her sister-in-law a weary look. “He used magic to cheat. Now let’s get out of here before Larry decides he wants a second try at that interaction.”

They made their way back, scurrying down the hall the way they came. Although it was important that they make it back quickly, Eliza had something she absolutely needed to say to Kim before they reached the room. As they passed, she pulled Kim back into the space beneath the stairs.

“Lizzie, we’ve got to go,” said Kim irritably, peering down the hall behind her anxiously as Eliza tugged her arm, “What the fuck are you…” She trailed off as she saw Eliza’s face. “What’s wrong?”

“Kim, I need your help with something tonight. Something that might be… difficult.”

Kim gave her a wary look, shivering a little and rubbing her arms. It was fucking cold to be walking around practically naked like this. ‘What do you have in mind?” She asked suspiciously.

“Gene cut me off from having sex with David. I need to change his mind for our anniversary.”

Kim groaned, and her mouth twisted in disgust. “Jesus, Lizzie,” she said with a roll of her eyes, “I do not want to hear about you and my brother’s love life. I think you’re on your own with this one. It's none of my business.”

Eliza drew her mouth into a grim, determined line. This is exactly why she hadn’t told Kim about her prohibition on fucking David before. Her sister-in-law could be oddly immature sometimes for a woman in her twenties. “Unfortunately, it’s both of our business,” she said doggedly. “Because if I refuse my husband on our anniversary, he is going to start asking some big questions we don’t have answers to.”

Kim sighed and pinched her nose, but even if she was a little immature, she wasn’t stupid, and Eliza could tell that the message had come across. “Ok, fine. What do you need me to do?”

“I need help buttering him up. Making him feel good so I can start working on him. He likes fucking me behind David’s back, so if I can make him feel unthreatened, he might give me a one-time hall pass. You know, to keep the secret going,” said Eliza hopefully.

“Yeah, maybe,” said Kim, her eyes doubtful. Eliza could tell that she was thinking the same thing Eliza was: Gene couldn’t be counted on to make the logical choice if it meant doing something nice for David. For reasons that Eliza still didn’t fully understand, Gene hated her husband with an irrational passion.

But she had no choice; her only chance was to make Gene see reason and let her have sex with David. Kim nodded sharply. “So the mission is to be the bestest Cumbunnies ever to put the bastard in a good mood. Got it. Can do. Is that all?”

Eliza nodded, a twisted feeling of determination and despair filling her belly. “That about sums it up.”

‘Then let’s get to it, *Sis.*”

…

Gene howled with laughter as he watched the video that his Cumbunnies had recorded for him, probably loudly enough that Larry could hear him.

“Oh my God, this is fucking rich!” he chortled, scratching the big, hard beer belly that pressed up against his stained undershirt. Gene’s apartment was a perfect demonstration of what a disgusting loser he really was. At work, Gene had no choice but to put on a half-decent appearance. But, here, in his dingy, grimy apartment, it was obvious how crass and filthy he really was.

But, despite his filthy living situation, it was impossible for Eliza to feel the proper disdain that she knew Gene deserved. The Mjolkhare oil had robbed her of any disgust she would normally feel for a fat slob like him. All she could feel when she looked at her master in his ratty boxers and dirty undershirt was helpless, horny submission.

His amusement was a good sign. It meant he might be in a permissive mood. But it was still important for Eliza to butter him up a little more. She gestured subtly at Kim, nodding to the dirty carpet at their master’s feet, and Kim managed to only lightly roll her eyes as they both knelt submissively.

After a second, Gene tore his eyes away from the video on Kim’s phone to see his two Cumbunnies kneeling submissively beneath him, eyes soft and upturned, beautiful bodies barely covered by the slutty swimsuits he had commanded them to wear.

His usual broad, gloating grin spread across his face, and Eliza felt a fresh flood of hope that this was going to work. Gene may have a certain animal cunning, but at his core, he was a simple man. One who could be manipulated. All you had to do was make him feel like he was in charge.

And that’s precisely what Eliza planned to do tonight.

“What’s up, bunnies?” he asked in a voice smoldering with amusement and arousal. “Hungry for a little treat?”

“You know that we are, Master,” purred Eliza, reaching forward to run a hand lovingly up her master’s squat, hairy thigh. After a moment, Kim mirrored her on the other side, managing a passable expression of submissive devotion. “We want you to use your poor, hungry bunnies and fill us up with your cum. Please. Let us serve you.”

“We want to please you, Daddy,” Kim added in the breathy voice she was getting so good at lately, tugging needily on Gene’s boxers. “Is there a way we can earn your cum?”

Their show of complete submission was having the desired effect. The python in Gene’s boxers stirred, pressing up against the loose material as he tossed Kim’s phone aside and focused on his two favorite sex toys. “So my bunnies want to earn their supper,” he mused, reaching down to massage his growing bulge. “Well, I might have an idea. Now that I have two bunnies, there is something I’ve always wanted to try…”

Without warning, Gene stood, unceremoniously dropping his boxers down his stumpy legs and letting his thick, club-like cock spring free. The sight of it took Eliza’s breath away, a wet, squirming feeling of desperate arousal filling her belly.

“Two mouths on my cock feels amazing,” he rumbled, stroking the massive member in question slowly, just inches from Eliza’s blushing face. “But I think it might be even more fun for one bunny to take care of my cock in front while the other takes care of… some much dirtier work from behind.”

Eliza and Kim glanced at each other, at first in confusion. Then disgust blended with arousal dawned on both of their faces.

“I’ll leave who gets what up to you, since you’re the head bunny,” said Gene to Eliza airily. “What do you think, Lizzie? Are you going to take one for the team? Or is Kimmy going to experience a brand new taste sensation?”

Kim was staring at Eliza, her eyes wide, as if willing Eliza to let her off the hook. Rimming was something that Gene had demanded from Eliza before. It was clear why Gene liked it: he got off on humiliating his bunnies. There was nothing quite as sweet to a fat, ugly pervert like him than forcing a beautiful woman to lick his asshole, kneeling and sticking her lovely face between his flabby cheeks. He considered it the perfect demeaning act to put his bunnies in their place.

Kim hadn’t been asked to do it yet and based on the look on her face, she was hoping that today wouldn’t be her first time. But, as much as Eliza would have liked to spare her sister-in-law the indignity, that wasn’t really an option here. She had to work on Gene during the sex act, when he was at his most pleased and distracted, and she would have no opportunity to talk to him if her face was buried between his fat ass cheeks.

Sorry, Kim… this is exactly the kind of thing I meant when I asked you to play along.

“I want to suck your cock, master,” said Eliza, her eyes downcast. “Kimmy can take care of your… other needs.”

Kim stared daggers at her, and looked like she was about to speak up, but then bit her lip and barely contained herself, her face red and her eyes murderous.

“Well, Kimmy?” asked Gene with a cruel smirk. “Ready to try something new?”

Kim shut her eyes and breathed deeply. Eliza could tell what her fellow bunny was feeling… she had felt it echo in herself countless times. Kim was angry and humiliated… but the curvy little blonde was also deeply aroused by the disgusting submission she was about to perform. Her nipples pressed hard against her tiny suit, and her heavy, raspy breathing wasn’t caused by anger alone.

When she opened her eyes and meekly managed “Yes, Daddy,” her eager tone was only partially an act.

“Good girl,” said Gene in an oily, gloating voice. Then, grotesquely, he turned and bent slightly, waiting for Kim to submit in the most humiliating way yet. Although her face was now blocked by Gene’s hairy bulk, Eliza could see Kim hesitate, then reach up to take one cheek in each hand, part them, and nuzzle her lovely face into her Daddy’s ass.

A moment later, slurping and licking sounds filled the room. Eliza could watch Kim's body language move from stiff and disgusted to loose and eager with surprising speed. Her fingers gripped tighter, and the slurping grew louder, blending with light, muffled moans as Kim’s slutty submissive side took over.

“Well?” asked Gene flatly, making Eliza jump a little. “Are you just going to watch, or are you going to do your job?”

Right… she had to get to work if she wanted to convince Gene to do her an uncharacteristic favor. Eliza’s eyes flicked downward to her master’s cock, throbbing and dripping with precum from the pleasure of Kim’s oral service. Then she leaned forward eagerly, running her tongue up the hot, veiny length of her master’s cock. Slowly. Reverently. Worshipping it like it deserved. It no longer required any acting from Eliza to seem like she enjoyed Gene’s dick. It was simply true. Even when she wasn’t with him, Gene’s cock ran through her head constantly these days, making her mouth water and her pussy flush with desperate heat. The cock sank deep into the warm, wet depths of her married mouth. She sealed her lips tight as they glided down her master’s shaft. She couldn’t hold back the pleasure and satisfaction welling up inside her… the deep desire for his cum.

Eliza was working as hard as she could to find a way to break Gene’s domination… but sometimes she wondered what life would be like without his magnificent cock. Sometimes, as much as she wished she felt different, the thought of never sucking or fucking Gene’s cock again made her depressed.

She was getting lost in thought… lost in the pleasure of her sloppy, slutty blowjob as she bobbed her head up and down Gene’s length. But she couldn’t let herself turn completely into Lizzie. Not right now. She needed to be sharp.

Finally, Eliza pulled away, a trail of saliva momentarily connecting her lips to her master's cock. She stroked it rapidly with both hands, using her spit as lube as she looked up into Gene's eyes.

"Master…" she said meekly, speaking up to be heard over the slutty muffled moans and slurping coming from between Gene's ass cheeks as Kim feasted with greater and greater enthusiasm, "My anniversary is coming up…"

Gene gave her an odd look. "It hasn't been a year since I… Oh! You mean with your loser cuck of a hubby. That's hilarious! As if your pathetic sham of a relationship deserves celebrating. I'm glad you told me. Maybe we should surprise little Davey somehow."

Well, that first knee-jerk reaction wasn't an incredible sign. And it certainly wasn't where Eliza wanted Gene's thoughts to be headed. She sucked her master cock for a few more seconds, rapidly bobbing her head up and down his thick, manly shaft while she collected her thoughts. She would have to try to lead him carefully to the correct conclusion.

"Lately David's been getting suspicious, master," said Eliza breathlessly as she popped up off of Gene's cock again. She stared up into his piggy eyes, doing her best to impress her sincerity onto him with her lovely ice-blue eyes. "He keeps asking why I won't have sex with him, and I don't have any good answers."

Gene snickered evilly and gripped the back of Eliza's head, shoving his thick cock back into her mouth and dominantly seizing control of the blowjob. Eliza felt herself swoon, her pussy buzzing and throbbing between her legs as her master's cock pressed against the back of her throat… harder… harder… then slipped inside, taking ownership of his slut as he sheathed himself in the slick heat of her tight married throat.

"Tell that limp-dick cuck that he can't fuck you because he isn't good enough," grunted Gene as he used his hand to push Eliza's head up and down his cock. "It's about time he learned where he ranks on the list of men in your life." His eyes were filled with savage triumph. He was sandwiched between the mouths of two gorgeous women, stuffing his cock down the throat of his worst enemy's wife while the tongue of David's little sister slithered and slurped over his asshole. It felt like victory.

Eliza had no choice but to let Gene have his way with her throat for a few long, heart-pounding minutes, surrendering completely to her master's cock, wrapping her lips tight around his pulsing length as her throat bulged around it, accommodating his throbbing girth. She sucked and poor Kimmy licked, degrading themselves in service to their master, just like good Cumbunnies should.

Finally, with a deep sigh of satisfaction, Gene released Eliza, letting her pop up from his cock red-faced and coughing. She struggled to collect herself and focus on her mission. If she wasn't

careful, she would be totally sucked into her Cumbunny self. She had to steer this conversation in the right direction, and quickly.

“But master, if I tell him something like that… he might find out that I’m having sex with you,” she pointed out, careful to keep her voice mild and submissive.

Gene narrowed his eyes as he stared down at her. He reached back to tap Kim on the head, signaling her to stop. The petite blonde ignored him for a moment, working her lips and tongue energetically as she continued to feast between her Daddy’s cheeks. With a chuckle, he was forced to reach back and pull her away from her slutty task before turning back to Eliza.

