

Gene held his bunny's hips tight as she bounced on his lap, her slender arms locked around his neck and her glossy lips panting endless words of devotion.

"You master... You... only you... You're the only man I need. The only cock that can ever please me. Your cum is the only cum I want. Give it to me, master, please! Feed your poor, stupid bunny."

Lizzie could put on a pretty convincing show of being good for someone who had been such a bad, bad little bunny.

Gene's rough hand descended in a stinging spank on Lizzie's bouncing, jiggling butt, drawing a raw yelp of submissive pleasure from her throat. Her pussy clenched hard around his cock as it pumped up and down, caressing every inch of him with her silky walls.

Lizzie, David, and especially that little minx Kimmy had assumed he was an idiot if Lizzie was telling him the truth. They thought they had him all figured out. They thought they would be able to destroy him without him ever knowing. But Gene had turned the tables on them already. Lizzie wasn't able to refuse his commands. She had brought him the oil samples that they had gotten their hands on and replaced them with simple olive oil. Their little rebellion had been rendered moot before it began.

Gene relished the feeling of victory as Lizzie threw her head back in a wild moan, savoring the feeling of her master's cock claiming her deepest places. Her wide hips pumped up and down, over and over, doing her best to milk the cum out of Gene's balls. Desperate to earn another hot, virile load of her favorite treat.

Gene would give it to her. He planned to pump Lizzie full of his sperm over and over again for the rest of time. Or at least until she got old and ugly. The very thought that Kimmy and that stupid cuck David had tried to separate them made his blood boil. Both of them would get what was coming to them now that he had the oil.

Just one thing bothered him. While Lizzie continued to ride him in ecstasy, wild moans pouring from her drooling lips and eyes empty except for the fires of lust burning there, Gene's mind was ticking away at the formless anxiety lurking in his mind.

Something didn't add up.

Kim wasn't an idiot. David, maybe, but his little sister had always been sharp as a tack. She also wasn't like Lizzie yet, teetering on the edge of becoming a full-blown cum-obsessed bunny bimbo.

So why was she making such an obvious mistake? Lizzie was untrustworthy at this point. Completely useless as a coconspirator. And, true, maybe Kimmy needed Lizzie's cooperation to

bring her brother onto the team... but letting Lizzie into the inner circle was an incomprehensible blunder. It didn't make any sense.

"Cum for me, master. Give me what I need," moaned Lizzie desperately, sweat trickling down her perfect body as her hips humped and ground downward relentlessly.

Gene interrupted his own train of thought momentarily to grasp Lizzie's hips tight and hump upward, powerfully thrusting into her pussy as he sprinted toward orgasm. He channeled all of his anger and suspicion into his cock, thrusting harder and faster, grunting with the effort as Lizzie gasped and whined, her tits bouncing heavily and her pretty pierced nipples tracing circles in the air.

Finally, he roared in release, flooding his bunny's pussy with the thick, sticky ambrosia that she craved. Her velvety walls closed around him like a vice, squeezing and milking as she collapsed forward onto his flabby chest, peppering him with hot kisses as she sobbed from the intensity of her pleasure.

Lizzie was in his pocket. She was about as capable of rebellion as his toaster. But Kimmy... Kimmy was a different story. She was a wild card. That was what was bothering Gene, he realized.

So why not be absolutely sure? It might be a little less fun than letting Kimmy and David think they were going to win, but it would clear up all of his lingering doubts.

Gene had had enough of Lizzie's kisses. She was starting to feel clingy. He pushed her off, saying, "Alright, alright, enough now. Go grab me a beer."

"Yes, master," his Cumbunny said, eyes shining with devotion. Gene watched her cute little ass wiggle its way out of his bedroom, cum leaking from her freshly-fucked pussy down her thighs. He smirked. She was all his. All he had to do now was ensure that Kimmy was in the same boat.

He pulled his phone out and started composing a text.

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Kim walked into Gene's apartment on high alert. Not because she thought that there was any particular hitch in the plan, of course. She had thought through every angle. Gene thought he was in the driver's seat now, but he was in for a rude surprise when the truth was revealed.

