

Kim Meyer studied her sister-in-law with a critical eye.

Eliza looked... Normal. Maybe a little sad, but that wasn't unusual, considering the circumstances. It would be weirder if Eliza was chipper and unaffected, considering that her husband had left to stay with Kim for a week and counting.

Eliza had always been a beauty. A slim supermodel build, with just enough curves around the hips and chest to give her a touch of feminine softness, not to mention a juicy little ass. She had pale, radiant skin, coal-black, lustrous hair, and crystal blue eyes. Kim knew that she was a looker as well, but Eliza made even her jealous.

Eliza was the perfect bride as well, based on how David always gushed over her... the sappy lunk. Eliza was thoughtful, loving, and supportive. Or, at least, she had been. That was why Kim was here today, sitting across from Eliza in the living room of her and David's house. Something had changed, and Kim needed to get more info before she could advise her brother on what to do.

"So Eliza," said Kim, leaning forward with a keen look in her eye and dispensing with the inane small talk they had been wasting time with up to that point, "What's been going on with you? Be honest with me."

A faint blush colored Eliza's face, and she folded her hands in front of her. "Ah. Yes. I thought that might be why you asked to meet," she said nervously. "It's a fair question. I admit that I've made some questionable decisions lately." Her words were cool and precise, as usual, her eyes calmly meeting Kim's hard, skeptical gaze.

"Like the inappropriate clothing," prompted Kim with a raised eyebrow. Eliza wasn't wearing anything scandalous right now. In fact, her lilac sweater and dark jeans covered her from wrist to ankle. But if David's complaints were even halfway accurate, Eliza had basically been flashing the goods to her entire office.

Eliza's face twisted in a wry expression of self-deprecation. "Yeah... that was one of my worst decisions."

"So help me understand," said Kim flatly, leaning back in her chair with her arms crossed. Despite how good she had been for David, Kim had always had a tense relationship with her sister-in-law, for a few reasons. First of all, she was too perfect; one of those incredible, poised, self-confident, effortlessly feminine women who made Kim feel insecure. But second of all, even though Kim knew it was a childish reaction, she couldn't help but resent that Eliza had taken away her brother. So a sneaky part of her wanted to come away from this secret meeting she had called with a guilty verdict. She would be relieved, in a sense, if she could confidently tell David that he should split with his wife for good. But she had to give Eliza a fair shake for David's sake. Eliza was the love of her brother's life after all.

"It's... a sensitive topic," said Eliza hesitantly, her hands fidgeting in her lap. "A personal one. But if you must know, you're brother has been having... difficulty performing in bed. It made me feel unwanted. I reacted poorly."

Kim grimaced in discomfort. Shit. That didn't excuse dressing like a slut at work, but it might explain it. Even so... Kim didn't think that Eliza was lying, but it still felt like her sister-in-law was holding something back. Kim had always been the type of gal who cut straight to the chase without games, and that was her instinct right now.

"Eliza, David means everything to me," said Kim sincerely, leaning forward again with an intense sparkle in her lively green eyes.

"I know," said Eliza with a gentle smile, "and that's why I..."

"I don't think you DO know," said Kim sharply, cutting her off. "It isn't just that he's my brother... Ok, I'm going to tell you something really personal that I don't share with just anyone, so listen up." She cleared her throat and bit her plump lower lips, forcing herself to go on. Eliza needed to know why this was so important. Why Kim would do anything for her brother.

Eliza just watched her silently, her beautiful blue eyes wide and receptive.

"Our Dad left," said Kim, her eyes on the floor. "When I was little. But not so little that I didn't remember it. David really had to step up. He was the most important man in my life. The man of the house. It was a lot to ask of a kid, especially when he had a bratty little shit of a sister like me. So I want you to understand this, Eliza..." She reached out and grabbed Eliza's knee with a forceful grip. "David isn't just my brother. He's the closest thing to a Dad I have. If I feel like you're bullshitting me or that you might hurt him, I'll tell him to drop you. And he'll listen."

Kim watched carefully as a complex and indiscernible mix of emotions crossed her sister-in-law's face. But then Eliza's cool blue eyes hardened, looking deep into Kim's. Her hand fell to grip Kim's on her knee with fevered intensity.

"Kim, I swear to you: I love David. More than anything. And I desperately want to be the best wife I can to him... even if I mess up sometimes."

Kim studied her closely, that sneaky part inside her that disliked Eliza on principle searching for lies in her chilly blue stare. But there were none. Kim could plainly see that, even if she had been oddly evasive earlier, Eliza meant every word she had just said. Kim let out the breath she hadn't realized she was holding in a puff through her nose, and pulled her hand out from under Eliza's.

"Ok, ok," she said wryly. "I get it. Fine. I'll tell the big meathead he should give you another chance. But don't make me regret it."

Eliza's obvious, pathetic gratitude made Kim uncomfortable, so she made an excuse and left shortly afterward.

Kim stewed in her thoughts on the car ride home. Although she had given Eliza the basics, what she had shared hadn't fully conveyed what her brother meant for her. Their Dad leaving had kind of messed Kim up; she was freely willing to admit that. It was why, despite being a hottie (if she did say so herself), Kim was a serial dater who could never stick with a long-term relationship. She was intensely attracted to dominant, masculine men, but when she actually got into a relationship with one, she instinctively rebelled against them, pushing them away. She was practically the poster child for daddy issues. She obviously didn't think about David in romantic terms, but he was the only guy in her life who had ever been able to put up with her petty, bratty attitude.

She was a little disappointed that she didn't have a chance to get rid of her annoyingly perfect sister-in-law. But this wasn't about her. It was about David. And, no matter what was going on with Eliza, she had convinced Kim of one thing: she wasn't lying about wanting to be a good wife to David.

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Eliza watched Kim's car drive away from the window, her heart beating quick and hard in her chest. She had been convinced somehow. Despite the squirming mass of anxiety filling Eliza's belly. Eliza couldn't say whether that was a good or bad thing for David.

It was certainly a bad thing for Kim.

Eliza had always been a little jealous of her sister-in-law. Firstly, she was gorgeous. A firm, petite little body with lush curves in all the right places, twinkling green eyes, and feathery blonde hair that Eliza would kill for. But beyond that, she was so... uninhibited. She had an irrepressible free spirit and a sharp, tomboyish attitude that let her make friends with others instantly. Eliza had always been more reserved. She wished she could make that kind of easy connection with others. That was why her deep connection with David was so important to her... and why she couldn't just give him up, no matter what dark pathways that led her down.

She waited five minutes to make absolutely sure that Kim wouldn't return for something she had forgotten, then turned to the stairs with a riot of lust and reluctance blazing through her. As she made her way up, she slowly shed the respectable clothes that she had worn as a disguise for Kim, leaving her in the lingerie that her master had purchased for her: a trashy leopard-print pushup bra with matching crotchless panties. This little outfit reflected what she had become more accurately at this point than the conservative sweater and jeans.

She was disgusted at her own reaction as she padded softly toward the master bedroom. Her body was heating up just from getting close to him. Even being away from him for the half-hour it took for the conversation had felt difficult. That was how strong a hold Gene had on her now.

She opened the door to the master bedroom, the place where she and David normally slept side by side. She couldn't stop the perverse thrill of arousal that roared through her body as she took in the sight in front of her.

Gene, her master, was lying back on the bed, his broad, hairy body naked, his fist pumping up and down his massive, drooling cock as he raptly watched the screen of the laptop balanced on his belly. He looked up as she entered, his slimy eyes flicking with lustful, possessive interest over his Cumbunny's displayed body. Eliza felt her pulse quicken, her eyes dilated, and her pussy flush with heat and moisture. She couldn't help it. As much as she intellectually loathed the horrible man lounging in her marital bed, he was catnip to her body now.

Gene patted a broad, hairy thigh with a smirk. "Come here, sweetie," he chuckled. "Your master doesn't jerk off when he has a perfectly good sex toy ready and willing."

"Yes... honey," said Eliza meekly, the term of endearment tasting like ash in her mouth. The word only made Gene smile wider, his cock visibly throbbing in his fist. It was just one of the mind games that Gene had been playing with her in the week since her husband had gone to stay with Kim, and he had moved himself into their home. Eliza had been forced to use pet names with Gene at all times.

Gene was obviously deeply upset that his Cumbunny had successfully resisted his plan to addict David to his cum. This was his revenge: for the past week, he had moved in and forced Eliza to treat him like her husband. Cooking for him in just an apron, hand feeding him, cleaning up after him, and, of course, sleeping in the same bed... among other things. It was awful and humiliating, but disturbingly, Eliza sometimes found herself happy and eager to serve. There was something wrong with her lately. She needed to make a new plan to get out from under Gene's thumb, and soon.

Eliza knelt down at Gene's side, obediently bending forward to take his thick cock between her lips, and bobbing her head with smooth, practiced motions, sliding and wriggling her tongue over every inch of his bulging head. Gene's eyes focused back on the screen in front of him as his rough hand gripped the back of Eliza's head, taking control of the blowjob. Eliza felt him forcing his cock deeper and deeper, knocking insistently on the back of her throat. The rough treatment only increased the dark, twisted lust that was now her constant companion. Her hand slipped between her thighs, rubbing gently to further enflame her desire.

