

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

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

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

It had been two weeks since their trip to the sex club, and Eliza had started to worry that Gene's new strategy to break her was going to be remarkably effective.

With a cruel grin plastered on his round, stubbled face, Gene shuffled forward, bringing his oozing cock right up to Eliza's mouth. She had to bite her lip to stop herself from eagerly sucking it into her drooling mouth. She could smell his sperm, practically taste it... With a slow, torturous motion, Gene wiped himself across her cheek, leaving a wet smear of his filthy semen. So close that Eliza could have stuck out her tongue and licked it up.

The cum might as well have been a million miles away.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Eliza... are you alright?” asked David quizzically, staring at her with furrowed eyebrows.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Like the limp-dicked little beta he was.*

The intrusive thought burst fully-formed into Eliza's mind, almost like it belonged to someone else. It was scary how resonant the venomous, uncharitable idea felt. Eliza knew that, no matter how frustrating his complaints and impotence were, David wasn't a “beta”, whatever that meant. His problems in the bedroom were one hundred percent Gene's fault. Who wouldn't have difficulty performing in bed when they were as burned out and stressed as Gene had made David? But still, the word “beta” was what had leapt immediately to Eliza's mind. Gene's way of thinking seemed to be seeping into her subconscious.

And if Eliza was starting to think more and more like Gene, that was a major issue... because Gene saw her as a vapid bimbo slut good for nothing but taking cock.

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

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

Gene had described smugly how he was deliberately giving David difficult, time-consuming assignments with vague, contradictory instructions. Over time, David would be painted as more and more incompetent in front of his coworkers and boss. Eliza wasn't sure exactly what the end game was meant to be... to humiliate her husband utterly, painting him as an incompetent loser in front of the co-workers who had once respected him? To get him fired? Both options were horrible... but also darkly intriguing.

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

"Oh... Oh yeah, baby?" asked Eliza, trying her best to sound sad instead of aroused. "I'm s-sure that it's not as serious as it seems. Why do you think you're losing to him so often lately?"

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

Oh God, he really did sound like a beta... Eliza's hand crept stealthily between her thighs, touching lightly at the sweet center of her twisted arousal.

"I just... after he somehow turned things around on me during the investigation, it feels like he is just allowed to do whatever he wants. It's like he has so much influence now that no one can stop him from bullying me. Everyone else in the office is just happy to point and laugh."

"That's sooo terrible, honey," moaned Eliza, her fingers beginning to press and circle slowly on the crotch of her pajama shorts. "It's I-like he's made you his bitch..."

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

After almost twenty minutes of apologies and a stubborn claim that her comment was a poorly thought-out joke, David finally relaxed. But Eliza could tell that he was still hurt by the demeaning comment she had made in the depths of her sexual desperation.

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

She heard her phone buzz loudly, rattling against the wood of her night stand. She closed her eyes and felt her body throb and pulse with lust. It was him. She knew it. No one else texted her this late. A good wife... a loyal wife, would ignore the text, block the number. But that ship had sailed. The only reason she didn't leap on the phone immediately was to make sure that the sound of the text hadn't woken her husband up. She lay with her eyes wide open, listening carefully to David's breathing. It remained slow and even. The coast was clear.

Eliza picked up the phone and opened the messaging app. She deleted her messages exchanged with Gene after every conversation, but it probably wasn't necessary: David's trust for the woman he married was deep and rock solid. If only he knew how much Gene had molded and shaped her at this point...

Gene had sent two things. A short message and a picture. Eliza's pulse thumped and her hand slid down beneath her pajama shorts as she eagerly drank in the communications from her master.

[Thinking about how to reward my Cumbunny when she finally starts making an effort...] read the message...

The photo below it was, objectively speaking, disgusting. It was a photo from above of Gene's hairy, protruding gut, covered in globs and ropes of thick white cum. His cock drooled below, still hard after his obvious masturbation session. Any woman in her right mind would see this obscene photo of an unattractive man who had just jerked off and cum on his own belly and be furious and disgusted it had turned up in her inbox.

