

Kim looked down to see that she had received a text from “Frank Penn” announcing his arrival. She straightened her scrubs and took a deep breath, rolling her shoulders. Show time.

Forcing herself to move casually, but briskly, she stood up from the nurse's desk and walked to the front doors to let Frank in. During normal working hours, he would be able to just stroll in, of course. But that was just the issue: this particular appointment was, by necessity, off the books.

Kim had done something really, really stupid last night. Something so bizarre that she couldn't even explain it to herself, let alone justify it to any superiors who might have questions.

Last night, Kim had... it made her stomach turn with disgust and strange hunger to even remember it... she had eaten a full sample cup of sperm from a new donor while masturbating. It was one of the most deeply fucked-up, yet deeply erotic things she had ever done, and she was still processing exactly what had happened. But Kim didn't have time for too much self-reflection. She urgently needed to correct the major issue that sexual misadventure had caused. There was a sample cup scanned into the system with Frank Penn's name on it that was supposed to be full of cum, and when her bosses found out that it was empty, there would be hell to pay. Unless she could somehow make sure that it was full by the time the van arrived this afternoon to pick up the samples. Which is why she was here early, before the clinic opened, ready to trick this ugly old donor into believing that he needed to make a new sample for them.

As Kim approached the glass doors and saw Frank waiting for her with a wide, sloppy grin, she felt another wave of instinctive disgust wash over her. Every bone in her body screamed that this guy was a creep. And, just based on his behavior the first time they met, she didn't need instincts to tell her that he was a cocky asshole. In short, Frank Penn was just the sort of guy Kim despised. A sleazy prick who thought he was better than everyone else just by virtue of the cock swinging between his legs.

But, alarmingly, disgust wasn't the only feeling that raced through Kim when their eyes met through the glass door. There was an almost magnetic pull there as well. As if something inside her perked up and started drooling at the very sight of him. The feeling was so strange that Kim stopped in her tracks for a second, shaking her head in confusion.

It simply wasn't possible that she was attracted to Frank. No woman would be. He was short, balding, and scruffy, with a huge gut pressed tight against his t-shirt. Kim forced the sudden, inexplicable feeling down, instead putting on a glossy, false customer service smile and opening the door for the obnoxious little man to enter.

“Good morning, Mr. Penn. Once again, so sorry for the inconvenience,” she said smoothly as he stepped inside. She gritted her teeth slightly as the older man obviously and insultingly let his eyes flick up and down her body, checking her out with no shame or tact. Luckily, she was wearing scrubs, so there wasn't really anything to see at the moment, but the movement felt calculated and insulting: a demonstration of exactly how Frank saw her.

"I've gotta say, I was surprised to get your text!" said the older man in a rough, amused voice as he strolled into the clinic, hands in pockets. He grinned broadly, showing off a gold-capped tooth. "Ha! Well, don't get me wrong, I wasn't surprised to get a call from you asking to meet up. Wouldn't be the first time a pretty lady couldn't resist following up with me, if you know what I mean."

Kim felt like her plastic smile would shatter at any second. She had forgotten how slappable this asshole was.

"But I thought you guys ran a tight ship here. That's why I picked this place. What did you say happened to my sample again?" His eyes gleamed with some sort of hidden amusement, and for a heart-pounding second, Kim thought he might suspect something. But that was impossible, no one would look at a wholesome, vivacious young woman like Kim and suspect something that perverted from her. He was just being his usual obnoxious self.

"Accidental spill," said Kim smoothly, turning away to lead Frank toward the donation rooms. "We pride ourselves on professionalism here, but mistakes do happen."

"Mistakes. Right," said Frank with a low, dirty chuckle. Kim gave him a sidelong glance. It really seemed like he was implying something. But she couldn't jump at shadows. "So, why are you hustling me in before opening hours... Got something to hide?"

Kim stopped in front of the donation room, a bead of sweat forming on her forehead. Why was this guy asking so many fucking questions? She needed to get this finished as quickly as possible so that he had less time to pick at her lies. "We were totally booked up for appointments today, so this was the only time we could fit you in." She opened the door and gestured impatiently for him to enter, holding the sample cup forward for him to take. "So we really should get this taken care of as quickly as we can."

Frank's piggy little eyes bored into hers, his wide grin never faltering. He didn't take the cup from her hand, and he didn't move into the room. Kim suddenly felt that magnetic pull again. Something inside her felt oddly compelled by his arrogant smirk and the smug certainty in his eyes. She opened her mouth to try to break the sudden, strange tension between them, but he spoke first.

"I don't buy it," said Frank flatly. "A sudden follow-up appointment out of nowhere. Only speaking to you about it and not using the appointment reservation system, then showing up with no one else around? Something's off."

"I don't know what you mean, sir," said Kim, feeling her heart rate rise and trying to keep herself from panicking. This asshole was just fishing. He had no idea how things normally worked at the sperm bank; that had been his first ever donation. "I'm following standard procedure for situations like this."

“So you won’t mind if I call your supervisor later and confirm that this is all above board?” asked Frank placidly. “It’s not a problem. I don’t mind waiting a few more days for my sperm to be tested if that’s the issue.”

Kim was holding onto her calm demeanor by the skin of her teeth. Frank’s smug grin was really getting on her nerves now, and that strange pulling feeling was growing inside her the longer she stared into his eyes. She looked away, digging her nails into her palm in an attempt to regain some focus.

“Just get in the room, sir,” she said through gritted teeth, pushing the sample cup toward him aggressively, trying to force the issue and get her way. Kim had always been a strong-willed person. That, combined with her natural good looks, meant that she wasn’t used to being denied what she wanted, especially by men.

So she was confused and offended on a fundamental level that her pushy demand was met only with a chuckle and a shake of the head by Frank, followed by another deliberate scan up and down her body by his slimy eyes.

“I don’t think so, sweetheart,” he said in a firm, decisive voice. “I think I am going to ask for a full accounting from the sperm bank over what happened to the sample I produced yesterday... Unless, of course, you are willing to cut a deal with me.”

Kim’s mouth felt dry, and that annoying, bone-deep hunger that she had finally satisfied by eating Frank’s cum yesterday was suddenly and inexplicably back. Frank’s tone made what kind of deal he meant crystal clear, but she still opened her mouth and asked, “What sort of deal are you proposing, Mr Penn?”

Frank was as blunt and crude as he looked. “If you help me produce the sample, then I can forget all about the irregularities that I see popping up and forget that this ever happened,” he said with a smirk.

There it was. Kim had heard about it before from the other nurses. The pervy donors who “joked” about getting some help producing a sample. It usually earned them a one-way ticket out of the clinic and a polite but firm request to never return. The sperm bank took the issue very seriously. Kim had always thought she would knee the first man unfortunate enough to make a joke like that to her in the balls and teach him the error of his ways. Maybe that instinct was why it had never happened: she just looked too fierce for guys to risk it.

But now, for some reason, her eyes were drawn to Frank’s crotch, and not for kicking purposes. She saw a thick, powerful bulge forming there and she gulped. The hunger that she had hoped was gone forever roared inside her, twining with the strange magnetism she felt when looking at the awful man. She was alarmed to realize that part of her was considering saying yes.

Kim cleared her throat and shook her head, scowling. This had gone too far, and she needed to get things back on the rails right fucking now. She let her indignant rage swell up inside her and sneered at the ugly little man who had dared to openly proposition her. If this ugly son of a bitch thought he could just openly disrespect her like that, then it was time for Kim to drop the fucking customer service act and let Frank know what she really thought of him.