"Well, I have to admit, *dearest*," said Gene, laying thick, mocking emphasis on the last word. "I wasn't convinced that little Kimmy would be a more entertaining target than her brother. But I stand correctly." His eyes glowed with sexual greed as he restarted the recording. Gene had

forced Eliza to plant a camera before her sister-in-law arrived today, and now it was Eliza's job to pleasure him with her mouth as he reviewed the footage.

"Mmmmmm," said Gene with an oily smile, pushing himself into his Cumbunny's tight, wet throat as he rewatched Kim's impassioned, sincere speech. "A feisty, curvy little tomboy with Daddy issues? It's like she's begging for someone to tame her. I'm glad I got her before anyone else. And the fact that her betrayal will crush David, maybe even worse than yours? Icing on the cake, *sweetheart*."

Eliza couldn't answer with her master's thick cock buried in her throat... could barely think as her nipples throbbed with her forbidden pleasure and her traitorous pussy clenched hungrily around her inserted fingers. But she hoped that Gene was wrong... she had been strong enough to resist the ultimate betrayal of David, so it should be no problem for someone as strong-willed as Kim to keep her brother safe... right?

"She's joining the stable, sweetheart. Isn't that exciting? From sister-in-law to sister Cumbunny," Gene gripped her hair, dragging Eliza's panting, dripping mouth up off his cock and staring her dead in the eye. "And you're going to help. Help to trap her. Help to train her into a sweet submissive little bunny, just like you've become."

"Yes, d-darling," whimpered Eliza, her eyes hazy with defeated lust.

Gene released her hair. "Take the position," said Gene with a chuckle, setting aside the computer and pointing imperiously down onto the bed. Eliza scrambled to obey, slipping off her trashy underwear, shoving her face down into the sheet (now scented with Gene's earthy musk) and arching her back dramatically while she spread her thighs wide, giving her master an excellent view and easy access to her glistening, eager pussy.

She wished she could say she just did it out of habit, or because she knew she would be punished if she didn't. But in reality her cravings for her master's cock were just too strong for her to deny anymore. She loved David. That hadn't been a lie. But she loved her master's cock too. She needed it, almost as much as she needed his cum. It felt lately like there was a whole other version of herself lurking inside... Lizzie, the slutty, desperate, passionate Cumbunny. So much more submissive and stupid and fun than boring old Eliza the snow queen.

And right now Lizzie took the reins, wiggling her hips enticingly as she presented herself to be fucked by the man who was Eliza's worst enemy, but Lizzie's beloved master.

But as much as Gene was fascinated by his Cumbunny's tight, wet pussy, he had another project this week that had been interesting him more. He reached down, gripping Eliza's plump ass cheeks in strong, dominant hands and parting them to reveal an even tighter pink hole. Her perfect, unspoiled virgin asshole. His next target.

Eliza groaned with nervous anticipation. She wasn't exactly sure why Gene had become so obsessed with her ass. His insistent explorations felt wrong and dirty and uncomfortable... even if they did fill her with helpless, squirming desire. Today she gently tried to head off the humiliating teasing and exploration of her tight asshole.

"Baby, p-please," she squeaked as she felt Gene's finger slowly circle her sensitive anus. "I need you in my pussy! I'm so horny darling. Fuck me!"

Gene just chuckled and gave her a sharp spank that made her yelp, a white hot flash of masochistic lust pulsing through her. "I will, *sweetie*. Trust me, I'll fuck you hard after previewing that little blonde slut I'm about to claim. But we need to work on your training too... We need you loosened up a little so you don't break when I finally fuck this tight ass."

Eliza gasped in pain mixed with strange, unknown pleasure, twisting the sheets beneath her in her fists and squirming as Gene slowly pressed his finger tight to her hole, pushing the tip inside. Above her, Gene continued in a gloating voice. "Your pathetic beta hubby fucked your pussy before I claimed you. You even let his shirmpy cock into you mouth, God knows why. I want to take something that he's never had. That he'll never get to have. I want to conquer you in a way he was too much of a wimp to even try."

With that, Gene could no longer hold himself back. He withdrew the finger tip and got into position, grabbing his cock and sliding home into his Cumbunny's warm, slick cunt. She moaned immediately, her face buried in the dirty sheets she had once shared exclusively with her husband.

Her pussy gripped every inch of her master's thick, powerful cock. It just felt so... perfect. As Gene gripped her hips tight, she couldn't help but arch her back, grinding backward into his incredible dick. After a few slow, deep pumps to lube the length of his cock, Gene set a punishing pace. The jackhammering, muscular fucking of a selfish man who wanted to get off as hard and fast as possible, without giving a shit about the pleasure of the slut beneath him. Not that his self-centered style mattered... Eliza knew she would cum her brains out on Gene's thick cock no matter how much of a selfish lover he was.

Eliza had come to a frightening realization this past week. She and Gene were actually really sexually compatible. She knew that the mjolkhare oil was partially to blame, but her helpless, burning arousal while being fucked down into the mattress by Gene's battering ram of a cock wasn't just about her cum reward at the end. She had started to crave his cruel sexual domination even apart from his semen.

Partially as a mental defense, and partially to increase her own pleasure, Eliza let her sharp, calculating mind fuzz out, allowing Lizzie, the happy bimbo bunny take over. Lizzie didn't have any complicated, worrying thoughts about how to resist Gene. She just looooved bouncing her sloppy pussy up and down her master's thick, yummy cock.

Eliza moaned in slutty delight, gripping the sheep's in sweaty fists to get better traction as she pushed back harder into Gene's punishing thrusts. Her hard nipples scraped and rubbed against the silky sheets as she concentrated on her master's cock... It's thick girth stretching her tightness... It's bulbous head gouging and rubbing and teasing every sensitive spot inside her. His hairy gut and thighs slapping lewdly against her butt.

"Fuck me..." she whimpered. "Show me who I belong to, master!" In this moment, there wasn't a trace of hesitation or guilt in her soul. She was beneath her dominant master, serving him humbly with her slutty Cumbunny cunt. Everything was exactly where it was meant to be.

And it was right then, when Eliza was at her weakest... her sluttiest... her most submissive, that Gene's reached between her cheeks once again, this time grinding the flat of his thumb against her tender, twitching butthole.

Eliza's body went rigid with shock and pleasure, arching her back further into the strange, dirty sensation of anal teasing. But she wasn't Eliza anymore right now. Right now, she was Lizzie. And Lizzie wanted whatever her master wanted... even if it was a little scary. As her master's cock plunged in and out of her pussy... as his thick, dominant thumb pressed against her asshole... she squeezed her eyes shut and relaxed. She thought open, welcoming, submissive thoughts, her body still squirming eagerly back into Gene's thrusts and his cock still setting her nerves on fire. Slowly, her tight, rosy little hole softened... yielded.

Feeling the difference, Gene angled his thumb forward, never missing a beat with the rhythmic movements of his hips. He slowly increased the pressure until...

Eliza let out a sharp, muffled cry, then bit a mouthful of sheets to stifle her whimpers as her butthole spasmed and gripped around her master's suddenly intruding thumb. The blend of pain and pleasure mixed with the filthy feeling of surrender and defeat, making her pussy flutter and leak and clench in sympathy around her master's cock as her asshole took the biggest object that had ever entered it. Eliza's thighs shook, her hips grinding backwards against the twin sensations of fullness and submission. She was cumming once again on her master's cock, and it felt as glorious as ever.

Gene groaned in triumph, sticking his cock and thumb as deep as he could while his own orgasm overtook him, spraying his submissive Cumbunny's pussy with the creamy sperm she craved.

Eliza's mind was overwhelmed by the pleasure of receiving her master's cum. She moaned with desperate animal heat down into the sheets beneath her, moist with her tears and drool. She could feel the potent blend of dopamine and adreneline flooding her veins as her pussy milked the cock inside her. It felt like every nerve in her body was crackling with sexual electricity. Gene's cum in her pussy remained the deepest, strongest, most satisfying feeling she had ever

had. Miles beyond what her husband had ever made her feel... or ever could make her feel, no matter how much she loved him.

She managed not to pass out... this time. She just lay there, in stunned sexual bliss, Gene's thick load feeling like molten sunlight resting inside her gaping pussy as Gene withdrew.

Gene chuckled above her, looking down with pride at the creampie'd, drooling slut he had made out of a devoted wife.

"We've got a busy evening ahead of us," he said smugly, reaching down to smear his fingers over his Bunny's gaping, cum-filled pussy. 'We've got to plan exactly how we're going to make sweet Kimmy mine. Not to mention the home-cooked meal you have to make for me, like the good little wifey you are."

He lifted his fingers, now slimy with his thick cum, back up to the tight pink hole he had been training. "But first... we can't neglect the most important part of your training, can we?"

He started working the extra cum into her asshole with tight, firm circles, bathing her anus in his addictive seed. And, as Eliza returned to control of her mind, she couldn't help but worry that the pleasure of his teasing was starting to outweigh the discomfort...