But Eliza was no longer in her right mind. She whimpered gently as her probing fingers slid between her hot, needy folds, rubbing her clit in soft, swirling circles. God, all that she wanted in the world was to go to Gene... kneel at his feet and clean every inch his troll-like body with her married tongue. Her mind filled with images of the nasty, humiliating things Gene had forced her to do... Rimming his asshole... eating his cum out of another Cumbunny's pussy... sucking his cock while her husband was in the room... Her finger began to work harder, faster, plunging into her pussy while her another hand slipped beneath her shirt to tease her aching nipples. Her eyes stayed locked on the disgusting photo, her breaths harsh and hot in her throat. She thought of how powerful Gene was, how in control. How he humiliated David publicly every day,

while splattering his wife's tits with his cum in private. How Gene'd already had far more experience with her mouth than David ever had. Of how much of an alpha her master was, lording over the pathetic beta that was her husband.

Eliza came hard, her body arching, every muscle straining and seizing desperately, chasing and failing to reach the euphoria of her master's seed. Then she collapsed back to the bed, panting. She quickly deleted the chat and listened carefully for any sign David was awake. Just slow, steady breathing. Her husband must be tired. Her lucky streak continued.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sadly, it wouldn't be possible if she couldn't stock up a supply of cum. The cum stockpile would give her a crucial buffer that would allow her to escape Gene and give whatever scientists she found time to cure her. Without it, she would be a drooling, submissive, slutty bunny crawling back to her master for forgiveness within a week. As dangerous as it was, for now she had to play Gene's game.

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

He had made post after smug post about transforming Martha Flynn, a beloved young English teacher at the school he worked at, into Mitsy, a vapid, cock-hungry Cumbunny. The updates had been incredibly popular, with fire emojis clustering thickly beneath them.

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

[God, you guys, you have no idea how fucking fun this is. Perfect little Ms. Flynn has been a pain in my fucking ass since she started working here. Always with her nose in the air. So proud of her big fucking brain. So I decided that's the direction I'm going with this. I won't stop until she's a happy little bunny with nothing but fluffy pink cotton candy and thoughts about cock between her ears. You should have seen her face when I ordered her to insert the word "like" in every other sentence and misspell at least one word every time she writes on the board. It's a modest start, but mark my words, by the end this bunny is going to fetishize being dumb.]

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

[I decided that since she loved teaching so much, I would let Mitsy do one last group activity with her senior boys. She was a strict test giver before she became my Cumbunny. God how she used to chew out students who scored badly. So, just to see how far she's cum, I had the

senior boys give Mitsy one of the tests she used to give freshmen. For every question she got wrong, she had to remove one article of clothing. And after she was naked? Well, I told the boys they should get creative over what penalties she would have to pay at that point. By the time the principal made it to the classroom, she looked like a glazed fucking donut, and... well... let's just say that Mitsy has retired from teaching and taken a position as my full-time live-in slut.]

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

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

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

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

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

No way. She would never... never...

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You look great babe," said David in a defeated tone, taking another sip of his coffee, "like always."

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

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

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

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

Eliza felt submissive lust coiling like an overwound spring inside her. She grew hornier and more anxious as the time for her regular "meeting" with Gene grew closer and closer. She hadn't just given in to his desires this time. She had been proactive, doing outside research and thinking deeply about how to improve at being a Cumbunny. Would it be enough to please him? Would she finally be allowed to taste his cum again?

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

When she entered the office, Gene grinned at her with even more smug amusement than usual. Eliza felt a fresh wave of shame wash over her as she read the triumph in his eyes: here she was, the defiant woman who had said she would fight back against him no matter what, now just a slutty little tarted up Cumbunny desperate for his approval. He wordlessly beckoned her forward and pointed downward, signaling Eliza to kneel in front of him as usual.

Eliza's eyes darted over her master's face, desperately searching for any signs of mercy. She always felt so weak... so submissive when she was forced to kneel beneath the masculine bulk of her master like this. The sensation made her hunger flare to greater heights inside her. Her mouth began to water as Gene pulled out his cock, slowly stroking it to full thickness, his eyes glinting with possessive pleasure as he stared down at the pathetic cum-hungry slut at his feet.