She had already arranged for Lizzie to give Gene the fake oil, and because Lizzie was none the wiser, neither was Gene. The rest of the plan was simple. Have David give Lizzie a dose of the real oil, convince Gene that they had accidentally wasted the other dose to make him let down his guard even further, then surprise him with a little dose of his own to bind him to the very addiction he had inflicted on others.

By this time next week, her brother and Lizzie would be enjoying their rescued relationship while Kim started a new, different, but equally fucked up relationship with her Daddy.

Even though she was confident, Kim was cautious. Gene was a slippery weasel, and any unexpected behavior was cause for concern. Like, for instance, calling Kim to come to his apartment for a conversation, while being vague about exactly what he wanted to talk about. Like he had just done.

Gene wasn't in the living room, but as Kim walked inside, she heard him call out from the bedroom of his shitty apartment. "You're here. Fucking finally. Come join me in the bedroom, Kimmy. We need to talk."

The smell hit her as she walked cautiously toward the bedroom, making her skin break out all over in goosebumps, stiffening her nipples, and starting a pulsing, hot ache between her thighs.

Cum.

Once the bleachy, rank odor had disgusted Kim. She worked with semen every day at her job, so she had probably smelled it more than most women did in a lifetime. But this cum was different. Unconsciously, she took in a deep breath through her nose, savoring the disgusting, rich, delectable scent. The heat in her core flared higher, and her mouth began to water, physically responding to her primal need. *Fuck... how long has it been since I got my fix?* Kim had been a little distracted by her plot to unseat Gene, and her hunger had been creeping up on her. Now that this scent had whet her appetite, it was the only thing she could think about.

She rounded the corner to the bedroom, and what she saw only intensified her reluctant lust.

Gene sprawled on the bed, hairy, broad, and naked. He had apparently just been jerking off, because he had sprayed cum all over his hard, round belly and hairy thighs. Drips and smears of pearly white were scattered all over. It was a sight that should have been disgusting, but instead made Kim's guts clench with unwholesome hunger.

A condom, with another load swelling the reservoir at its tip, hung from the end of his stiff cock. He pulled it off as he greeted her with a lazy wave. "Hi there, Kimmy. Feels like it's been a long time since the two of us played. It's good to see you."

Kim swallowed some of the drool pooling in her mouth and stepped cautiously into the room. "Where's Lizzie?" She asked, then belatedly added the honorific. "...Daddy." It was unusual for Gene to jerk off... in fact, he had been bragging lately that it was no longer necessary for him to masturbate now that he had access to willing sex toys like Kimmy and Lizzie. And that wasn't even touching the matter of the condom. Gene hated to wear them, and the only time that Kim could remember him even bothering was when he had used one to tease her.

“You just missed her,” said Gene with a strange half-smile. “I told her to go do a little more work on David. You two said that he was close to agreeing to be my cuck, right?”

“...right,” said Kim, shaking her head a little in an attempt to clear it. Something was off here, but she couldn’t stop staring at the globs of cum splashed across her Daddy’s thighs. God, the smell in the room was so thick she could almost taste it. She took a step closer to Gene, giving in to the warm, pleasant feeling of arousal pulsing through her. It wasn’t a problem to fuck Gene again... it might even help with their overall deception, and she knew from experience that Gene would have no problem cumming a third time. The temptation was too great. Kim was on the hook and ready to play. She had gotten up onto the bed and was crawling forward on her hands and knees before she even realized it, licking her lips as she practically dived forward, her eyes focused on her Daddy’s big cock.

But Gene reached forward, his hand gripping her throat. Not tightly or aggressively... he was simply holding her back in a way that made his complete control and dominance clear.

“Ah ah ah, Kimmy,” he said with a grin, swinging the bulging condom in his hand idly and sending a whiff of cum rolling toward her from across the bed. “I never gave you permission to touch me.”