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Eliza was taken aback and startled when she saw David, her eyes going wide and her breath catching as he walked into the office, eyes down, brows knitted.

It was the first time she had seen him in a week. Carl, their manager, had let slip that David was taking paid time off during one of the frequent blowjob sessions he now expected from Eliza. She could hardly blame her husband for wanting some time away. The last day he had been at work was brutal, even by Gene's standards. Eliza had ended up silently shutting Gene's office door in David's face while holding a mouthful of Carl's cum in her mouth. And, of course, she had gone home with Gene and gotten fucked by her master for the first time after that, but luckily David still wasn't aware of the worst ways she had betrayed him.

Eliza straightened her clothes as she anxiously watched David cross the office floor. She was wearing a flouncy skirt that came down to mid-thigh and a sleeveless blouse with only two buttons undone, even hiding the bra her master had allowed her to wear. It was a significant improvement over the slutty outfits Gene had forced her to wear recently, and it was another hard fought compromise she had managed to worm out of her master.

She had managed to convince Gene (in the middle of a sloppy, ball-sucking blowjob) that it would be impossible to convince David to reconcile if she continued to dress like a hooker at work, and if David didn't think there was a chance of them making up, Kim would want to have nothing to do with her.

Gene had grudgingly agreed with her logic. The compromise that Eliza had been forced to accept in order to wear more respectable clothes had been heavy, but she would cross that bridge when she came to it.

Eliza's heart leapt as her husband drew closer and closer on his way to his office. Kim was supposed to have put in a good word for her... would David stop to talk to her?

He did look up as he continued on to his office, meeting Eliza's eyes with a gaze that somehow both vulnerable and closed off. But then he quickly looked away, hurrying to enter his office, out of her sight.

Eliza couldn't help but feel a stab of disappointment. Gene had been poisoning her mind against David for months now, but through it all she loved him. And she missed him too, no matter how addicted she had become to Gene's cock. She hoped that all he needed was a little more time before he would be ready to talk. Eliza knew that in the long run, she couldn't serve as Gene's loyal slave and protect her husband. Gene was just too enthusiastic about crushing his former rival. But right now, she just needed to make sure her bond with David wasn't cut forever. She could figure out the rest once she had David at her side again.

The day began to pass quickly. Eliza felt on edge and jumpy, looking out for any sign of her husband whenever he happened to leave his office for coffee or the bathroom. Partially, it was because she wanted to make herself available at all times in case he wanted to talk. But she also needed to be vigilant... because of the compromise she had made with Gene.

Gene had made his expectations for his slutty little bunny very clear: if Eliza wanted to wear more modest clothes at work, she needed to compensate with immodesty elsewhere. In other words, Eliza had to accept and reciprocate any moves that coworkers made on her, no matter how crude. In addition, she needed to maintain her act of being an airheaded, giggly bimbo when David wasn't in earshot.

So far, none of her coworkers seemed to understand the rules that bound her now. The worst that she had received was a few "accidental" gropings, which she had been forced to enthusiastically nuzzle into with purring approval. But her warm receptiveness definitely meant that the men of the office would grow bolder with time... and she suspected that Gene was egging them on with water-cooler talk as well. There seemed to be nothing as amusing to him as forcing his obedient bunny to act like a wanton slut.

Everything seemed quiet today, except for a few catcalls that she responded to with giggles and winks. She was relieved that the men of the office were having a little restraint now that David was back... but, of course, Max couldn't resist.

Max, one of her husband's friends (former friends by now, surely) was at the forefront of the group of office guys seeing how much they could get away with. He was the one who had fully

palmed her ass in the break room a few days ago to test her limits, and apparently his success there had made him feel bold. Bold enough to see what he could get away with even now that David was back.

Eliza didn't even see Max creeping up as she used the copier. It wasn't a very good spot to approach her if you wanted to be subtle: the copier was practically in the middle of the office floor, near the water cooler. But if you wanted to be seen... if you wanted your aggressive flirting to be a spectacle for the entire staff to enjoy...

Then it was ideal.

Eliza's eyes were still longingly locked to the open door of her husband's office, so the first warning she had of Max's presence was when he was right behind her, inappropriately close. "Hi there, Lizzie," he said, his voice low and rough in a way that sent a shiver up Eliza's spine. "Having trouble with the copier again?"

She wasn't. Eliza had been using the copier without issues since the day she had been hired. But right now, on Gene's insistence, she was playing the part of Lizzie, the giggly bimbo Cumbunny. And Lizzie was a different story.

Right on cue, she let out a shy giggle, raising a hand to twirl a lock of hair in her fingers. "Awww, you know how I am, Maxy," she said in a sweet, breathy voice, batting her eyelashes at him. "This kind of thing is just too hard for a silly little girl like me!" Of all the humiliations that Gene had forced on her, turning herself into a bimbo slut in the eyes of the coworkers who had once respected her was one of the worst. But Lizzie felt like she was right beneath the surface now. Sometimes, it worried Eliza how easy it was to play this part.

Maybe Max intended his smile to be kind and helpful, but Eliza could see the predatory hunger behind it. "That's ok, honey," he said, reaching around her, "...Why don't I teach you?" Then, in a gut-churning, embarrassing, panty-moistening instant, his crotch pressed firmly against Eliza's plump butt. His erection was immediately and powerfully obvious, poking deep into her ass cheek.

Even in the middle of her act, Eliza went stiff and beet red. This was miles beyond innuendo or fleeting hand contact. This was another man's penis pressed against her body. And in front of everyone! They might not be able to see the exact details of what was going on, but anyone on the office floor who looked up from their desks would clearly be able to see that Max's crotch was in full, sustained contact with her ass. She was about to rebel, to turn and slap him, to scurry away in humiliated retreat.

Then she saw Gene. He was standing in his office doorway, leaning casually with his arms crossed over his gut, watching with smoldering, lustful amusement.

Eliza felt trapped once again. Her agreement with Gene was clear. She had to enthusiastically reciprocate any advances made by her coworkers as long as David wasn't present. And, as crude and humiliating as Max's public grinding was, Gene would absolutely consider it covered by their agreement.

Eliza looked nervously at the door to her husband's office. Nothing. She looked back toward Gene. He smirked and gave her a tiny nod. Fuck.

Gulping and feeling a twisted sense of helpless arousal growing inside her, Eliza closed her eyes and pressed her ass back against the thick, throbbing cock of her husband's friend, pushing it deeper into her soft, luscious ass. "Ooooh, you bad boy," she managed to whisper in a passable bimbo impression, "someone is reeeeeeally excited to teach me, isn't he?"

Max's hips worked forward, rubbing his bulge up and down her ass as she arched her back, offering herself to him. "I'm always excited to teach you a lesson," Max rumbled in her ear, both arms now reaching on either side of her to the screen of the copier, trapping her between them as he ground his cock into her plush ass. "Now pay close attention, Lizzie... or who knows how long this could take." Some of the other coworkers had already noticed what was going on, looking up at the spectacle with a variety of expressions. Most of the women with disgust or mockery. Most of the men with lust and thinly-veiled envy.

Their staring eyes seemed to burn into Eliza's skin. She wasn't sure if it was the experience of submitting to Gene for months, or if this whole horrible set of circumstances had awoken a fetish she had always had, buried deep, but the humiliation of being used like this was turning her on so badly that she felt moans building softly in the back of her throat. Her pussy was warming up beneath her sensible skirt, moistening with submissive desire as Max grew more forceful and less subtle, dry-humping her in front of all of their coworkers. Eliza didn't need to force herself to press eagerly back into his cock anymore. The movement felt right... perfectly natural.

Based on the hungry expressions of the watching men, she suspected that the aggressive pursuit from her coworkers would probably take a massive leap forward after today.

But, despite the wicked sensation of Max's cock against her ass, and the distracting eyes of her watching coworkers, Eliza did her best to focus on her husband's open office door. What she was doing now wasn't just a betrayal of him... in fact, she had been betraying him so often and so badly lately that in this dry humping seemed tame by comparison. More importantly, in this position, she stood a high chance of being caught. It was a very public betrayal, and one that David would notice almost instantly if he emerged from his office at the wrong time.

Focusing was becoming more and more difficult. Although Max had made a half-hearted attempt to pretend to show her some buttons on the copier at first, now he had her hands on her hips, grinding rapidly against the office slut's ass in front of everyone. Eliza was flushed and panting, leaning against the copier and submitting utterly to the humiliating public use, her arousal growing and roaring inside her.

It was lucky that she had been focusing so completely on her husband's door. She had only a split second to react when she saw his shadow fall across the doorway. David was leaving his office. And that meant, according to her agreement with Gene, she no longer needed to submit to Max's harassment. But a part of her didn't want to stop... the part of her that she called "Lizzie" wanted to continue feeling Max's thick cock against her soft ass. She wanted to make him cum in his pants in front of the whole office. Luckily, Eliza managed to force that instinct down, wriggling out of her coworker's grasp in an instant... just as David emerged from his office, looking around with confusion at the strange, tense atmosphere of the open office floor.