Finally, Eliza couldn't take the tension any longer. "D-do you like my outfit today?" she asked coyly, biting her lip as she stared at Gene's cock, her eyes soft and hazy with submissive lust.

Gene chuckled. "It's... cute. A lot better than your normal frumpy rags. But you look better naked. Speaking of which... shirt off, Bunny."

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

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

Gene laughed and shook his head. "You're so cute, Lizzie!" he said condescendingly, reaching down to twist one pale pink nipple between a thick thumb and forefinger. "So bashful even after sucking the cum from my balls dozens of times already. But no, honey, I'm afraid not. I can tell you're starting to make an effort, but I think we both know there's a long way to go before you're a real Cumbunny."

Eliza hissed at the overwhelming feeling of her master's fingers on her sensitive nipple. She tensed, unconsciously arching her back to grant Gene even greater access as the shock of pleasure crackled through her body. "You want me to be... more like Mitsy," she whimpered, her mind filled with the disgusting, fascinating things CoachS had posted about on Kaos.

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

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

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

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

"Now take it on your face like a good girl!" His voice was a low animalistic grunt now, his fist a squelching blur on his thick cock. "Maybe when you're the office bimbo I'll finally pump it down your slutty throat again."

Gene orgasmed, splattering a thick load of hot, gooey cum all over Eliza's upturned face and humbly-offered tits. She whimpered, closing her eyes and tried not to focus on her gnawing hunger. The thick white goo dripped and splattered all over her soft skin, defiling her yet again, sending euphoric tingles through her that still didn't satisfy her cravings.

This time, oddly, Gene knelt down in front of her. Eliza gasped at his sudden intimate proximity, his eyes intent and for once serious as he peered intently at his Cumbunny's beautiful sperm-splattered face. Then, with an almost tender gesture, he reached down with one finger, scooping up a small droplet of cum from her left breast.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

For the past week, she had been slowly increasing the sluttiness of her wardrobe. She had tried taller heels, worn progressively shorter skirts, and even unbuttoned enough buttons on her blouses to show a peek of her bra. None of it had satisfied Gene. Day after day all she had

received was a teasing fingertip's worth of cum and mocking words encouraging her to "try a little harder".

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

forces he was up against, but he could at least read the situation and try to fucking do something.

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

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

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

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The receptionist was the first to notice Eliza. The blonde’s mouth fell open and her voice trailed off, the phone dangling from her hand as the brand new office bimbo jiggled in. Eliza felt the receptionist’s disgusted gaze travel slowly up and down her body, taking in her tiny shirt, her bared belly, her clinging stockings. The close examination was humiliating. Not just for her, but for David as well. Eliza could sense that her husband was nearly dying with shame as they made their way past the receptionist’s desk. His face was bright red, and he placed his hand on the small of her back, trying to hurry her past the receptionist’s judgemental stare.

But it was only out of the frying pan and into the fire. Because the receptionist was far from the only coworker who had an interest in Eliza’s slutty new Cumbunny uniform.

As their coworkers saw Eliza’s scandalous outfit, conversations and work died and eyes locked onto Eliza’s body. Whispers and soft laughter followed Eliza and David as they crossed the floor of the office. The men in particular stopped what they were doing and followed Eliza’s swaying progress with amused, but hungry eyes.

Eliza had never felt so exposed and vulnerable in her life. She was giving all the men and women of the office a close look at her body, barely hidden by her pornographic choice of clothing. The office seemed a lot colder now that she had so much exposed skin, but it was offset by the hot, pulsing flush of blood that pumped through her whole body. She couldn’t help it. Eliza had never had an exhibitionist kink before, but the smirking eyes of her coworkers were definitely turning her on. This was what her master wanted... for her to look like a dumb slut in front of people who had once respected her. And she was powerless to stop it.

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

She licked her lips unconsciously.

“Just... stay at your desk as much as you can,” pleaded David. He looked worn out. “We need to talk about this more when we get home. It’s good for you to love your body, but this... it’s too much, babe!”

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

Eliza had to fight hard not to moan into her husband’s mouth at the thought of Gene’s cock, hard and ready to spurt hot cum down her throat.