Kim stared up at him, hating the weak, willing submission that welled up inside her, but loving it at the same time. Soon, she would turn the tables and begin a much more exciting back-and-forth game with Gene. But for now, he had her over a barrel. Just as it had been since he first dosed her, she had no choice but to swallow her pride and do exactly what he said. “Please, Daddy,” she said sweetly, batting her eyelashes and giving him her best big, soft, submissive eyes, “I need your cum so bad... won’t you feed your poor, hungry little bunny?”

Gene chuckled and raised his hand to pat her cheek. “Oh, trust me, Kimmy, I know you need it. The only question is... do I?”

“Fuck you,” snapped Kim, unable to hold back. Her soft pink lips twisted into a sneer, and her pretty green eyes blazed with fury. She had never been a full, servile submissive to Gene at all times. She wished she could say it was because she was stronger than her sister-in-law... but the truth was that Kim was allowed to talk back to Gene because he thought it was hot when she acted like a little brat. He liked nothing more than bringing her to heel in bed after she had lipped off all day. And as much as Kim wished that her defiance was real and deep, she was usually happy to let her Daddy have his way in the end, crumbling and apologizing and begging for his cock despite whatever she had said earlier.

Gene laughed at her outburst. “You wish, sweetheart,” he said pleasantly. “But I think that your sister took care of all of my needs today. Maybe you can try again tomorrow.”

Kim could tell by the smirk on his face that this was some kind of game... and maybe that should have given her pause. But by now, the smell of semen had worked its way deep into her

brain, and her pussy was pulsing with greedy heat between her thighs. She let out a little whine, and her lips pouted outward. She slumped down onto the bed and glared up at the gross older man who had become the center of her world. "What do you want, Daddy?" she asked sulkily.

Gene reached over to the bedside table and scooped up a pair of handcuffs that Kim hadn't noticed before. He held them, swinging and jangling in one hand while in his other, the fat, full condom swung back and forth like a twisted pendulum.

"I have a game I want to play, Kimmy. And I think you're going to enjoy it a lot."

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By the time Lizzie pulled up in front of her and David's home, something interesting was happening inside her brain.

She had known for weeks that her Master could tell her what to do. Any time that Gene insisted that she suck his cock or make meals for him, or lie to Kim and David, she was powerless to resist.

But today, he had tried something new. Today, Gene had told her how to feel.

His words still echoed in her mind as she got out of the car onto her tall platform heels (which she was getting more and more used to with every passing day).

"I want you to go back to your husband, Lizzie," said Gene, holding her chin in an iron grip and staring deep into her eyes. "And you're going to convince him to be my cuck... except this time, it's going to be different. This time, you won't feel sorry for him at all. You are going to be completely turned on by the thought of cucking your worthless husband. Understand?"

Lizzie hadn't realized that that sort of command would be effective. Even if Gene's preferences and fetishes had had an insidious, corruptive influence on her thoughts, inside her head had always been where she was able to be herself and resist Gene. But, whether it was a sort of twisted placebo effect or Gene now actually did have the power to command her thinking... Lizzie felt her mind turning to kinky, dirty thoughts.

Thoughts of capturing her beloved husband under her master's cruel control. Of forcing him to watch as a man he could never match brutally claimed the pussy she had pledged to only him. Of turning him into a simpering, drooling cuck, deriving pleasure only from his humiliating failure.

Fuck, her panties were soaked just thinking about it. Since Gene had turned the tables and forced her to spill the beans about their plans to resist him, she had been twisted up inside with guilt. But his instruction this morning to find betraying David hot had driven all those lingering, nasty feelings from her mind. Now all Lizzie could focus on was how hot it would be to betray David and deliver him into the hands of his hated rival.

She hustled up to the door of the house, her body buzzing with arousal, ready to complete her task... for real this time, not just as a ploy to lower Gene's guard. She was wearing an outfit that was especially slutty today, and that was saying something, considering the ridiculous getups that Gene had been forcing her into lately.