“So… what exactly are you trying to say?” he asked Eliza in a low, dangerous voice.

There was nothing left that she could do to soften the blow. Now that Gene was asking directly, she just had to go for it. Eliza licked her lips, getting another fleeting taste of her master’s dick, and said nervously, “If you just let me have sex with him for that one night, then…”

Gene cut her off abruptly. “No.” The word was terse and final, allowing no argument. Gene’s face was closed off, his eyes dull and disinterested. Eliza had never seen anyone so unreceptive. This was going just about as badly as it possibly could. But Eliza had no choice but to keep trying. She had to somehow make this happen. Her relationship with David and the entire tenuous secret life she was living depended on it. If she refused her husband again after promising him they would have sex on their anniversary, there was no way that David would forgive her.

“Master, please,” said Eliza in a soothing, sultry voice, reaching out to start softly stroking his cock once again, “It’s been so fun sneaking around behind that worthless loser’s back with you. But if I can’t at least fake a half-hearted performance on our anniversary night, even that idiot will start asking questions. And then our fun, sexy little game will be over.”

For a second, Eliza thought she had him. He relaxed a fraction of an inch, and a thoughtful look crossed his ugly face. But then, shockingly, he reached down and pushed her hand away from his cock.

“I don’t give a fuck about that anymore,” he said with a sneer. “It was kind of funny for a while to sneak around and fuck Davey’s wife while I bullied him, but newsflash, Lizzie. He’s not even really your husband anymore. You aren’t a wife, you’re a Cumbunny. It was always going to end with you flipping off your cuck and living as my full-time sex doll, just like all the other bunnies do. It’s time for us to make that happen.”

Eliza was numb with shock, her heart in her throat, and her mind racing in panic. *Fuck fuck fuck*. She had always known in the back of her mind that Gene intended this to be her fate in the end. The other Cumbunnies she had met didn’t have rich, fulfilling lives away from their masters: they

were permanent live-in fuckdolls. It was obvious that Gene would work toward that at some point.

She just thought she would have more time. More time to find some way out of it. To find a way to undo this addiction to Gene and his cum. But it appeared her time was up… Unless she could somehow find a way to convince Gene otherwise.

“Master,” she said desperately, her mind scrabbling for something, anything that would allow her to wiggle out of Gene’s decision, “Surely you don’t want me to just disappear and leave David behind, right? That would be so… anti-climactic! Isn’t the best part of this how we’re putting him in his place? We need to plan a grand finale, and we need more time for that. Just let me have sex with him one last time, to throw off his suspicions.”

Gene crouched down on his hairy haunches, staring into her eyes with a menacing glare. Eliza tried to look down, but he reached up and seized her chin, holding her head up and forcing her to maintain eye contact.

“If I didn’t know better, I would say that you actually wanted to fuck the little loser,” he growled suspiciously.

Eliza’s mouth went dry. She was really playing with fire now. Gene could easily make her life a living hell just by cutting her off from the cum she desperately craved. Her survival instincts screamed at her that she had no choice but to do whatever he wanted. Lizzie, her Cumbunny self, reared her ugly head as well, distressed that her master was so upset with her. Lizzie just wanted to be a giggly, happy little bunny. Living at her master’s house full-time sounded super-duper fun!

But, despite those strong urges, some hard, flinty part of Eliza’s mind hung on. She had to try. Through all of this bullshit, she still loved her husband. And the only narrow chance she had to save their relationship was to convince Gene to let them have sex. Somehow.

“Of course not, master,” she gushed. “Why would I ever want the limp little worm between that loser’s legs when I have your perfect cock to fill all my holes?”

Gene paused, raising an eyebrow. He wasn’t fully convinced, but Gene was especially susceptible to flattery, and Eliza could tell she had scored some points.

“Yeah, I mean… I always thought the whole point of this was to teach my pathetic brother a lesson,” said Kim from behind Gene in a bored-sounding drawl, wiping the back of her mouth with her hand. “Are you really just going to cut him out of this whole situation before he discovers the humiliating truth?”

Gene looked at Kim over his shoulder, then turned back to Eliza. Unfortunately, his expression hadn’t softened.

“Who is more important to you, Lizzie, your master or your weak, pathetic husband? Answer me.” His voice was flat and hard, just like his eyes.

Eliza licked her lips and nervously said, ‘M-master, it’s not that simple! Having sex with him will let us…”

Gene abruptly straightened up and stalked away from the two women, hands gripped tight behind his back.

“Kimmy!” he barked, making them both jump.

“Yes, Daddy?” said Kim timidly, sharing a nervous look with her fellow bunny.

“For now, I’m promoting you to head bunny. It looks like your sister needs a little reeducation before she can be trusted. Think you can handle that?”

Kim stared at Eliza, her eyebrows furrowed. Then she bit her lip and looked away.

Eliza felt a stab of anxiety pulse through her.

“Yes, Daddy,” said Kim with an alarming twist of satisfaction in her voice. “I think I can help my sister see the error of her ways.”

Gene rounded on the two nearly naked kneeling bunnies with a savage grin. “That's what I like to hear. …But I think it might be hard for poor Lizzie to accept her new spot at the bottom of the hierarchy. Let’s help her get into the right mindset. Sit on the couch, Kimmy. Let’s show Lizzie who the new alpha bitch is.”

Kim scrambled up and sat back on the couch, her face a picture of eager arousal. Before Eliza had even absorbed what was happening, Gene plopped down on his ratty old easy chair across from them and began stroking his cock. “Go on, Kimmy. You’re the head bunny now. Why don’t you teach Eliza a little respect? I can think of one way that might… make the point clear.”

Kim looked down at her lap, then to Eliza, still kneeling open-mouthed at her feet. A broad grin spread across her face as she caught on to what Gene was suggesting.

Kim patted her lap and said with a smirk, “Come on up here, Lizzie. Looks like the shoe is on the other foot now.”

Eliza stewed in frustration and despair. Not only was her only hope of saving her relationship ruined, but Kim had utterly stabbed her in the back, jumping at the first chance for a scrap of power. Eliza tried to think of some sort of excuse she could use to get out of her predicament, but she came up empty. Her philosophy right now was all about appeasing Gene, and there was

no way out of this humiliating transfer of power without open defiance. She rose on her ridiculous heels and, blushing heavily, laid across her petite sister-in-law's lap, her pale, round butt sticking up into the air, defenseless and nearly naked, with only the thin string of her thong bikini as a covering.

"Mmmm, I've been wanting to get my hands on this fat ass for a while, Daddy," purred Kim in delight, sinking her fingers greedily into Eliza's plump cheeks.

"Haha, you're a little slut, aren't you, Kimmy? I bet you snuck peeks at your pretty sister's ass even before you became a Cumbunny, didn't you?"

"Maybe…" murmured Kim in a tone so embarrassed that Eliza was shocked to realize she might even be telling the truth.

"Well, in that case, let's make all your dreams come true, Kimmy. Lizzie's in the doghouse now. Make her feel like the bottom bitch that she is."

Eliza turned, looking at her master with pleading eyes, hoping that she could still turn this around before things went too far. But before she could even speak, Kim's hand flashed down, sharply slapping Eliza's bare ass cheek and turning whatever Eliza planned to say into an embarrassed yelp.

Kim's hand rose and fell again, leaving another red, five-fingered mark on Eliza's pale skin and making her whine and wiggle in discomfort. It wasn't the first time she had been spanked. She had a beautiful, shapely ass, and Gene had thoroughly enjoyed every part of her body by now. But submitting to this type of dominant treatment from another woman was a different level of humiliating kinkiness altogether. Especially from Kim, who Eliza had been dominated sexually up until now.

Kim's palms fell in an irregular rhythm, making Eliza's jiggling cheeks sting and, shamefully, her pussy grow wetter and hotter with every blow. The reversal of positions was both embarrassing and deeply arousing. Somehow, even starting from a slutty, degraded position, Eliza had fallen even further. Now she wasn't just dominated by Gene, but by her sister-in law as well.

"I hope…"

Crack

"That you were taking notes on how obedient I was when you were in charge."

Crack

"Because I remember every detail of how you treated me, *Sis*."

Crack

“I remember every single way you rubbed my nose in my weakness.”

Crack

“Every way you flexed your power over me.”

Crack

“...You know what? Don’t worry if you can’t remember. I’m going to remind you.”

“P-please, Kimmy! I’m sorry! I’ll be good, I promise,” whimpered Eliza. All of her plans and her frustrations and her reluctance to submit to the woman who had formerly been beneath her in the sexual hierarchy were evaporating in the face of the stinging, humiliating slaps. Lizzie the Cumbunny rose to the surface within her, desperate for the scary, sexy lady’s approval. Lizzie loved the feeling of Kim’s strong hand even through the pain. Her pussy had already soaked through the tiny strip of cloth covering it and was now dripping down her thighs onto Kim’s soft lap beneath her.

“Oh, you’ll be good, Lizzie,” said Kim in a voice of smoldering certainty. “I know you will. Because that’s what I want. And what I say goes.” Her free hand rose to Eliza’s mouth, her slim fingers pressing at Eliza’s pouty lips, demanding entrance. “Now stop your whining. Put that little mouth to good use and suck.”

Eliza had no strength left in her to resist. Gene had trained her to submit, and that training had left her weak and willing for this type of sexual dominance. She parted her lips and allowed Kim’s two fingers inside, while Kim’s other hand slipped down her stinging cheeks, tugging aside her soaked bikini bottoms to mirror the intrusion at her lower lips.

Kim’s fingers pressed down dominantly on her submissive sister-in-law’s tongue, stifling her moan as her other two fingers slid easily into her hot, silky cunt. Eliza was being stuffed from both ends, and her body’s instinctive response was to spread her slim thighs wider and swirl her tongue around Kim's probing fingers, welcoming them deeper into her mouth. Kim began rhythmically thrusting both pairs of fingers, playing Eliza’s throbbing pussy and greedy mouth like instruments.

“That’s it,” she murmured, her own voice husky with desire, “That’s my good little bunny. Cum for me. Cum for your sister, Lizzie.”

“No.” The command was a strict whipcrack of low, dominant force, making both women jump. They had been so lost in their own world for a moment that they had totally forgotten about their master, watching the play of dominance and submission while stroking himself.

Both women stared at him raptly, snapping to attention, ready to receive their orders without a single thought of defiance, thanks to their sexual haze.

“Lizzie doesn’t get to cum. Not until I say. And I don’t just mean right now. Indefinitely. She doesn’t get to touch my cock either. Not until she gets her priorities straight.” He stood, his expression menacing as his cock throbbed powerfully between his squat, hairy thighs. “But she can watch… while she thinks about whether it’s me or her cuck hubby she wants more. Come here, Kimmy. I want to show Lizzie what she's missing.”

Kim wriggled out from beneath Eliza, and, as humiliating as it had been to be finger fucked from both ends by her bratty sister-in-law, her departure left Eliza feeling neglected. She lay on the couch, panting, with her reddened ass and dripping pussy still throbbing with pain and arousal, as she watched Kim run to her Daddy.

Gene scooped her up into his powerful arms in one confident motion, spinning her and hooking his elbows beneath her knees, suspending her facing Eliza with her thighs spread wide.

Kim reached down with an expression of horny anticipation painting her face, pulling her bikini bottoms aside to expose her puffy, glistening snatch. She was clearly on board with Gene’s brutal show of force, eager to be used as an example of what her Daddy’s cock could do to a willing slut.

Eliza felt a powerful twinge of jealous lust as Gene slowly lowered Kim, impaling her on his cock. The petite, curvy blonde let out a sharp cry of pleasure, her body arching and writhing in her Daddy’s thick hairy arms as Gene demonstrated his crude strength. He began moving Kim, easily manhandling her, bouncing her slowly up and down as he filled her eager cunt again and again.

Eliza turned over and let her hand dive between her spread thighs, rubbing her clit in quick, desperate circles, seeking the satisfaction of release. Kim stared down from above her, her lips parted to let out sweet moans of pleasure, and her eyes gloating over her position of power.

