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And thank you for reading! I hope you enjoy.

...

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 a 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 an 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.

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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.

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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 about 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 its bulging length. Hunger seemed to radiate outward through her body, its 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, goeey 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.