Today, she wore a leather jacket undone in the front with a mesh shirt beneath. As she walked, it flapped open and closed, displaying her stiff pink nipples to the suburban neighborhood. The look was completed by skin-tight dark jeans, with rips showing ample amounts of the pale skin of her butt and thighs, enough that it was obvious she wasn't wearing panties. Gene wasn't a fan of underwear in general, unless it was the kind that made his cock hard.

David came running to the door as soon as she opened it, and Lizzie felt a pulse of perverse lust flash through her as his eyes opened wide, scanning up and down her body. Her poor husband still wanted her so badly, even now that she had been taken by another man... maybe especially now that she had been taken by another man. Her mission now was to cultivate that frustrated, jealous desire and coax it into a raging inferno.

It was the least she could do for her beloved husband... after all, it would be a lot easier for him once he became Gene's jackrabbit if he had a solid base of cuckold desire beforehand.

"Hi hubby," said Lizzie with a wide smile as she sashayed toward him, making sure to let her leather jacket slip open to display her lack of clothing underneath. "You look happy to see me..."

"E-Eliza," spluttered David, reaching down to attempt to cover his sudden erection... ineffectively, "What the fuck are you wearing!?"

Eliza pouted as she brushed past him into their home. "Oh, don't be mean, dear. You know I can't help it." She rolled her shoulders, shrugging off the leather jacket and tossing it over a chair. David's eyes nearly bugged out of his head as she turned, displaying her gorgeous pale tits and blushing pink nipples beneath the mesh top. "When my Master tells me to wear something scandalously slutty, I simply have no choice."

David gulped and shook his head. 'Right... right...' he muttered under his breath, trying and failing to look away from his wife's displayed tits. Eliza knew that he had been feeling some complex emotions about her and her enslavement to Gene lately, but his desire for her would be his downfall. Whether a total pervert like Gene or a supposed good man like David, you could always trust a man to think with his cock first and foremost.

"So, what brings you here?" he asked nervously. "Isn't Gene going to notice that you're missing? I thought we were planning to meet next when we were ready for the next step of the plan."

"I'm on a mission from Gene, unfortunately," said Lizzie with a light shrug, stepping toward her husband gracefully on the high heels she was growing more and more used to every day. "He

said I need to push you toward becoming a cuckold. And as you know, I can't just openly disobey him, so we need to have the conversation at least."

Amusingly, she had just completely told the truth. She had just left out the part about how horny the thought of turning David into her cuckold was making her today.

David frowned. "Oh... I mean, I guess if you have to. We both know that it won't work anyway."

"Of course," said Eliza with a knowing grin. Her husband certainly wasn't looking up cuckold porn or obsessing over other men fucking her before Gene had turned her into his slut... but sometimes, overpowering events outside of your control had a way of bending your way of thinking. Besides, when Gene succeeded in giving David his own dose of the Mjolkhare oil, her poor husband would have little choice. Just like Lizzie was shaped over time into enjoying submission, humiliation and exhibitionism, David would begin to find cuckolding erotic. There would be no fighting back.

"But..." said Eliza in a warm purr, "Since my Master told me to come see you anyway, I thought we could use the opportunity to reconnect a little as husband and wife."

David licked his lips, his eyebrows still creased. "But... I thought you couldn't... I mean, I thought that he had forbidden you from..."

Lizzie rolled her eyes with a giggle. It was true that she wasn't allowed to let David penetrate her, but that would just make her task that much easier. "Don't be silly, David," she said with a wink, grabbing his hand and pulling him toward the bedroom. "There is still a lot of fun we can have without you using that little thing. Come... I'll show you."

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Kim writhed on the bed, breathing heavily. Gene had slowly and teasingly stripped away all of her clothes and handcuffed her to the bed frame, and now her whole body was flooded with needy heat.

"Please, Daddy!" she gasped, straining up off the bed, trying to reach the bulging condom that swung just an inch out of reach of her open mouth.

Gene chuckled and dipped the condom for just a second, letting it bounce off her tongue. Kim clicked her teeth together sharply, attempting to catch it, but he was too fast, and soon it was back out of reach. So close, yet so far away. "I'm afraid not, Kimmy. You can't get your reward until Daddy says the game is over."