Anger coiled and burned in Eliza's heart as her fingers moved faster and firmer on her throbbing clit. *That little bitch… Jumped at the first opportunity to betray me. She’s getting off on seeing me desperate and horny while she gets fucked by Master's cock!*

Kim’s hips ground and swirled, doing her best to increase her and her Daddy’s pleasure, even though she was helpless in his powerful arms. Gene was using her like a sex toy, and it was obvious from the look on Kim’s face that being fuck like that was deeply satisfying. Eliza could see that her master and his new top bunny were both heading for orgasm. Gene was grunting, deep and rough in the back of his throat, and Kim's moans were rising to a breathy whine. Eliza was desperate for release herself, filling the room with the soft, wet noises of her self-pleasure as her fingers worked frantically on her horny cunt.

But it was like a glass wall had been thrown up between her and climax. She could feel her orgasm just out of her reach, but it kept retreating as her pleasure and tension spiraled higher and higher. It was just like Gene's prohibition on fucking her husband: she couldn't cum right now, no matter how badly she wanted to. Her master had forbidden it. So she was stuck in frustrated, horny limbo as she got closer and closer to climax, but never reached it.

Gene seemed just on the edge of cumming, which was sure to send Kim into convulsions of bliss from the feeling of his creampie…

But then an annoying, jangling ringing noise sounded from the bedroom.

Gene paused his jackhammering rhythm, cocking his head to listen while panting heavily. The jangling ringtone continued, obviously coming from Gene's computer. With a grunt of annoyance, he withdrew his pleasure-slicked cock and set Kim down on her wobbly legs, ignoring her whines of sexual desperation.

"Hold that thought," he said with a grimace of exasperation. "They aren't supposed to call unless it's important."

He strode across the room and into his bedroom, slamming the door behind him, leaving his two Cumbunny alone for the moment.

Eliza immediately leaned forward, pointing an accusing finger at Kim. "What the fuck was that?"

Kim raised her eyebrows, giving her fellow Cumbunny a flat, unimpressed stare. "Watch your tone, Lizzie. I have no idea what you're talking about."

It infuriated Eliza beyond belief that Kim was still maintaining her air of superiority even after Gene had left the room. She had to take a deep breath to calm herself before she continued. "You know what I mean, Kim. You suddenly teamed up with him to 'punish' me for suggesting the goal we both agreed to work toward!" She was hissing quietly at this point, trying hard to make sure that Gene wouldn't overhear them from his bedroom, but her anger made it difficult to be quiet.

Kim's face darkened into a scowl. "Well… that's a strange thing to hear from the bitch who had no problem dominating me up until today. I thought we were supposed to go along with what Gene wants, no matter what. Or is that just true when you get to be the one bossing me around?"

Eliza stared at Kim in embarrassed shock for a second, then stammered, "Th-this is different."

"Why?" demanded Kim, leaning down to get right in her sister-in-law's face. "Why is it suddenly super important that we stand in sisterly solidarity when it was fine for me to be on the bottom of the hierarchy just yesterday?"

Eliza didn't have a good answer for Kim's pointed question, but in the end, it didn't matter anyway. They were interrupted by the door to Gene's bedroom bursting open, revealing their squat, ugly master with a broad grin across his face.

"Good news!" he said loudly, spreading his arms wide. "I've just gotten word that Rabbit Season is coming up!"

Their animosity temporarily forgotten, Kim and Eliza shared a worried look. A sudden plunging feeling stabbed through Eliza's belly. She knew exactly what Rabbit Season was, although she couldn't admit that she did. She had picked up the knowledge from lurking on Cumbunny Acres, the Kaos server that held the degenerate community of Cumbunny owners, current and aspiring.

"Rabbit Season" wasn't a time period. It was the name of an event, which was a frequent topic of conversation on the server. A giant meetup of masters and their Cumbunnies, usually including live "talent show" sex exhibitions, Cumbunny swapping between masters, and even twisted presentations about how to succeed at "the lifestyle". Rumors swirled that the mysterious supplier of the Mjolkhare oil also attended, although if that was true, it hadn't given any widely known clues about who they actually were.

She hadn't shared any of this with Kim yet. Up until now, it had never seemed relevant. Another thing that Eliza thought she would have more time for.

Kim turned to Gene, not finding the answers she wanted in Eliza's conflicted eyes. "What's Rabbit Season, Daddy?"

Gene chuckled and slapped Kim's ass fondly. "Only the biggest, horniest party in the world, bunny. A place where you and Lizzie can meet all kinds of friends." His eyes shifted to Lizzie where she still sat on the couch. "And it's all happening next Friday."

A stinging bolt of pure, cold panic struck Eliza. *Oh fuck…*

"I can't master, that's the day of my anniversary!" she blurted out without thinking. Kim actually rolled her eyes, and Eliza realized with a sinking feeling that, in the heat of the moment, she had done precisely the wrong thing. Telling Gene "no" was guaranteed to set him off.

But her resolve hardened. This anniversary was essential if she wanted to salvage any sort of relationship with her husband. She could last without Gene's cum until Friday. It might take every scrap of willpower she had, but she could do it. His punishment would no doubt be severe, but if that was what it took to show David she still loved him, then that's what she would do.

Gene opened his mouth with a scowl, no doubt ready to lay into her once again for her disobedience. But then he paused, a calculating look crossing his face. He had noticed the defiant glint in his Cumbunny's eyes. That look was extremely rare these days, and that must have given him pause.

A series of emotions crossed his ugly features. Anger, disbelief, confusion, and finally, grudging acceptance. He sighed and scrubbed a hand through his thinning hair. "I can't believe I'm saying this," he grumbled under his breath, then fixed Eliza with an annoyed glare as he continued, "Look. I can see that you want to make a problem out of this. We both know I could order you to go to Rabbit Season, and you would have to do it. And we both also know that there are lots of ways you could embarrass me in front of my friends if you really wanted to. I can't think of every possible way you could defy me and order you not to."

Eliza gave him a tight nod. Gene was more perceptive than he looked. She had been holding that threat in her back pocket in case he tried to force the issue.

"But I'm not going to be the loser who goes to Rabbit Season without a Cumbunny everyone already knows I have," said Gene savagely, pointing a thick finger at Eliza. "And I'm not going to have my sex toy publicly make a fool of me either."

Eliza and Gene made eye contact with each other, and it was the first time in a long time that Eliza had felt anything other than slavish devotion when she was in his presence. Gene seemed to steel himself and grudgingly said, "Don't get used to this… but this one time, you have something I can't just take. And I have something you want too. So… let's make a deal."

Eliza felt a wild spiral of hope rising in her heart. It seemed too good to be true, but for the second time ever, she had managed to force a concession from Gene. She summoned all the dignity that a woman with a reddened ass and a bare, dripping pussy could and asked, "What are the terms?"

"You're going to go to Rabbit Season. And you're going to be the perfect, obedient Cumbunny," said Gene in a flat voice saturated with frustration. "If you perform to my expectations, I will let you rock your hubby's world on your anniversary."

"I need you to be clear," said Eliza seriously, trying hard to think clearly and not fall into some sort of trap. "If I do this for you, my husband will be allowed to have sex with me. As in, penetrate my pussy?"

Gene rolled his eyes. "Yes! How fucking clear do I need to make this? You make it sound as sexy as a medical textbook. If you do as I say, your worthless little cuck will get one last opportunity to stick his cock into your pussy. Happy? Do we have a deal?"

Eliza considered his offer carefully. It still wasn't ideal. His suggested plan meant that she would have to spend the majority of her anniversary going to a sex party with Gene instead of

spending time with her husband. There was only one possible excuse she would be able to give, and it was one she was saving in case of emergency. But that didn't matter. She would use any excuse she could and do whatever submissive, humiliating acts her master demanded, as long as she got to go home to her husband to have sex and reassure him everything was alright.

Maybe it would take a deal with the devil, but in the end, she would be able to somehow keep this fragile equilibrium intact…

And, come to think of it, Rabbit Season would present an opportunity to further her other plans as well…

"It's a deal," said Eliza carefully. She still had an odd sense that something was wrong, which only increased as a broad grin crossed her master's face. But she was committed now. This was the only narrow window she had available for keeping her marriage going. Kim looked shocked, staring back and forth between them like she couldn't quite believe what had come out of either of their mouths.

"Well, I hope you enjoy your cuck's dinky dick," said Gene with a nasty chuckle, "Because you're still not allowed to touch my cock or climax until you've made up for your disrespect."

He slid his arms around Kim, hoisting her into the air again as she giggled and bit her lip in anticipation.

"Now… Where were we?"

…

Eliza stared down at the message from Bitsy, with cautious hope blossoming in her heart.

[I agree. It's the perfect setup. Coach already said we're going. I'll be honest, I'm a little scared.]

Eliza felt her heart go out to her co-conspirator. It was asking a lot from Bitsy to let someone else give her a second dose of the oil. Neither of them had any idea what the effects of two doses might be. It might free her from the overwhelming desire for cum, or it might double it.

[Thank you, Bitsy. I'll be there too, and I'll help any way I can.]

There was nothing more she could say. She had nothing left to look into except the slim possibility that two doses of Mjolkhare oil might do something unexpected. The Rabbit Season gathering a few days from now would be a pivotal night.

In more ways than one.

Eliza had been trying her best to show all the love and affection that her husband deserved over the past few days, cooking for him, giving him backrubs, soothing his worries over Gene's latest bullying tactics at work… Being a good wife was easier said than done when her master's prohibition on orgasming was turning her into a ticking time bomb of sexual frustration. But she was somehow holding it together. She needed David to know how much she loved him, so that the first part of their anniversary wouldn't turn him against her completely.

The plan was simple and daring. She would make some throwaway comments over the next few days about how her phone was acting up. Then, on the day of their anniversary, she would drive separately to work, making an excuse about picking up a gift. Finally, she would drop completely out of contact all evening, allowing her to go to the obscene gathering of Cumbunnies.

If Gene said she would have a chance to have sex with David "on their anniversary", that meant he couldn't plan to keep her later than midnight. She would hurry home with a story about running out of gas and getting stranded while her phone died.

It was an awful excuse. Full of holes that David would see through in a second… unless she immediately pulled him into bed and gave him the best sex of his life. Even then, it was a plan that carried tremendous risk that Daivid would see straight through it, not to mention the fact that he would probably be sick with worry for the entire evening up until she got home. But she had no choice. There was no other excuse she could use that would make sense for why she was skipping their anniversary. She had to make something up that made it seem like the situation was out of her hands.

It would take a miracle to get through her anniversary night with the fragile equilibrium of her marriage and her servitude to Gene intact. But that's what she was hoping for. She would just remain confident and push right through her doubts.

…

Gene's shitty car rattled to a stop in front of a building that Eliza recognized immediately. It was the same shady BDSM club where Gene brought her for her first meetup. It was likely popular in the Cumbunny scene.

"Alright," said Gene, rubbing his hands together with gleeful anticipation, "ready to rock and roll, bunnies?" Gene had made an effort tonight. He was wearing a brand new suit jacket with a dark blue shirt underneath. Eliza thought it looked ridiculous and sleazy, but she knew better than to say that. Although Gene didn't give a fuck what anybody at the office thought of him, it was obvious that he wanted to impress his fellow Cumbunny owners.

"Ready," said Kim dryly, shifting a little uncomfortably and making the leash dangling from her collar clink. She was answering for both of them. Kim had accepted her role as chief bunny completely and enthusiastically. No matter how much it frustrated Eliza to take orders from her

bratty blonde sister-in-law, there was nothing she could do. Gene had ordered it, and his word was law.

“Then masks on,” said Gene eagerly, pulling down the black fox mask he had pushed up onto his forehead.

“Why are we wearing masks, Daddy?” asked Kim as she pulled her lacy bunny mask over her eyes, its two ears sticking up almost enough to reach the roof of the cramped car. “Lizzie says you didn’t wear them at the last meetup.”

Eliza shot Kim an irritated look that her sister-in-law pointedly ignored. *Why the fuck is Kim telling Gene things we talked about in private?* True, it wasn’t exactly an important detail. Kim had agreed to assist Eliza and Bitsy in their mission when Eliza had told her about the chance this gathering represented, and Eliza knew that Kim wouldn’t be dumb enough to mention anything about that to Gene… But Eliza didn’t even want Gene to consider that his two Cumbunnies might be talking to each other about him behind his back.

