

Eliza clicked Gene's office door shut behind her with her heart heavy and the taste of Carl's cum still clinging to her tongue. Her body pulsed with filthy, unnatural hunger as usual.

Being forced by Gene to suck off their boss had been humiliating and sexually thrilling, but it hadn't been satisfying. She still hadn't been allowed to taste her master's cum today. But there was a disturbing light at the end of that particular tunnel... Gene had promised his Cumbunny that she was about to get something even better and more intense than swallowing his semen. Eliza shivered at the thought with a combination of horror and desire. But by this point, the horror felt faint, and the desire seemed to overshadow it almost completely.

All she had to do was convince her husband to go home without her... minutes after slamming a door in his face to spend time alone with Gene. It was a ludicrously impossible task, but she had no choice. The terrible hunger inside her trumped both logic and love. She somehow had to make it happen.

Eliza could see that David wasn't in his office, which left only a few places he could be. Unless, of course, he had already headed home without her... No, that would be too lucky. Eliza scanned the office. Not by the water cooler. Or the copier. As she looked, she drew furtive glances and smirks from men and disgusted glares from women around the office floor, and was freshly reminded of her inappropriate attire. A tiny midriff-baring parody of a button-up blouse that was sheer enough to show her lacy push-up bra and a skirt so tiny that it barely covered her panties. Her fingers unconsciously tugged her skirt downward as her face flamed with embarrassment. She had been so humiliated by the blowjob she had almost forgotten about the other degradations she had been through today.

If he wasn't out somewhere on the floor and he wasn't in his office, there was only one place that David could be. Eliza scurried to the breakroom, where she managed to catch David just as he exited the bathroom, his face red and his eyes watery.

Eliza was taken aback for a moment. Shit. he had been crying. Well, she supposed it made sense. Watching his wife dress like a slut in front of all his friends and colleagues couldn't have been easy, not to mention the fact that she had just silently rejected him in front of his worst enemy.

And David had always been a bit... weak, hadn't he? It was hard not to compare the defeated, sniveling man in front of her to her dominant master. Gene had just smugly ordered Eliza to come home with him, confident he would be obeyed... and here was her beta husband, crying over the fact he couldn't control her.

It was a twisted way of thinking that Eliza realized was caused by Gene's insidious influence, but it was hard to keep those sorts of thoughts from popping into her head lately.

"Eliza," breathed David, his eyes going wide. Then he seemed to take in her slutty outfit again, and his mouth hardened into a grim line. "Finished with your meeting?"

"I... I'm sorry," said Eliza, lamely. There really wasn't anything she could say to make this better. David was right to be upset. She had betrayed their relationship in every way but one... and she was planning to betray him in that final way this very evening.

"I don't fucking get it. You dress up like... like this," He said with a twist of his lip, gesturing up and down her body. "Even though I ask you not to. Then you don't even say a word to me? Close the door in my fucking face? Is this how you treat your husband?"

Eliza looked anywhere but David's eyes. "I... I'm sorry honey," she said softly. "I can't explain. Not right now. But you have to trust me. Please."

"Trust you?" said David incredulously. "Like you trust me? You apparently can't even trust me enough to say one word of explanation for this fucking outfit, so forgive me if I find it hard to trust you back. Go on. Explain it to me. Why was it so important to show your tits and ass to everyone we work with today? Why did you have to ignore me and hurry to a meeting with my worst fucking enemy?"

Seeing the pained reluctance on her face, David let out a pained sigh, and for a second his anger seemed to drain away. "Come on," he said unhappily, his eyes blazing with sincerity, "I'm worried about you Eliza... This is so unlike you. It's like you're having a mental break or something. Just say the word, and I can help you. No matter what it is."

For a second, Eliza hovered on the edge of telling him everything. Confessing the horrible situation that Gene had put her in and how low she had fallen. Then another man breezed into the break room, obviously scanning Eliza's displayed body as he passed and letting out a soft wolf-whistle, openly and obviously disrespecting both husband and wife with no hesitation.

No. She couldn't. David wouldn't understand. All he would be able to see was the fact she had sucked Gene's cock... that she planned to fuck him. Probably the only reason he didn't suspect that already was how repulsive Gene would normally be to an attractive young woman like Eliza. If he knew, it would break him even worse than he was right now.

"I can't," whispered Eliza, knowing that the two words would just make her husband angry again.

David made a sound halfway between a growl and a sigh. "Fine. Well, there goes the precious trust you want between us..." he shook his head roughly, as if trying to shake away the feeling of oncoming tears. "After we get home tonight, I'm packing a bag. I'm going to go stay with Kim for a while. Get a little distance and try to calm down. I love you, Eliza, but... I don't know this version of you. I don't get it. And you won't help me understand."

Eliza's heart hurt. What she wouldn't give to hug David and tell him that she would never dress this way or make him feel disrespected again. But she couldn't promise that. If she knew Gene,

this was just the tip of the iceberg. She didn't want to lose David. After she found some way to defeat Gene's evil grasp, she needed to be able to fall right back into her husband's loving arms.

And that's what made it so awful to say what she had to say next.

"Actually," she said in a rush, as if she could somehow just rip off the bandaid without pain, "I won't need a ride home today."

David looked stunned. "Why not, Eliza?" he asked numbly.

"I...I..." stuttered Eliza miserably.

David just bitterly shook his head. "Well, when you decide that I'm worthy of trust, you know where to find me. See you."

"I love you, David," said Eliza as he left the breakroom, headed toward the front doors. She wasn't sure if he heard her or not.

For a moment, she wallowed in her pain. But then, like it always did, her insidious hunger came roaring back. That little talk had ended almost as badly as it could have, short of ending their marriage on the spot, but she had gotten through the horrible conversation with David. He was on his way home alone, and would even be out of the house for the evening.

Leaving her free to receive the hot, sticky load she had been craving all week.

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"Oh, so hubby threw a big hissy fit huh?" said Gene with a nasty chuckle as they sped down the highway in his beat-up car. "Fucking pussy. Don't worry, I know little Davey inside and out. There's no way he has big enough balls to actually leave you. Just put some thought into an excuse and he'll swallow it, hook, line, and sinker."

Gene's broad, sweaty hand was currently rubbing up and down her thighs distractingly, teasing closer and closer to her overheated pussy. It was hard to think clearly when her master was teasing her like this, but Eliza had to admit that Gene was probably right. David would probably come back to her if she would think of even a semi-plausible excuse. Not because David was a pussy of course, but because he loved her and wanted to trust her.

"But enough about that loser," growled Gene, "I want you thinking about a real man right now." His fingers suddenly slid up and probed between Eliza's thighs. She whimpered at the intense sensation as her long, shapely legs spread open on their own. After being hungry and sexually unsatisfied for so long, her resistance was at a low ebb, and she welcomed Gene's fingers.

His thick digits pressed and rubbed with dominant insistence, tugging her panties aside roughly to access the pussy that he considered his property. Eliza gripped the car seat, white-knuckled, biting her glossy lower lip hard as she surrendered to the sensation of her master's arrogant exploration.

She lost herself so thoroughly to the pleasure that she was surprised when the car lurched to a halt in front of a dull, boxy apartment complex.