“Excuse me?” she said with a scoff, crossing her arms firmly beneath her tits, pushing them up slightly. She realized a second too late that this just presented her breasts even more clearly to Frank’s leering eyes, but she ignored the issue. If the old pervert wanted to look, let him feast his eyes on what he would never get. “Let me make things clear to you, grandpa. I’m a professional young woman, not some sort of bimbo slut here to service you. Where do you get off talking to someone doing their job as if they were a piece of meat? If I didn’t have to talk to you as part of my job, I wouldn’t look twice in your direction, you ugly, bald, perverted piece of fucking shit! No I will not touch your gross old dick. Just like the last dozen women I’m sure you propositioned this week.”

It felt immensely satisfying to let that acidic rant off her chest. Kim wasn’t just speaking to the man in front of her, she was pouring out all of her frustration at the odd feelings bubbling up inside her. Not just putting Frank in his place, but forcing herself back into line as well. Kim’s satisfaction only intensified when Frank’s smug expression transitioned into one of bewildered anger. He looked so surprised that it was actually comical, and Kim snorted a laugh. Did this loser really think that a few insinuations of misconduct and a clumsy come-on would be enough to get a hottie like her to whack him off? He was even stupider than he looked!

Her feeling of savage pride in herself lasted for about ten seconds, until the shock on Frank’s face hardened into stony annoyance. He suddenly stepped forward, invading Kim’s personal space with her eyes locked onto hers, burning with intense displeasure. “Wow,” he growled, “You really are a brat, aren’t you? You know, I think you need someone to put you in your place... and I’m just the man for the job.”

Kim was unprepared for the sudden adrenaline rush Frank’s proximity caused her. Her skin felt hot, and the gaze between the eyes crackled with odd electricity. The hunger that had been troubling her twisted and writhed inside her like a live animal. She forced down the powerful pulse of arousal that inexplicably flooded her, cursing whatever strange fetish was invading her mind lately. She would not give in to a creep like Frank Penn. it would be too fucking humiliating. She bit the inside of her cheek hard to get a hold of herself, and managed to get out, “Better men than you have tried.” She wished that she sounded a little more certain and a little less defensive, but at least she hadn’t given in, like her instincts had suddenly pushed her to do for a second.

But Frank seemed to sniff out her weakness, and his face lit back up with a leering smile. “You’ve got a mouth on you, sweetie. But I like that in a woman. Tell you what...: he jerked a thumb into the collection room with an evil twinkle in his eye. “I’m going to step into that room and drop trow. I’ll sit there for... let’s say ten minutes with my big fucking cock taking some air. If

a bratty little nurse steps in during that time and jerks me off, we all walk away happy. If not, I'll pull up my pants, walk out of here, and share my concerns with your management."

At the mention of Frank's big cock, Kim was disgusted to feel a pulse of heat run through her body. She carefully concealed the reaction, not letting it reach her face. After all the shit he talked, it would be utterly humiliating to give in to Frank now, even if part of her really wanted to. "It sounds fucking weird to me, but if you want to sit alone in a room with your pants down for ten minutes I guess I won't stop you," she said acidly.

Zane leaned in so close that Kim could feel his hot breath on her face. That magnetic pull toward the ugly man had never felt stronger.

"See you in a few minutes, Kimmy," whispered Frank in her ear with infuriating confidence. Then he turned and entered the room, closing the door behind him.

Kim growled in pure frustration, flipping off the closed door. She fucking hated the nickname Kimmy. It was what people seemed to use when they wanted to make her feel small or silly. The only person she even semi-tolerated using the diminutive was her brother, and even then she gave him shit for it.

She stared down at the sample cup still in her hand, stiff and furious, then turned on her heel and began marching toward the front desk, desperate plans whirling in her head. Maybe she could try to falsify a spill report... no, she had already thought of that and decided it wouldn't work. Maybe she could just preemptively quit? But tampering with biological samples could get her into potential legal trouble, even apart from getting fired.

Frank was in the room behind her. That thought began to crowd out the others. He was sitting in there, his pants down and his cock stiff and throbbing. Waiting for her. Her steps slowed. Why the fuck did the thought of the obnoxious perv's cock turn her on so much? Despite her resistance, the idea of giving in and wrapping her hand around his dick turned her insides wet, hot, and liquid.

She turned around, looking at the closed door to the donation room, her heart in her throat and her body pulsing with unwilling lust. When she really thought about it, Frank had her over a barrel. Did she have a choice? Just one short, demeaning experience, and she would have the sample, and Frank Penn would be out of her life forever. It might be humiliating in the moment to endure his gloating, but that would be a small price to pay, right?

She couldn't believe she was even considering this. She had been so confident just a minute ago when she had sneered at the very concept. But some bone-deep instinct was pushing her to march in there and jerk off the horrible man... and Kim tended to follow her gut.

Kim made an effort to avoid looking at Frank's cock as she entered the room, but it was no use. Even though she did her best to keep her eyes low, they seemed to have a mind of their own,

snapping upward like they were pulled by strings, locking onto the massive phallus in Frank's lap. The sneaky, consuming sense of lust inside her flared to even greater strength as she saw it for the first time. If there was any justice in the world, Frank would have a shriveled joke between his legs, but nothing could be farther from the truth,

Frank's cock was massive. Probably the largest that Kim had ever seen. It had to be at least eight inches, and was impressively girthy as well. It pulsed with masculine vigor, stiff and eager and veiny. Kim felt the perverse magnetism building inside her go into overdrive. Even while her mind recoiled in disgust at the idea, her body wanted to explore every inch of that thick, powerful cock. She wanted to feel its heat and strength in her delicate hand.

Frank, of course, had to ruin the moment of sudden, powerful attraction. "You made it nearly three minutes before deciding to come jerk me off!" he exclaimed with a rough, gleeful chuckle. "I'm impressed! With a horny little slut like you I was betting on something more like thirty seconds." The annoyance Kim felt at his grating voice was enough to drown out even the swell of desire pulsing through her. She looked up into Frank's piggy little eyes with a scowl.

"You must be so proud, *Mr. Penn*," she said, using his name like it was a curse word. "You managed to use blackmail to force a young woman to perform sexual favors for you. Congratulations." She managed to turn away from him and his glorious cock toward some discreet cabinets at the edge of the room. Luckily, these rooms sometimes served as examination rooms, so there were latex gloves available. She wouldn't have to touch the loathsome man's cock with her bare hands. She had to push away an upwelling of lust at the thought. She had no idea why she felt this way, but she needed to get through this crisis as quickly as possible. With a flaming blush coloring her face, she snapped on some latex gloves and pulled out a small bottle of lubricant.

*Am I really planning on doing this? Have I become one of those stereotypical ditzy sperm bank bimbos from porn?*

She paused, her eyes closed, trying to examine her own feelings and understand exactly what was going on in mixed up mind.

But one moment of reflection was too much to ask for with Frank in the room. "Honey," he said smugly, "you can pretend all you want, but I saw that look in your eye. You're in this room right now because you want to be. So let's not play games. Get over here and jerk Daddy's dick like a good little girl."

Kim's lip twisted as she turned back to Frank and made her way across the small room to him, her eyes flashing with anger. "So you're one of those types of perverts," she sneered. "Sorry to break it to you, loser, but you aren't really the 'daddy' type. Maybe creepy old uncle at best."