Luckily, Gene didn’t seem to think too deeply about it. He just let out a throaty chuckle and said, “I know! I think the masks are fucking stupid personally, but it’s a long-standing tradition for Rabbit Season. Some guys got worried about their identity leaking, then worried that if they were the only ones wearing masks, they would look even more suspicious, and, well, you get the picture. Everyone has to wear them. But don’t worry, a lot of Bunny masks end up slipping off by the end of the night, especially for guys who want to show off a bunny that they think will be recognized.” He opened the car door and stepped out with a grunt.

“Well, it’s not like these masks are going to hide who our identities anyway,” said Kim with a roll of her eyes to Eliza as she opened the door to follow. Eliza had to agree. The white lace masks covered the tops of their faces in a thin, sheer layer, but didn’t seem like they would be much good for concealing their identities.

Eliza stepped out of the car, and for a moment Gene and his two bunnies stood in the parking lot of the low, unmarked building. Eliza cringed a little, anxious to get inside. The outfits they were currently wearing were even worse than what she had worn on her first visit to this sex club. Eliza and Kim were wearing modified versions of the same bunny suit Eliza had worn on that previous night, but with two crucial differences: the removable portions of the corset that normally covered the breasts were absent, and the leather bikini briefs had been left at home, leaving Kim and Eliza completely bottomless.

In other words, both Cumbunnies had their tits, pussies, and asses hanging out for the world to see, wearing only a half-corset, stockings, the tall platform heels that Gene seemed to love, and, of course, collars and bunny masks.

Every second they stayed outdoors made Eliza more and more concerned that some random passerby would see their slutty display. The thought made her insides twist with anxiety, but,

because of Gene's conditioning, it also made her pussy throb with dirty heat. Gene still hadn't allowed her to orgasm all week, and the only scraps of cum she had been allowed to taste were the leftovers that Kim had been willing to give her. Thanks to that reduced ration and her inability to find sexual release, Eliza's whole body ached with sexual tension at this point… a feeling she had grown used to ever since becoming Gene's Cumbunny, but never learned to enjoy. Desperation was by far Gene's favorite training incentive.

God, this night is going to last an eternity. I can't fucking wait to leave this erotic nightmare behind and finally have sex with David. Eliza put her plan into motion this afternoon just as planned, driving separately from her husband, kissing him goodbye at the end of the workday, and telling him she would see him in a couple of minutes, then turning off her phone and driving straight to Gene's apartment. He was probably worried sick right now… She was spending time as the slutty fuckdoll of her husband's worst enemy on her anniversary. And, in the same way that Gene had conditioned her to be turned on by exhibitionism, this act of betrayal was shamefully erotic to her.

Gene seemed to sense Eliza and Kim's discomfort and made a cruel, obvious show of taking his time as he picked up their leashes, straightened his jacket, and finally strolled toward the door.

"Welcome to Rabbit Season, Bunnies," he said over his shoulder after whispering the password to the bouncer. "A place where sluts like you can finally feel at home."

Eliza was taken aback as they entered the dim, smoky room. She understood that there would be more people there had been at the small meetup she attended earlier, but she was unprepared for the sheer volume of attendees at the twisted event. The first time she had been to this sex club, it had been mostly empty, with pockets of people clustered at the tables around the room. Now the entire club was packed.

Everyone who was there looked like they were either a master or a bunny. As they moved into the crowd, Eliza peered around her, taking stock of what the masters looked like. They were more or less exactly what she expected. The kind of men who had absolutely no ability to attract beautiful women on their own, and so were forced to use magical means to fulfill their dark desires. Some were scrawny and weak-looking. Others fat. Old. Ugly, even beneath their masks. But none of them cringed or looked beaten down like they might have otherwise. This was their night to show off and take pride in their twisted accomplishments.

Each of them had at least one Cumbunny, sometimes on their arm, sometimes at the end of a leash like Eliza and Kim. It seemed that wannabe masters weren't invited.

Unlike their masters, the bunnies were a rainbow of stunning variety. Every hair color and skin tone imaginable, only unified by the fact that they were all gorgeous. The classic bunny suit seemed to be the most popular choice for what their masters chose to dress them in, but there was a variety there as well. Some Cumbunnies were completely naked. Some were in fetish outfits, dressed as slutty nurses or cheerleaders. Strangely, some women wearing the lace

bunny masks were dressed in evening gowns, arms linked with their masters. Eliza could only imagine that their masters had tricked themselves into believing they had a real relationship with those bunnies. Or maybe they were women who had somehow forced concessions from their master? Eliza was intensely curious, but she doubted she would have a chance to investigate tonight. Not when she had so much on her plate as it was.

Eliza was so focused on scanning the room that she almost missed it when Gene turned to her and Kim, yelling over the crowd to be heard.

“I’m going to go get a drink. Stay here. It’s too crowded by the bar. If anyone touches you, yell that they don’t have permission.”

Kim made a face, clearly unhappy at the thought that some random man might touch them, even if they did have permission to resist. But Gene had already loosely tied their leashes around a pillar, and was pushing through the half-naked crowd toward the bar.

Eliza turned to talk to Kim, hoping to talk strategy for the evening, but her fellow bunny was staring intensely at the stage in the center of the room. Eliza turned so see what had caught Kim’s attention and soon found herself equally fascinated.

On the stage, a tall, lithe black woman squatted, facing away from the crowd. She wore thigh-high leather boots and one of the standard lace bunny masks, but otherwise she was completely naked. Her dark mocha skin was gleaming with oil, and her long-nailed fingers grasped a thick cheek in each hand, pulling them apart to reveal her perfect, dark asshole.

As Eliza watched, mesmerized, the puckered hole bulged outward as the woman let out a low, vibrating moan. Eliza flinched, believing she was about to see something utterly filthy on stage, but to her surprise, what emerged from the black Cumbunny’s impressive ass was an egg, covered in brightly colored stripes and smeared with what was unmistakably semen.

Another egg followed, dropping onto the first one with a soft plop of silicone as the woman panted and her thighs trembled. More eggs followed, squeezed out of the gorgeous woman’s pulsing asshole to make a pile of brightly colored easter eggs beneath her on the stage, dripping with semen.

Finally, she straightened and turned, giving the audience a humiliated smile, her nipples rock hard and her pussy juices mingling with the oil covering her body as it dripped down her thighs. Like any well-trained Cumbunny, she was pathetically turned on by her own public degradation.

“Seven eggs from Rae-Rae!” crowed a tubby, masked emcee who mounted the stage with a grin. “Impressive! But who would expect otherwise from such a fat fucking ass, am I right, boys?”

The audience roared with approval as a scrawny fox-masked man with a ratty ponytail took the stage and slung an arm around Rae-Rae's waist. "Especially when her master thought to use cum as lube!" continued the emcee. "That was smart thinking, Whiteknight66! Any words for our audience?"

The thin man leaned toward the mic and said in a nasaly voice, "Rae-Rae just loves to get her fat ass stuffed. With anything and everything, if you know what I mean. Come find us if you want to find out more. I'm always down for swaps."

"Big round of applause for Rae-Rae and Whiteknight66!" said the Emcee. "But we'll have to see if seven is enough to win the grand prize! A lot of people are gunning for that all-expenses-paid spot on the swingers cruise, gentlemen. Imagine it! All you've have to do is loan out your Cumbunny, and you can fuck all the wives you want! The definition of a one-sided deal. But a little secret from me to you, boys, last year' winner fit a full dozen inside her. If you think your bunny has what it takes, flag down one of the staff, and they'll supply you with the eggs!"

Kim grabbed Eliza's arm and hissed in her ear, "I knew these masks fucking suck! That was Imani Rae! I would recognize her anywhere!"

"Who is she?" asked Eliza, trying her best to keep an eye on Gene's progress in ordering drinks while paying attention to her fellow bunny in the loud, crowded room.

"She's a fitness influencer," said Kim in a despairing tone. "Or at least she was. Now I guess she's just a Cumbunny. But I would have thought someone would have noticed this sort of thing happening to her, since she has so many followers. I guess not…"

Eliza knew why the thought disturbed Kim: she had always sort of hoped that someone might see what Gene was doing and step in to save her. But if someone high profile could be captured without society noticing, what hope was there for them?

They didn't have time to talk about it, because Gene was already halfway through the crowd on his way back from the bar, holding only one drink for himself, naturally. Why pay extra for your sex toys to enjoy themselves?

Shit. Eliza had been hoping to have a chance to go over their strategy. Before this night was over and she was allowed to go home to her husband, Eliza had to ensure that Hareofthedog got his chance to give the second dose of oil to Bitsy.

"I saw you two admiring the performance," said Gene with a wide grin. "Good. I was thinking of taking you two up there for a little demonstration later."

Eliza blanched, and Kim hurriedly said, "Oh… I don't think that we would have any chance of us winning, Daddy."

Gene frowned, then burst out laughing. “Oh! You mean the fucking egg game? Nah, fuck that. That’s for suckers. I don’t want to compete; I want to show off my two Cumbunny sluts. You’ll see in a bit. A lot of people put on sex shows to show how well-trained their bunnies are. Think of it as… Cumbunny karaoke.”

“You talk about it like you’ve been here before, old man,” said a snotty voice behind them.

Eliza turned to see that she had at least one piece of good luck tonight. HareoftheDog came pushing through the crowd, with his former stepmother, who he had renamed Cumslut, in tow. He was apparently one of the masters who had decided that his Cumbunny should go fully naked, wearing only the bunny mask and a thick leather collar.

Despite her degradation, Cumslut seemed to radiate poise, approaching with a confident, hip-swaying walk that temptingly displayed her beautiful body. Wide hips, full breasts with blushing pink nipples, radiant, milky skin, and fiery red hair that flowed down past her shoulders and clung in a well-groomed patch between her thick thighs. She didn’t look the slightest bit self-conscious about her public nudity, instead wearing a warm smile on her beautiful, gracefully aged face.

Despite the woman’s calm confidence, the sight of Cumslut sent a thrill of fear through Eliza. The reason that Cumslut was so happy all the time was that she had utterly surrendered to her master’s will. It was a picture of Eliza’s possible future if all of her plans of defiance failed. She could already feel the Cumbunny inside her yearning for that same happy servitude.

But meeting Hare and Cumslut meant they were halfway toward their goal. All they had to do now was find CoachS and Bitsy. Well… and then came the truly hard part: getting Hare and Bitsy alone together for a long enough time for him to dose her.

Oddly, Gene seemed almost as happy as Eliza to see HareoftheDog.

“Hare! Good to see you, buddy! You know how it is, people talk about Rabbit Season on the server so often I feel like I’ve been here a dozen times already,” said Gene in a loud, jovial voice. Then he glanced around conspiratorially and pulled the young blonde man to the side. “Speaking of the server, I actually wanted to finish our conversation from last night.”

“Oh. Well, I thought that I made my position pretty clear…” Hare didn’t look particularly pleased, but he allowed himself to be pulled down to sit with Gene on one of the low leather couches. Eliza and Kim shared a look. The last thing they wanted was for Hare to be stuck in a conversation with Gene all night. He had to be free to dose Bitsy if they wanted to get their intel.

But there was nothing they could do. Gene was already whispering into the younger man’s ear, gesturing wildly.

“So nice to see you again, Lizzie,” said Cumslut in her low, musical voice, a faint smile touching her lips, “Welcome to your first Rabbit Season. And so nice to meet your new sister as well.”

Eliza turned toward the gorgeous redhead, butterflies filling her stomach for reasons she didn’t fully understand. The last time they had met, Eliza had been sucking Gene’s cum out of the ravishing redhead’s pussy.

Kim was blushing, her nipples hardening slightly as she looked the other Cumbunny up and down. “So… Do you want to introduce us, Lizzie?” she asked, making sizzling eye contact with the beautiful nude Cumbunny

…

David paced the floor of his home as his phone call went straight to voicemail once again, running through the same frenzied thoughts he had already considered a dozen times already.