Kim whined in frustration, drumming her heels on the bed in impotent rage. "Ugggggh, what do you WANT, Daddy?" she huffed, giving him a furious glare with her brilliant green eyes. "You

want me to suck your big cock? I'll do it. You want my tight little holes? They are all yours, Daddy. You know that. So stop teasing me and give me what I want!"

"But teasing you is just so much fun, sweetheart," rumbled Gene, reaching out a thick, blunt finger to trace up Kim's hip, over her taut belly, and between her heaving tits, leaving a burning line of sensation. Even that teasing contact made Kim want to scream. She was a sloppy, horny mess at this point, with her pussy dripping and aching for cock, her nipples crinkled and stiff with desire, and her whole body flushed and ready to fuck. But, true to his word, Gene seemed focused on winding her up further and further, making her more and more desperate for his cum. Pushing her arousal to the breaking point rather than getting off as soon as possible.

Asshole... the one time I want him to cut right to the chase and fuck the shit out of me, Gene discovers foreplay.

Kim slipped back onto the bed, breathing heavily. She glared up at her Daddy, willing him to get to the point. Finally, he chuckled and lowered his hand holding the bulging condom, trailing it down her body, leaving a shiny, slimy wake behind it. "I swear you could peel the paint off the walls with those eyes, Kimmy. But fine... There is something I need you to do for me."

He paused with the condom resting just over Kim's throbbing, needy pussy... then swung it down lightly, tapping the bag of still-warm goo lightly against her sensitive flesh and making her bite her lip to stifle the powerful arousal that coursed through her.

"I need you to tell me the truth, Kimmy."

A bolt of anxiety pierced through Kim, momentarily overwhelming even her fiery lust. She tried her best to control her reaction, but she saw Gene grin widely as he studied her changing expression. *What does he know?* It had to just be a fishing expedition due to his suspicious nature. She and David had been careful to give Eliza exactly the information she needed to mislead Gene. There was no way he could suspect their actual plan. Kim did her best to smooth her face and stare back into Gene's piggy eyes without giving anything away.

"I'm not sure what you mean Daddy," she said calmly. "I don't keep any secrets from you."

Gene tilted his head, swinging the full condom down a few more times to splat against Kim's vulnerable pussy. She bit her lip with a sharp intake of breath. The teasing contact immediately reminded her exactly how horny and desperate she was. She spread her thighs and tilted her hip upward, silently begging for more sensation.

"Is that so?" asked Gene sharply. "Then maybe you'd like to explain why Lizzie came to me with an interesting story. A story about oil."

Fuck! This completely went against Kim's expectations. She had been certain that Gene would keep the information secret in order to outplay her and David. Now that he had just brought it up to her... what the fuck was she supposed to do?

Gene chuckled and laid one thick finger against Kim's throbbing sex, rubbing it up and down, just barely parting her lips and feeling the wet heat within. "That got a reaction," he rumbled in amusement. "Well, bunny, let's play the game. You tell me the truth... And you get the reward that I know you want oh so badly."

Kim hissed at the powerful sexual frustration sizzling through her veins, lifting her hips off the mattress in an attempt to press into her Daddy's finger and gain the satisfaction she craved. It was a useless effort. Gene just moved his finger away every time she tried to hump upward into it. And besides, she didn't want Gene's finger; she wanted his fucking cock. She wanted him to pump her needy cunt full of his hot, sticky cum. And now, to her frustration and anxiety, it was becoming clear that that wasn't going to happen until she played his dangerous game.

Kim forced herself to focus through her distracting arousal. She could do this. All she had to do was give him the same information that Lizzie had. Their plan had always been to let Gene think he had won. She just had to reinforce that by telling him what he already thought he knew.

"Y-you caught me, Daddy," she grunted, her hips lifting up from the mattress again, trying to rub her pussy against his finger. "We tried to get a sample of the Mjolkhare oil so that we could break free. But I should have known you were smarter than me. Are you going to punish me?"