"Come on," said Gene brusquely, wiping his slimy fingers off casually on Eliza's skirt, "We're here. And we need to move fast; I don't want my neighbors complaining that I'm bringing a hooker around again." Eliza was about to get indignant, but she swallowed her words with a blush. Was it really unusual for someone to mistake her for a prostitute in her current slutty clothing?

She was worse than a prostitute. The only payment she received for her submissive sexual service was cum. She took Gene's advice and scurried after him, hoping that no one could see and judge her shameful state.

Gene's apartment itself was dim and cave-like. Eliza wrinkled her nose as she stepped inside; there was a distinctive funk in the air of unwashed clothes and frozen dinners. A sort of bachelor smell that Eliza thought she had left behind forever with college. Gene's apartment wasn't at "disastrous hoarder" level, but it was also apparent that he didn't prioritize cleanliness in the same way Eliza was used to in the house she shared with David. An old, greasy pizza box sat out on the counter of the entryway/kitchenette. The floor looked like it hadn't been swept in... maybe ever.

Gene sighed happily and tossed his keys on the counter, then closed the door behind them and turned to Eliza with a wicked grin.

"Strip," he said abruptly.

Eliza stared at him for a moment, taken off guard by his abrupt command.

Gene chuckled and opened a drawer, rooting around. "Don't be so surprised, Bunny. The only reason I let you wear clothes around the office is that you might be arrested otherwise. When you're in my home, you don't get to be Eliza, the proud confident career woman. Here, you're going to be Lizzie, my eager-to-please, naked, submissive Cumbunny slut."

He finally found what he was looking for in the drawer and tossed it to Eliza's feet with a jingle. Eliza bent to pick it up. It was the same leather collar that she had worn that night at the sex club, but had been updated with a pink heart-shaped dog tag that read "Lizzie".

"Consider that your new uniform. Now get naked, Bunny."

Eliza gulped and slowly unbuttoned her blouse. She had done much worse things than strip in front of Gene. She had sucked his asshole for God's sake. But it was just occurring to her now he had rarely seen her naked. He made her pull out her tits to cum on them frequently, but as far as she could recall, the only time he had seen her fully nude body was in the truck-stop shower after their visit to the sex shop.

And so it sent a slow, buzzing heat through her as she slowly removed her blouse and unzipped her skirt, letting it slip down to her ankles. She was now wearing only a black, lacy set of lingerie which alluringly emphasized her slim, pale beauty. The sexiest underwear she owned, that her husband only got to see on special occasions. Gene's greedy eyes traced every curve, an obscene bulge growing in his pants as he made an impatient rolling gesture with his fingers.

The bra came next, falling loose as she unclasped it and shrugged it down her goosebump-covered shoulders. She felt another wave of shame roll through her as she pulled the gauzy covering away, revealing the eager stiffness of her slutty nipples to Gene's gaze. Eliza was a married woman, but she was stripping for a man both she and her husband despised in his filthy apartment.

And she had never been more turned on in her entire fucking life.

Eliza took a deep breath and hurried to complete the humiliating process, swiftly pulling her panties down to uncover her neat strip of dark, trimmed pubic hair and her puffy pussy, leaking with desire.

She stood awkwardly for a moment, both enjoying and hating Gene's smirking appraisal of her nudity. Her first instinct was to cover herself, but she knew that would draw a reprimand, so she posed with one arm beneath her small firm tits, lifting and almost presenting them, while her other hand rested on her inner thigh, just inches from her throbbing pussy.

Her whole body felt flushed and hot, and she couldn't look Gene in the eyes.

"Aren't you forgetting something?" asked Gene in a low, amused voice. Eliza was confused for a moment, then, with a pitiful whimper, she raised the leather collar and clasped it around her throat, her new Cumbunny name jingling.

"Perfect!" said Gene brightly, then turned and made his way to the attached living room, flopping down on the ragged couch and turning on the TV. Eliza looked over at him with a confused frown as he navigated some sort of media drive and loud, filthy porn began playing on the screen.

"Ummm, weren't we going to..." said Eliza in confusion, forced to speak up a little to be heard over the pornography.

“Gene glanced over to her and barked a laugh. “Eager little Bunny, aren’tcha? Don’t worry, Lizzie. You’ll be screaming my name soon enough. I just want to unwind a little first. It was a busy day. In fact, bring me a beer.”

Ah. So that was the game. Gene wanted to be the king in the castle with a humble little slave girl serving him. He seemed to have a talent for finding brand-new ways to humiliate Eliza. Well, it wasn’t any worse than the other ways she’d been forced to serve. Tasting the sting of defeat that was so normal at this point it almost felt sweet, Eliza opened the fridge and found a can of cheap pilsner.

She followed Gene into the living room and held the condensation-beaded can out to him.

He shook his head and chuckled. “Come on, Lizzie. Can’t you lean into your role a little better than that? Ever heard of service with a smile? Kneel. Present it to me.”

Of course. She should have known. Eliza knelt down on the grimy carpet and held the beer up in a pose of supplication. “Your beer, master,” she said meekly. Fuck. Why was this servant girl routine making her even hornier?

“That’s more like it!” said Gene appreciatively. “Now you’re thinking like a Cumbunny. And so, you deserve a little reward.”

Without warning, he reached out with the frosty beer, rubbing its wet, cold surface over Eliza’s bare breasts, concentrating on her sensitive swollen nipples. A look of pure dominant satisfaction settled in on his face as his Cumbunny gasped and squirmed, lubricant leaking down her thighs as he teased her tits.

Finally, he cracked open the beer, took a deep swig, then sighed in satisfaction. “Ok, I’ve got another job for you now, Bunny. My feet are tired and I need somewhere soft to rest them. Crawl over here. On your hands and knees in front of the couch.”

Maybe it was strange for Eliza to draw the line there, but this felt like it was going too far. She could take being a sexual object. Even a servant girl. But becoming furniture for her master’s amusement was too much. She hesitated for just a fraction of a second, biting her lip in thought. What could she do? Gene was staring at her expectantly, ready to harshly bark more orders if she refused. She needed his cum as much as she needed breathing. He held all the cards.

But did he really? True, Eliza couldn’t directly go against his wishes, but that wasn’t the only way to get what she wanted. She was an attractive object of desire for Gene. Surely she had to be able to influence him in some way. It was certainly preferable to letting Gene just walk all over her at all times.

“But master,” she said meekly, keeping her eyes on the ground and her hands folded in her kneeling lap, “if I’m beneath your feet, how can I play with your big cock?”

She waited, her heart pounding, too nervous to even look up and see Gene's expression. Would he see through her mild attempt at manipulation? Order her to do something even more degrading as punishment for her insolence?

Gene chuckled his deep, throaty laugh. "Ha! You know what? Good point. Snuggle up here next to me, Bunny, and put that hand to good use."

Eliza kept her face carefully neutral as she rose, sat on the couch, and cuddled up to Gene's broad bulk. It worked! It didn't exactly feel like a triumph to reach out and jerk Gene's cock while loud, filthy porn played in front of them, but she had successfully converted one humiliation into another that was more acceptable to her.