Maybe she’s stuck in traffic? No, the possibility of that excuse was always pretty thin, and had become downright impossible after three hours of waiting for Eliza to come home. *Is she in trouble? Has she gotten into a car accident?*

Is she cheating on me?

David shook his head with a bitter grimace. But it wasn’t so easy to dismiss the thought. The suspicion had been growing in his mind ever since their brief separation. Why else would Eliza be so reluctant to have sex with him? Why was she spending more and more time “running errands” and “meeting up with old friends”? Once he had woken up in the middle of the night to find that she wasn’t in bed next to him. He had considered getting up and searching for her… but in the end, he had just gone back to sleep, and in the morning she was in her usual place beside him.

Maybe she had just been in the bathroom, or couldn’t sleep and went downstairs to watch TV. David didn’t know. Because he was a coward. He had been ignoring all the signs, sticking resolutely to his trust in the woman who he had married. It simply felt impossible to him that his Eliza would ever betray him with another man.

But then… where was she? After all of her excuses and the odd amount of time she spent away from home, where was she on their anniversary?

David considered calling the police. Eliza was technically a missing person. Then he shook his head and grabbed his car keys instead. He would drive slowly on the way back to the office and see if she was having some sort of car trouble. She said she was picking something up as a present on the way, so she might not even be on that route.

But he had to try something.

…

“Kimmy, this is Cumslut. Cumslut, this is Gene’s new bunny, Kimmy,” said Eliza reluctantly, trying to split her focus and pay attention to Gene’s whispered conversation with Hare. Whatever he was saying, it didn’t seem to be landing well with the young blonde man, who was sneering and shaking his head.

Kim frowned, shaking her head dissaprovingly. “That little shit named you Cumslut?” She whispered in an affronted voice. “God… and I thought Gene was a fucking asshole.”

Shit. Eliza glanced back and forth between the tall, gently smiling redhead and her petite, blonde sister Cumbunny. *That’s right… Kim has never met another Cumbunny besides me before. She has no idea how corrupt they can get.*

Luckily, Cumslut didn’t seem to be offended. “Oh, this one is cute, Lizzie,” she said with a chuckle. She reached out with supreme confidence and palmed one of Kim’s bare breasts, making Kim gasp and squirm away in shock, goosebumps rising all over her body, as her sensitive nipples rose immediately to attention. “But she’s a little wet behind the ears… amongst other places, I’m sure. You really should teach her her place, darling.”

Kim was obviously heating up, her face blushing cutely as she crossed her arms over her vulnerable tits and snapped, “She’s not going to teach me shit. I’m the bunny in charge now. I just happen to have a little more pride than a worn-out old skank like you!”

Maybe she should have been focused on helping out her fellow bunny, but Eliza’s attention was divided by her continued attempt to eavesdrop on her master’s conversation. And she was glad that she had made the effort. She caught the phrases, “already claimed” and “a lot of fish in the sea” from Gene, and Hare responded in an angry mutter loud enough to hear clearly, “No one is going to tell me who I can and can’t fuck anymore, old man. I’m an alpha, and alphas don’t get told ‘no’.”

It was just as she feared. They were rehashing the same old argument. Which meant that Gene was also aware of what Hare wanted to do tonight… and wanted to stop him.

That added a complication to an already risky plan.

But Kim and Cumslut weren’t paying attention at all. Cumslut was indulging in a low, rich chuckle, and Kim was bristling once again, clearly put on the back foot by the attractive nude woman. “Oh, well then, I suppose congratulations are in order! But all the more reason why you should learn the way things work. I adore the name my master has given me. It’s refreshingly… honest, don’t you think? We’re all sluts for cum now, Kimmy. Why not embrace it?”

Kim snorted and rolled her eyes, but Eliza could tell that the words had bothered her more than she let on. “Sorry, I’ll never be that far gone,” said Kim brashly, clearly putting on a brave face.

“We’ll see,” said Cumslut with a gentle smile. “I look forward to watching your progress.”

“Hey, this looks like a party!” said a rough, boisterous voice from nearby.

CoachS heaved into view, wearing a rumpled polo that barely covered his bulging gut and a pair of too-tight khakhis. Based on the clothes Eliza had seen him in before, she was sure the outfit was the fanciest thing he owned.

Mitsy and Bitsy, as usual, looked a thousand times better. CoachS was one of the masters who had chosen to get creative with costuming rather than go with the traditional bunny suit. Mitsy was wearing an outfit that could have passed for a sexy librarian, although in context, Eliza could tell she was supposed to be a pornographic version of a teacher. Her blouse, despite its long sleeves, was ludicrously immodest. Completely see-through and wickedly tight, it left nothing about her ripe tits to the imagination. If Eliza didn’t see her managing it, she would have sworn that walking with the tight, ass-hugging pencil skirt and shiny black heels would be impossible. Cosmetic glasses, dark pantyhose, and a messy updo completed the picture of slightly disheveled eroticism.

In contrast, Bitsy wore a slutty Japanese schoolgirl outfit. Another example of CoachS’s infuriating tendency to force Japanese fetish material on his young Asian Cumbunny that Bitsy had ranted about in their brief daily text chats (despite the fact, as Bitsy had so memorably put it, “I'm fucking Korean”). It has the typical blue collar, red bow, and pleated skirt, but they were all shrunk to ridiculous proportions that showed off her tight, lithe belly, her firm little tits, and her long, slender legs, encased in thigh-high white socks with stripes at the top.

This time, Gene didn’t look happy to see his online friend. But Hare looked almost cartoonishly eager. Eliza nearly dispaired that this was the fucking idiot they were going to have to assist in completing his poorly thought-out scheme.

CoachS either didn’t notice Gene’s discomfort or ignored it completely. The tubby older man squeezed in next to him on the couch.

“Good to see you, Coach,” said Hare with a sly grin. “And even better to see your bunnies. Hi, ladies. Love your outfits.”

Mitsy twirled with a giggle, her tits jiggling with the movement. “Oooh, thanks, sweetie,” she said with a wink. Her eyes gleamed as they took in the sight of the statuesque nude redhead standing with Kim. “Your bunny isn’t looking so bad herself.”

“Thank you, sir,” said Bitsy bashfully, looking down, biting her lip, and blushing through her mask. Eliza silently commended her on the performance. She thought the blushing pleasure was the perfect act to bring out Hare’s predatory instincts and make him want to pounce.

“Wow!” Said Hare, ignoring Mitsy altogether and leaning forward to leer at Bitsy, “I have to say I’m impressed at little Bitsy’s progress. It seemed like last time, you were… struggling to train her Coach.”

CoachS frowned at the backhanded compliment, his displeasure obvious even under his mask. “Thanks…” he said slowly, as if he were deciding whether or not to get angry. “She was a little firecracker at first, but at this point, she’s a sweet little kitten.”

Hare leaned forward to say something else, but Gene held up a hand to stop him, quickly saying, “Look, gentleman! Another stage show is starting. Let’s watch.”

Hare and CoachS glared at each other for a second, then turned to watch as an old man in a silk robe mounted the stage, pulling two leashed bunnies behind him. Both were wearing traditional bunny suits, and both had matching sleek black ponytails.

“Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the stage for a double-blowjob demonstration… Master Tom and his Cumbunnies, Lola and Lacey!” announced the MC.

The two bunnies immediately knelt and, with downcast eyes, parted their master’s robe, revealing an unimpressively small cock that seemed to be only at half-mast.

“Ha! Pathetic,” said Gene gleefully as the two bunnies began eagerly lapping at the disappointing cock.

CoachS chortled in agreement. “Yeah, I don’t know why the tiny-dicked guys think that stage shows are a good idea. Too many masters think they’re hot shit just cuz their bunnies worship them. Gives them an inflated level of self-esteem.”

“That sort of over-confidence is an epidemic,” said Hare with a sneering smile, looking right into CoachS’s eyes.

Good lord, the little shitstain really is an idiot, thought Eliza to herself, digging her nails into her palm. If he really wanted to steal Bitsy from CoachS, the smart way to do it was to be stealthy. But Hare was so mindlessly obsessed with being an alpha male that he was going to blow this for everyone.

Eliza was rarely thankful for anything Gene did, but she could have kissed him for once again rapidly changing the subject.

“That’s why I’m going to get up there later and show them what a real man can do,” said Gene boastfully, tugging at his crotch in a crude display. “And trust me, boys, it won’t be an embarrassing display like this.” He gestured toward the stage, where the old masked man was in a flop sweat, cursing at his two bunnies while they busily sucked. He seemed like he was getting even softer. Performance anxiety, no doubt.

“You’re a braver man than me,” said CoachS with a chuckle. “I think I might hit the panel in one of the side rooms about making a profit with your Cumbunny. Three mouths are a lot to feed on a teacher’s salary.”

Hare leaned forward with a sharp look in his eyes. “Nah, those panels are a waste of time. They give the most obvious possible advice. I’ll save you the trip: set up a Simpspace account for your Cumbunny or get her into porn. I have something a lot more interesting we could do.” His eyes flicked to Bitsy, and an eager grin spread across his face.

“Bunny swapping.”

Kim wasn’t able to hold back from rolling her eyes, and Eliza was forced to kick her ankle to get her to behave. But she shared Kim’s frustration. Hare’s lust and predatory intent were so obvious that even CoachS could read it instantly.

Gene instantly jumped in once again, playing peacemaker. “Ahhh, that does sound like fun, doesn’t it? But I’m having fun right just drinking right now. Maybe later.”

Eliza thought quickly as a sour, dissatisfied look crossed Hare’s face. She had no confidence the little weasel would be able to pull this off by himself, and as long as Gene was hanging around, he wouldn’t give Hare any opportunity to dose Bitsy.

But what if I could temporarily take Gene out of the picture? Eliza decided to seize the opportunity.

“But swapping does sound like fun, master,” said Eliza mildly, gently touching Gene’s shoulder while giving CoachS big, puppy dog eyes. “Maybe we could give it a shot?’

Gene looked up at her with narrowed eyes, then his face broke into a broad grin. “Ha! You’ll have to forgive Lizzie, boys,” he said in a cruel, mocking tone. “She’s in heat right now. I haven’t let her get off all week. She’s been a bad girl.”

CoachS stared at Eliza with a raised eyebrow, a bulge beginning to form in his khakis. “Is that so…?” He mused in a growling voice. ‘Well… a bunny in heat does seem like a terrible thing to waste. How would you feel about a quick little swap, buddy?”

Gene looked like he had been caught flatfooted. He looked back and forth between CoachS and Hare, indecisive.

Then, to Eliza's surprise, Bitsy spoke up. "Oh yes, Master," she gushed. "It sounds like a lot of fun? Can we do it? Please?"

Eliza glared at her silently, trying to communicate that she was messing this up. Her entire plan had been to draw Mitsy, Gene, and CoachS away so that Hare would have his chance to make his move. Bitsy pairing off with Gene was useless.

But she should have given Bitsy more credit. A second later, her game became apparent as Mitsy jumped in, a competitive gleam in her eyes. "Master, as the older and more experienced bunny, I should be the one to swap," she insisted, draping her arms around CaochS's neck and giving Gene a smoky come-hither gaze.

CoachS laughed and absent-mindedly reached up to grope his bunnie's hanging tits. "Well, you heard the lady. I guess our bunnies are horny for a little change of pace. What do you say? I've been training Mitsy in tit-jobs lately."

"I've been getting reeaaaly good," purred Mitsy, pressing her softly hanging tits together lasciviously.

Gene looked reluctant for a moment, but then Eliza saw the switch flip in his brain. Gene was a hedonistic asshole who always looked out for number one. Clearly, he had some sort of investment in preventing Hare from breaking whatever passed for a code of conduct between Cumbunny Masters, but it was asking too much of him to deny himself pleasure in order to sit and babysit Hare.

"Fuck it!" he said with an eager grin. "I came here to have fun, let's have some fucking fun. Let's go to one of the private rooms and do this."

As they got up from the couch, Gene gave one last conflicted look back to where Hare sat on the couch, with Bitsy, Kim, and Cumslut standing at attention nearby.

"Kimmy, entertain my friends while I'm gone," he said gruffly. Probably his attempt at distracting Hare enough to prevent his plan.