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

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

But today, crouching down was likely to give the group of guys around the water cooler ten feet away more of an eyeful than she was comfortable with, even with her newfound exhibitionist kink. Gene was with the group around the water cooler, murmuring to them in a low voice as all of their eyes unsubtly roamed her displayed body. She thought she could guess the topic of Gene’s low, gravelly monologue. He was talking about what a slut she was... and the other men were soaking in his degrading commentary, their eyes focused on her body...

Eliza’s arousal made it difficult to think. Small knots of leering spectators had been forming all day to whisper amongst themselves as they watched her work and unabashedly checked her out. Worse, she had been getting hornier and hornier for the attention. The men of the office were becoming intimately familiar with the curves of her body, and she was powerless to stop them... the scenario pushed all of her submissive and exhibitionist buttons at once.

What could she do? She needed to get the copier working, but she couldn’t manage it without sacrificing even more of her dignity. Maybe it would be best to go find David and ask him for help...

“Can I help you with something, sweetheart?” asked a deep voice suddenly, a hand touching her elbow at the same time, making her jump a little. Eliza turned to see Max, one of David’s work friends at her side, staring at her with a surly grin. He had apparently broken away from the knot

of other men at the water cooler to give her a hand. Max was a tall, balding man with a square jaw and a sense of humor that had gotten him in trouble with HR a few times for borderline sexism.

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

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

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

Shit.

This was yet another test, wasn't it? She wouldn't be surprised if Gene had sent Max over for this exact purpose. Being a Cumbunny wasn't just about clothing. It was about how you acted. As she stared up into Max's smug, superior face, Eliza thought back to Mitsy's ditzzy giggles. Her stomach squirmed with discomfort and reluctant arousal. If dressing this slutty had been difficult, becoming the simpering bimbo Gene wanted would be ten times as bad. She remembered going through the policies on sensitivity with Max a few months back, and just wanted to grab him by the shoulder and yell in his face that he couldn't treat women like children. To become a giggling, silly, helpless bimbo in front of him would be humiliating.

But nothing mattered as much as the taste of Gene's cum to Eliza anymore.

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

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

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

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

Eliza was painfully aware of Gene's burning stare as she humiliatingly played the role that he had chosen for her. "My hero!" she gushed, doing little happy hops on her heels as she clapped. She noticed that Max's eyes were glued to her bouncing chest rather than her eyes. It sent another stab of annoyance through her... but after all, what were dumb bimbos like she had become good for if not eye candy? "I'm, like, so lucky that a big strong man was here to help! Thank you so much!"

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

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

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

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

...

David sat at his desk, jiggling his leg restlessly, staring at the spreadsheet he was supposed to have finished for Gene by the end of the day.

He didn't really see it.

Instead the image of his lovely wife, provocatively dressed in ridiculous barely-there clothing floated in front of his eyes. What exactly was going on with her? This was the same woman who had gotten angry at his suggestion of a bikini when she went swimsuit shopping. She had coldly asked if David was comfortable with all the other men at the beach seeing his wife's body, and David had been forced to let the matter drop. He'd made it up to her by supporting her choice of a conservative one piece.

But now here she was, in clothing nearly as revealing as a bikini, but in a setting far less appropriate. And David was discovering that Eliza had been right that day they'd gone swimsuit shopping. He really wasn't comfortable with other men seeing her this way. On his way to the bathroom earlier, Max had stopped him and pointedly said that he was a lucky man, his leering eyes fixed on Eliza's scantily clad body across the office floor.

David had asked what the fuck he meant by that, and Max hadn't flinched at all. His friend had simply turned to David with a wide grin, stared him straight in the eyes, and said "Your wife's fucking hot, Davey." If that was what one of his friends was willing to say to his face, David shuddered to think what they were saying to each other in private. And what were they saying to his wife when he wasn't around?

Could it be that Eliza was having some sort of mental break? A quarter-life crisis? There was another possibility... one that David didn't even want to consider. If David had made it clear he didn't want her to dress this way, maybe some other man had told her that he did.