It made her wonder what else she could do... and she immediately thought of her husband. Manipulating Gene for David's benefit would be far harder than getting out of being a footrest... but she had just proved that it was possible in principle. She had to try.

She let things sit for a moment, running her hand up and down Gene's thick cock while a woman in a ridiculously skimpy ballerina costume had her throat viciously fucked by her male co-star. "You know," said Gene conversationally, snaking his arm around to casually grope Eliza's ass, "I've heard rumors that some of the biggest pornstars in the business are secretly Cumbunnies. What do you think? Potential new career for you?"

Eliza ignored the disturbing idea, too focused right now on her objective. "I'm more worried about my current career after today, honestly," she said softly, unable to pull her eyes away from the deepthroating scene.

Gene snorted dismissively. "Carl's not dumb enough to fire you after he found out you'll be his willing cocksocket."

"But what about David?" asked Eliza, trying to hide her interest. "What if he gets fired?"

Gene gave her a stony, considering glare, then said slowly, "Then it will be fucking hilarious. What are you trying to say, bunny?"

Eliza shrugged and kept staring at the porn, which had moved on to rough anal. "I mean, isn't part of the fun that we're sneaking around behind my husband's back? It will be less interesting if he doesn't work there anymore."

With snake-like speed, Gene reached out and grabbed her chin, turning her face toward him. His eyes were hard. "Tell me the truth, Bunny, because I smell bullshit. I think you're just trying to save your husband's ass. Tell me why you want him to keep his job. The real answer."

Shit. Gene's eyes held hers, filled with suspicion and arrogant ownership. She knew instantly that he would hear a lie on her tongue. And if she fucked this up, he would make sure David was fired himself, just to teach her a lesson.

She reached for another truth. A shameful truth. Something that had been festering inside her, hard to admit even to herself.

"When I see you bully my husband, I get so fucking wet," she whispered, cringing at the fact that it wasn't even a lie, "if he leaves, I won't get to see that anymore."

Gene's eyes searched hers, then a broad grin split his face. His hand moved down from her chin, trailing down her shivering body to probe between her legs... to feel the shameful wet heat there.

"I think we're both warmed up, Bunny," he said, ignoring her plea to save her husband's job.

"Why don't you go to the bedroom and get ready for the main event?"

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Eliza stepped into Gene's dark, warm bedroom, picking her way between piles of dirty clothes to reach his bed.

She laid back on rumpled, dirty sheets soaked in her cruel master's scent. Tainted with sweat and grime and the unmistakable funk of his manhood, a scent that Eliza had imprinted on her brain at this point. It was disgusting. Stomach-churning... and only made the twisted fire inside her leap higher.

The feeling hit her like a weight. Gene was so beneath her. Too old. Too fat. Too crude. And too fucking disgusting. Yet he had gotten exactly what he wanted. She spread her thighs wide and thrust a greedy hand between her legs, turning her head to sniff at the sheets that carried his musky, masculine scent. Gene had this once-snooty woman right where he wanted her, naked in his dirty bed, finger-fucking herself to the very thought of his fat cock and wearing a demeaning collar for his pleasure.

She had utterly lost to him, and that humiliating fact made her so fucking horny that her fingers were already making obscene, squishy noises between her legs.

Gene's broad, brutish form blocked out the light from the doorway for a moment, and the sight took Eliza's breath away. He had removed his clothes in the living room for his big entrance, and his huge cock and balls swung heavily beneath the swell of his hairy gut.

Eliza had seen him naked in the shower once before as well, but this time made a much greater impression, causing her whole body to throb with sexual anticipation.

It wasn't an attractive body, but it did have a certain brutal power in it... a dominant caveman strength that Eliza's pussy craved with sweet, burning urgency. Her primal subconscious could feel it. She was about to be claimed. Conquered. Dominated. And she couldn't wait; couldn't even pretend not to want it anymore.

Gene stepped forward, standing above her with his face in shadow, and reached out to push her hand dismissively aside, substituting his own thick, forceful finger at the entrance of her drooling pussy.

Eliza gasped and writhed, bucking her hips frantically against her master's hand. The hunger inside her was now inseparable from the lust. Her need for cum and her need for Gene's cock had become one and the same

"Tell me what you want", demanded Gene in a low voice above her.

This time Eliza felt completely in tune with her master. She knew what he wanted to hear, and she was happy to oblige. "Fuck me. Please fuck your slutty little Cumbunny, sir!"

Gene moved into position, slapping his cock down onto Eliza's vulnerable pussy with an embarrassing *splat*. Eliza's eyes had adjusted to the dim light enough to see he was grinning from ear to ear.

"I'm going to remember this moment, forever, Cumbunny," he said mockingly.

And then his thick cock slipped inside, spreading open Eliza's wet, willing pussy with its rigid girth.

Eliza let out a choked moan, her fingers tangling in the dirty sheets as filthy, raw bliss poured through her veins. This is what the months of teasing and sexual service had been preparing her for: the intense submissive pleasure of her master's fat cock splitting open her tight, married pussy.

Gene began moving, his bulk bearing down on her, pressing her into his dirty sheets as his cock plunged deeper. Exploring depths of her pussy that her husband had never reached, stretching and filling her with a satisfying sensation she never knew she could get from sex. After he fully entered and held there, her slick, needy depths gripping tightly around his shaft, Gene didn't need to force his Cumbunny into a kiss. She did it naturally, turning toward him like a flower toward the sun, accepting his foul lips on hers with eager submission.

Gene's hips pulled out, Eliza's tight lips gripping his cock desperately as it withdrew, then thrust forward again roughly, making Eliza moan softly into his mouth. Again, he pulled out and plunged forward, slowly, but with dominant force. There was muscle beneath Gene's flab, and

Eliza felt his strength with a swooning, pathetic admiration filling her heart as he used it to batter her defenseless, cheating pussy.

He moved faster. Rougher. A conqueror. A king. A beast. Eliza let out low, loud, shameless moans as she felt him dominate her, his hot breath against her neck. Making love with David was sweet, gentle, and even relaxing. It was almost laughable to call this dark, hot, passionate act the same thing.

All thoughts of manipulating or tricking Gene were gone for the moment, dissolved in her overwhelming feelings of erotic weakness. Resisting or denying her master felt impossible in this moment of intoxicating defeat.

Eliza's body sang with hunger and sexual pleasure. She knew that soon, she would get her reward. Her pussy relentlessly milked Gene's cock, her hips writhing and humping in powerful, desperate motions against his brutal thrusts.... The other Cumbunnies had sworn that taking a master's cum in your pussy was better than any other method. Even more intense than swallowing it, though Eliza was skeptical that anything could feel better than drinking her master's thick, hot cum. But she was eager to find out... burningly, desperately curious to take her master's delicious cum in her deepest place and learn how it felt.

"So," said Gene in a rough voice, his lips right up against her ear, "You like to see me bully poor Davey... is that right?"

In response, Eliza let out a low, slutty moan, nodding her head with her plump lower lip held firmly between her teeth.

"Then tell me," commanded Gene, his strong cock drilling, stretching, undoing her, "Tell me how it feels to watch your master dominate that loser."