"Yeah," said CoachS, giving Hare a suspicious side-long glance. "Don't let anyone touch you until I get back, Bitsy."

Eliza felt a surge of triumph as they made their way through the crowd toward the rooms set aside for sex. Neither of the two men's flimsy tactics would be enough.

Kim was on her side, and Hare didn't need to touch Bitsy to do what he planned.

…

David was boiling with anxiety and frustration by the time he pulled back into the office.

He knew his plan to find Eliza on the side of the road by driving slowly back to the office was a long shot. But still, the fact that he sat here in the dark, empty parking lot meant that he was out of leads entirely.

He slumped down over the wheel of his car, feeling hollow and defeated. Maybe it was time to call the cops. Who knew? Maybe Eliza had been abducted or something.

But just as he reached for his phone, it buzzed and the screen lit up.

David scrambled to pick it up with a shock of adrenaline. Was Eliza finally texting him? But instead, he was met with a message from an unknown number that made him frown in confusion.

[Hey Buddy. I imagine this is a pretty frustrating night for you, huh?]

…

The last few days had been… confusing for Kim.

Mentally, she still knew that Gene was her enem. And she accepted that, even if Eliza's plans were vague and risky, she was probably on the right track with how she was choosing to resist Daddy.

No, not Daddy… Gene. Fuck! It was getting harder and harder to keep her thoughts straight.

Resistance must be a lot easier for Eliza. Eliza could go home to David and have some sort of mental break from Gene. She probably took that for granted… Kim didn't get any breaks. She was either at work, seeing, smelling, and handling cum all day, at home, restlessly imagining her Daddy's big thick cock, or over at Gene's place getting fucked senseless and filled with his addictive cum.

Her sexual encounters with Gene had accelerated too, ever since he had forbidden Eliza from orgasming. For the past few nights, Kim had spent all of her time between the end of her shift and when she went to bed attending to her Daddy's every sexual need.

Her Daddy had become the center of Kim's world in a way he just hadn't for Eliza, and it was becoming hard to resist him, especially now that she was his number one bunny. Being promoted to Eliza's superior was a powerful rush, and even though Kim recognized that it was a good idea to support her sister-in-law's efforts to escape, she couldn't resist exercising her intoxicating new power whenever she got the chance.

The whole situation was confusing. Hopefully, whatever scheme Eliza was working on would bear fruit soon and release Kim from this strange blend of torture and temptation.

Right now, she had been left alone with Bitsy, Hare, and his Cumbunny named Cumslut. Kim wasn't sure what to make of the serene but utterly degraded woman. She had at least ten years on Kim, but she didn't show any signs of rebellion or even embarrassment. She stood naked by her Master's side in a casual pose, as unconcerned as she would have been wearing an evening gown.

How can she just be… ok with it? She was a beautiful, mature woman enslaved to an awful little shit a decade her junior, but she seemed completely happy and unconcerned.

Cumslut caught her looking and smirked, giving her a sultry wink. Kim looked away with a blush. *Well, some people are just born sluts I suppose*, she thought dismissively.

"Left all alone without her Master!" said Hare, clicking his tongue and patting the seat beside him as he stared at Bitsy, completely ignoring the fact that Kim was in the same situation. "Come… sit with me. Have a drink while we wait for them to finish having fun."

Kim felt a sense of warm certainty. Now that Gene and CoachS were safely out of the way, even an idiot pipsqueak like this blonde kid couldn't screw things up, especially since Bitsy was willing to go along with it.

But before Bitsy could take her seat and accept the clumsily offered dose that Hare was sure to slip her, Cumslut plopped down into her master's lap. "Speaking of having fun, master," she purred, wriggling her soft, naked ass down into his lap as she nuzzled gently at the crook of his neck, "All of these gorgeous bunnies have your poor little Cumslut all hot and wet and horny. Maybe we can go somewhere private, too?"

No, you stupid little fuck! Tell her to fuck off and do what you came here to do! Kim seethed internally, willing Hare to focus on Bitsy. But it appeared that the young man was easily distracted by his Cumbunny's charms. With a crooked grin, he slid a hand down her soft belly, through the dense but short-cropped patch of pubic hair, and toward her blushing pussy. Cumslut wiggled and giggled in appreciation, spreading her legs for him, and Bitsy hovered, not sure if it would blow her cover to say something.

Kim steeled herself and took matters into her own hands. They had come too far to trip at the last hurdle. Lizzie had even decided to fuck that gross old fat dude for this… well, a different gross old fat dude than the one she usually fucked. Kim couldn't just let her sacrifice be in vain.

"Maybe I could keep your bunny company, sir," said Kim meekly, giving Hareofthedog her best flirty smile. "I'm a little hot and bothered myself, and my master always loves it when I get more practice with other girls."

Hare paused, looking annoyed for a moment that a Cumbunny had actually spoken up and interrupted what he was doing. Then his annoyance blossomed into sly pleasure as his dull little brain realized the opportunity that had apparently fallen into his lap.

“Yeah… yeah, that sounds great. Kimmy, right? You and Cumslut go get to know each other a little better,” he said with a condescending tone that set Kim’s teeth on edge. But his insulting attitude no longer mattered. He pushed his naked bunny off his lap with a shooing motion and beckoned Bitsy closer.

Bitsy didn’t acknowledge the assist at all, but Kim could read the tension in the slim young woman’s body. This was on now… Bitsy was about to get her second dose of Mjolkhare oil, and none of them had any idea what the effect would be.

Cumslut, however, had gone cold as ice, her regal eyes glinting behind her mask as she grabbed Kim by the wrist a little tighter than was probably necessary and led her away through the bustling, sweaty, half-naked crowd. “Come on, Kimmy,” she said in a voice of brittle politeness. “You wanted to fuck? Let’s fuck. And while we do, I think we should have a little chat.”

There were private rooms set aside for rendezvous away from prying eyes, but Cumslut didn’t bother with them. She found a shady alcove and shoved Kim against the wall, planting a hand next to her head and getting up in the shorter, curvier woman’s face. Kim let out a humiliating yelp of alarm at the sudden aggressive movement, her heart thumping hard in her chest at the intensity of Cumslut’s glare. Before, the woman had just given off a zoned-out Stepford Wives style tranquility, but now she stared into Kim’s soul with a blazing intensity that awakened strange anxiety and lust in Kim’s lower belly.

“What game are you and Lizzie playing?” asked Cumslut in a low, forceful voice.

“I…I have no idea what you mean,” said Kim defensively, feeling her pussy warming up between her thighs from the sudden intense proximity of the attractive naked redhead.

Cumslut snorted lightly, arching one perfect, scarlet eyebrow. “Oh really… You think I’m a mindless bimbo, don’t you? I know that my master is after little Bitsy. He’s been talking about it for months. The only question is… how do you two know that? I’m not one of those knuckledragging men who can be distracted by a giggle and an offer of pussy, *Kimmy.”* Her hand strayed down to lightly trace up Kim’s inner thigh as she chuckled, low and rich in the back of her throat. “Although… I’ll certainly take it when offered.”

Before Kim even had a chance to react, her fingers were tenderly probing upward, sliding between her lips and feeling the wet, pulsing heat between her thighs. Kim couldn’t help it: a little whimper escaped her throat from the sudden, intense sensation, her legs spreading instinctively to welcome Cumslut’s touch.

“Oh, sweetie,” said Cumslut in a condescending croon as her slim, feminine fingers probed deeper and her perfect body pressed up against Kim’s, soft and hot. “I thought you said you were a top bunny? All I see here is a submissive slut…” Her head dropped to the crook of Kim’s neck, her plump lips planting hot, wet kisses there, her tongue flicking out to trace ticklish trails on Kim’s tender skin.

“A-at least I haven’t given in completely,” said Kim, a trembling moan creeping into her voice. Cumsluts’s fingers were probing deep and hard now, drawing humiliatingly sloppy sounds from between her spread thighs. “Not like you!”

Cumslut laughed again, raising her head to give Kim a lingering kiss on the lips that she couldn’t help but return… Cumslut’s lips were so full and soft, and her tongue twisted and writhed hot and wet against Kim’s.

When she pulled away, her eyes were filled with smoky heat. “Given in? I guess that’s true, from a certain way of looking at things.” Her fingers withdrew slightly, but only to focus intensely on Kim‘s clit, circling it with her wicked finger, filling Kim’s belly with hot, crackling arousal. “But if you think that I simply succumed to brainwashing, then I’m afraid you’re mistaken. I just decided that the life of a Cumbunny wasn’t as awful as I initially thought, and decided to work with my fate rather than against it.”

Kim managed a shaky laugh, even as her body burned and throbbed with wild, uncontrolled lust. “Not so awful? You’re not exactly making your case about not being a cock-obsessed zombie. Who wants to be a useless fucking slut for a man like your master… or mine?”

Suddenly Cumslut’s soft lips were directly on Kim’s ear, her voice sweet and soft as her fingers swirled and rubbed relentlessly on Kim’s dripping pussy. “Kimmy… don’t tell me you haven’t felt it. The joy of submission. The powerful rush of pleasing your master. Be honest with me. Be honest with yourself. Did anything you ever experienced before the oil compare?”

Kim’s pussy clenched and fluttered, a fresh trail of slick, hot lubrication welling up beneath Cumslut’s rubbing fingers. Her thighs and her voice trembled as she protested, “No… I’m not like that. I’m my own f-fucking woman. With my own thoughts and desires.”

“And where have those independent thoughts ever got you?” asked Cumslut in her poisonous, honey-sweet voice. Her hot, wet tongue poked out to trace the delicate shell of Kim’s ear. Kim’s hair stood on end, the tremor that ran through her throbbing body blending with the powerful sensations radiating from between her thighs. “I used to feel the same way. But really think about it. If living under your master’s will is easier… and less stressful… and more satisfying… Then what are you really giving up by becoming his brainless little fuck toy? Sure, it’s humiliating, but I think we both know that a little humiliation can make things even sweeter…”

Kim shook her head, trying to deny Cumslut's twisted, arousing logic, but the only thing that came out of her mouth were low, whining moans. Her back arched and her hips thrust forward into Cumslut's rubbing fingers as a powerful orgasm ripped through her.

And, even though she had succeeded in getting Cumslut out of the way, Kim wasn't thinking about the mission at all in the moment where the powerful tide of sexual pleasure washed over her…

She was thinking about how good it might feel to surrender completely and let Gene be her Daddy forever.

…

CoachS wheezing and pumping away above her with his cock plunging into her mouth actually clarified some things for Eliza.

Sucking off the repulsive older man was hot in an abstract way. Being humiliated turned Eliza on now, and allowing the gross older man's thick, short penis between her lips was certainly embarrassing. Her body still crackled with sexual energy from her pent-up need for orgasm, which made CoachS's short, frantic thrusts at least somewhat erotic.

But there was something missing. With Gene, his repulsiveness made her heart beat faster, her body flushing with desire for his brutish, squat body. But CoachS's equally disgusting body was just that: disgusting. She would have greatly preferred a handsome man like her husband looming above her with his cock in her mouth, like she would be getting later tonight.

It was a relief in a sense. It confirmed that Eliza wasn't just some sort of fetishist who now preferred ugly old men. But on the other hand, it was disquieting. Gene really did have a supernatural hold on her. His body, his gloating eyes, his powerful, manly cock. It wasn't her husband that Eliza really longed for as she submitted to CoachS's sweaty rutting, it was her master.

After what seemed like an eternity, CoachS grunted, withdrawing his slick cock and pumping it rapidly in his hand, spilling ropes of thick, gluey semen onto Eliza's face. The semen did nothing for her, just like Carl, her boss's semen failed to impress when she had to give him one of his regular blow jobs. It was just mildly unpleasant hot slime splashing over her face, nothing like the powerful, enrapturing substance that her master gifted her during sex.

CoachS panted above her, and the hungry, horny desperation drained out of him, making him look hollow and a little lost. Eliza felt nothing but contempt for him, although she was careful to keep it off her face. Were these really the sort of men that deserved the massive power that had been granted to them? Not for the first time, she wondered about the identity of whoever the mysterious supplier of the oil was. Why did they hand out the oil exclusively to ugly, awful men like CoachS?