Kim wasn't a fan of using the word "Daddy" in bed. She was a petite, bubbly young woman, and she felt a little suspicious that guys who wanted her to use the word "Daddy" were either making

fun of her size and youthful enthusiasm, or getting off on it in an unseemly way. In any case, if she had refused to use “Daddy” for the couple of smoking hot boyfriends who had tried to convince her to use it, she certainly wouldn’t for this creep.

This time, Frank didn’t look upset by her refusal, just shrugging and gesturing to his throbbing cock. ‘We’ll see, Kimmy. Now, are we going to stand around talking all day or are you going to make me fucking cum?’

Kim’s heart skipped a beat as Frank’s gesture called her attention back to the huge rod of flesh at his crotch. She felt a hot, furious blush spread across her face and squirted a healthy dollop of lube onto her gloved hand.

“Shut the fuck up, perv,” she growled, trying and failing to look away from Frank’s twitching cock. It just looked so... perfect. So powerful. She unconsciously licked her lips as she got into position standing on Frank’s left-hand side. She took a deep, steadying breath and reached her hand out slowly towards the intimidating cock. It was now or never. She closed her fist around the hot, rigid shaft, a sizzle of erotic electricity firing through her veins as she felt its heat on her palm, Frank’s deep, strong heartbeat pulsing against her fingers.

Frank grunted in satisfaction the feeling of the cool, slick lube on his cock. With the little brat wearing gloves and in this impersonal side-by-side position, it was about the least personal that direct sexual contact could be... but it was a gateway to better things. He could tell by the mild shudder that ran through Kim’s curvy body that she felt what he just had... a connection had just been made. One more link had just been forged in the chain that would bind Kim to him forever.

With a shuddering breath, feeling her body involuntarily warming up from the feeling of holding powerful masculinity in her hand, Kim began to move her fist up and down Frank’s cock, smearing the slick lube all over his head and shaft. She tried to ignore the way her nipples were stiffening and the warm pressure building low in her belly. All she had to do was make this dirty fucker cum. And that shouldn’t be that hard. He was a pervert and she was a smoking hot woman half his age: in theory, he should be a quick shot. Kim was no slouch in her technique either; Frank’s was far from the first cock she had jerked off. She twisted her wrist expertly as her hand began to pump faster and faster up and down Frank’s thick shaft, trying to get her task over with as quickly as possible.

The cock felt good in her hands... strong, smooth, and pulsing lightly with Frank’s heartbeat. He might be an ugly man, but his dick was truly top notch. Kim lost herself for a second inspecting it. The way its bulging head squished lightly out of shape as her fist slipped over it... how there was a slightly thickening in its width toward the top. As her hand glided with smooth, squelching strokes up and down the towering shaft, it was impossible not to imagine how a thick, well-shaped cock like this would feel elsewhere. Kim shook her head and desperately dismissed the thought. Her feelings toward Frank were strange enough without letting her mind wander like that. She tightened her grip and pumped her fist faster, trying to finish up quickly before her mind wandered again.

But, although Frank threw his head back with an exaggerated sigh of satisfaction and angled his hips upward to give Kim optimal access to his raging erection, he didn't seem to be getting any closer to orgasm. Kim redoubled her efforts, her fist a twisting blur, loud, sloppy sounds of squelching lube filling the air as she did her best to get the annoying pervert off. She focused on the head, rubbing her palm over his cockhead with feverish intensity, her glittering green eyes focused intensely on Frank's face, trying to read his tiny expressions of pleasure like a map, telling her where to go.

For a moment, all of the prickly anger and defensiveness and disgust for this awful man fell away. Now he was just a cock and balls. A source of cum that Kim needed. And she became nothing but a tool for extracting that cum. *His thick, smelly, virile cum...* The memory swept over Kim in an instant. Fingering her slick cunt with desperate sexual need, dripping Frank's filthy sperm into her hungry mouth. Pleasure blending with satisfaction in one of the most intense sexual releases she had ever felt. Her desire for Frank's climax roared through her, twining with that powerful, shameful memory. She wanted his fucking cum so bad she could practically taste it...

But he wasn't giving it to her. Kim whined in frustration, her free hand falling to cup and knead Frank's heavy, hairy testicles as she worked his cock hard in her skillful hand. "Come on you fat fuck," she snarled, "fucking cum for me!"

Infuriating as always, Frank just chuckled, leaning back on his hands as he luxuriated in the handjob of a woman who had tried and failed to reject him. "Sorry, sweetheart," he said with a broad grin, his gold tooth glinting in the light, "It's gonna take more than a run-of-the-mill handjob to satisfy an experienced guy like me. I need a little extra to get the juices flowing. Should I give you a hint?"

"I know how to make a guy cum," muttered Kim irritably, both hands teasing and coaxing the best they could. She fidgeted uncomfortably, feeling the wetness between her thighs from her soaked panties. "It's not rocket science. You rub the long, hard part til they spurt."

"Suit yourself," said Frank with a shrug. "Tell me, when do your coworkers get here? How do you think they'll react when they find you jerking off a donor?"

Kim glanced at him sharply, then up at the clock. A spike of adrenaline pulsed through her. She hadn't budgeted a massive amount of time for Frank's replacement donation: she had been worried that asking him to come in too early would look suspicious. To make matters worse, it looked like she had gotten lost a little bit in her haze of anger and lust. She only had around fifteen minutes before her coworkers showed up... less if anyone was a little early.

She didn't have fucking time for this anymore. And it was clear from the smirk on Frank's face that he had no intention of helping the process if she didn't listen to whatever obscene "tips" he was willing to provide.

“What?” she sighed, her hand still fruitlessly pumping up and down his rigid shaft, her other hand tugging gently on his balls. “What is it going to take?”

“I knew you’d see things my way, Kimmy,” said Frank in a tone that made Kim want to scratch his eyes out. His eyes met Kim’s, and he pointed down toward the ground at his feet.

“I’ll get off for sure if I see those pretty green eyes staring up at me while you jerk me off on your knees,” he said in a low, gravely voice, a hint of steel buried in his chummy tone.

“No,” said Kim automatically at the breathtakingly demeaning command. “I’m not going to fucking do that.” Jerking off his monstrous cock was one thing. At least she could pretend that this was some sort of fucked up medical procedure. Getting on her knees would be a thousand times worse. Being physically lower than him, humbly on her knees while she jerked off his cock... that would be far too much. Even the thought made the shameful spark of arousal inside her roar into full flame. But that gut reaction just made her want to submit to his awful desires even less. She was obviously not in full control of herself right now, and letting Frank take the reins in such a sexually dominant way felt dangerous.

Frank took her snapped response in stride, nodding as if it was no less than what he expected. “Suit yourself,” he said lightly, watching with deep satisfaction as Kim redoubled her efforts on his cock. “But it’s going to take more than a reluctant tug job to get me off. Submissive women are what turn me on... especially bitchy little brats submitting after they realize that they aren’t the hot shit they thought they were.”

Kim’s fingers swirled and pumped and squeezed and milked, desperate to prove the infuriating old man wrong... But it was no use. Frank was clearly enjoying her desperate service immensely, but he also had an iron will. He wouldn’t cum until she gave in and humiliated herself.

Kim looked up at the clock. Ten minutes. Her body pulsed with filthy, frustrating heat. Once again, Frank had deftly backed her into a corner. She had come this far. She might as well bend just a little further.