Kim gave Gene a wide-eyed look of performative, erotic fear, hoping that she could bait his dominant instincts, but instead he gave her a thoughtful stare, pursing his lips. Suddenly, his finger withdrew, and the condom he still held in his free hand whipped down, slapping wetly against Kim's sensitive pussy and making her whimper.

"That's it, Kimmy?" He asked in a serious tone. "You expect to casually reveal to me that you've been scheming behind my back and I'll just let it go?"

Fuck... Kim was so horny she could barely string two thoughts together. The smell of cum still filled the air. Her pussy felt hollow, needing to be filled. She yanked her hands instinctively against her restraints, trying to get free so she could pounce on her Daddy's cock.

"I've been sooo bad, Daddy," she whined, her hips rolling upward in pure physical need. "Please punish your naughty bunny. Please teach me who I belong to."

She could see that her submissive performance was having an effect. Gene's cock was back at full mast again, throbbing like a powerful spike of pure dominant masculinity between his squat, hairy thighs. But still, infuriatingly, Gene held back.

“Oh, don’t worry, Kimmy,” he said smugly. “You’ll get the punishment that you deserve. But first, I want your side of the story. You’re going to tell me the whole plan you had with your brother and sister-in-law.”

He lifted the condom until it was right over Kim’s gasping lips, then tilted it until a syrupy drop was just about to fall. “And if you tell me what I want to hear... You might get a little reward. Won’t that be fun?”

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David let out a soft *oof* as Lizzie pushed him back onto the bed, staring up at her with a flushed face and a throbbing bulge in the front of his pants.

“What... what are we doing?” he asked, looking half intimidated and half-aroused as she stared up at her in the dimness of their room.

Lizzie let out a rich chuckle, unbuttoning the front of her jeans and peeling the tight denim off of her thick thighs and ass, her shimmying movements jiggling her barely covered tits enticingly. “Well... my master told me that I can’t let your cock inside me, but I don’t see any reason why kissing would be off the table.”

David’s face flashed with an expression of mixed disappointment and relief. “Oh... just kissing?”

Lizzie snickered, turning as she bent low to step out of her pants so that David got an eyeful of her fat ass pressed out toward him, with her glistening pussy lips peeking out from between her thighs. “Just kissing, he says,” she murmured with a teasing wink as she turned back, giving David a full view of the flushed, dripping pussy between her legs. “Aren’t you excited to...” she trailed her hand seductively down her tummy and over her pussy, playing lightly with her tender pink lips. “...kiss your wife?”

David’s eyes widened as he realized what she was hinting at, but Lizzie didn’t let up. She mounted the bed in a lithe leap, prowling toward her husband on hands and knees.

“Pants off, David,” she purred commandingly. “I might not be able to suck your cock right now, but if you earn them, you might get a few kisses of your own.”

David still looked a little uncertain of Lizzie’s strange, teasing mood, but the man was obviously starved of connection to his wife, and his hands moved swiftly to undo his belt and shove his pants down his thighs, exposing his throbbing cock, already dripping with eagerness.

Lizzie couldn’t help but shake her head and smirk, twisted lust growing stronger and stronger in her belly. David had been too stressed to perform for months, bringing a limp noodle to bed

when Lizzie needed an iron rod. But now that his wife's pussy had become forbidden fruit, he was staining his boxers with precum.

Maybe he actually did have some cuckold tendencies lurking beneath the surface.

David began moving forward, eagerly accepting Lizzie's offer of cunnilingus, but Lizzie laughingly pushed him back. "Not so fast, Davey! You lie right where you are. I have an idea that is going to... spice things up a little."

David looked confused for a moment, but then Lizzie lost sight of his face. It was hard to see his expression after she had planted one knee on either side of his head, facing down to where his cock twitched with the beat of his heart.

"Lizzie," he said with a mild note of panic in his voice, but Lizzie cut him off by carefully lowering her hips, sealing her hot, juicy pussy over his mouth.

"Ahhhhh," she groaned in satisfaction, "You always did like to talk, dearest. Let's put that wagging tongue to better use for now, shall we?"