Max looked annoyed for a moment at Eliza's sudden and unexpected defiance, but when he noticed David, he rolled his eyes and stalked off with a sour expression on his face and an unfulfilled bulge in his pants. Eliza suspected that she would pay for that denial someday soon. David noticed her across the office floor, a determined expression locking onto his face as he made his way toward her. Eliza's heart skipped a beat. Now? He wanted to talk right now? Her pussy was still pulsing from dark arousal and the men of the office, although they were returning to their work now that it was clear the show was over, were still giving her leering sidelong glances. But, poor timing or not, David looked like he had made up his mind. They were going to talk.

Just before her husband reached her, Eliza caught her master's eyes. Gene gave an odd grimace and nodded toward David before slipping back into his office. Eliza had a job to do here as well.

Now here David was, Eliza's loving husband, standing in front of her. He was still looking determined, but also seemed to be at a loss for words. *Weak*. The word flashed in Eliza's mind. Gene had been conditioning her for weeks to see her husband as a lesser man... and David did look a little pathetic at the moment, for some reason intimidated to talk to a woman who should belong to him. Eliza fought back that cruel bullying instinct Gene had been fostering inside her. She loved her husband, and even Gene's manipulation hadn't taken that from her.

"Hi, David," said Eliza gently. She wanted to reach out and touch him, but she knew that he might not welcome that right now. He looked... worn out. Clearly the week away from work hadn't been restful. He had probably spent the entire time worried about her, Eliza realized guiltily. Her slutty wardrobe... her rudeness and dismissiveness toward him last Friday. *What a pussy*. Lizzie chimed in once again in the back of her head, and once again, Eliza ruthlessly crushed the uncharitable thought.

She longed to make up for her poor behavior toward David... even if Gene was doing his best to make it worse.

"Hey," responded David. Slowly, he smiled. A little wobbly, but it looked incredible to Eliza, who responded with a smile of her own. Let the office see this instead. The real Eliza, the woman who loved her husband, instead of Lizzie, the slutty joke Gene had created.

"I... I'd like it if you'd come over to Kim's tomorrow night for dinner," said David in a rush, "so we can talk things through." Eliza thanked Kim silently. If she had offered her house as a setting for the reconciliation talk, clearly Kim had put in that good word with David that she had promised. Eliza felt a sting of guilt... Kim might end up paying dearly for her assistance.

"I would love to," said Eliza with a genuine smile, forgetting about her doomed sister-in-law for a moment. She was doing all of this for David. For their relationship. She had to remember that, no matter how much Gene twisted her mind.

"Great," said David with a sigh of relief. Had he been worried that she wouldn't want to? It made Eliza's heart hurt that her husband thought she might no longer care about him. "I'll see you then."

Eliza nodded, feeling a little misty-eyed. She wanted so badly to reforge the bond that Gene's cruel manipulation had bruised. It was hard not to consider David a bit of a beta wimp after Gene's manipulation, and yes, his little wobbly speech had been far from Gene's forceful manliness... but no matter what else David was, he was hers.

"Can I have a hug?" The words were out of her mouth before she knew what she was saying, and she was almost as taken aback as David was by her sudden request. She thought for a second that her husband might refuse... but then he nodded, teary-eyed, and Eliza rushed forward into his arms, pulling him tight.

For one second she forgot all about Lizzie, and Gene, and Cumbunnies, and just felt her husband's loving arms around her.

And then he let go. "I... I'll see you tomorrow night," he said, his smile less wobbly and more confident now. "Six o'clock"

"Six o'clock," repeated Eliza, wishing that the hug could have gone on just a little longer. David waved awkwardly and retreated to his office, but he looked more hopeful and less worn down now.

Eliza was happy that David was happy. And she hoped that he had a good rest of the day as well, because she certainly wouldn't. It was just about time for her meeting with Gene.

And she had to report that now she had the perfect opportunity to ensnare David's beloved little sister.

...

Eliza could sense the tension as she walked into Gene's office. His usual smug confidence was still there, but she could sense some other emotion smoldering in his eyes as he leaned back in his chair, silently appraising her.

Eliza gulped down the wave of intimidation and arousal that her master's smoky eyes sent through her. She wasn't sure what to do. Normally, Gene made his wishes clear the instant she entered the room. But right now, he was just staring at her silently with that strange, heated expression.

She decided to be proactive... that was something that Gene was always talking about: how she shouldn't just obey, but do everything she could to make him happy. It had been a major lesson that Gene had drilled into her during their week "playing house". Gene had pushed her to be creative, and find slutty, submissive ways to please him without needing to be ordered. Cooking him dinner in nothing but an apron. Waking him up with a blowjob. Spontaneously joining him in the shower.

Lizzie was a lot better at it than Eliza was. When Eliza let her conscious, defiant mind turn off and became the slutty, ditzy little Cumbunny Gene was building inside her, ideas for how to please her master just seemed to flow into her mind. She let Lizzie take control, turning off her worries and plans for a second to become the Bunny who knew how to please her master.

Well... she knew one great way to start off on the right foot.

Her eyes soft and submissive, Lizzie crossed the office to Gene, who watched her approach with silent, intense focus. Then she fell to her knees at his feet, hands in her lap and eyes upturned to his. "How may I serve you, master?" she asked sweetly. Gene loved it when she accepted her place. The kneeling, the humility... there was no way he could be angry with his poor little bunny now.

And his expression did soften a fraction. Gene's strong hand descended to stroke over her hair, then down to cup her cheek. His thick thumb nuzzled at her lips, silently demanding that she suck.

Lizzie obediently opened her soft lips, gently suckling her master's thumb, swirling her wicked little tongue all over it as she stared up adoringly into his eyes. They stayed like that for a silent minute. Gene glowering down and his bunny humbly expressing her devotion.

Then, finally, Gene spoke. "So you finally got a chance to make nice with that pathetic cuck of a hubby. Was it everything you dreamed of? All warm and fuzzy inside now?"

Oh. Ohhhhh. Eliza rose to the surface again in her moment of shock, her analytical mind whirring. Gene was jealous! That seemed bizarre to her. After all, Gene was the one who was pushing her to slut around with other men... how could he feel threatened by her just talking to David? But as she stared into Gene's greedy eyes, she knew the answer.

When Max dry humped in front of the office, it was something that Gene commanded her to accept. When she was forced to kneel beneath Carl's desk and suck him off, it was because Gene told her to. But her relationship with David was outside of his control. It was something he hadn't managed to pervert and control. He had spent all week forcing his Cumbunny to treat him like a husband, so obviously seeing a real relationship with real love and affection made him annoyed.

It was an interesting discovery, but not particularly good news in the moment. If Eliza knew one thing about Gene, it was that he had a selfish, petty hatred of losing... and he didn't hesitate to take his annoyance out on others.

Gene glared down at her for a moment longer, almost as if he expected a response, even though his thick, rough thumb was still thrust deep into Eliza's mouth, her tongue still tenderly bathing it. Finally, he withdrew his thumb. A cruel smirk twisted his lips, and Eliza saw a perverse sparkle light up her master's eyes. That was never a good sign... but she barely had time for a thrill of nervous anticipation this time before the words left his lips.

"Strip. My bad little Cumbunny needs a reminder of who she belongs to."

The flat, arrogant command sent a stab of adrenaline through Eliza's veins. She had taken her shirt off before in Gene's office. That had been dangerous enough. Being completely naked and exposed in her master's office while her coworkers and husband were just one thin wooden door away was both terrifying and intensely erotic. But that wasn't the most concerning part of what Gene had just said. What did he mean by a reminder? He couldn't be saying what she thought he was... Maybe now was a good time to see if she could squeeze some mercy out of him. She had been having some limited success in getting concessions from Gene. The fact that she wasn't wearing hooker clothes to work was evidence of that.

If she could just butter him up a little, then...

"Master," she said softly, "It's been soooo long since you gave me a hot, sticky treat right down my throat. Can I kneel down like a good bunny and..."

Gene stood abruptly, unzipping his pants and fishing out his huge, throbbing club of a penis. He stroked it lazily, and Eliza's simpering words faded away. Her mind felt fuzzy as her eyes followed the progress of her master's hand, moving slowly up and down his thick shaft. Her mouth was watering suddenly, and that wasn't the only part of her that was suddenly feeling a lot wetter. "If you don't strip right now," said Gene, "Then you won't get any cum at all today. How does that sound, Lizzie?"

Eliza gulped, her eyes widening and her eyebrows drawing together in an almost comical expression of dismay. Shit. This past week, she had been living in a sort of twisted fantasy. Being at Gene's beck and call and forced to pamper him like he was her husband had been

humiliating... but the upside was she had her favorite slimy treat practically on tap whenever she wanted.

It was easy to be sneaky and defiant when she had a pussy oozing with her master's addictive seed, but the threat of being denied was real and concerning. She hadn't been hungry all week, and she had no desire to go back to that feeling.

With a nervous glance toward the door, Eliza stripped quickly with fumbling fingers. Despite the terrifying prospect of someone walking into Gene's office to see her utterly naked, Eliza found herself shamefully wet beneath her skirt, her nipples standing stiff and proud with submissive arousal atop her firm tits.