With a snarl of frustration, Kim got onto her knees beneath Frank, glaring up at him with wild green eyes, shining with hate. The change in the tone of the confrontation was immediate and troubling. Her heart beat faster in her chest, and her uncomfortable arousal filled her up with hot, squirming shame. Frank’s cock towered over her, huge and intimidating, forcing submissive thoughts on her despite her best efforts to remain defiant. She felt her breath catch as she reached up to grasp hold of it again, this time both of her hands gripping tightly and reverently around the massive shaft. *Shit. I’m really in trouble now. This bastard is fucking lucky that I happen to be having some sort of mental breakdown.*

“Good girl,” murmured Frank, his eyes glowing with satisfaction as he stared down at the wavering woman on her knees at his feet, “stroke Daddy’s cock.”

“I told you not to f-fucking call yourself that,” stuttered Kim, cranking and milking his cock as she stared up into his eyes, trying to control the wild heat spreading through her body. ‘You s-sound fucking ridiculous.’”

Frank chuckled. ‘I’ll tell you what’s ridiculous... this idea that you just somehow lost my cum.’”

Kim gulped, a thrill of apprehension lancing through her. ‘I... I don’t know what you mean,’ she said weakly. Frank’s thick cock felt right in her hands, strong and commanding. Reaching up to service it from below like this made Kim feel pleasantly overwhelmed by its power. She could feel every curve, every vein through the thin latex of the glove. It made her almost want to strip away the gloves and feel it directly.

“I’m not as dumb as I look,” he said, his sharp, dominant eyes locking onto hers from above, over the pulsing cock her hands were now pumping up and down wildly. “When a little slut like you gets her hands on semen from a stud like me, she doesn’t just ‘lose’ it. Especially when she’s this eager to call me up and get me alone to make a replacement sample.”

“What the fuck are you talking about?” snarled Kim, blushing hotly as twisted and milked her hands up the cocky asshole’s giant dick. The way that he was framing this wasn’t just insulting, it was totally wrong. Yeah, she had been forced to call him back in to produce another sample, but it wasn’t because she was some kind of desperate slut who wanted his cum... She lost track of her train of thought, her stomach clenching hungrily. She felt a fresh wave of hot, wet lust roll through her at the thought of Frank’s semen... at the memory of his thick, salty essence tolling across her tongue. Her eyes shifted away from Frack’s head and instead fixed on his cock... on the meaty head, on the little slit where new fresh, potent cream would be spurting out in just a moment. Her hands started working faster, and she subconsciously licked her lips.

“You’re right,” said Frank with a nasty chuckle. “I’m mincing words. Let me come right out and say it. I don’t think you ‘lost’ my sperm sample.”

Kim’s eyes rose once again to meet him with a prickle of anxiety mixed with the wild and uncontrollable lust that this submissive sexual service was spreading through her kneeling body.

“I think you ate it,” said Frank smugly.

Kim tried to open her mouth and laugh, like any woman would at an accusation that absurd. But she froze there, panting, and blushing, and unable to deny the simple truth. He was absolutely correct. And if he was correct about this, what else was he right about? After all, he had successfully convinced a professional sperm bank technician to give him a handjob. To kneel at his feet and jerk him off submissively. How did this awful man seem to know more about Kim than she did? And what would he convince Kim to do next?

Frank chuckled, seeing the horrified, inadvertent confirmation of his obscene guess written all over the face of the cute, bubbly blonde kneeling between his fat, hairy thighs. "Ha! Don't look so embarrassed, sweetheart. You aren't the first woman who couldn't resist my cum. In fact, I would bet you're interested in a second taste... aren't you?"

Kim's hands rapidly pumped up and down the thick, stiff shaft, squelching thick lube beneath her fingers as she felt his pulsing heat. Honestly, Kim hadn't even been considering tasting Frank's sperm again. She had been narrowly focused on avoiding getting fired. To accomplish that, every drop of Frank's filthy seed had to end up in the sample container. But now that he brought it up... despite a sudden rush of disgust at the memory of swallowing his thick, chilled sperm sample, her mouth began watering. It had somehow been one of the most sexually satisfying experiences of her life to roll his goopy, potent cum over her tongue, to swallow it in thick, salty gulps.

How much more satisfying would it be fresh and hot from the source?

"Gross," she muttered unconvincingly. Her eyes were suddenly captured by Frank's big, dangling testicles, hairy and round and filled with the sperm she was suddenly craving. Her eyes went wide and a flush of arousal spread through every inch of her body.

"Mmmmm, that dumb, horny look on your slutty face is about to make me cum," said Frank with a groan of satisfaction. Kim could tell he wasn't just dirty-talking. His heavy balls were drawing up tightly to his shaft, preparing to fire their thick, potent load. Kim lifted one hand to fumble for the sample cup that she had set to the side, but Frank stopped her.

"Not so fast," he said in an oily, growling voice, his face lighting up with a sinister grin, "We both know what you want. What you crave. You don't want to waste my cum in a sample cup."

Kim's heart thundered in her ears. Her breath felt harsh and hot in her throat, her panties now clinging wetly between her kneeling thighs. "What the fuck are you talking about?" she moaned, her right hand still stroking obediently up and down Frank's monstrous shaft.

Frank's voice was already rough from his onrushing orgasm as he said. "It would feel so fucking good if you sealed those pretty little lips around my cock and drank my cum down right now, wouldn't it?"

"You're fucking insane," said Kim, but her protest came out as a breathy gasp. Suddenly, the strange, insistent hunger that troubled her last week roared through every fiber of her body. Her mouth watered uncontrollably as her eyes locked hungrily to the tip of Frank's cock, winking in and out of the grip of her pumping fist. She couldn't. It was be fucking stupid. She had called Frank here in the first place because she hadn't been able to control herself around his cum. If she gave in again, she would just be making her problems a thousand times worse. But

suddenly the thought of his hot, salty cum bathing her tongue was all she could think about. She needed it more than anything she had ever felt in her life.

The time was now. Kim's hand fumbled desperately for the sample cup, a desperate battle raging in her mind between logic and lust. She could feel Frank's cock swell and twitch in her hand, and she let out a whimper of indecision. Her hand made contact with the sample cup and knocked it over, sending it rolling away across the floor. It was almost a relief: the decision had been made for her.

With conflicting feelings of wild arousal and disgust at herself and the entire situation, Kim darted forward, catching the very first pearly rope between her glossy lips as it spurt from the tip of Frank's dick, then sealing her mouth around his mushroom head to receive the rest.

The feeling of having this horrible man's cock in her mouth was humiliating to say the least, especially with his gloating eyes staring down at her, pleased that he had been right all along about how much of a slut she was.

But the pleasure that washed over Kim's body as she felt Frank's thick, hot sperm spurt over her tongue almost made up for the humiliation. She gasped at the sensation, her beautiful green eyes flying wide open as her brain flashed and spluttered with impossible pleasure. The satisfaction was almost frightening in its intensity as she greedily gulped down the hot, rich cream. Her eyes rolled back in her head as her tongue slithered over Frank's slit, desperate to catch the delicious creamy treat the instant it left his cock.

"Good girl," cooed Frank above her, reaching down to condescendingly stroke Kim's feathery blonde hair. "That's it. Drink it all for Daddy."

In her moment of powerful satisfaction, Kim didn't even bother to correct him. Her mouth was too busy gulping down his thick, sticky seed. Besides, right now, shamefully, his insultingly dominant words actually felt sort of... good. *Right*. Almost comforting. She never would have admitted it to him, but she almost welcomed his dominant control in the heat of that submissive moment.