David seemed shocked into inaction for a second, but he didn't push her away, and a second later, she felt his tongue tentatively exploring her sensitive folds, delving deeper and more greedily as he began to get into the spirit of her dominant face-sitting. Lizzie wasn't sure if cunnilingus would technically count as penetration. With the way David was beginning to enthusiastically thrust his tongue deep inside her, she would tend to say it was. But the question was a moot point. Her master had specifically and expressly commanded Lizzie to lead David further down the path of submission with a little facesitting, so there were no conflicts with his commands.

Lizzie sighed in contentment, rocking her hips a little to grind her pussy gently into David's mouth, showing him where he belonged... beneath her. But this wasn't just meant to be a physical demonstration. Now that David was distracted, busy, and unable to talk back, this was the perfect opportunity to work a little on the cuckold fetish that Gene wanted David to develop.

"It's so nice to have my pussy worshipped like this," Lizzie gasped breathily. "Especially with how sore it's been lately."

David paused for a moment in his licking, then resumed, slower, the tip of his tongue tracing her clit, circling like a wary wolf. He didn't like that so much... but Lizzie hadn't even begun to tease.

"I mean, to be frank, dear, Gene is at least double your size, and he's not as gentle as you either. Is it any wonder that he gives my poor little kitty a workout?"

This time, Lizzie could feel David shake his head lightly, and his tongue withdrew back into his mouth. He pushed lightly back on her thighs, and she could feel a muffled buzz as he tried to

say something that got smothered by the folds of the pussy pressing down on his mouth. This was no time for mercy. Now was the time to push her advantage and go one step further in making David the submissive cuckold he was destined to become.

So instead of easing up and letting David articulate his protests, Lizzie shifted her position, leaning forward to turn the face sitting into a sixty-nine. She gripped the base of her husband's little twig in a tight fist and planted a wet kiss right on its throbbing head. "Aww, sorry, hubby... Did that hurt your feelings?" she purred, wiggling her hips back and forth to rub her hot pussy all over his face. "But I always want to be honest with you." She extended her tongue to lick slowly up the length of her husband's cock. "Do you think that you might be able to forgive me?"

David paused between her thighs, breathing heavily through his nose. Then his tongue began moving slowly over her pussy again, teasing her entrance and flicking over her clit.

"Good boy," purred Lizzie, planting another lingering kiss on the head of her husband's cock. "I knew you weren't the kind of insecure man who would get upset over hearing about Gene. After all, it's not my fault he's been fucking my tight pussy hard with his big, manly cock."

David groaned again beneath her pussy, but Lizzie punctuated her little barb by swirling her extended tongue around his cock head, and this time there was barely a pause in his subservient slurping. Now that he was on the hook, it was time to push things a little further.

"But I knooooow how hard it must be for you hubby," moaned Lizzie, grinding her pussy down even harder into her husband's wriggling tongue. "Imagining how he has been there... right where you're licking right this second. Stretching me out... making me wet... filling me up with his hot, sticky cum. Exactly where your tongue is... right there... deeper now, sweetie. Follow where my master went."

David was under her spell now, caught up in a submissive haze. Instead of pausing, he did what he was told, reaching up to grasp his wife's perfect ass and drawing her down so he could thrust his tongue deep inside her.

"That's it, right there," gasped Lizzie, her hips writhing. "Clean that well-used pussy, David. What a good husband. Try not to think about his thick cock opening me up down there..."

She chuckled as she looked down at the eagerly twitching cock in her hands. Maybe David wasn't reacting to her dirty talk... maybe he was just this turned on because it was the hottest sexual encounter he had had with the woman he loved in months. But that didn't change the fact that he was leaking precum, and his balls were drawn up tight to the base of his cock as if he was on the edge of cumming.

She genuinely didn't think that David had a preexisting cuckold fetish... but men were Pavlovian creatures, and once he climaxed with the correct encouragement, Lizzie thought that Gene's twisted seeds would be planted in very fertile soil indeed. She reached out one index finger,

denying him the sloppy warmth of her lips and tongue, simply tracing the one fingertip teasingly over the bulging head of his cock. "It looks like someone wants his reward for being such a good husband," she purred. "Do you want to cum for me, David?"