"You're s-so strong," gasped Eliza, gripping Gene's hairy back tightly, trying to pull him in even closer. Her pussy spasmed and clenched, desperate for his seed. "You look so dominant. P-putting him in his place while you're f-fucking his wife behind his back."

"And how does that make him look?" asked Gene, pulling back a little so that they were nose to nose, his intense brown eyes staring straight into hers. "What does Davey look like when your big bad boss is putting him in his place?" He paused for just a moment, his cock withdrawing to rest with its head just barely inside her opening.

Gene wanted the same thing he had been pushing for since almost the beginning. For Eliza to join in on his bullying of David. To hear her sweet voice belittle her faithful, loving husband, and get off on doing so. She had resisted so far. It was one of her strongest lines in the sand.

...But the temptation was strong. She wanted Gene's cum so fucking badly. And inside her, the dark, forbidden thoughts swirled, building up pressure behind her tongue... the thoughts she

had been thinking for weeks as her husband cringed and complained in bed, his cock a soft useless noodle... so unlike the thick, iron-hard rod now waiting to plunge into her depths.

"Tell me, Cumbunny," said Gene in a voice of forceful command. Eliza looked up into her master's eyes... and the dam inside her broke.

"He looks like a fucking loser," she whimpered.

"Ha!" laughed Gene, thrusting back into her once again, harder and faster than before. "Tell me more, Bunny."

"You made him into a weak... beta p-pussy," gasped Eliza, her hard nipples scraping against Gene's sweaty chest as he ruthlessly fucked her. "Did you... Oh God... Did you know he can't even get it up anymore?" The twisted pleasure she got from exposing her husband's humiliating secret to his bully was frightening in its intensity.

"Oh my God!" crowed Gene triumphantly, "I knew he was a loser, but I didn't imagine he was so pathetic he couldn't even fuck his hot wife!"

"So fucking pathetic," agreed Eliza in a raspy whisper. Her legs moved by themselves, locking her ankles behind Gene's waist, subconsciously begging for his cum inside her. "You took his manhood, master. You took his wife. There's nothing he has you can't take from him! Because you're better than him. He's the beta, you're the alpha. You're my alpha." Now that the seal had burst, all of the toxic, twisted logic that Gene had planted in her was pouring out. It felt so fucking wrong... but so fucking right at the same time. Giving voice to all the terrible things she had been thinking about David was so deeply cathartic that, combined with her master's pumping cock, it was swiftly bringing her to the edge of climax.

Gene clearly enjoyed his slutty Cumbunny's fresh talent for degrading dirty talk. He moved faster, his powerful hips flexing as his cock pumped and rutted. Eliza lost her words, the only thing escaping her mouth were whining moans, increasing in pitch as her pleasure wound tighter and tighter inside her, tenser and tenser, begging for relief.

"Cum for me, Lizzie," growled Gene, his voice rough from the effort of his powerful strokes. "Tonight's the only time you cum first. I want you to feel the difference... how my creampie's are better than any orgasm. Cum, then use your slutty little pussy to stroke off my fucking cock."

Submission was so ingrained in Eliza's subconscious at this point that her master's word was all it took to push her over the edge. Her thighs trembled and her toes curled. She howled in ecstasy as her nails gripped tight on Gene's hairy back, her pussy clenching and milking the thick cock inside it hard in the intensity of her climax. It was mind-blowing. Electrifying. Better by a factor of ten than she had ever felt with her husband. She hungrily pulled Gene into a kiss of her own volition, riding the twisted, dark heat of her orgasm as it threatened to consume her.

Gene didn't slow down, pumping and grunting animalistically against his Cumbunny's lips, his brutal, powerful strokes prolonging and intensifying Eliza's submissive orgasm as he relentlessly chased his own climax.

Eliza was just thinking that he must be getting close...

When her world whited out.

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In the empty, blank space of her mind, Eliza was dimly aware that she was feeling pleasure. No. That was an understatement. It was like every synapse in her brain had released every happiness chemical it had all at once. Every nerve ending in her body was lit up with signals telling her that it was feeling the most intense pleasure possible, jamming and overloading the system with overwhelming bliss.

Like touching something so hot you can't even feel the pain of the burn, Eliza experienced something so pleasurable she couldn't even comprehend the feeling.

And then she passed out.

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Eliza woke up with electric tingles of sexual ecstasy shooting through her body, radiating outward from between her legs.

She was confused and disoriented for a moment, stretching and moaning softly, letting a curious hand dip between her thighs.

The pleasure sizzled and grew warmer as her fingers encountered the slimy evidence of her master's victory. The skin of her fingers tingled pleasantly as she pushed them between her swollen lower lips. The mere pressure of her touch, which smeared Gene's semen against the walls of her vagina, increased the magnitude of the sensation tenfold.

God... the other Cumbunnies were right. Just like getting a facial was a pale imitation of swallowing Gene's cum, receiving her master's sperm in her pussy made the pleasure of cum swallowing feel insignificant. She lay there for just a moment, beyond shame, rubbing Gene's foul cum deeper into her pussy and riding a fluffy cloud of comfortable pleasure.

Only then did she look around. Gene sat at a computer desk that she hadn't noticed before in the dark room, his broad, naked body lit up by the cool glow of the screen. She saw that he was on Kaos, typing away with his face concentrated on the screen. She tried to get up silently, in the hopes she could get a closer look at what he was doing, but her muscles were still loose

and weak from the intensity of her mind-blowing orgasm, and she forgot about the jingling tag at her neck.

Gene whirled immediately, a smirk crossing his face as he saw his rival's wife weakly rising from his bed, cum leaking from her well-used pussy. "Ah, you're awake," he said bluntly, swiftly minimizing the Kaos application. "Well, I'm done with you for the evening, Bunny. Find your phone and get a rideshare home or something."

Eliza blinked in surprise. That was it? She didn't exactly expect romance, but Gene was dismissing her as easily as throwing a scum-filled tissue into the trash.

It was also a lost opportunity... Seeing Gene's Kaos account open had clued her in to her position. She was in Gene's home. His inner sanctum. If she could somehow exploit that... try her newly discovered manipulation abilities maybe, she might be able to turn this humiliating situation to her advantage.

Eliza rose on still-wobbly legs and crossed the room to Gene, her embarrassing new collar jingling with every swaying step. Gene stared at her approach with faint annoyance and incomprehension, but his expression melted into predatory curiosity when his Cumbunny fell gracefully to her knees in front of him, running her palms up his hairy thighs.

"Don't send me away master," she purred in the higher-pitched bimbo voice that she knew Gene liked. "Your slutty little bunny is soooo hungry tonight that she could really use some seconds. Especially with your new way of... feeding me." She punctuated this by looking up at him with big doe eyes and slowly running her tongue up his rapidly-stiffening cock.

Gene didn't say anything, but Eliza knew she had him. She rose again, taking Gene's hand and pulling him back toward the bed... without any chance to turn off his computer or log out of Kaos.

Once they got there, Eliza gently pushed Gene onto his back, gushing, "You already showed me how strong and manly you are tonight master, now it's my turn to prove how much your Cumbunny adores you." Gene grinned up at her, thrilled by her show of proactive submission, his cock sticking up into the air, a spike of obscene lust.