Kim discovered in that moment that Frank hadn't jerked off more than once into his initial sample cup like she had halfway suspected at first. The volume of his cum was staggering, and Kim had to swallow again and again to keep her mouth clear, gulp after thick, gooey gulp disappearing down her throat, each one more satisfying than the last. Even with all of her hard work, trickles escaped the corners of her mouth to drip down her chin, barely missing the front of her scrubs.

Finally, the powerful bursts of cum slowed to a trickle. Kim continued to swirl her tongue lazily over the head of Frank's cock to lap up the last few drops, still stuck in a warm, fuzzy haze of submissive lust.

Finally, when there was no more cum to be had, she released him from her mouth with a pop. And it was then, staring up into his smirking, punchable face, that her stupidity hit her like a ton of bricks. Her stomach gurgled, sloshing with a stranger's cum, and her heart flip flopped with shock and shame. *What the fuck just came over me?* She had not only just utterly fucked herself over by failing the one reason she had called this raging prick to the sperm bank in the first place, she had done so by utterly humiliating herself and submitting to an ugly asshole twice her age.

It was such a stunning failure that her brain struggled to accept it. She just sat there, Frank's softening cock still hanging in front of her face, the taste of his sperm still heavy on her tongue, and his gloating expression leering down at her. Finally, she shook herself, scrambling up, her face red with shame. She glanced at the clock. She had maybe five minutes. If she hurried, she could quickly leave and be gone before her coworkers arrived, and at least avoid any awkward questions... for now.

"What's this now?" asked Gene with a smirk, "trying to leave without even saying goodbye?" he didn't even seem to realize how horribly he had fucked her over.

"Yeah, I'm fucked now, dick," she said flatly, stripping off the gloves and preparing to make a break for it. "I fucking lost your sperm sample, and thanks to your brilliant idea to do some impromptu cum gargling, I've lost my last chance to fix it."

Frank just chuckled, reaching down to stroke his well-lubed cock, which curiously had only softened down to about half-mast. "Oh? Is that all? Well, why don't you let Daddy help you out, since you seem so upset? Hand me the sample cup."

Kim rolled her eyes. As a sperm bank nurse, she was well-versed in male refractory periods, and felt pretty certain that Frank was talking out of his ass. But, hey, what did she have to lose? She reached down to pick up the empty sample cup and passed it over to him with a raised eyebrow. Frank set to work immediately, jerking his huge cock to full stiffness again in no time at all. She let the continued "Daddy" thing pass without comment. It must be this creep's pathetic fetish, but calling attention to it would only encourage him.

Frank's eyes were focused on Kim as he worked. Their burning intensity was, frankly, a little intimidating. Their flashing heat caused that strange spark of arousal to leap up inside her despite her efforts to appear cool and collected on the outside. *Is this guy seriously trying to cum less than a minute after his last ejaculation? He would have to be some sort of freak of nature...*

But it seemed like that was exactly what Frank intended, and soon he was grunting and thrusting his flabby hips upward into his hand in a disgusting, but riveting display of obscene self-pleasure that Kim found it hard to look away from.

“Come on, Kimmy,” he grunted suddenly, his eyes boring into hers. “I need something to push me over the edge. Beg me. Ask Daddy to cum for you.”

Kim made a face. If she hadn't wanted to call this gross old pig “Daddy” even in the middle of her peak of arousal, she certainly wasn't going to do it now. “No way. Fuck you, creep,” she said with a sneer. She was gratified by Frank's angry scowl. He looked like he was about to make further demands, but then he simply gritted his teeth and said.

“Fuck! Fine then, you little brat, show me your tits or something. Otherwise I'm not going to be able to fucking finish!”

Kim considered refusing that as well... then she saw the clock over Frank's head. She was out of time. Her coworkers would be there any minute now. Biting her lip hard and closing her eyes, she yanked her scrubs upward, gripping the bottom of her bra cups to roughly pull them up over her soft tits. She heard Frank grunt in release, and opened her eyes in surprise to see that, hard as it was to believe, Frank hadn't just been idly boasting. His cum looked a little thinner than the load he had fired down Kim's throat just a minute before, but he was producing a fresh sample, squirting a hot, sticky load into the sample cup held beneath his cock, his eyes fixed on Kim's bare tits the entire time.

Finally he shook the last few drops off into the half-full container and screwed the lid on firmly, holding it out to the stunned, topless blonde with a crooked grin on his face. Kim remembered herself with a hot blush, tugging down her scrubs and bra to recover herself and taking the warm sample from him with a murmured, “Uhhh, thanks, I guess.”

She couldn't quite believe it. After all of the antagonism and humiliation and back-and-forth sniping, she was somehow going to walk away from this with what she needed and still keep her job. The emotional whiplash and deep erotic confusion of the past half-hour left her feeling drained, and for a second, she just stood staring at the impossible sperm sample in her hands.

Frank snapped his fingers. “Hey hey. Earth to Kimmy. Weren't you working on some sort of deadline here?” he asked roughly.

Kim looked up at the clock with a spike of adrenaline. He was right. She was nearly out of time. She turned to the door, ready to rush up to the desk, when Frank stopped her one last time.

“Hey! If you ever need another refill, you know where to find me,” said the obnoxious little man, standing and pulling his pants up over his finally-deflating cock.

Kim did her best to hold back a sneer. Now that she was out of the complex, heated moment of submission that her desperate need had forced her into, he just looked like the disgusting creep she always knew he was. But, she didn't have the time or energy to start another fight with him, so she simply said, “No, Mr. Penn, this should be all that I need. If they determine that your

sperm is of high enough quality, you will be able to make all further appointments through the scheduling system.”

“I wasn’t talking about the sperm bank, sweetie,” said Frank with a filthy wink. “I was talking about your cum-swallowing habit. You have my number. Let me know.”

Kim gave him an icy glare of contempt, then swept out of the room, refusing to dignify his crude proposition with a response. She made it to the front desk, unlocked the sample fridge with her badge, and had just slipped the refilled sample onto the shelf and closed the door when Gloria strolled into the lobby, yawning and holding an extra-large latte in one of her manicured hands.

“What are you doing here so early, girl?” she asked with a confused smile, but she let it pass with a laugh when Kim countered, saying, “I could ask you the same thing!”

There was still the issue of Frank being in the building before it opened, but in the end he was smarter than he looked. He waited for the first wave of patients to come in about fifteen minutes later before slipping unobtrusively out of the lobby while Gloria was distracted, and, as far as Kim could tell, no one noticed him leaving.

The day went on, and Kim realized that she really had somehow gotten away with it. She had done the stupidest, most perverted thing that she had ever even heard about, and now it was all behind her. With a sample in the fridge just where it was supposed to be, the bosses would have no reason to check through the security tapes, which would be overwritten by the end of the week. Mission accomplished.

And the best part about it was that, thanks to the fact that Frank Penn would never in a million years be accepted as a full-time sperm donor no matter how healthy his sperm was, she would never have to see his obnoxious face again.

...

Gene knocked back another swallow of his gimlet. His face twisted at the bitter taste. Cheap rail gin. He wasn’t surprised. What more could you expect from Tweety’s? The place was a shithole, though the girls were always hot. That was sort of why Gene had made it his regular spot in the first place. He felt more at home in a place that didn’t try to be something it wasn’t.