Finally she stood naked and shivering and horny, submitting to the possessive, smug stare of her boss... her owner. With another sidelong glance at the office door, she scrambled to the safety of Gene's desk. All the other times she had removed her shirt, she had been at least hidden behind the thick wood of Gene's enormous desk. She assumed that this time would be the same.

But she was wrong.

As Eliza hurried to hide, her master grabbed her by the waist. His grip wasn't rough or painful, but it was firm, not allowing her to move further into the safety of her standard hiding place.

"No," said Gene, his eyes sparkling with malice. "Turn around."

Eliza's heart was in her throat. Gene... wanted to fuck her. In the office. She felt her pussy flutter and clench at the thought. Ever since last week, when Gene had claimed her pussy for the first time, they had fallen into a very simple dynamic: Eliza would suck Gene's cock at work, then he would fuck her pussy at night in the safety of Eliza's home, where no one could hear her pathetic whimpers and begging for cum.

Eliza's mind rebelled at the idea of fucking Gene in the office. To be stripped totally naked and bent over a desk by her husband's worst enemy in her workplace, behind an unlocked door where anyone could walk in... where anyone walking by might hear what was happening in the office... The idea was filthy and terrifying and taboo.

But even if Eliza thought the idea was demeaning and foolishly risky... the growing Cumbunny inside her loved it. What greater sign of submission to her beloved master could there be? She wanted to show that she was his: his compliant little fuckdoll bunny who was happy to get naked and bounce on his cock no matter who might see or hear. And it was Lizzie who bit her plump lower lip and nodded to Gene, turning away from him to brace her hands across his desk and arch her back, presenting her plump butt and dripping pussy to his smug, appreciative eyes.

Crack

Gene's wide hand descended in a sharp spank that made Eliza gasp. She glanced at the door to her master's office to see if the sound had drawn any outside attention. At this point, she would be presenting a deliciously slutty appearance to anyone who walked through that door. Her glorious pale body bent low over Gene's desk, her firm tits hanging beneath her, stiff pink nipples pointed down, her back arched and legs wide, presenting like a bitch in heat.

"OK, so report then," said Gene gruffly, his hand squeezing and kneading his Cumbunny's soft ass. "What's the word on your cuck... and more importantly, Kimmy. Are we in?"

"I'm going to a dinner party with them, master," said Eliza meekly, looking over her shoulder with wide, submissive eyes. "The perfect place to slip something into Kimmy's food."

Gene chuckled darkly. "I like the commitment, Bunny..." he said in a low growl. Suddenly, he was looming behind Eliza. The feel of his thick cock nuzzling and rubbing at the lips of her pussy made her breath catch and her fingers clench on the desk, crumpling papers. "Fuck me master, Oh God... please!" She whimpered, trying hard to keep her voice down. Every nerve in her body pulsed with need for her master. She wanted to feel him fill and stretch every inch of her... wanted to feel his cock twitch and pulse, filling her with that indescribable elation of his addictive creampie. Like being pumped full of molten gold.

"Don't think you can fucking fool me," Gene added as he slowly pushed his way inside, parting Lizzie's tender, married lips with his massive cock. "I know that you're trying to reconnect with that useless pussy you call a husband." He thrust forward powerfully, forcing Eliza to brace against his desk as she gasped, her tits wobbling beneath her and her whole body blazing with submissive pleasure.

"But I'm going to teach you one important lesson if it's the last thing I do," grunted Gene above her, pushing forward with powerful thrusts, forcing his full weight down on Lizzie as his massive cock stretched her tight pussy to its limit, "You don't fucking belong to David. You belong to me. This pussy is mine." His hands gripped Lizzie's wide, graceful hips with cruel strength as he jackhammered into her. Lizzie bit her lips hard and squeezed her eyes shut, only partially successful at clamping down on her slutty moans. Her pussy made embarrassingly loud, wet noises as it welcomed her master's thick cock. She gripped and milked him with every punishing thrust, her body physically agreeing with his bold declaration of ownership.

Gene's hand flashed down in another stinging, ass-reddening spank, louder this time. Even deep in her sexual haze, Eliza was starting to panic. Surely people outside the office could hear now! But she also found it hard to care. She loved the feeling of Gene's dominance.

"... And his bitchy little sister is going to be mine too," panted Gene. Both of them were sweating at this point, losing themselves in the filthy, raw animalistic act of coupling. Gene's cock filled Eliza's pussy... filled all of her senses. She wanted more... somehow wanted him deeper, even though he was bottoming out on each thrust as his swinging balls slapped wetly against her clit.

Her tits wobbled and bounced as her hands braced, white-knuckled, on the desk top, occasionally slipping on the papers scattered there. God! She was fucking naked in the office, getting thoroughly fucked by a man she hated, and she was right on the edge of sloppy, moaning orgasm. She really had become a desperate slut... just like Gene wanted. But that didn't matter now. What mattered was squirming her hips just right and milking her master's cock to earn her creampie. All of her senses narrowed to that single, focused desire, forgetting about everything else.

"There's nothing I can't take from him," said Gene in a voice of wicked triumph. "That little shit thought he could beat me? I'm going to grind him into the dust. I'm going to teach him..." Eliza whined in disappointment as Gene's cock withdrew, but the noise turned into a strangled gasp of pleasure as his dripping cock slid upward, poking against the tight, pink hole that her master had been teasing all week. "I'm going to teach poor Davey that there is nothing he has that I can't conquer in ways he never dreamed possible." She suddenly wanted it badly... wanted to feel he master claim her in a way that her husband never had... never could. Eliza reached back, panting heavily as she willingly parted her ass cheeks, spreading herself open and granting access to her master.

Slowly, Gene pushed forward, and Eliza whimpered, trying hard to stay silent. The burning hot head of Gene's cock, slick with his Cumbunny's slutty juices, felt enormous as it pressed against her virgin anus. Even though she wanted it to, there was no way it could possibly fit.

"M-master," she squeaked, still obediently holding her ass open for him, "I don't know if..."

But Gene was in no mood to hear his Cumbunny's pathetic protests. He pushed forward again, this time with the slow, unstoppable force of a bulldozer. Lizzie moaned deep in her throat, a sound of mingled pain and pleasure... It felt so good for Gene to stretch her married pussy. So how much better would it feel for him to stretch this smaller hole? So much more forbidden... never touched by David... Feeling submissive and desperate to please her master, Lizzie felt her puckered asshole yield just slightly. And in that instant, Gene's cockhead slipped inside, her tight sphincter clenching in an air-tight seal around his mushroom head.

Pain. Pleasure. Submission. Disgrace. Eliza shook and panted, sweat dripping down her body and off her nipples onto the papers on Gene's desk. Emotions rocked her as sensations poured through her flushed, tingling body. It hurt so fucking bad. Gene's cock was just too big for her inexperienced asshole to handle... but it was the kind of pain she was sort of curious to feel more of.

The doorknob turned.

Eliza's mouth fell open in horror. There was nothing she could do this time. She was caught dead to rights: naked and bent over a desk, getting butt fucked by her husband's worst enemy.

In that moment, as the door swung open, Eliza came. Hard. Her thighs trembled and she went weak in the knees, leaning forward heavily on the desk. She couldn't stop the slutty moans puffing between her lips. Whoever walked through that door right now would see what she had truly become. And then everyone would know. It would become common office knowledge that she was Gene's submissive butt slut. Maybe even David would hear about it around the water cooler.

Oh God, maybe it was David walking through the door right now. A fresh wave of humiliated lust flowed through her then, deepening her ongoing orgasm and making her clench tighter around Gene... setting him off as well.

The door opened... and Carl, their boss walked into the office. Eliza was a little too busy to feel relieved that it was the one person in the office who already knew she was a filthy slut. She was too busy feeling her mind unravel with pleasure as Gene's meaty cockhead, trapped in the tight grip of her buttocks, squirted thick, hot cream into her ass for the first time.

Eliza had assumed that cum would feel better in her pussy than in her ass... after all, the pussy is a major erogenous zone, and, if you wanted to be crude about it, was built for taking cum. But she was wrong... This anal creampie was fucking incredible. Different than the feeling of Gene's cum in her pussy, but just as intense. It felt dirtier... wronger. But that just made the sensation even more intense. Her ass had become an electric tunnel of hot, dirty sexual ecstasy.

Carl looked shocked, then gave a soft laugh and closed the door swiftly behind him. "Working hard as always I see Mrs. Meyer," he said with a mocking sneer, his eyes sliding over the sweaty, moaning slut with a cock buried in her ass. "Is now a bad time, Gene?"

"Just finishing up actually!" Said Gene cheerfully. He withdrew his cock head, and, unlike with her pussy, Eliza's ass sealed tight, trapping all of his cum inside her for the moment. She felt the pleasant buzz and tingle of its addictive contact maintained inside her. Gene gave her ass a dismissive little slap and tucked his cock back into his pants. "Why don't you leave us to have some man talk, Lizzie?" he said casually, gesturing toward Eliza's crumpled pile of clothes. Now that he had taught Eliza a lesson, all of his annoyance and anger had faded away, leaving just his normal cheerful, slimy smugness.