“Good job,” grunted CoachS halfheartedly, already tucking his cock back into his pants and turning toward the door of the room. Eliza plucked a wet wipe from a conveniently placed dispenser and cleaned the useless slime off her face. The brief sexual encounter with CoachS may have been enlightening, but it had only intensified her sexual frustration. Eliza’s body aches for true satisfaction, desperate for the orgasm it had been denied all week.

There was only one person who could give her that, and it wasn’t her husband, who was probably sitting at home frantic with worry. Only Gene could give her the release she craved with every fiber of her being. Eliza worried that, unless Gene let her cum before the end of the night, having sex with her husband would be even more frustrating than her humiliating blowjob with CoachS.

As she exited the private room into the bustling hallway, Eliza saw Gene leaving from another nearby door, tucking his shirt into his pants.

“How did it go?” he asked with a roguish grin, his gold tooth glinting in the dim light.

“Nothing compared to you, master,” said Eliza truthfully.

Gene barked a mean laugh. “Ha! You can say that again. I think I blew his little blonde bimbo’s mind without any oil necessary. He’s in there right now, ‘reclaiming’ her or some shit.” He pulled Eliza close to him, his eyes fierce and possessive. “I don’t need to do any fucking reclaiming with you, bunny. Because no man could ever take you from me, even for a second. Right?”

His tone was so intense and his eyes so filled with stark, fiery lust that Eliza felt an answering pulse of desire rise from deep inside her. She melted into her master's arms. “Of course, master. I'm all yours.” The words were sincere… straight from the growing Cumbunny inside her. She wanted nothing more in that moment than her master’s twisted ownership and the physical pleasure that went with it.

“I know you are,” said Gene with a nasty smile, gripping her butt tight to pull her forward and grind her bare pussy against his bulge. “And tonight I’m finally going to get that through your thick skull. Come on. Let’s get back to your sister.”

Gene took Eliza by the hand and began pushing his way through the pulsating crowd on the floor of the club. Eliza was jostled and touched on every side, sometimes by slimy-looking men in fox masks, sometimes by gorgeous women in bunny masks. The body heat and the quiet roar of the crowd, sometimes punctuated by sharp cries of pleasure, filled her senses and made her arousal writhe and swell inside her like a living thing. She needed to get fucked. She had grown accustomed to that raw, desperate hunger over the past few months, but it had never felt stronger than it did right now in this sweltering crowd.

She saw Bitsy and Hare sitting together on the leather couch. Hare was pushing a drink into Bitsy's hand. Everything was coming to a head. At their current pace, Gene might still be able to stop Bitsy from drinking. Eliza's arousal and desperation fused together into desperate action.

She pulled Gen back, whirling him around to face her and seizing both sides of his head to pull her into a kiss. His body was stiff with shock for a moment. In their twisted relationship, he was almost always the pursuer. It was unusual for her to force a kiss on him.

Eliza pulled away with a rough gasp. "I need you. I need your cock, master. Right fucking now." Her voice was rough and husky with lust, and there was no need for acting in this heated moment. She really did need him. Gene stared up at her in blank surprise for a moment. Then… strangely, he got out his phone and checked something that Eliza couldn't see. Her eyes flicked over her master's shoulder to see Bitsy throwing back the drink Hare had given her. Mission accomplished. Whatever else happened tonight didn't matter.

Gene slipped his phone back into his pocket with his usual smug grin. "You know what? You're right, Lizzie. It's time that I gave you what you deserve. I've been winding you up all week, and I'm going to give you the best fucking orgasm of your life." He turned to point at the spotlit stage at the center of the room. "But we're going to do it up there. I want everyone to see exactly who you are. My little submissive Cumbunny slut."

Eliza gulped, looking at the public stage in the middle of the crowd. It would be by far the most humiliatingly public display of submission that Gene had ever put her through… and the thought made her drooling pussy throb with desire.

"We're also going to need Kimmy," said Gene with a frown. "Where did that silly bitch get off to?"

…

David sat in the parking lot of the strange, dirty building in a bad part of town, chewing his lip, his mind racing.

Something was wrong. Very, very wrong. Every instinct inside him screamed that he should just throw his car into reverse and head home.

But how could he do that when Eliza might be in trouble? He stared down at the text conversation on his phone again, searching it for clues for what felt like the thousandth time.

[Hey Buddy. I imagine this is a pretty frustrating night for you, huh?]

[Who is this?]

[Someone who wants to help. Look, your wife told me to lure you in with some bullshit excuse, but I figure you are probably stressed enough. She's throwing a surprise anniversary party for you. That's why you haven't seen her all afternoon.]

[Why should I believe some random number? Eliza wouldn't do that to me. And who the fuck throws a surprise anniversary party?]

[Shit, I don't know, man. It was your wife's idea, not mine. Believe me or don't, but this is where your wife is…]

The number had sent the address of this building and then refused to respond to any further texts.

It didn't make any fucking sense. They had already planned to go out for dinner, so why would Eliza plan a surprise party for him? Like he had said, no one had fucking surprise anniversary parties anyway. And if they did, they didn't depend on strange anonymous texts to lure in their husband.

But was it really a more far-fetched explanation than his loving wife voluntarily disappearing on him? This was the only lead he had. What did he have to lose?

He turned the car off, stepped out, and approached the door of the strange, nondescript building.

…

Eliza could barely register the sound as the MC announced them. It was all just one big, incomprehensible noise competing with the blood pounding in her ears.

But the crowd heard. They turned their attention to the stage in unison, ugly men and beautiful bunnies, faces shadowy and indistinct in the glare of the spotlight shining down on Eliza.

Eliza could feel their eyes on her breasts. Her hips, the hint of her bare pussy peeking out from between her closed thighs. The air seemed thick and hot with the collective disrespectful lust of the crowd. Murmurs of interest and laughter seemed to ripple across the room as the hungry eyes bored into her, brimming with interest for the sexual degradation they were about to see.

Eliza felt swollen with overwhelming, humiliated arousal. Filthy heat swirled through her, molten and corrosive, making her nipples ache with painful stiffness in the heat of the spotlight. Her pussy dripped with reluctant desire, giving her inner thighs a tell-tale shine. Exhibitionism was just one of the embarrassing new fetishes Gene had introduced her to, but it had never taken an extreme form like this. Gene had forced her to dress slutty in front of the office, sneak through his apartment building practically naked, and even teased her with the possibility of being caught having sex at work. But this was a whole new level of humiliation. He was going to fuck

her in front of all these people. Brutally stake his claim on her body for the amusement of the horny crowd of deviants and Cumbunnies.

Eliza had to bite her lip not to moan at the sheer perversity of it all.

A chair had been set up in the center of the stage, straight-backed and leather-padded. Gene stepped forward, waving happily at the crowd with a big, shark-like grin on his face. He had none of the stage fright of the man who had given the demonstration earlier. A thick bulge was already clearly visible pressing hard against his dress pants, despite ejaculating just minutes ago. Just another example of her master's frightening sexual stamina.

Gene sat back on the chair, lounging like it was a throne, and reached down with a smug look to undo his pants, releasing his cock to spring free, hard and red and pulsing in the bright lights of the stage. A murmur of interest and envy rushed through the crowd. It seemed like you had to be old or ugly or creepy to get a sample of the oil, but a big cock wasn't a requirement. Even in this room of sexual dominators, Gene's long, powerful cock put him above the rest.

Gene turned to Eliza, his eyes flashing with savage joy, and patted his lap, his cock wobbling obscenely with the motion.

From the beginning of Gene's cruel control, Eliza had always considered him her enemy. She had resisted however she could behind the scenes. She might pretend to be enthusiastic about her master's sexual dominance, but a secret part of herself hated it.

But when Eliza stepped toward her master tonight, her belly twisting with powerful, humiliating lust, she was forced to recognize a hard truth. She wanted this. She was willingly submitting to the public degradation her master promised. There was nothing stopping her from turning and running right now. Sure, she could lie to herself and say that she was doing it so Gene would keep his promise to let her fuck David. Or she could say she didn't have a choice and she needed to appease the man who controlled her access to addictive cum.

But she could feel the shameful truth in her heart as her tall heels clicked across the stage, eyes locked on her master's cock: She wanted this. She wanted her master to claim her in front of everyone. She wanted to cum on his powerful cock and show the whole room who she belonged to.

Everything else was unimportant.

Despite her consuming desire, Eliza trembled like a leaf as she approached her master. Before she had become involved with Gene, she had been very traditional about sex. She had thought was a pure, loving thing between husband and wife, done in the secrecy of the bedroom. But now she was going to put on a filthy show for this horny, mocking crowd. Her body, her moans, her utter submission.

When Eliza came within reach, Gene grabbed her, not hard enough to hurt, but firmly enough to make it clear that he was in charge. He spun her around to face the eagerly watching crowd, then gripped her waist, hoisting her up to sit in his lap.

The hot, hard length of Gene's cock pressed up against the bare skin of Eliza's ass, sending tingling bolts of erotic sensation radiating through her body. Eliza's deep, gasping breaths heaved her chest, making her naked tits bounce lightly with every hot, heavy exhale. She could feel the slimy gazes of the men in the crowd on her tits, and it made her nipples crinkle and stiffen more than she thought was possible, turned on by their humiliating display.

But Gene wasn't finished showing her off yet. His rough hands slipped down between her thighs. Eliza had known this was coming, but she still whimpered and blushed in embarrassment, turning her head and squeezing her eyes shut as Gene slowly parted her slim, creamy thighs, exposing her pussy to the crowd.

It was a thing of beauty, even after months of heavy use by her Master's powerful cock. Delicate blushing lips parted lightly with her arousal, displaying her inner pinkness. It glistened all over with slick, hot lubrication, prepared for her Master's cock by a week of denial and an evening of teasing.

Gene relished the oohs and ahhs of appreciation from the crowd for a moment, proudly displaying the pussy he had won by right of conquest. He reached down and touched her performatively, spreading her lips for the crowd, thrusting two fingers inside to show how eagerly her pink lips clung to her master's intrusion, eager for his touch. When he grew bored with finger her, Gene lifted Eliza slightly, making her rear up on trembling thighs as he stroked his thick shaft with a few quick pumps, lubing himself with the juices of her arousal.

Finally, he gripped his cock and positioned himself to enter his Cumbunny. But not where Eliza expected.

Instead of nuzzling his bulbous cock head between her glistening lower lips, Eliza felt Gene slip it between her ass cheeks. She sucked in a surprised gasp as its hot skin pressed firmly against her tight, puckered hole, preparing to slide inside.

"M-master, wait," she gasped. But Gene was already easing her downward, his hands on her hips. The hot cock head pressed against her. Tighter. Tighter. Until her tight entrance gave way. The throbbing length of his shaft slid inside her, impaling her with his hot, powerful thickness.

Eliza let out a shuddering moan as Gene filled her completely, pressing his fat balls against her cheeks as his full length stretched her open, claiming the place where her husband had never been allowed to go, this time publicly.

Eliza could hear the crowd murmur in approval. The lights were too bright for her to see details, but she could see shapes writhing together in the darkness, lust between Cumbunnies and their

masters inspired by her slutty display. Her whole body pulsed with obscene heat, her heart beating in time with her master's. Gene's cock throbbed deep inside her ass. Her pussy dripped enthusiastic juices as her thighs remained spread wide, gleaming brightly in the hot spotlight.

"Hop for me, Bunny," hissed Gene in her ear, his rough hands holding her tight around the waist. "Show everyone who you belong to."

With an eagerness that frightened her, Eliza obeyed, lifting her hips up and then pressing her thick ass cheeks down into Gene's lap, relishing the feeling as his cock satisfyingly stretched her tender asshole. Again, she lifted and dropped, whimpering lightly at the intensity of the sensation. She could feel the crowd's intense interest as she picked up speed, fucking herself on Gene's thick, throbbing pole with slutty eagerness, her displayed pussy leaking from her pathetic, submissive arousal. Her desperate bouncing on her master's cock grew faster and faster. The moans from her throat grew sluttier and louder.