Tweety’s was a sleazy all-nude strip joint, and it didn’t pretend to be some sort of fancy “gentleman’s club.” It wore its filth out in the open, much like Gene himself.

He hadn’t been here for a while, although it used to be a frequent haunt of his. He no longer needed what the strip club used to give him. Not now that he had an eager Cumbunny to keep him company. The thought twisted his face worse than the cheap gin. That was why he was here tonight, in fact. He had told Eliza that he was going to take the week off to focus on

capturing Kim, but right now, Kim needed some alone time to think. The next step required that the cute little brat come to him rather than the other way around. So he was free for the evening. He could have called Eliza, and he knew if he did she wouldn't be able to resist rushing to his side to take his cock... but the idea didn't appeal. If he called her in the middle of the week after saying he would be gone, it would make him look needy.

And Gene hated it when other people thought he needed them.

Tweety's was decently busy for a weeknight, with a couple of rough, bitter-looking men skulking around in the shadowy booths, eyes locked onto the dancers on the stage under the pulsing lights. Not the top-shelf pieces of ass, of course. Not on a Tuesday. But the slut up there now wasn't too bad. Maybe just a hair older than what it took to strip during prime hours, but her big fake tits were still worth a look.

Gene sneered at the sad men in the strip club, nursing drinks and staring at the slightly past-her-prime stripper with a sort of angry hunger in their eyes. Gene recognized that look. He used to be one of these losers. Not that he felt bad for them. He was here to silently gloat, in fact. Gene wasn't like these sad sacks anymore. He had finally been given what he truly deserved, real power.

That was what Gene's old man had always told him. The old bastard had been mean and dumb-as-brick, but he had taught his son the one lesson that really matters. In this life, power is everything. Control, respect, women, they all flowed from a man's power. Gene had been taught that he should never be another man's bitch, and always hold the reins in any relationship he had with a woman. The key was to never back down and fight tooth and nail for what the world owed you. Be pushy. Be aggressive. Be willing to stab anyone and everyone in the back to claim what was rightfully yours. Gene was glad his asshole Dad was dead, but he still carried the bitter old man's teaching around with him, a central part of who he was.

Which only made it more frustrating that Gene's life had turned out how it had. Demanding power at all costs and taking what was rightfully his had only made Gene unpopular at work and in love, and by the time he entered his forties a few years back, he found himself in a moderately well-paid mid-level position at his job with no friends and no women.

Worse, a much younger, more charming man had been hired at his office and climbed almost instantly into a position equal to Gene's. A position it had taken years of cutthroat pushing and scheming to attain. Everyone seemed to like David, despite the fact that Gene marked him instantly as a total pussy. He got everything on a plate, without demanding it or forcing others to do what he said. It made no fucking sense. David had instantly been on Gene's shit list from the very first day.

And that was even without Eliza. Eliza, with her supermodel body and her long, dark hair. Eliza with her cool blue stare. So dismissive. So indifferent. Even when Gene had tried flirting with her to get a rise out of the ice queen, the only reaction he could get was just the faint tinge of

disgust. Like he was a bug that needed squashing. As if someone like him was nothing but an annoyance to a beautiful, untouchable woman like her.

It reminded him of Candy.

At the thought, Gene took another deep pull of his satisfying drink to chase away the bitter memory. Candy had been a long, lithe woman like Eliza, all legs and ass, with just enough curves in her chest and hips to make her femininity really pop. She was blonde, not dark-haired, but her eyes had been just like Eliza's: two chips of sharp, sparkling ice. It would have been deeply satisfying to make Candy his first Cumbunny. He would have, too, if he knew her real name or where she was now. But Candy had quit stripping long ago, and Eliza, whose disdainful eyes gave him the same feeling as Candy's had, had been the next best thing.

Gene had always wanted a controlling, dominant relationship with the kind of woman he truly deserved, and for a moment, he thought that he had that with Candy. As his savings slowly drained away, she had seemed like a perfect, obedient slut. She was such a good actress that Gene fell under her spell. He truly believed that he was her master.

Then he ran out of money.

He would never forget when Candy found out that he was out of money in the middle of a private dance. She had been grinding her pussy against the bulge in his pants, telling him how badly she wanted her master's cum... how she would do anything for it. She had asked him about a ridiculously expensive diamond bracelet she had been bugging him about, and somehow, in his attempt to weasel out of that conversation, Gene had dropped that his savings account was empty. Her sparkling blue eyes had turned cold and flat in an instant. The next words out of her mouth had been to call for the bouncer just outside.

As the Bouncer manhandled him out the door, he had fucking *laughed*. Commented that Candy had done it to another poor guy. Like Gene was some sort of idiot sucker. And it had stung even deeper, because Gene knew it was true: he had been a sucker. For the remaining couple of months Candy had worked there, she never even glanced in Gene's direction. He was nothing to her now that he had no money to spend on her.

Gene stared moodily at the stripper twirling around the pole on stage. He wouldn't be spending any money tonight. He didn't need places like this anymore. He had something better. He had found the real thing that Candy had only been pretending to be.

Eliza was his; Kim would be soon. And they were going to fulfill every dream of his. Better than Candy ever fucking could have.

...

*Two days later...*

Kim's thumb hovered over the number in her call history, her plump lower lip fixed firmly between her teeth, at war with herself. She knew on an objective, rational level that a cocky, abrasive asshole like Frank Penn was the very last thing she needed in her life right now. But that didn't stop her stupid pussy from getting hot and wet everytime she remembered kneeling at his feet, jerking off his stiff massive cock while staring up into his dominant eyes...

With a groan, Kim tossed her phone away once again, covering her eyes with frustration as she stuffed a greedy hand down her panties, rubbing and teasing her slick, throbbing folds with flexing fingers, trying to find some sort of relief. She just couldn't do it. She somehow instinctively knew that if she called Frank, he would give her the sexual satisfaction she craved... But she also knew that it would come with the smarmy, gloating I-told-you-so attitude that she already knew was Frank's specialty. She wasn't sure she was willing to put up with that awful humiliation, not to mention the bizarre way it actually felt sort of good to submit to an old creep like him last time.

But she wasn't sure what else she could do... Kim twisted and writhed in her sweaty sheets, biting her pillow to stifle a slutty moan as her fingers rubbed and plunged inside her wet panties. Her breaths hitched in her chest, her tits jolting and bouncing with the rhythm of her panting. This was the horniest she had ever been in her life: she was sure of it. And that horrible, gnawing hunger was back again as well, worse than it had ever been. She needed cum. Craved it. She wanted that salty, funky cream splattered over her tongue, sliding down her throat, filling her and satisfying her. Her hips humped upward into her fingers, her hot, humid breaths puffing into the air of her bedroom, and she whimpered with consuming, embarrassing desire. She needed to get fucked.

*But who says I need to get fucked by Frank?*

The idea was so simple and obvious that she couldn't believe she hadn't thought of it before. Wiping her glistening fingers absently on her tight pajama shirt, Kim dived for her phone and exited the call history, instead looking through her contacts. She scrolled through the dozen numbers she had saved of previous lovers until she found the perfect candidate.

Jamie, one of Kim's former personal trainers who she had hooked up with once or twice. She had never found him to be boyfriend material, but he was perfect for this role. He was older, although not as old as Frank, thank God. He was also sort of a controlling asshole, just like Frank had proven himself to be. But, notably, he was also smoking hot, with smoldering, chiseled good looks. In other words, the perfect candidate to scratch the inexplicable itch she had recently developed for older jerks with big dicks without resorting to a creep like Frank Penn. If she knew Jamie, he would one hundred percent be in for a quick, no-strings-attached fuck session.