He put that aside, slumped back in his chair and ripped his eyes. He swore he could hear the whispers and chuckles of his coworkers even from within his office. This was the last thing he needed right now. His job could hang in the balance with the presentation later, but he found it impossible to concentrate.

He briefly considered calling Kim. She always made him feel better. But he rejected the idea quickly. He was a grown man. He couldn't always be calling his little sister for pep talks.

Summoning all of his inner strength, David tried his best to ignore the humiliating torment of the day and get back to work.

...

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

Well, Eliza had made it longer than she expected. She thought she would be pulled into Ms. Harrington's office within the first hour. Eliza set aside the papers she had been working on, stood, and tottered after her boss unsteadily on her massive heels. She could feel the eyes of her other coworkers follow the progress of her swaying ass across the office floor. Today had been even worse than she feared it might be. Work had come to a screeching halt today as Eliza's male coworkers devoted their time to staring openly at her displayed body rather than their assigned tasks.

Things had gotten even worse when word spread about her interaction with Max at the copier. Since then, almost all of her male coworkers had stopped by her desk to help the office bimbo with insultingly simple office tasks. "Let me help you with that spreadsheet, sugar, they can be a little tricky." "Do you want me to show you how the filing system works, sweetie?" "Here, this is how a stapler works, honey." Each time, thinking about the role Gene demanded she play, Eliza acted absurdly grateful, rewarding them with flirty giggles and teasing physical affection.

Eventually, like every other humiliating thing Gene had begun putting her through, acting like a dumb, giggly bimbo started to turn Eliza on... and felt more and more natural.

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

Eliza meekly followed her older boss into the conference room, expecting yet another session of disappointed questions that she had no good answer to. But as Eliza entered the room, she was shocked to see that Gene was already there, flashing her his usual nasty grin and leaning back with his hands folded on his gut. His chair sat on the opposite side of the long table and Ms. Harrington circled around to sit next to him. Strangely, it seemed that this was a joint meeting Gene and the head of HR were running together.

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

Eliza sat with her eyes lowered and her hands timidly in her lap, avoiding the older woman’s disappointed glare. She had always looked up to Ms. Harrington. Her strict, no-nonsense approach to running HR was impressive; the same way Eliza hoped she would run things if she were in charge. But now Eliza had become just a silly slut for Ms. Harrington to look at with disgust.

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

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

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

If Ms. Harrington felt any sympathy for Eliza's clear confusion, she didn't show it. Her voice was grim and cold as she continued, "Mr. Crowder and I have called this meeting with you today to give you a chance to explain yourself. I've always considered you a good employee up until recently, so I think you deserve that opportunity at least. Why exactly are you struggling to make basic daily reports? Consider your answer carefully. It could mean a great deal for your future prospects at this company."

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

But he wanted a bigger sacrifice if Eliza wanted to win her sticky reward. He wanted her to show true commitment to being a bimbo slut. Even if it was painful... or devastatingly humiliating.

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

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

"...cause.. 'm ...pid," mumbled Eliza.

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

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

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

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

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

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

As soon as she was gone, Eliza let out an animal sound that was half groan of anguish and half moan of pleasure, covering her eyes in shame. That was it. She had submitted and presented herself as a slutty bimbo to not just the entire office, but also to her direct supervisor. She had just completely torpedoed her career. Her dream job working in the same office as her loving husband. And for what? Another taste of the foul semen of her worst enemy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“A... a slut,”

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

“I was w-walking like a slut,” agreed Eliza in a breathy gasp. “I could see all the boys’ eyes on my slutty body. David was soooo upset, but he couldn’t stop the other guys from seeing what

should only be his to see.” She shut her eyes tight and wriggled her hips, unable to focus on anything but her master’s fingers and the heated dirty talk he was pushing her to deliver.

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

“Yes!” panted Eliza, feeling her shame and lust building higher and higher inside her, twisting together as she moved toward a powerful orgasm. Her arms flew up to clutch Gene’s flabby, hairy arm, unconsciously desperate for closer contact with her master. “I... I showed all the men in the office how much of a bimbo I could be. I giggled and simpered and flirted like the good little Cumbunny you want, master! I, like, totally talked like a slut!”