The crowd was cheering now. Laughing. But the audience to Eliza's degradation no longer held her back. Her humiliation only turned her on, spurring her to go faster. Her ass slapped down loudly on Gene's lap, blending with her moans of anal pleasure into a symphony of slutty delight.

"Please," whimpered Eliza to her master, "Please let me cum!" She had done everything he asked. She was fucking herself on his cock in front of a crowded club, publicly worshipping his superiority for all to see. Surely she deserved her release now.

"Not yet," said Gene in a gloating voice, close and hot in her ear. "We haven't even gotten to the best part!"

This time, Eliza did hear the announcement the MC made.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome to the stage… Kimmy!"

Eliza's eyes widened as she saw her sister-in-law mount the stage steps. Something immediately felt off about her. The usual fierce gleam in Kim's eyes had been replaced by dull, fiery lust. Eliza recognized the hunger for power and domination that she had seen in Kim ever since Gene had promoted her to top bunny, but now it seemed to radiate out from her, the flame of dominant desire had flared into a powerful inferno.

And the impression was only increased by what the petite blonde was wearing. A buckled leather harness strapped to Kim's waist held a thick black dildo, waggling proudly as she strode across the stage. Her eyes fixed on Eliza's juicy, exposed pussy with hungry intensity.

"Ohhhhh, Oh nooo," moaned Eliza, unable to stop bouncing on her master's cock as she saw her newest humiliation approaching.

“Oh yes,” chuckled Gene in her ear. “Kim’s been doing such a good job as top bunny, I thought it was time to promote her permanently. We’re going to honor the occasion by having our new bottom bitch submit to us both on stage.”

Kim now loomed above Eliza, who sat panting on Gene’s lap, his thick cock buried to the hilt in her tight asshole. A superior smirk that was eerily similar to Gene’s crossed the cute blonde’s face. “Sorry, *Sis,”* she murmured, dragging the rubber cock up and down Eliza’s juicy slit, making her whimper from the teasing contact with her clit, “But I think we both know that I’m the one who belongs at Daddy’s side. I’m the dominant one between us after all. So just lie back and enjoy it as we show everyone how submissive you really are.”

The dildo slipped downward, pressed against Eliza’s wet, quivering hole, and slipped inside.

As Kim thrust her wide hips forward, sheathing the strap-on to the hilt, the sensation of fullness was overwhelming. Eliza’s ass was stuffed full of her master’s powerful cock and her pussy was now stretched wide by her sister-in-law’s strapon. She was being double penetrated. Both of her holes packed full. Used like a dirty slut in front of a cheering, enthusiastic crowd. She writhed and whimpered with the exquisite agony of overwhelming arousal, her thighs shaking and her toes curling as she looped her arms over Kim’s shoulders for balance. She was certain that if Gene hadn’t forbidden it, she would have cum from Kim inserting the dildo. Instead, she rode on the fiery edge, her body coursing with erotic sensation, but unable to find release.

The three breathed beneath the spotlight for a moment. Eliza humiliated and blissfully full from both ends. Kim triumphant, relishing the scraps of dominance her Daddy had allowed her. Gene demonstrating his complete success in training his two sexy Cumbunnies.

Without warning, Gene reached up and snatched Eliza’s mask off, revealing her face to the crowd, drawing a roar of approval. Eliza blushed… but it was like Kim had said earlier. The masks were flimsy in the first place, and no one here knew her anyway.

Kim began moving, pumping in and out of Eliza’s tight pussy with powerful thrusts of her hips. A moment later, Gene caught the rhythm, pulsing upward into Eliza in alternating thrusts. Just when Kim’s thick rubber cock withdrew, Gene’s hot flesh and blood dick would slam upwards into her ass. Eliza felt utterly helpless and dominated. Before, when it was just her and Gene, she was at least somewhat in control, impaling her ass on his dick, but now that she was being taken from both ends, she couldn’t even move.

She was being used as a sex toy. And she was loving every second of it.

All of Eliza’s senses blended together. The slap of flesh, the creak of leather, the wet sounds of her horny pussy as Kim’s dildo hammered into it, and the dull roar of the crowd. The bright lights, the dark shapes moving in the audience, Kim’s lovely face staring down into her eyes with an expression of smug superiority. The smell of sweat and arousal.

And the feelings. Kim's thick rubber cock plowing into her. Gene's broad hairy bulk beneath her, his bristly lips sucking and kissing at her neck. And, better than anything else, her master's throbbing dick lodged deep in her asshole. The sensation of being dominated in both holes made the fires of Eliza's arousal burn white-hot, threatening to consume her and burn her to ash. "Please! Please let me cum, master!" she begged in a trembling whisper as Kim grunted above her, rolling her hips forward to fill her pussy again and again.

"Didn't I tell you?" said Gene in her ear, his voice rough from the exertion of the fucking. "You aren't allowed to cum until we get to the best part."

He raised his voice suddenly, speaking to Kim. "Back up, Kimmy. Your part is over. Time for the grand finale."

Eliza was reeling. She had no idea what the fuck Gene was talking about. Kim obeyed without question, pulling her thick strapon out of Eliza and leaving her pussy drooling with arousal and lightly gaping.

Eliza panted, her pussy once again exposed to the crowd, confused and right on the ragged edge of orgasm.

What the fuck is going on?

Suddenly, the spotlight on Eliza dimmed slightly, giving her a clearer view of the crowd. Another spotlight clicked on, searching through the crowd until it focused on a figure near the door. A man who wasn't wearing a mask, much more good-looking and younger than the Cumbunny masters.

Eliza's arousal-addled brain couldn't put the pieces together for a second. It wouldn't allow her to think about that man and her current situation in the same thought. Her legs were spread wide to present her throbbing, dripping cunt to the crowd, her ass was stuffed full of her master's cock, and the handsome man standing there with a pale, shocked expression didn't fit.

The crowd was utterly silent, looking back and forth between the obscene couple on the stage and the new arrival with cruel anticipation. Their silence was what allowed Eliza to hear her husband say loud and clear, in a heartbroken voice…

"Eliza?"

That broke the spell. A paralyzing wave of shock and shame and devastation crashed over her. She instinctively tried to snap her thighs shut, futilely attempting to lessen the damage of her obvious public betrayal, but Gene wouldn't allow it, his firm hands forcing her thighs to remain open and reveal her shame.

Gen began moving again, his cock sliding in and out of her asshole as David watched, dumbstruck across the room. Eliza hissed, “Fuck! What the fuck do you think that you’re…?” Her voice cut off in a strangled moan as Gene’s cock thrust harder and his hand slipped down to rub her sensitive pussy. Eliza tried to fight down the powerful wave of arousal, but after a week of no orgasms, the dominant feeling of her master's hand and cock was able to override her panic and shame with pleasure.

“What’s the matter, Lizzie?” asked Gene in her ear, his voice low and savage. “I told you that I would let you fuck your hubby tonight… It’ll be a chance for you to make a real side-by-side comparison before you finally ditch him for a real man.”

He spread her pussy open with his fingers, revealing her glistening inner walls to David’s shocked, horrified eyes. “Come on up here, buddy!” He yelled to David in the crowd. “My anniversary gift to you! One final chance to fuck your cheating whore of a wife… as long as you don’t mind doing it while I’m balls deep in her ass!”

Obviously, Gene's twisted offer was only a cruel taunt. A loophole he had used to engineer this final, humiliating victory over the couple he hated. Eliza saw her husband’s face twist in anger and disgust. His hands balled into fists, and he took a step toward the stage… only for a bouncer to push him roughly back, making him fall to the ground. The crowd roared with laughter at the sight.

“Look at how fucking weak he is,” growled Gene in her ear, his cock pistoning upward into her ass with greater and greater speed, making molten pleasure flood her veins. ‘I’m fucking his wife’s ass in front of everyone, and he can’t do shit. He always was a weak fucking cuck on the inside, Lizzie. You were always destined to be stolen by a stronger man like me.”

Eliza shook her head, trying to deny it. But the truth was… David did look weak right now. He was stuck in the crowd, watching, while his well-hung enemy fucked his wife. The seeds that Gene had planted in her mind bore twisted fruit. Her weak, pathetic beta of a husband being so publicly defeated was only driving her closer to orgasm. Her hips began moving on their own, grinding downward against her master’s cock, her butthole clenching greedily around him as moans built up once again in the back of her throat.

David, his face etched with impotent fury and despair, turned to leave. But the crowd was an impenetrable wall to him now. They didn’t want him to leave yet. Not before he saw the climax of the twisted show.

And that climax was coming. Eliza couldn’t hold herself back. She bounced wildly on her master’s cock. Faster and faster, her naked tits bouncing and her bare pussy thrusting up and out every time her master’s cock pushed upward into her.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. He's here. He knows. My life is fucking ruined. Goddddd I'm getting fucked right in front of him. Master is claiming me from my husband. Making me his. Stealing me with his powerful cock…

Eliza's sorrow and anger, and shame were slipping away, unable to stand up against the orgasm rushing toward her with the force of an unstoppable tsunami. In the face of that obliterating pleasure, nothing mattered.

Not even David.

"Cum for me, Lizzie," Gene hissed in her ear, and that permission was all it took to set her off. Eliza's back arched as she let out a powerful moan. Her pussy clenched hard around nothing, dripping thick lubrication onto the stage floor. Her whole body flushed and throbbed with satisfying pleasure.

And then Gene came, spurting a thick, hot load of semen upward into his Cumbunny's asshole, taking her rapturous pleasure to fresh heights. Eliza whimpered and whined, grinding her ass down into Gene's lap, milking every last drop of semen from his incredible cock. Eliza made eye contact with her husband then. She read the devastated look of betrayal and hurt in her weak cuckold husband's eyes.

And, as much as she wished she could claim otherwise, it set off a fresh wave of orgasms, rolling her eyes into the back of her head and making her thighs shake as she rode her master's cock harder, smearing his glorious semen all over the inside of her ass.

…

By the time Eliza had gotten a hold of herself again, David was gone. The crowd had apparently allowed him to escape after his final humiliation was complete. Eliza climbed off her master's lap, his thick semen leaving burning trails of pleasure down the backs of her thighs. Now that she had been satisfied by an orgasm and her master's cum, reality began to hit Eliza.

David had seen her with his worst enemy. Saw her getting publicly assfucked in a slutty bunny costume by the man who had made his life a living hell for the past few months. That wasn't something she could explain away. And no matter what Gene claimed, her husband just wasn't the kind of man who could get turned on by that kind of thing, or even forgive it.

She had to face the fact that her relationship with her husband was dead. Unless… was there some way she could convince him of the truth? It might be the only way to get him to forgive her.

She had no more time to pursue that unlikely thought. Gene rose from the chair to explosive cheering and applause from the crowd, tucking his dripping cock back into his pants as he took

a little bow. He reached out and pulled Eliza close, and for the first time in a long time, all that she felt for the horrible little man was pure, unalloyed hatred.

“I’ll give you the weekend to pack your stuff,” he said in a low, almost pleasant voice as the crowd continued to cheer around them. “But it’s time to end your little charade. You’re my full-time Cumbunny now, and you’re moving in with me.”

Part 13

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Everything was as it should be.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

…

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

He didn't even fucking call me!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

How Nice.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You heard from Davey lately?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Who's better… me or your worthless cuck husband?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

…

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

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

Unless Lizzie was somehow out of the picture.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"It's Kim."

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Come in!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"So what can we do?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

…

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"On your knees, slut."

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

"What a fucking slut."

"God, look at her fucking tits."

"Poor little Davey, Ha!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

…

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

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

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

“Well, no, but…”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

God, he looks like a wreck.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

…

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

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

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

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

Inside her, Eliza woke up and sobbed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“It’s real,” said Kim starkly, staring back at him with blazing green eyes.

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

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

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

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

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

“Because I was dosed with the same oil, David. I’m also addicted to Gene’s cum.”

David stared at her, his confused expression slowly morphing into horror. “No. No… Kim. You can’t be saying…”

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

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

“David, what if…” began Kim.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Right,” said Eliza miserably.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

His words were harsh. Conflicted. Tenuous.

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