Eliza's body pulsed with heat, her pussy still buzzing with pleasure from the remnants of Gene's cum remaining inside. She gulped as she straddled Gene's lap, forced to rise almost as high as she could go on her knees to position his monstrous cock at the entrance of her cum-smeared slit.

She reached down and took his hot, thick cock in hand, shuddering with forbidden desire as she rubbed its bulbous head through her folds, working the cum into her sensitive flesh. Her breath was coming in hot, ragged gasps, and her nipples throbbed with painful stiffness on her chest.

She was only doing this in order to manipulate Gene, but it required no acting on her part. Her body burned for more of her master's seed, even stronger than it had before.

In one plunging moment, Eliza sank, impaling herself on her master's cock once again, taking him deep into her slick and slimy pussy.

She mewled, squeezing her eyes shut and biting her lip hard to try to prevent herself from passing out once again. If rubbing his cum into the outer parts of her vagina had been pleasurable, feeling his cock press his leftover cum firmly into her innermost depths was a tidal wave of sensation. She felt close to orgasm already, and she hadn't even started moving.

Gene chuckled beneath her, seizing her hips in a strong, merciless grip. "You see the difference now, Cumbunny?" He asked with cruel amusement as he slowly and teasingly began to thrust upward into her. "Your husband will never be able to make you feel this way. No man will ever be able to. Except for me. I am the sole source of your pleasure from now on."

Eliza felt a swelling sense of despair at his words as she began flexing her hips, squeezing his cock and riding him with deep, fluid strokes. He was right. Even if she did manage to break her physical addiction, how could she go on knowing she would never feel like this ever again? She thought back to "Cumslut" and her slavish devotion to her master... and now, disturbingly, it no longer seemed so strange and impossible.

"Yes Master," she breathed, her hips moving faster and faster, her cum-filled pussy squelching obscenely around Gene's hard cock. "Only you. No one else. Certainly not my limp dick husband."

She knew what she was doing at this point, and was willing to say exactly what Gene wanted to hear. He grunted in bestial pleasure beneath her, holding her hips and meeting her downstrokes with upward thrusts.

Eliza rode, and Gene bucked, in perfect harmony at last. For the moment, Eliza wasn't a defiant woman looking for escape. She was the perfect submissive Cumbunny, desperate to please her master. She was finally giving Gene what he wanted, and it didn't take him long to orgasm.

Eliza steeled herself for it this time, worried that she would pass out again. But this time, as Gene roared and pulled her down onto his cock with his strong hands, squirting a fresh, hot load deep into her pussy, she knew what to expect, and managed to barely hang on through the white-hot hurricane of sexual pleasure that assaulted her.

If the leftover cum had left her pussy buzzing, this fresh load was like a roaring bonfire in her deepest center, hot and bright and dangerous. Burning to the touch, but beautiful. She heard a howl of pleasure tear from her throat, intense and unstoppable, and she collapsed against Gene's flabby chest, kissing and grasping and babbling nonsense pledges of submission and sexual service.

They fucked twice more that night, until Eliza was certain that Gene was just as exhausted as her.

...

Eliza lay with her eyes closed in the darkness, feeling the deep, satisfying burn of muscles pushed to their limit by physical activity, the throb of her well-fucked pussy (painful, but pleasurable), and the elated, intoxicating buzz of sexual bliss that she could only get from Gene's cum.

She heard a grumbling snore beside her, and her eyes snapped open. This time, she remembered to reach up and hold her dog tag as she carefully shifted, swinging her legs over the side of the bed and standing in slow motion to shift the mattress as little as possible.

She stood for a moment, watching the big sleeping lump that was Gene Crowder for any sign of movement. She only detected the soft rise and fall of his breathing.

Eliza seized the moment, picking her way across the clothes-covered floor to Gene's computer. She almost sat on the computer chair, paused, then grabbed a dirty t-shirt from the ground and spread it out on the chair. If she had left a cum puddle on his chair, Gene might realize what she had done.

Eliza sat and held her breath as she gave the mouse an experimental wiggle. If she was unlucky, and Gene was smart, the computer would automatically lock itself after a certain amount of time idle. But to her immense relief, the screen flicked on, showing her Gene's cluttered desktop, featuring a pornographic picture of a topless, slim brunette as the wallpaper.

Shit. It was her. Blushing up at the camera with a forced, humiliated smile, her breasts thrust forward and dripping with Gene's thick cum. So that was what the bastard had wanted the "commemorative photo" for...

The Kaos application was still open and signed in as well, although minimized. Just as she had planned. It was time to see if she could get any useful information from what Gene talked about with his friends online.

Her master had half a dozen chats that had been recently active. After a quick skim, Eliza realized that most of them were just Gene bragging about his exploits with her in graphic detail. Not especially useful, and not something she wanted to relive through text.

His most recent chat, the one that she had caught him in the middle of, was at least interesting. It was a communication from HareoftheDog, the arrogant young man that had shown up to the offline meetup with Cumslut on his arm.

He sounded like even more of an annoying little prick through text.

[But that's what I'm saying. I want her, so she should be mine. That's the whole reason we use the oil, right? So we never need to hear "no" again. I don't give a shit if CoachS claimed her first. I don't bow to any man.]

Gene had responded, probably the message he had been typing when Eliza woke up:

[I hear you. I do. But even if that's what you want, I don't think it fucking works like that. She already has a master. You can find someone who looks just like her. There are dozens of 19-year-old Asian girls in the city I'm sure. One is as good as the other. Cumbunnies aren't exactly valuable for their unique personalities.]

Eliza tilted her head in confusion and read further up the chat. Wow. Apparently, the little idiot had gotten a crush on Bitsy, CoachS's Cumbunny. He wanted to give her a dose of his own oil to steal her away.

It was a plan breathtaking in its arrogance and stupidity. Just another piece of proof that a man didn't have to be smart or particularly talented to win when he had access to the oil of mjolkhare. But, regardless of whether it was a good idea, Eliza was interested in HareoftheDog's ill-conceived experiment. What would happen if he went through with it? She wondered if it would be possible to get in touch with Bitsy...

But that was just a potential lead for later. There was something more important she had to search for. She paused and looked over at Gene, confirming that he was still asleep before continuing.

She needed to find who had supplied Gene with his oil. She knew that he had received it through contacting a supplier on Kaos.

After carefully searching through the backlogs of Gene's DMs, she thought that she found it. But the results weren't encouraging.

It was a short, terse conversation. The other account asked Gene if he wanted a sample of oil, provided a link to a cryptocurrency wallet, asked for Gene's address, then logged off. The user name was just a random jumble of letters and numbers, and hadn't been active since the time the message was sent.

A burner account. A dead end. Eliza did her best to memorize the account name anyway just in case. Then she minimized the application again and stood up, tossing the soiled t-shirt across the room.

She had one other, more important thing to find before Gene woke up. Her search was quiet, careful, and systematic, checking every few minutes to be sure Gene was fast asleep. She looked carefully across the cluttered dressers and the nightstand, then remembered that Gene had entered the room naked. Moving quickly, she silently exited the bedroom and found Gene's discarded pile of clothes on the living room floor.