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

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

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

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

And kissed her.

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

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

“Well, Bunny,” he said in a cheerful tone, “we’re fucked.”

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

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

Even if Eliza was still craving Gene’s cum badly, she felt a little more lucid now that he had given her an orgasm. She felt a sudden thrill of hope. If Gene got knocked down a peg at work, it wouldn’t solve her addiction problem but it would be an immense relief to her husband. Gene would have no official authority to bully David if they were on the same level again. Maybe it would even relieve her husband’s stress enough that he would be able to take care of Eliza’s sexual needs.

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

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

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

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

She trailed off as she saw Gene shaking with laughter. “Hahaha, no, no Lizzie. That’s adorable, but it’s not what I meant, not even close.” said Gene condescendingly, reaching out to pat

Eliza's head. "You're still solving problems like a proud, independent woman. I want you to solve this problem like a Cumbunny. You have until the end of the day."

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

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

Then, after a little reflection and a fresh wave of erotic humiliation, she understood exactly what he meant.

...

Eliza sat at her desk, jiggling her foot nervously.

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

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

Eliza checked the message Gene had just sent her.

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

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

She rose from her chair with a strange sense of peace falling over her. She still held out hope that her plan to steal Gene's oil supply and a stash of cum would work, but until then it would just be so much easier to give in to her master's commands and not think too hard.

She felt the eyes of the office riveted to her displayed body as she made her way across the office. In her new docile, accepting mindset, the shame was just a low-level background buzz, and the arousal of flaunting her body was magnified. She finally reached her destination: Carl's office. She softly knocked.

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

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

She was counting on that suppressed desire.

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

She had no idea how to even start.

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

Carl looked even more awkward now, his square-jawed face twisting into a grimace. Eliza could instantly tell that Gene had been correct: she was indeed about to be fired. "Eliza... I'm afraid I can't really discuss staffing matters like that until the process fully plays out."

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

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

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

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

"My, my. You horny little slut," said Carl, his eyes leering as his voice slipped out of its normal professional tone into one of smoldering lust. "I don't know what finally melted the bitchy little office ice queen, but I have to say that I love the adjustment." The change in the room was

immediate and shocking, transforming the curt, professional boss that Eliza had always known into a horny, intimidating stranger. He pushed back from the desk and patted his lap with a smirk. "Well, come over here honey. Sit on my lap and we can talk all about your future at this company."

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

Carl's arm slithered around Eliza, holding her tight as she squirmed. She couldn't help but focus on the solid length of his penis pressing hard into her soft ass. Couldn't help the awakening of submissive lust that came with that feeling. Eliza had always seen Carl as a nice, if strict older man, but his lust had changed him completely. She saw it in his eyes. He no longer saw her as a subordinate, or even as a woman. To him, she was now just a bimbo to toy with. He felt like a dangerous sexual beast, waiting to pounce.

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

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

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

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

Eliza could only hang her head in shame as a heady mix of remorse and arousal flooded through her, dark and wet and hot. Gene had truly remolded her into something pathetic.

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

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

“Please,” she whined, closing her eyes against the overwhelming sensation of submission and her boss’s unyielding hand held her close and his powerful cock pressed up against her, throbbing with lust. “Please Carl, I can’t! Gene... he would...”

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

There it was. He had said it so casually. As if it was just another job responsibility. The price for Eliza’s job would be to submit on her knees, taking Carl’s cock into her warm, willing mouth. Her extensive recent training with Gene’s repugnant cock would now be put to good use.

Eliza stared into her boss’s eyes, her heart thumping and her breath rushing hard and fast. There was nothing more to be said. He had boldly named his price, and after all, it was one she was willing to pay, wasn’t it? It could have been worse. Eliza got unsteadily to her feet, only to sink once again. On her knees in front of a man who grinned down at her with leering superiority. The position felt familiar at this point.

Carl simply waited, relishing the view of his employee, dressed in ridiculous clothes from off a porn set, kneeling humbly at his feet, blushing as she unzipped his pants with trembling hands. As she looked up, Eliza couldn’t help but remember the day that Carl had interviewed her, talking in glowing terms about her husband’s work ethic and giving her a firm, welcoming handshake, his eyes frank and sincere as they met hers. Now his eyes were smugly superior, looking down at her both physically and mentally.