And Kim was absolutely correct. A few exploratory texts and a few risqué selfies traded back and forth with Jamie over the next half-hour was all it took to convince the cocky gym rat to come over and “catch up”. Kim ran her fingers through her tangled hair and took in the state of her bedroom. Her sheets were tangled and moist with her sweat and frustrated juices of desire. She hardly looked any better, wearing fuzzy old gray panties now soaked through at the crotch and a tight little tank top, her hair a total mess from rolling around on her bed in a sexual agony all day.

She should probably take a quick shower and change her sheets since she had someone coming over and all... But then again, she could spend her time warming herself up for him instead, and right now that felt so much more appealing. She flopped back on the bed, lazily slipping her hand back into her panties and raising the other to grasp and tweak the nipple on left breast. Warm, swelling heat filled her core from the fingers rubbing desperately at her clit while crackling bursts of sensation burst from the nipples she teased between thumb and forefinger. Her mind filled with the image of that cocky prick looming above her, his cock overshadowing her as his smug eyes stared straight into hers. She grunted in frustration while lust boiled through her veins, trying to picture Jamie’s handsome face instead. But it was no use... All she could see was Frank fucking Penn.

By the time the doorbell rang, Kim was wild with pent-up lust. She leapt up off the bed, green eyes flashing and wild, blonde hair steaming behind her as she almost sprinted to the door, her powerful desire nearly seeping from her pores.

She flung the door open to see Jamie standing there, a smarmy grin on his face and a bottle of wine in his hands. His eyes widened in shock, and his mouth fell open as he saw the sex-crazed wildcat panting in the doorway in front of him, her blonde hair ruffled, her chest heaving, and her panties completely soaked through.

*Good. The dick is here.*

Kim seized him by the collar and hauled him inside. The wine bottle in his hand slipped out of his grip and crashed to the floor, shattering in a wave of pungent burgundy, but Kim didn’t give a shit. She had already yanked Jamie down from his towering height to capture him in a bruising, possessive kiss, her tongue aggressively tangling with his.

Luckily for her, Jamie wasn’t the type of guy to let an open invitation like this go to waste. As he pulled away, he chuckled, “What’s gotten into you, Kim?” but he didn’t look disapproving in the slightest. In fact, his strong hands settled on her waist in a way that indicated he approved of her initiative quite a bit.

“Tonight,” said Kim in a raspy, horny whisper, “I want you to fucking own me Jamie. I want to be your little slut. Can you do that for me?” She had to make new memories with this replacement. She needed him to burn Frank out of her brain. And to do that, Jamie needed to be in charge.

Jamie's face lit up with dark delight, and Kim could feel his cock rapidly stiffening through his pants as he pulled her tight to him, saying, "I think that's something I can help you out with, yeah." He seized her in his arms, pulling her upward, back into a kiss. Kim wrapped her toned legs around his waist as he carried her to the bedroom, their lips locked in a passionate, tongue-tangling kiss as they went.

*Yes! This is exactly what I fucking need!*

Kim ground her face relentlessly against Jamie's, desperate to feel his power... his control. But as she did so, Frank's leering face and flabby body kept flashing through her mind, sending little jolts of arousal sizzling up and down her spine. She groaned in frustration, her hands clawing at Jamie's back, willing him to force all thoughts of other men out of her head.

They had reached the bed, and Jamie tossed her down onto the sheets, his eyes blazing with lust. Kim loved the sight of his strong, dominant body looming over her, squirming out of her soiled panties and thin tank top with a wide grin on her face. Her whole body thrummed with lust. Her nipples were two crinkled pebbles on her chest, and her pussy was a sopping, swollen mess of arousal, desperate for penetration. Jamie couldn't get his pants off fast enough. He may have been shocked at the aggressive welcome he had received, but he was anything but reluctant to have fun with the hot little nympho he had suddenly discovered in Kim's apartment this evening.

Finally, his pants and boxers hit the floor, letting his stiff cock bounce free. The sight of it filled Kim with... disappointment? Kim tried to push through the strange knee-jerk reaction. Jamie may not be packing a monster quite as big as Frank's, but he had nothing to be ashamed of. So why did the sight of his slightly shorter, slightly thinner, slightly curved-to-the-left dick fill Kim with an odd sense of dissatisfaction?

"Hey," said Jamie, calling her eyes up from her intense study to meet his twinkling, charming eyes, "Want to show me what that mouth can do, pretty lady?"

Kim felt an odd stab of annoyance. Like this wasn't playing out according to the script she had in her head. "Are you asking me, or fucking telling me, pussy?" she asked sharply, raising a challenging eyebrow.

Jamie snorted a surprised laugh, then reached down and gripped Kim's hair. "So that's the way the spoiled little princess wants to play it tonight, huh? Well, have it your way. Suck my fucking cock, you slut."

*That's more like it.*

Kim relished the feeling as Jamie's strong hand pulled her forward toward his cock. She opened her mouth, sucking him in, wrapping her lips greedily around a dick that she didn't have to feel guilty about wanting to suck. It felt fucking good to have a big, thick spike of lust thrust deep into

her wet, welling mouth, her tongue wriggling around it's powerful length. That powerful lust welled up inside her, blazing in twin points on her chest and roaring between her legs in a hot, wet inferno.

Kim pressed herself further down. She wasn't normally eager to deepthroat. A bit too sloppy and demeaning for her in usual circumstances. But right now, her mind and body ached to be used. She pushed Jamie's cock until it hit the back of her throat, then kept going, taking him deep. But when she stared up at him, her eyes shining with a strange mix of submissive desire and fierce defiance, she felt that sense of mismatch again. Her mind had been expecting a different face. And although Jamie's rugged features staring down at her desperate, slutty deepthroating with horny glee were objectively attractive, for some reason she felt frustrated at the sight.

With a little growl of annoyance, Kim closed her eyes, focusing on the feeling of the hot, hard cock in her mouth. Working it in and out of her tight, wet throat. Squeezing and milking every inch of it with her tongue and lips. One hand rose to gently cup and roll her lover's big, hanging balls in her fingers while the other gripped the base of his cock, jerking and rubbing constantly to provide extra stimulation. She fell into a rhythm, ignoring the actual man she was sucking off and simply focusing on the feeling of being dominated by a powerful cock. This is what she needed right now. Her body began to sing with pleasure.

With her eyes closed, she could almost pretend that she was deepthroating...

Kim came up off of the cock, coughing and scowling. *What the fuck? Why am I pretending that he's Frank? The whole fucking point is that I don't need that fat asshole!*

"Holy shit, Kim!" said Jamie in a voice of awe. "That was fucking incredible! I had no idea you could even do that!" He was beaming at her, clearly having the time of his life, his cock dripping with Kim's thick saliva.

But that reaction was wrong, too. Kim instinctively felt like he should be ordering her to do better. To be sluttier. "Shut up," she rasped, grabbing the handsome, muscular man above her in a frantic grip around his waist and pulling him down on top of her. "Come here and fuck me."

"Hell fucking yes, I will," said Jamie. Finally, a dominant growl had crept into his voice, and that, at least, made Kim's pulse quicken with desire. His hard, powerful body pinned her down and her thighs spread open beneath him, welcoming him into her flushed, dripping pussy, desperate to feel his cock.