She rifled through them and grinned with savage triumph when her hand closed around a leather cord beneath the shirt.

Bingo.

She pulled it out, revealing a small glass vial filled with greenish-yellow oil. Gene had let his guard down too far this time. She had her hands on the oil of mjolkhare sample. If she could just get this to a scientist, maybe they could tell her how it had fucked up her mind... and more importantly if there was a way to reverse the process.

...But she had to be careful. If Gene was paranoid enough to wear this around his neck, then he would instantly know if it was gone. Eliza cast a nervous glance at the closed bedroom door. She didn't have much time to find a solution either.

Eliza quickly crossed the room to her own pile of discarded clothes from last night and found her purse. Rooting around inside, she found what she was looking for: a bottle of eye drops that she used for her frequent dry eyes. It was simple to carefully pry out the dropper, pour out the viscous fluid, and rinse the bottle. She had a way to smuggle out the oil... but she couldn't return an empty vial to Gene. She needed some sort of replacement.

Eliza pulled open the kitchen cabinets, which were mostly empty with a few scattered bags of expired chips. But, to her immense relief, she found what she was looking for over the stove.

A small bottle of olive oil (also expired, but that hardly mattered for this particular use). Eliza poured out a few drops on the countertop and held up the vial to compare. She smiled. Perfect. Well... not perfect, but close enough that she doubted that Gene would notice without the chance to directly compare them.

Working quickly and carefully, Eliza dumped the contents of the vial into her eye drop container, poured olive oil into the vial, then replaced both in their respective piles of clothes.

Then she slipped back into the dark room and lay down beside Gene, finally allowing her exhausted body to drift off to sleep, dreaming of a better future.

She had done it. Victory was just a matter of time.

...

Eliza woke to light filtering through thick curtains into Gene's cave-like room. Her body was sore, and the sense of euphoria had finally dimmed, thankfully taking the hunger with it. For now.

Eliza rose and exited the bedroom door, seeing Gene lounging on the couch in a ratty old bathrobe, chowing down on left-over pizza. "Ah, here's sleeping beauty," he said with a harsh laugh.

"Sooo..." said Eliza, uncomfortably, sitting as far from Gene as possible on the couch and crossing her arms over her breasts now once she noticed Gene staring at them, "I guess we had better head in to work?" In her current state, with her addiction satisfied, Gene no longer looked tempting. He looked like what he was, a creepy, unattractive middle-aged man, and she didn't welcome his leering stares.

"Actually, I was thinking that..." began Gene. A pounding knock came from his door, along with a harsh, nasally voice angrily yelling. "Open the fuck up, Gene! I know you're in there, I can hear you running your fucking mouth through the ceiling."

Gene looked annoyed. It wasn't an expression that Eliza was used to seeing on him lately: normally when he was with her he always wore a shit-eating grin.

"It's my asshole downstairs neighbor," he grumbled sourly, shifting his bulk up off the couch. "Give me a second."

Gene went to the door and Eliza crossed her legs, feeling cold in the dim, dirty apartment. She hadn't loved the look in Gene's eyes when he was about to tell her what they would be doing today.

At the door, a rough-voiced, whiny man was saying "Carrying on all hours of the night! Whores screaming their lungs out! Stomping around at three AM! Three AM, Crowder! I'm calling the fucking Landlord, Gene. This time you're out on your ass."

Wow, Eliza hated to agree with Gene, but this guy really did sound fucking annoying. She bounced her crossed leg, waiting impatiently for Gene to get rid of him, and almost missed the words out of Gene's mouth.

"Why don't I show you the cause of all that noise, Larry. It might change your tune."

Gene turned, calling back into the apartment, "Come meet my neighbor, Lizzie. You kept him up all night with your moans, you bad Bunny."

Eliza froze, her heart pounding once again. Gene really did love to find fresh ways of humiliating her. Now her master wanted to show her off naked to a stranger. Eliza gritted her teeth as embarrassment and arousal flooded her core. She didn't have any say in the matter. And she needed to pick her battles. On legs still loose and sore from her sexual escapades the night

before, Eliza reluctantly walked to the door, where Gene pulled her forward beside him into the open doorway, arm around her naked waist.

A tall, gangly man with a long, ratty black ponytail and a death metal t-shirt stood framed in the doorway to the apartment hall. He looked like he was getting ready to unleash another series of grating complaints, but then stopped and stared as he saw Eliza, a gorgeous, collared woman standing stark naked on his upstairs neighbor's arm.

Eliza flushed red in an instant, all of the shame of being naked in front of a man roaring back to her as she fidgeted. The strange man's eyes roamed every inch of her exposed skin, a dopey smile forming on his lips.

A cruel smile lit up Gene's face, and his hand slipped down to squeeze her naked ass. He was clearly reveling in Eliza's embarrassment and discomfort and enjoying showing her off, demonstrating his collared slave, his prized possession.

"I'm sorry if you were a little inconvenienced by Lizzie's... enthusiasm last night buddy," said Gene chummily, his piggy fingers digging possessively into Eliza's firm, bouncy ass and making her whimper. "Tell you what, next time I'll send her down to your apartment afterward to show her appreciation for your patience."

"I-if she wants to," said Larry in a stunned voice, his eyes still locked to Eliza's slim nudity.

"Aww, she would love to!" insisted Gene. "My horny little bunny is a total cockhound. Isn't that right, Lizzie?"

God... she had thought she was under control of herself after getting her fix last night, but Gene's cruel and humiliating treatment was heating her up again. She needed to end this quickly before Gene decided to make her prove to Larry how eager she was right there in the hallway. Staring down at her feet and trying to get a hold of herself, Eliza said, "Yes, master." This is what she was to Gene now. A sex toy. And a bargaining chip to solve even the pettiest of problems.

"Perfect, so problem solved, right buddy?" asked Gene with an oily smile.

"Problem solved," agreed the wide-eyed neighbor.

"Good."

Gene pulled Eliza back a step and slammed the door in Larry's face, leaving a now slightly hot-and-bothered Eliza alone with her master once again.

"Ok, Bunny," said Gene, his eyes alight with perverse glee. "Get dressed. We're playing hooky from work today and going somewhere much more exciting."

...

"Here?" said Gene, throwing his car into park in front of the little duplex that Eliza and David called home. "Niiice. No wonder David wants to keep his job so bad. This place couldn't have come cheap." He opened the door and got out, and Eliza was forced to scurry after him. Unlike at his apartment, Gene seemed to be in no rush. He didn't really care how many of her neighbors saw Eliza walking up to her front door with a strange man while wearing slutty clothes.

"Please, master," said Eliza desperately, "What if he's home? What if he stayed home sick or something?"

Gene snorted, standing at the front door and impatiently waiting for her to open it. "Come on, Bunny. That fucking goody-two-shoes hasn't missed a day of work since he was hired. And he told you he was staying with his sister anyway, right? Stop stalling and open the door."

Eliza had no more arguments left to give. She unlocked the door and Gene pushed past her, entering their home.