Eliza felt dirty and used as she donned her discarded clothes under the leering eyes of the laughing, chatting men. But then, that was the essence of her relationship with Gene, wasn't it? She was an object to be used for his pleasure, and he wanted her to be as dirty as possible. Eliza thought again how she needed to find some way to escape. She hadn't given up yet... She swore to herself that she would fight through her growing dependence and enjoyment of being owned by Gene and somehow defeat him.

But not today... Gene turned from Carl, who had just murmured something into his ear, and said, "Head to Carl's office and wait for him there, sweetheart. He needs a little service from you

after seeing how... eager you are today. Oh... and we'll discuss our plan for the dinner party after work."

"Yes, sir," she murmured meekly as she headed to the door, eyes down and ass filled with her master's hot, euphoria-causing sperm. Eliza sighed and felt frustrated that Gene had causally offered her up as a blowjob doll to their boss. But Lizzie was interested... another chance to get dominated by a big strong man while feeling like a total slut.

Even without her master's yummy cum, it was one of her favorite things in the world.

...

That Friday...

Kim opened the door to find Eliza standing there with a bottle of wine and a sheepish expression. Kim's eyes flickered down to see that, once again, the slutty, outrageous clothes her brother had complained over were nowhere in sight. Eliza wore a breezy, beautiful white summer dress with a blue floral pattern. Cute, and definitely suited to her slim, pale body, but not overtly sexy.

Good. It seemed like Eliza had the good sense to tone things down on today of all days. David had been moaning and stressing all day about this dinner. It was clear that he badly wanted things to go well, but was nervous about what his wife might say.

Kim reached out and took the bottle, pursing her lips as she read the label. She was no connoisseur, but it looked like top-notch stuff.

"How..." Eliza's delicate throat bobbed, her eyes wide and nervous. 'How is David doing? Is he ready to see me?' Kim tried not to roll her eyes. These two were a married couple. Why were they acting like two teenagers with crushes? But Kim needed to be gentle with them both. These two crazy lovebirds needed each other, and they were never going to figure out how to apologise and make up without her help.

She reached out and grabbed Eliza's hand, warmly saying, 'He'll be a whole lot better once you two talk. And of course he's ready, he's been waiting for this all evening.' It was a polite smoothing-over of the truth, but that was what Kim was here for tonight: to support David completely. And right now, that meant bringing him closer to Eliza.

So, Kim headed back into her apartment, pulling Eliza along behind her and calling out, "Hey bro, Eliza's here. Come on out and say 'hi'!"

...

Later that night...

Eliza's heart was nearly beating out of her chest as she mounted the stairs to her bedroom. Her knees were wobbly and her skin felt flushed. She had done it. Somehow. But should she have?

The mission Gene had set for her tonight had been accomplished. And, in the process, she had successfully rekindled her endangered relationship with David. That was the key. She had to remember that going along with Gene's wicked schemes was just her way of defending her husband. This had all been for him. But, as her hand fell on the bedroom door, ready to go report back to her master, Eliza hesitated, a look of disquiet on her face. She could have made a different choice tonight...

Earlier this evening, Gene had handed her a sample of the precious Mjolkhare oil, premixed with his semen. The loathsome payload that was intended to transform poor Kim into his second Cumbunny. Couldn't Eliza have simply gone on the run? She had considered it, sweating and agonizing in her car outside Kim's apartment building for almost half an hour, staring at the disgusting cloudy concoction in the glass vial.

The hunger would have been devastating. Even if she had convinced a scientist to take her seriously, how long would it take them to discover the secrets of the oil? Longer than Eliza could have stayed comfortable without another dose of cum, that was for sure. But maybe that would have been the way to truly save David... and Kim, too.

But even as she made excuses to herself, saying that it wouldn't have worked, or the hunger would have been too crippling, or Gene would find a way to addict David if she hadn't returned, Eliza knew deep inside herself the real reason why she didn't escape with the oil.

She couldn't defy her master that openly. Not anymore. The good little bunny bimbo growing inside her wouldn't let her betray Gene's expectations. Her master had ordered Lizzie to go out and snare another bunny slut for his harem, and that was exactly what Lizzie was going to do.

That self-discovery was... disquieting. And not a good sign at all for Eliza's long-term prospects. But, regardless of why, the deed was done... and now the loyal bunny needed to report back.

Eliza opened the bedroom door to see Gene lounging back on the bed. He was naked, as he usually was around Eliza and David's house. Eliza's eyes wandered over her master's body, feeling the lingering lust and shame she had been feeling all evening swell inside her. He was broad and hairy, with a hard, protruding gut. Fat, but not weak-looking. His cock was dormant now, lying soft between his thick, powerful legs. Even flaccid, he was nearly as long as David was hard. Eliza wished that thought didn't immediately flash into her head, but there was no stopping it. Gene projected a sense of rough, crude masculine power. Eliza knew that she once would have considered his body disgusting, but that didn't stop her subconscious response now, lighting her body up like a Christmas tree with desperate lust.

That dangerous, selfish annoyance was back in Gene's eyes, just like Eliza feared it would be. This mood made him unpredictable. And dangerous. Gene beckoned her forward with a thick index finger. "Look who's back from playing happy family. Come closer, bunny. Show me the dirty little secret your hubby didn't get to see."

Eliza nodded and moved forward with a blazing blush. She had hoped that, over time, being Gene's submissive fuck toy would grow to feel normal, but the shame and arousal still stung her every time. Finally, she stood above where Gene was sprawled on the bed. With her eyes downcast, she slowly reached down and lifted her dress slowly up her smooth, pale thighs.

As Gene looked on with a smirk, her humiliating secrets were revealed. She wore no panties beneath her dress, for one. She had been terrified that David and Kim would figure that out through some mistakes, although in the end, she had gotten lucky. But even worse was the thick adhesive bandage between her legs... and what it held inside.

"That whole time," said Gene, reaching up to peel off a corner of the bandage, "poor hubby thinking he was claiming you back... while you had the proof that another man owned you under your dress."

Eliza let out a little whimper of embarrassment and discomfort as Gene peeled the adhesive bandage slowly off her tender lips. Instantly, a thick dollop of cum slipped out, trailing down Eliza's thigh. Gene laughed, low and rough, at the sight.

Gene, with all of his petty selfishness, had no desire to let Eliza have an unspoiled, loving reunion with her husband. Instead, he had pumped her full of his cum minutes before sending her on her way, before mixing a glob of it into his sample of Mjolkhare oil, then sealing the rest of it inside his Cumbunny with a bandage.

It had been maddening, sitting there with tightly crossed legs, playing the part of the sweet, contrite wife while Gene's cum burned and itched inside her, making her so euphoric and horny she could barely breathe. She had been terrified that the bandage would somehow fail... that she would leak thick, pungent cum all over her sister-in-law's chair. Eliza had a lot of experience acting cool and calm and in control, but this had taxed even her skills to the limit.

Eliza watched as Gene's cock awoke between his legs, twitching and pulsing as it rapidly inflated to its full length. She felt her body responding as well, her nipples pressing out tightly against her bra. Her pussy clenched hungrily as Gene raised his fingers to play in the pussy he had filled, rubbing his cum deep into her slick folds.

'So tell me how it went...'" commanded Gene, his dark, wicked eyes locking with Eliza's. "Did they buy it?"

Eliza bit her lip guiltily, then nodded. "They were completely fooled, master. They never suspected a thing..."

...

Earlier that day...

Kim took another sip of wine to cover her smile as she watched David and his wife reconnect.

She knew that David had good reasons for their short separation, but it was just so obvious looking at them how into each other they were. As they animatedly caught up with each other across the dinner table, sharing the little life stories they had collected in their week apart, Kim could sense the love in their eyes.

True, Eliza seemed a little awkward... she kept shifting in her seat and crossing and recrossing her legs, but she looked totally sincere when she listened carefully to her husband's little stories.

Kim wasn't sure why David had ever suspected that Eliza might betray him. Just looking at them, Kim could tell that David was totally hers, and Eliza was completely his.

...

Later that day...

Gene raised his hand, digging into Eliza's pussy and extracting a palm full of gooey, viscous cum. Eliza watched with erotic horror as he began to use his own semen to lube his cock, covering it in slimy sperm. "Take off that goody-goody dress and get into position, bunny," he growled, getting up to his knees as he slowly pumped his shiny, semen-lubed dick. "Carl was rude enough to interrupt us last week, but I have a job to finish. I need to fuck you in a way your husband never will."

So here it was... Eliza's heart thumped, wild and fast in her chest. Her whole body was on fire. She wanted to resist Gene's humiliating desires, but another, stronger part of her wanted to give in. To feel the pain and pleasure of being analy conquered by her master's thick, powerful cock. Lizzie, the happy, horny sex slave, was practically drooling at the idea of being pinned down in her marital bed by Gene's massive dick... taking every inch in her tight, innocent ass on the very night she had reconciled with her husband.

And tonight, after an entire evening of apologizing to her beta cuck of a husband while Gene's cum buzzed and throbbed inside her cheating pussy...

Lizzie won.