Absurdly, Eliza felt her dark craving swell as Carl’s stiff cock burst out from the confines of his pants. Her eyes glazed over as she gazed hungrily at its throbbing length... smelled his musky scent. She knew that his sperm would do nothing to curb her cravings, but by now her body had an automatic response to kneeling in this humiliating, submissive position.

Her mouth was watering and her eyes gleaming with sexual greed as she wrapped her glossy lips around her boss’s cock, looking exactly like the slut that Gene wanted her to be.

For all of his tough talk, Carl was a pushover compared to her strict, demanding master. As Eliza smoothly bobbed her head, skillfully swirling her tongue and applying the perfect amount of grip with her lips, Carl groaned, running his hands through her dark silky hair.

“Oh Godddd, you little slut,” he murmured under his breath as Eliza easily went deeper, taking him into her tight throat, gripping and milking his cock again and again. “You perfect little cocksucker. Gene may have trained you, but I want you all for my fucking self.”

Eliza barely paid attention to him, losing herself in the sweet, burning humiliation of serving a man on her knees. She was learning something new about herself. She had always assumed that it felt so good to humbly suck Gene’s dick because of the effects of the oil. But strangely, this blowjob felt just as good... Eliza’s hand snuck down beneath her skirt to rub and tease

herself as she closed her eyes, letting go and truly enjoying her degradation. This blowjob might not satisfy her dark hunger, but it was feeding the new need for submission that Gene had engraved in her soul.

With Eliza's well-practiced dick-sucking skills and Carl's obvious arousal at her slutty, submissive behavior, the blowjob didn't last long. Eliza moved her neck with smooth, practiced grace, taking her arrogant boss's cock deep into her married throat, again and again, faster and faster. Her free hand rose to gently cup and tug his massive, hairy balls as her other hand squelched between her spread thighs. It was only minutes before Carl let out a rough gasp, his hips bucking forward as his cock pulsed, unleashing a thick, hot mouthful of sperm between Eliza's waiting lips.

And then, just like Eliza expected, came the feeling of disappointment. The cum in her mouth wasn't the magical, delicious elixir that came from her master's balls. It was just warm, thick, salty goo. She fought the urge to spit it out. She would need it later.

Carl sighed in pleasure and rebuttoned his pants, looking down at the employee he had just mouth fucked with a superior smirk. "Well, Mrs. Meyer," he said mockingly, "I think I see the wisdom in keeping a talented woman like you around... and I think Gene has more than proven his management talents as well."

Eliza got up silently, wiping a stray glob of cum from her lips, her face crimson and her eyes fixed on the floor.

"But," said Carl with amusement, calling to Eliza as she left the room, "I think David may have shown a real lack of attention to detail. Not to mention a failure to inspire loyalty. And sadly, it seems like no one was willing to speak on his behalf."

His voice was sharp and his eyes were wicked as he added, "Don't imagine that this is some sort of one-time payment, Eliza. After all, I'm certainly not keeping you around for your professionalism anymore. You'd better be prepared to stop by my office whenever I wish to discuss your performance. Are we clear?"

Eliza had nothing to say. She meekly nodded and left the office, closing the door behind her to shut out Carl's laughter.

...

"Bullshit," said Gene simply, tossing the folder flippantly into the trashcan beside his desk. "Sloppily done, and it didn't take into account all of the relevant figures. Completely unusable. Another week of work that earns the company absolutely nothing. What exactly are we paying you for again?"

There was a time when David would have responded with anger, threats, and defiance. But weeks of bullying from Gene without any assistance or mercy from Carl had beaten him down. Now the only thing he could do was whine.

“But you gave me the assignment! I told you that we didn’t have the information we needed for a proper assessment!” bleated David, with a look of pitiful desperation in his eyes. The little worm could tell that his job was on the line, but no longer had the power or will to do anything about it.