Eliza hadn't really been sure why Gene insisted on visiting her and Dan's house, or why she felt so reluctant to submit to the command. But as she watched Gene's slimy eyes look around their cute, well-decorated home, now she got it. It was another violation; Gene forcing himself into another corner of her life and polluting it with his presence. Gene felt almost at home in the office, and definitely seemed a natural fit in his apartment. Seeing him here in her sanctuary was jarring and distressing. Before, home was a separate world where she might have to live with her hunger, but Gene couldn't reach her. Gene wanted to spoil that feeling.

His lip curled in dismissal at the cozy little home Eliza shared with her husband. Then he turned to her, filthy lust in his eyes. "Charming," he said dryly. He approached her, reaching out to squeeze and grope her tits with a casual air of ownership. "But what I really want to see is the master bedroom. Go up there and get yourself ready for me. Just like last night."

Eliza nodded, feeling a dark swooping sensation of helpless, erotic despair. Of course. That would be the ultimate cherry on top: what Gene was most interested in ruining and polluting forever. Her and David's marriage bed.

Eliza felt Gene's eyes crawling all over her as she made her way up the stairs, her body already warming up in anticipation of her master's cock. Her bedroom was as cool and clean as when she had left it yesterday morning. Apparently David really hadn't been back. Eliza swiftly removed her clothes and lay back on the sheets.

She wished that she had time to shower. She felt like she stank. The disgusting smell of Gene's apartment, his sweat from their bodies rubbing together all night... and especially the stench of

his semen seemed to cling to her every pore, and as Eliza lay back and spread her legs, she felt her corrupted body transferring Gene's smell to her sheets. The sheets that she shared with her husband.

The idea, as upsetting as it was, made the guilty, twisted heat inside her leap higher. Her hands rubbed gently at her pussy, sore from the night before, but still eagerly responding to her touch, rapidly moistening and throbbing with need.

She was Gene's now. She had been marked with his scent. His seed. His will. A little moan rose from the back of her throat. God, she had to control her thoughts. She couldn't buy into that submissive fantasy too fully, especially when she was on the verge of breaking free. She had to stop fantasizing about belonging to Gene, and instead just focus on her physical pleasure.

She let herself go for a while, laying back on her bed and losing herself to intense masturbation, freely allowing herself to moan and squirm against the pristine comforter of her marriage bed.

Where was Gene anyway? He was taking an awfully long time...

Just as she had that thought, she heard his heavy steps on the stairs, and her body flushed with excitement at what was coming. In some ways, fucking Gene in her marital bed was more taboo than anything they had done. It was a massive, humiliating insult to her husband, but as shameful as it was to admit, that only got Eliza hotter at this point.

Gene's naked form came into view, filling the doorway. In the light of day, he was even more brutish and repulsive looking, with a hard, hairy gut, broad, rounded shoulders, and a thick, drooling cock pointing out obscenely from his waist.

Eliza was so horny and preoccupied with getting a good look at her master naked that she didn't even realize what he held in his hand for a moment.

He held the creamer bottle. The one Eliza had been secretly filling with leftover cum.

Her eyes widened. Suddenly, her pulse drummed in her ears and she felt faint. It couldn't be. There was no way.

"Someone," said Gene in a low, dangerous voice, stalking toward the bed with the creamer bottle held high, "has been a very naughty Cumbunny."

"Master, I...I..." squeaked Eliza, speechless as her careful, month-long scheme fell apart before her eyes. She was so fucked. She had completely forgotten that she had taken the creamer bottle home for safekeeping after Gene cut her off from blowjobs. At the time, it had seemed safer to keep it out of Gene's reach, at home, where he could never accidentally find it. But how had he even known to look for it?

Gene now stood above her and chuckled darkly. His eyes glittered as he seemed to read his Cumbunny's mind. "Larry said something very interesting this morning, Lizzie. He said that someone was walking around in my apartment at three AM. It wasn't me... And what should I find but my stuff rifled through and my decoy oil tampered with."

Gene let out a belly laugh at Eliza's look of stunned horror. "Oh, you thought you got the real oil, didn't you? It's one of the tips I picked up from CoachS. Always give your Bunnies a little false hope early on. They'll go along with the corruption thinking they're tricking you."

"And that made it easy to assume that this existed," continued Gene with a raised eyebrow, shaking the creamer bottle. "Did you think I didn't notice that you never said a fucking word after every blowjob? I knew you were hoarding, but I thought it was for weekends. Once I knew to look for it... well, let's just say "behind the milk" wasn't as good a hiding place as you thought, Lizzie."

All at once, all of Eliza's carefully laid plans were crushed to dust. The slight hope that she might escape Gene's power was gone. Now it wasn't a game or a hypothetical. She belonged to Gene. His slutty little Cumbunny. Forever. He had won completely.

Eliza's fingers began moving once again between her thighs, her body flooding with self-destructive, submissive delight as the training Gene had put her through bore its twisted fruit. Gene was her only source of happiness. So of course it was right and natural to feel pleasure at his complete victory.

"I...I'm so sorry master..." moaned Eliza, terrified by the fact that she meant every word. "I'm sorry for being a naughty Bunny!"

"Sorry?" said Gene softly, a cruel gleam in his eyes as he flipped open the top of the creamer bottle, "Don't be sorry, Lizzie. You're just a silly little jizz-obsessed Cumbunny. You can't help it. That's why you need a master to think for you and punish you when you fuck up. Besides... this just means we can have more fun in poor Davey's bed than I thought."

Eliza realized what he was about to do just as he began to tip the bottle. 'N-no! Don't!' she said desperately, but it was too late. A thick drizzle of cool, slimy jizz splashed over her face... her chest, her pussy, sending the buzzing, warm pleasure of contact with her master's cum singing through every nerve and drawing a ragged gasp of horrified lust from between her parted lips.

The half-full bottle of creamer managed to cover Eliza's body in a glaze of cold, sticky jizz. Gene tossed the bottle, emptied of Eliza's hopes of escape, roughly to the side, where it impacted the wedding photo of Eliza and David on the wall, leaving a splat of sperm across it.

Then he pounced on his Cumbunny.

The sticky, filthy jizz smeared and rubbed between them as Gene pinned her to her bed, pushing open her thighs and roughly inserting his monstrous cock with no further foreplay or teasing. The smell and feel of semen rubbed all over her body and face crushed any pitiful resistance Eliza might have had. She desperately tried to kiss her master as his cock plunged deep inside her, using his own semen as lube, but he refused. There was no way he was going to kiss the cumrag Eliza had been reduced to.

She contented herself with looping her arms around Gene's thick neck and holding him tight as his rough pace increased. She thought she had been corrupting her marriage bed before... now the sticky, slick jizz was slipping off her in thick ropes, staining the comforter beneath her... and likely the sheets beneath that as well.

The bedding was utterly ruined physically, and the bed itself had been conquered symbolically. No matter what she did, even if she managed to somehow escape Gene, this bed would always be the place where she had been fucked while dripping with the jizz of David's worst enemy, moaning his name while he punished her cum-smeared pussy with his massive dick.