She tore off the rest of her clothes and hopped onto the bed, forgetting her reluctance as she bent into the position, face down in the sheet and ass in the air, spreading her cheeks for her master to finally take what was his.

But instead of plunging straight into her, Gene reached down and scooped a little more cum out of his Bunny's well-used pussy. He lifted it between her cheeks, working his cum into her tight pink hole as he continued to stroke his cock, listenening and watching with amusement as Lizzie squeaked and wriggled with the intensity of the sensation.

"You know, I always hear married losers say the same old shit," said Gene philosophically, raising the head of his throbbing cock to press it teasingly against his cumbunny's twitching asshole, "about how they 'belong to each other'. You know, the 'I'm hers and she's mine' kind of crap."

Eliza could barely follow what he was saying. She sucked in humid breaths with her blazing face pressed against the sheets, waiting for her master's cock with a mix of anxiety and bone-deep longing. In the office a few days ago he had managed to get only the head of his cock inside her tight asshole, and that by itself had nearly overpowered her with its intensity. She knew he wouldn't stop there today. She couldn't even imagine how it would feel for him to push deeper.

"It's actually kind of funny, in a pathetic way," continued Gene in a smug voice, beginning to put pressure on Eliza's asshole, making her pant and groan into the sheets while she unconsciously pulled her ass cheeks wider apart, eager for the pleasure and pain of defeat. "None of them know anything about truly owning a person. Your husband certainly doesn't. He never controlled you like I can. He never made you his obedient pet. Now prove it to me, bunny. Prove to me that I *actually* own you. Completely."

Eliza knew what he wanted. The same thing she had done in the office that day. Relaxing. Welcoming him. Submitting. God, his cock just felt so fucking big pressed against her tiny, tight hole. She wasn't sure she could do it. But... Lizzie could... maybe it would be fine to just completely give in. It would help her to relax and make it less painful. After all... the anal was going to happen anyway. Why not enjoy it?

With another moan, Eliza focused on that treacherous desire to please Gene. To make him happy. To serve. She let it take over, allowing that instinct to flood through her like warm, sugary syrup.

Just as Gene leaned forward, Eliza relaxed her asshole, her body and mind alinging to fully submit to her master. With a sudden yielding, Gene's cock popped inside her tight hole again. Eliza gasped, her hands trembling as they parted her cheeks. It was just as intensely painful and pleasurable as she remembered. But this time, Gene wasn't finished. He pushed in, slowly but surely forcing his cock deeper and deeper into his cumbunny's ass.

"W-wait, master!" groaned Eliza, wrestling with the sharp, maddening pain. Shockingly, Gene actually listened, pausing for a moment as Eliza caught her breath, her whole body shaking as she was wracked with sensation.

“Shhhhh, you can do it Lizzie,” said Gene, as gently as his rough voice could allow, stroking her back with a rough hand. “I can tell how bad you want it. Just relax. Concentrate on pleasing me. Be open and welcoming.”

Eliza did as he said, breathing hard and concentrating on opening herself and accepting her master. After a second, it felt a little better. Less painful... and more arousing. “Ready?” asked Gene.

Eliza didn't even attempt to convince him to stop. At this point, she didn't even want him to. All that she could think about was how it would feel to hold his entire massive length in her tight asshole... to have him spurt a thick load where her husband would never reach. The words burst from her lips, straight from the bottom of her heart.

“F-fuck me, master!”

Gene began to move forward again, still slowly, but with much less struggle now that Eliza was concentrating on opening herself up. Before long, Gene had finally done it. Eliza's anus gripped in a tight ring around the root of his cock as he luxuriated in the moment, sitting balls deep in the ass of his worst enemy's wife.

It didn't get much more dominant than that.

Eliza's mind felt blank, singing with white-hot pleasure. Every inch of Gene's thick cock had been lubed with cum, and now it was pressing that glorious sperm into every inch of her colon, making her feel new depths of pleasure in places she didn't even know she had. It was like a bar of red-hot steel was buried inside her, stretching her open in ways she had never felt before. Gene had wanted to break new ground; to take her last virginity, and it certainly felt like he had. This was much more painful than the first time she had lost her virginity. And already much more pleasurable too...

Gene began moving, pulling out his cock slowly... making Eliza feel like he was pulling a part of her soul out along with it. She wanted it back. She wanted to feel that incredible, deliciously full feeling again. It wasn't long before she got what she wanted. Gene pushed in again, beginning a series of slow, shallow strokes designed to loosen her further.

Eliza lost herself in the obscene rhythm, squeezing her eyes shut and focusing on the feeling of the cock rubbing semen into the deepest parts of her ass, fitting into her like a hand in a glove. She had never desired anal sex. The one time that David had half-jokingly brought it up, she had nearly bit his head off. Even now, the idea of letting David put his penis in her ass was ludicrous to her. But she was doing it for Gene... She would do anything for her master.

Gene increased his speed and the length of his thrusts, drawing a shuddering, muffled moan from his Cumbunny's throat. “Fuck me,” she heard herself say, her voice raspy and muzzy with lust. “Fuck my ass master. I'm yours. Your slutty little Cumbunny. Ohhhh Fuuuck! Conquer me!

Own Me!” Now Gene was truly fucking her ass, working in long, smooth strokes, sliding and rubbing his cum-smearred cock all over her insides. She had never felt more humbled, more filthy, more... complete than she did right now, taking a cock in her ass over and over on the bed she shared with her husband.

Gene was beyond words, focusing on his own pleasure as usual as he began to really hammer into his submissive pet’s loosening asshole. Pressing her down into her marital bed with his hairy, muscular bulk, completely dominating her once again. He knew that they could both cum right there and then if he wanted. All he would have to do is maintain this pace for a minute or two more. Maybe a little careful dirty talk... a few well-placed spanks. Little Lizzie would cum her brains out like the good little Cubunny she had become.

... But why waste this opportunity? Lizzie’s tight ass was finally open for business. Gene thought he should really take full advantage. He pushed himself balls deep one last time, drawing a pathetic, ragged gasp from the throat of the conquered slut beneath him, then withdrew his cock, leaving Lizzie’s once-pristine asshole slightly gaping and glazed with leftover cum lube.

“Alright, bunny,” he said roughly, giving the stunned and cock-drunk Cumbunny a motivational spank, “Time for round two... get over here and let’s see how well you can ride.”

...

Earlier that day...

Kim pulled David aside into the kitchen, craned her neck around the corner to make sure that Eliza wasn’t eavesdropping, then turned her sparkling green eyes to her brother.

“Well, what do we think? Are you ready to forgive and forget, or should we let her stew in her guilt a few more days?” she asked wryly.

She knew the answer before David even said a word. He was practically beaming. Kim knew that the past week had been hard on him. He really missed his wife, and finding out that she wasn’t just willing to make up, but was supposedly deeply sorry for her behavior and missing him just as much had been all that David needed to know.

“I think I’m ready to forgive her,” said David, trying to hide his eagerness and the smile creeping across his face.

Kim sighed and gave him an exasperated look, then reached up and ruffled his hair. “Why am I not surprised? Just do me a favor, ok? Don’t move back in with her tonight. Give it a few more days, just to really emphasize that you’re the one who was wronged here.”

David was nodding, but his eyes weren't concentrating on Kim anymore. He was clearly anxious to get back to the dining room. They had both made excuses in the middle of the dessert course, her to fetch more wine, him to use the bathroom, and they had to be back soon.

Kim felt a tiny pang of annoyance. Once again, David was completely focused on Eliza to her exclusion. But that was the way it was supposed to be after you got married... Kim realized she was being overly possessive. "And no more being a doormat, ok?" she asked sharply, pointing a finger in her brother's face. He snapped to attention, opened his mouth to retort... then looked embarrassed and just nodded.

"Ok," said Kim, her tone softening, "let's get back to your blushing bride then. Hopefully she hasn't polished off all of the banana pudding."

...

Eliza squatted on trembling legs, Gene's thick cock teasing at the entrance of her now considerably stretched and sensitive hole. Her master lay beneath her, broad and hairy and powerful, grinning up at her as she positioned his cock correctly.

Waiting for his favorite entertainment: watching his Cumbunny debase herself for a man she used to hate.

Finally, she took a deep breath and sunk down, Gene cock slipping easily inside her now. She pushed downward, further and further, feeling his thick, throbbing dick gloriously stretch and fill her once again. She impaled herself on her master's hot spike of masculine lust until her soft cheeks made contact with his skin, sitting on his lap with his cock buried deep inside her.

And then she began bouncing. This was no longer something that was being imposed on her. She was eagerly slamming her hips up and down, addicted to the feeling of her master's cock reaming out her asshole. The pain had faded to a dull ache which only blended with and enhanced her pleasure. Sweat dripped down her body and feminine juices oozed out of her neglected pussy as she lost herself in the animal rhythm, faster and faster, harder and harder, filling her and her husband's bedroom with the wet slapping of traitorous anal sex.

Gene put his hands behind his head and grinned up at the spectacle smugly, then asked, "So... how did you do it? How did you snare that cute little brat for me?"