She clawed Jamie's broad back as he entered her, hissing in pleasure as his thick cock spread her open. Her whole body sang with pleasure as he stretched her wide. God yes! There was something about a hot, solid cock deep inside you that no dildo or fingers could ever match. For a second, she forgot all about Frank and his obnoxious face... and his thick, rich, gooey cum. She was able to focus completely on the moment and enjoy getting roughly fucked by a powerful man. Jamie gripped and lifted and an ankle in each hand, manhandling into position for

the deepest possible penetration, and Kim's apartment filled with wet, sloppy sounds of rough fucking.

Kim moaned, low and growling in her throat as Jamie thrust into her hard and fast, just like she craved. She wasn't sure she had ever been this fucking wet before. Her juices dripped down her thighs and butt as Jamie plunged into her, soaking her sheets. Her fingernails clawed into his shoulders. She was desperate for his powerful control, but at the same time, she wanted to fight back, to resist. "Fuck me," she snarled, staring up at Jamie, her wild green eyes glowing with a potent mix of hate and longing. "Show me what you can do..." she hesitated, on the cusp of letting loose with a word that she hadn't even realized she was planning to say.

*Well, why shouldn't I fucking say it? Tonight is about getting all these nasty little kinks out of my system, right?*

"Show me how you own this pussy, *Daddy*," she purred in a molten hot whisper, straight into Jamie's ear. She felt a delicious twist of taboo arousal unfurl deep inside her as she gave in and used the word. The kinky power of the word only seemed to magnify as it spurred Jamie on, making his thrusts harder and faster, his panting breaths becoming grunts of dominant lust. Kim had no idea why that stupid word felt so powerful, but even if she didn't understand, she couldn't deny the results. She whimpered in sexual surrender, pulling Jamie down into a warm, melting kiss as his jackhammering thrusts pushed deep inside her, stretching her tight pussy to the limit.

"Fuck me Daddy," she murmured against his lips, "Harder! Harder, Daddy!" She felt right on the edge of explosive orgasm. She just needed a little more. She just needed Frank... fuck! No, she needed Jamie, a real, worthy man to fuck her a little harder and drive that worthless, fat fuck out of her mind.

Jamie did his best. He not only fucked her down into the mattress with his impressive cock, he reached down to play with her clit as well, playing Kim's body like an instrument. Jamie was an experienced lover, and, to be fair to him, he had the power and muscle to make Kim feel the domination she craved... or at least he should have, in theory. Something was missing. Kim spread her toned thighs wide, letting Jamie plow down into her with relentless force. Her hips writhed upward to meet him, clenching and milking at his cock, chasing maximum sensation from the pumping rod plugging deep inside her sopping cunt. His fingers rubbed and teased her clit, his mouth kissing her with passionate heat... But for some reason, it wasn't hitting the way it should. Kim needed more, and even she wasn't sure what.

In a desperate moment of horny inspiration, Kim seized Jamie's hand rubbing at her clit and brought it up to her throat instead. "Take control, Daddy!" she whimpered, staring into his eyes and willing him to go further... to make her feel like the dirty owned slut she craved to be. "Tell me to tighten up for you! Make me milk that big cock!"

But as Kim looked up into Jamie's face, she could tell that he wasn't going to be able to get there. In fact, the request seemed to throw off his rhythm a little. He gave her delicate throat a

half-hearted squeeze, but Kim could tell his heart just wasn't in it. Even worse, for some reason, every time she looked up, her mind expected to see Frank's smug eyes leering down at her. It should have been a relief that a much more handsome man was there, but instead, it turned Kim off a little. To dodge the issue, she yanked Jamie's head down, prompting him to suck and bite at her neck... where she wouldn't have to see his face. After a moment, his hand fell away from her throat, and Kim did her best to forget that she had asked him to choke her.

With Jamie's face out of view, Kim was able to focus on the delicious sensation of physical domination. She writhed and moaned like a bitch in heat, slick with sweat and her own juices. Aching to be fucked... aching to submit to her Daddy. Her cunt gripped Jamie's cock in a silky vice, hugging every contour of his cock as it plundered her depths again and again. But she wanted more. More girth? More length? It was like there was a nagging, annoying itch she couldn't quite scratch, holding pleasure just outside of her grasp.

"Oh God, Kim..." warned Jamie with a snarl, "I'm gonna..."

*Yes! That's what I fucking want!* It seemed so obvious now. What Kim needed more than anything was hot, sticky cum filling her to the brim. Now that the thought occurred to her, she wanted it more than anything she had ever heard in her life. Her whole body flushed with desperate heat, eager to receive the dominant sperm of the man above her, pinning her to the bed with the powerful thrusts of his manly cock. "Inside!" she gasped, raking red furrows down Jamie's shoulders in the heat of her passion. "Fucking cum inside me, Daddy!"

Using that heated, submissive word again sent him over the edge, and Jamie thrust forward one last time, holding there deep inside her with a shuddering groan.

Kim was right on the knife's edge of orgasm, and knew without a doubt in her mind that feeling Jamie's cum would push her over the edge. But, as his cock twitched inside her... nothing happened. She could tell that he was cumming, but she barely even felt it. She had experienced Frank cumming into her mouth, and that had felt like a powerful, gushing torrent. This felt like... nothing at all. Kim couldn't hold back a little huff of disappointed surprise as her potential orgasm receded, leaving her disappointed. The tension left Jamie's body as his orgasm subsided, obviously feeling a satisfaction that Kim hadn't reached. The mismatch between the powerful, fiery orgasm she was expecting and the anticlimactic ending left a bitter taste in her mouth as Jamie rolled off her to the side with a breathless laugh.

"Oh my God!" he said, grinning ear to ear and sweating as he pulled Kim close to his side. "That was fucking incredible! Whatever the fuck has gotten into you, keep fucking doing it! You were like a tigress or something, I don't know... fuck!"

Kim put on her best smile, despite the teeth-grinding frustration she felt deep in her bones. "What can I say?" she said, unable to keep the sigh completely out of her voice. "I really am a sex goddess, aren't I?"

“You fucking are,” agreed Jamie, snuggling up to her and nuzzling into the crook of her neck, unexpectedly clingy. “And what was with all that ‘Daddy’ talk? I’ve never heard you use that before.”

“Just something that I decided to try out,” said Kim coolly, her eyes distant, staring over Jamie’s muscular shoulder. “I don’t think it’s my thing.”

But, in fact, Kim had a sneaking suspicion that calling someone Daddy during sex might actually be quite satisfying.

It might just require a different partner.

...

It took a while to convince Jamie to go home.

He kept trying to initiate sex with Kim again, but, as horny as she felt, Kim somehow knew that trying again would yield the same disappointing results as the first time. She had to be very firm and straightforward with the big idiot to finally push him out the door.

*Jesus... I always thought this guy was an asshole. I guess all it took to turn him into a loyal puppy was a little rough, submissive sex.*

A month ago, she would have considered it useful information. Now it was barely of interest. When he finally left, Kim slumped back naked onto her bed, just as rumped, frustrated and horny as she had started.

She stared at her phone on the end table beside her with a flat, angry expression. Well... in the end, maybe she had never had any choice. Whatever was going on in her mind when it came to Frank and inappropriate arousal, she wasn’t going to wriggle out of it with a substitute. She needed to grab the bull by the horns and get to the bottom of whatever this was.

With a strange blend of creeping anxiety and relief that she was finally just getting it over with, Kim reached for her phone, took a deep breath, and began drafting a message to Frank Penn.