"Geeeenneee, fuck me!" she moaned in his ear, no longer needing to act the part of the submissive Cumbunny. The words came naturally to her now, flowing easily out in the breathy bimbo tone that Gene wanted. Gene responded to her pleas with deeper, punishing strokes, impaling her and pushing her hard down into the mattress that had seen so many tender, loving nights between her and her husband. "Punish your bad little Cumbunny with that fat cock!"

She remembered how she used to hate it when David came inside her... And now here she was, participating in an obscene one-man bukkake, and loving the feeling of filth dripping off her face, smeared against her breasts, and fucked deep into her pussy by Gene's powerful thrusts. She had fallen so far. That thought alone almost brought her to orgasm.

But it was what Gene said next that pushed her over the edge.

"You think this is your punishment, you dumb slut?" snarled Gene, thrusting deeper and harder, consumed by dominant lust. "No... I saw something else in your freezer while I was looking for your little cum stash. Your anniversary is coming up, isn't it? Saving a slice of the wedding cake... what a nice tradition."

Eliza caught the tone of her master's cruel amusement, even though she didn't know where he was going with this line of thought yet. Her pussy clenched hard around his pumping cock. The sticky cum slid and squelched between their bodies, her breath hot and labored.

"But on your anniversary, I'm going to add two special ingredients to that sweet little slice that weren't there before," groaned Gene, clearly approaching his own orgasm as well. "And when David finishes, he's going to start getting cravings he never had before. Cravings that he'll only be able to satisfy by eating his fill between your legs... after he gives you away to me."

Eliza gasped as she realized the horror of her master's twisted plan. He had already emasculated David behind his back... now he wanted to make his victory complete by forcing David to become a full, cum-eating cuckold. Eliza's orgasm washed over her, even as her mind did its best to rebel. Resistance was pointless. Her back arched and she moaned, her slime-covered hips desperately humping up to meet Gene's thrusts in the middle of a deep, unwilling orgasm. No matter what she did, Gene would always win. He had won the second she had foolishly taken that first, fatal sip of coffee. There was nothing she could do to save herself and there was nothing she could do to save her husband.

Well... No.

There was one other thing. Something she had refused to consider to save herself. But as she thought about it in the consuming heat of her orgasm, she found something inside herself she didn't expect to be there.

Strength.

"I-I wouuuuld rather die!" she moaned, failing entirely to sound serious. Gene snorted incredulously, continuing his frenzied pumping. But then he caught a look at Eliza's eyes, and saw something there he didn't like, even though her haze of lust. He grunted in displeased surprise, then bore down even harder, lifting Eliza's legs and piledriving her cum-soiled body down into the now-sticky mattress.

"You'll. Do. As. You're. Told!" he snarled, punctuating each word with a powerful snap of his hips, manhandling and dominating his Cumbunny with ease. "You're mine, you dumb slut. My toy. You can't say no to me!"

"I w-won't!" squealed Eliza, wishing that Gene's cock didn't feel so good so it was easier to concentrate. "I may have betrayed David, but I won't do this to him. I..." She took a deep breath and belted it out, feeling a massive wave of relief that the words rang true... even truer than the submissive words Gene had forced from her... even after all this time.

"... I love him!"

Gene roared in anger and pulled out, rapidly jerking his cock and spraying hot, fresh semen all over his rebellious bunny's upturned face, denying her the pleasure of his creampie.

Eliza couldn't suppress a whine of disappointment, even after being totally satisfied last night. No matter how much she loved her husband, she would never be able to forget how good it felt to feel Gene's cum inside her.

Gene loomed above her, his face dark with rage, panting heavily and holding his dripping cock in one hand.

"You'd rather die," he said stonily.

Eliza glared up at him, and nodded.

"Fuck!" roared Gene again, spinning away and pacing the floor of the bedroom in agitation. It would have been amusing, if the situation hadn't been so serious. Eliza realized that this was the first time she had ever fully denied him in a way he didn't expect to immediately get around. He looked like a spoiled child who had just been denied ice cream. Maybe Eliza should have made the ultimate threat sooner.

Finally, Gene visibly collected himself and took a deep breath, sitting on the edge of the ruined bed. He turned to Eliza, his face calmer, but his eyes still blazing with displeasure.

"Tell you what, Bunny," he said in a barely controlled voice, "I'll make you a deal. What is it, three weeks until your anniversary? If you can find me an alternate target for my oil before then, fine. I'll let poor Davey off the hook. But if not, he's becoming a jackrabbit, whether you like it or not... whatever the consequences. So you better start thinking soon about who might amuse me to conquer just as much as your husband. But I'm warning you, I'm not sure that's possible."

But Eliza's mind had already come up with a possibility. One that she tried unsuccessfully forget about as soon as it crossed her mind. But the thought burned there, horrible, and painful, and... honestly fucking hot because of the depths Gene's training had dragged her to. There was one woman that she was certain Gene would be interested in making into his loyal, slutty Cumbunny. An innocent young woman who had done nothing to deserve the sexual torment that Eliza wasn't sure she could resist inflicting on her.

A woman whose betrayal would hurt David almost as much as hers... maybe even more.

...

Kim Meyers took another sip of her tea to cover her surprise, flipping her silky blonde ponytail over her shoulder. Finally, she said cautiously, "So... Eliza just, like, one day decided to go to work in... skimpy clothing?"

Her brother leaned forward on her elbows and covered his face with his hands, sighing heavily. "I know. It sounds crazy. But that's why I can't understand it. And I told you, skimpy is a very VERY polite way of putting it."

Kim reached out reflexively and put a steadying hand on his shoulder, her face etched with deep sympathy. What David was saying didn't make any sense, but she could tell his pain was real, and she hated to see him like this.

Her older brother had always been the rock in the family. He had always seen himself as his little sister's protector, even when it was inconvenient. Like all those high school boyfriends he

had chased off for not being good enough for her. This was Kim's time to protect him. Emotional problems were a weakness of his. This wouldn't be the first argument with Eliza that Kim had coached him through... Although it was certainly the most bizarre. David seemed so totally lost on this one that he couldn't even accurately describe what was going on.

Eliza was the love of David's life. They were good for each other. And Kim was willing to get her hands dirty to save their relationship, even if it did sound like Eliza was having some sort of quarter-life crisis.

"Why don't I invite her over?" said Kim soothingly, rubbing David's back. "We can all talk this out together over lunch. I'm sure that with my help, we can get her to open up a little."

"I don't know," said David wearily, looking away with his chin cupped in his hand, "What if she's cheating on me? I don't know if I could take the truth..."

Kim laughed her usual, rough, unselfconscious bark. "DG," she said, using his fond childhood nickname, his first two initials. "Now I know you're overthinking this. Eliza would never in a million years cheat on you. She loves you, dude. Anyone can see it."

David gave her a weak smile, a little of the tension leaving his frame. "Thanks, Kimmy."

Kim made a face and punched David's arm. She hated that nickname, and he knew it.

"But do you really think that would work... just getting together and talking?" he asked with an uncharacteristically desperate expression.

"Well normally no," said Kim with mock seriousness, "But add my famous banana pudding into the mix and now we're talking!" David laughed, but Kim really did think this would help. She had no idea why Kim was acting so strange...

... But she was sure that if they just sat down together and shared a meal, she would be able to understand what her sister-in-law was going through.