"Her pudding..." gasped Eliza, barely able to concentrate through the maddening pleasure radiating from her asshole as her hips pumped up and down. "I mixed your cum in when she and David left the table. She... she ate it all. I saw it. She's all yours now master. Even if she doesn't realize it yet."

Gene's chuckle was pure evil. His eyes glinted with naked sexual greed. "Perfect. And you're going to help me train her, Lizzie. She was your sister in law before, but now she'll be your little

sister in another sense. As the elder Cumbunny, it will be your job to help train her to please me... to be a role model in her journey to desperate slut. Are you excited?"

Eliza let out a deep moan, drool dripping unnoticed from her lips. Training Kim... having sexual authority over the perfect, confident little blonde that she had always felt an unconscious friction with... here and now, while she was totally giving in to her ugliest, basest sexual desires, the idea held a certain amount of nasty heat...

"Yessss," she hissed, letting the words slip out of her without holding back or filtering them. "I'm going to train her for you, master. Kimmy is going to be such an obediently little pet slut after I'm done, I promise!"

She was squeezing her master's cock as tightly as she could now, pumping her ass up and down his pole with as much speed as her trembling thighs could manage. She could feel her orgasm approaching... and her master's too. All she needed right now was to feel his cock twitch and spurt inside her, giving her the reward she needed with every fiber of her being.

But Gene still wasn't ready to be done yet. Especially not in a position that gave his Cumbunny even the appearance of control. He suddenly seized her hips and lunged forward, skillfully keeping himself inside her as he pushed her back into missionary position, pinning her wrists down to the bed with powerful hands as his bulk loomed over her.

"Great job bunny..." he whispered in her ear, his hot cock still throbbing in her ass, "but there is still one thing that I need from you before you're finished tonight."

...

Earlier that evening...

Kim watched Eliza and David sitting knees to knees, clasping each other's hands tightly. This was better than a TV drama, and she always did like happy endings. She swiped another nilla wafer through her pudding and crunched it down hungrily. Damn she was a good cook. Or maybe it just tasted better tonight because of the sweet feeling of success at her matchmaking.

"I'm sorry, Eliza," said David with misty eyes, looking somehow happy and heartbroken at the same time. "I'm sorry that I've been so stressed and distracted. I know I've been asking a lot from you lately without giving much back in return."

Eliza shook her head wildly, shaking loose some tears to roll down her cheeks. "No, David. Don't say that. I'm the one at fault here. I've been a horrible wife to you. Just awful... But believe me, all I want is what's best for you... and to keep you safe."

Kim frowned a little as she lifted another big sticky mouthful of pudding to her lips. That was a weird way to phrase it... *keep him safe?* It must have just been a slip of the tongue in the heat of the emotional moment. David moved right past it.

"I know, honey..." said David with a wobbly smile. "Let's just both promise to do better from now on."

"I promise to do everything I can," said Eliza solemnly. Then they came together in a passionate kiss, made even wetter by their happy tears.

Kim smiled to herself as she scraped up the last little bits of pudding from her bowl.

She really did love happy endings.

...

Gene slammed forward, fucking his Cumbunny down into the bed with ferocious strokes, stretching open her loosened asshole while letting out animalistic grunts of pleasure. Eliza whined and moaned in sexual extasy beneath him, trying as hard as she could to meet his thrusts, squeezing tight around him, her pussy leaking and clenching around nothing as she lost herself in a haze of lust.

Her hands were pinned down by Gene's strong arms, her body covered by his muscular bulk. She had never felt more humbled and dominated than this; her forbidden hole pried open and conquered by this man who had defeated her and her husband in every possible way.

She fucking loved it. Or Lizzie did at least, that traitorous submissive part of herself that celebrated every cruel act of domination that her master dreamed up. *David could never fuck me like this...* she thought deliriously. *He just isn't man enough.*

"Enough playing around," grunted Gene above her, pumping furiously into her ass, gouging her inside with his blunt weapon of a cock. "I proved it tonight... I've claimed you like your cuck husband never could. I won't let you pretend to be his anymore. Not in bed at least. You belong to me. Mine to fuck. Mine to lend."

Eliza couldn't tell exactly what he was saying, but she caught his rough, evil tone of possession, and it set her body on fire. She wanted his cum so fucking badly. She wanted him to pump her ass full of his sperm. She felt her poor stretched asshole gripping tightly to his cock, her hips rocking, desperately spurring her master to cum. "Wh-what?" she asked, her head swimming with pleasure and desire, confused by what Gene was saying.

Gene leaned forward, pushing her head roughly into the mattress with a dominant kiss, his rough stubble scraping against her tender skin. She swooned into the kiss, opening her mouth eagerly to swirl her tongue with Gene's in an obscene dance. The feeling of his plunging cock

deep inside her forbidden hole, his tongue exploring her married mouth, his massive bulk pressing into her... dominating her. It was all too much. She was suddenly right on the edge of orgasm, her chest heaving and her tender nipples scraping against Gene's hairy skin.

Gene pulled away, whispering savagely, "Davey doesn't get to fuck you anymore. No penetration. He gets your hand or nothing at all. Like the inferior, beaten cuck that he is."

Eliza moaned. It was such a twisted, evil idea... Typical Gene, through and through. She had just had a sweet reconciliation with her husband an hour before. How could she agree to Gene's demand? Not only because she knew it would hurt David to be denied, but just from a practical standpoint: how could their shaky relationship survive? It might work for a while, considering David's ongoing issues with performance in bed, but he would realize what was happening eventually.

But somehow, that submissive, slutty Cumbunny side of herself rose inside her again... Wasn't she just feeling good from the idea of being claimed by Gene? This would make Gene's ownership real in a concrete way. Show how superior her master was to her wimpy cuck husband... God, she was riding the ragged edge of orgasm now, her body begging for release. Wouldn't it just feel soooo good to give in and submit?

Gene paused above her, his cock resting deep in her ass, his sudden halt preventing her from reaching climax. "Say it," he demanded in a rough voice. "No pussy for betas."

Eliza whined and tried to hump upward into Gene's cock. It wasn't working. She couldn't get the right angle. She needed to cum so badly... and the idea was sort of hot.

"N-no..." she said in a cracked voice, feeling the sting of humiliation and betrayal again like it was brand new, averting her eyes from Gene's smug grin.

"No pussy for b-betas..."

"Good bunny," chuckled Gene. And then he was slamming into his Cumbunny once again, making her moan his name over and over, holding nothing back anymore, chasing the shared orgasm he had been holding off all evening.

Eliza forgot all about her husband, and her twisted pledge, and all of her pride and dignity. She was Lizzie right now. And all Lizzie cared about in the whole world was taking her master's hot load straight up her ass.

Finally, blissfully, Gene pushed forward one last time with a grunt, planting another dominant kiss down onto his Cumbunny as his hairy balls pressed hard into her ass and his cock twitched and throbbed, blasting rope after rope of addictive, mindbending cum into his slutty pet's conquered asshole.

Eliza's moans were loose and low and sloppy, her eyes rolling into the back of her head as she reached down to rub and tease her clit, prolonging her orgasm and luxuriating in the feel of her master's warm cum flooding her rectum. She was his. His obedient Cumbunny.

And, no matter how much trouble it would end up causing her, now she was *only* his. Well, his and whoever he saw fit to share her with. Because, just like her dilemma earlier when she had failed to run with Gene's Mjolkhare oil, she got the feeling that it would be very hard to break a promise to her master now that she had made it.

...

Kim lay awake in her bed, staring up at the ceiling.

The dinner had been a smashing success. Eliza was sorry. David was happy. And soon, Kim would have her apartment all to herself again. So why was Kim obsessing over the least important part of the evening?

Why couldn't she stop thinking about the banana fucking pudding?

Her stomach gurgled, and she winced, rubbing a hand over it. She may have overindulged a little after Eliza had left. She had eaten bowl after bowl of the sweet, sticky treat, but none of them scratched the same itch as that first serving she had eaten for dessert. Maybe she could try again with the recipe tomorrow. It was crazy to want to make the pudding again a day after eating four servings of it, but she didn't know if she would be able to resist.

That first serving had been soooo fucking good.

To take her mind off pudding, Kim slipped a hand beneath her pajama shorts, feeling the heat and wetness waiting for her there. It was odd for her to feel this horny as well, after a busy stressful day and when she was uncomfortably full of dessert. But it did make sense. She hadn't had any one-night stands while David had been staying over, out of respect. She hadn't even rubbed one out. Despite the crude jokes they liked to trade, David always got super uncomfortable whenever he was reminded about her genuine sex life. She remembered how bent out of shape he had gotten when she snuck a boyfriend into her room during high school and he happened to overhear.

But Kim couldn't hold back any longer. For some reason she was deeply fucking horny right now. She would just have to try to be as quiet as possible; her apartment walls were paper-thin. She slipped off her shorts and began gently rubbing her pussy, biting her lip to hold back her moans. She was already feeling a lot more sensitive than usual. It might be harder to stay quiet than she thought. But what confused her the most was why, even in the depths of one of the rawest, most pleasurable masturbation sessions she had ever had...

...Why was she still thinking about the fucking banana pudding?