

“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.

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“...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 hesitation 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...

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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-leased 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.

“Hiiiiii!” 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.”

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“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? Pleeeeeease? 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 wagging 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 goeey treat to her favorite student. The kiss deepened and lengthened as they played together, their hands claspng, 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 creampieed 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 hesitation 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!"