Gene looked at his rival with a mix of gloating pride and disgust. No... scratch that. Not his rival, his FORMER rival. David had lost so completely and utterly that Gene no longer saw any threat from him. He had taken everything from David, even outside of work. And the poor sucker didn’t even realize it.

Gene didn’t even see David as a man anymore, let alone a rival.

A soft knock sounded at the door.

Ah, perfect, just in time. The exact reason that Gene had insisted on meeting with David right now. “Come in!” called Gene, feeling the thrill of sadistic pleasure that he got every time he had the opportunity to dominate this pathetic couple.

The look on both David and Lizzie’s faces was priceless as they saw each other. But his Cumbunny was obviously more fun to look at. She had really pulled out all the stops to give her master a slutty show today. Her tiny skirt and flimsy top would look more at home on the set of a cheap skin flick than at an office, and Gene didn’t even know where she could have bought those stupid-looking platform shoes. Did they have stripper supply stores?

Gene could still remember when poor Lizzie had been a stuffy ice queen, bristling with indignation from the most harmless of flirtations. Now he watched shame and lust warred in her eyes as she saw her husband and owner at the same time. She had come a long way, but there was still further to fall before she was the perfect Cumbunny Gene deserved.

“Babe,” said David in confusion, “What are you doing here? We’re in the middle of a meeting. Is there something you need from me?”

Eliza said nothing, her eyes just wide with panic as she looked at Gene, silently pleading for his help.

Gene realized what was happening and had to fight hard to avoid bursting into laughter. Oh fuck! He had asked for proof, but he hadn’t realized the dumb slut would go this far! His ditzy little Cumbunny really was deep in jizzy thinking if she had come up with this idea.

“I think she’s here to see me, Davey,” said Gene with a surly chuckle. “Isn’t that right, Lizzie?”

Her cheeks burning red, Lizzie nodded, unable to meet her husband's eyes.

"What?" asked David in confusion. He rose, his eyes shifting suspiciously between Gene and Eliza. "What's going on? Talk to me honey..."

Eliza remained silent, her body language cringing in shame as she stepped aside, clearing the doorway so that her husband could leave her alone with Gene.

David reluctantly moved toward the door, his face a picture of bewilderment. "Is everything ok?" He asked plaintively. His frown deepened as he asked, "Babe... is he doing something to you? Is he making you...?" But by that point he had moved past the threshold, and Eliza reached out, firmly closing the door in his face without saying a word.

Gene waited to see if David would get angry. Pound on the door. Demand to be let back in. A real man would... But there was nothing. David had become such a pussy that all he would do was carp about it to his wife later, and likely meekly accept whatever bullshit excuse she managed to cook up.

Whatever. Let the cuck stew in his own impotency. Gene had bigger fish to fry. He leaned back in his chair and beckoned his plaything closer.

Eliza approached, already looking more graceful and confident on her heels after a full day of practice. Now that her husband was out of the way, her shame was being overpowered by her lust. Gene would have been able to tell from her expression alone, even if he hadn't been able to see her stiffened nipples pressing hard against her thin lacy bra and shirt.

"Show me," said Gene in a low, compelling voice.

Eliza opened her perfect lips, showing exactly why she didn't have a single word for her pathetic husband.

Her mouth was swimming with gooey, filthy, still-warm cum. A thick pearly load of her boss's jizz, which she had taken on Gene's orders to save his job. A load that would do nothing to alleviate her cravings.

It was an act of service so slutty and submissive that Gene would have thought it was impossible for a prude like Eliza to consider, let alone get aroused by,

She really was becoming the perfect little Cumbunny. Now for the finishing blow... the push that would break the last of her resistance and bind her to her master forever.

"You're ready. Tonight you're coming home with me. Make whatever excuses you need to your husband." Gene reached up and closed his Cumbunny's filthy mouth by pushing lightly upward

on her chin. "Tonight," he said smugly, "I'm going to show you how a Cumbunny is really supposed to take her master's seed. It's time that you learned to hop for the carrot, Lizzie."

He relished the look of erotic intimidation in her eyes. The hopeless fight to resist his command. The anticipation of what would happen tonight.

"... and it's impolite to play with your food, bunny. Swallow."