David made a muffled sound of agreement, his tongue lashing against her clit wildly and his hips straining upward, trying to get more stimulation than just the faint touch of one finger. But Lizzie wasn't going to give him anything more than this. It was all he deserved as an inferior man.

God, what's gotten into me?

"Then cum," she commanded haughtily. "Cum for me, while you imagine him cumming deep inside your wife's pussy that you love to kiss so much."

That dirty talk probably would have been crossing the line for David at any other time, but when he was on the very edge of cumming from the teasing rub of her finger, he wasn't in any state to resist. He grunted and thrust his hips upward, his tongue plunging and swirling madly inside his wife's hot cunt as big, powerful spurts of cum shot out of his inadequate cock.

David would probably love it at this point if Lizzie wrapped her fist tightly around his cock, squeezing out every last drop of cum. But, unfortunately for him, this sex act wasn't about his pleasure and satisfaction. It was about teasing him. Lizzie straightened up, abandoning her husband's spasming cock to splatter his own tensed belly with unwanted sperm, ruining his orgasm.

Finally, the gushing torrent of cum slowed to a dribble, and David's tongue ceased its frantic movements. Lizzie kept her pussy in place for a few more moments, just to enforce the point that it wasn't up to David when they were finished, then lifted her hips and released her poor husband.

David stared up at her, panting. His face was red with embarrassment and shiny with Lizzie's juices. His stomach and chest were covered in sticky globs of his shameful release. His eyes filled with confusion, anger, and fading desire.

"What the fuck was that?" he managed to wheeze.

"I told you, dear..." said Lizzie lightly, relishing her husband's disheveled appearance. "Just a way for us to grow closer as a couple."

...

Another tiny droplet of cum fell, splattering against Kim's open lips. She licked it away instantly with her wet, eager tongue, but it was so small it did next to nothing to ease the roaring hunger inside her. The powerful lust burning and pulsing through every inch of her body, but especially between her legs, had become so intense it was almost painful. The dark, inescapable hunger

for cum made it nearly impossible to think. Which was especially concerning, considering she had never needed to be sharper than in this moment.

“Ok... so let’s go over this again. What was your plan to feed me this oil that you got your hands on?” asked Gene seriously. Despite his stern interrogation, Kim couldn’t help but notice that his thick cock never softened. Gene was getting sick pleasure from his trapped bunny’s helpless, horny desperation, no matter how grim his voice and face looked.

“How many times do I need to tell you, Daddy?” whined Kim, her sweaty body writhing in sexual agony, her wrist becoming more and more raw and chafed from the handcuffs holding her in place. “How many fucking times do I need to tell you I’m sorry! Please just give me your cum, Daddy! Please! I’ll be your good girl. I’ll do whatever you say!” Kim was doing her best to hold on to her pride and mission, but those priorities were feeling hazier and hazier compared to the delicious cum dangled just out of her reach above her face.

“That’s great, Kimmy,” rumbled Gene, swinging the filled condom in front of her face like a pendulum. “If you’ll do whatever I say, then I want to hear what your plans were for the oil. Again.”

Kimmy whined in frustration, rubbing her thighs together in a vain attempt to give her some sort of sexual relief. She had no choice. She was completely helpless right now, and she needed cum even more than she needed to get free. “Fiiiine... We were going to get Lizzie addicted to David’s cum so that she could resist you more easily. Then, we were going to invite you to a cafe and slip you a sample of David’s cum mixed with the oil as well. Using that leverage, we would force you to treat me better.” It was the same version of the plan that they had fed to Lizzie. The false version that they hoped would fool Gene long enough for their actual plan to take root. It was imperative that he believed this version... it was the only hope that they had for their plan to still work.

But it didn’t bode well that this was the third time Gene was making her repeat it.

“HmMMM,” said Gene. A flat, neutral sound that gave no hints to his belief or disbelief. He tipped the condom again, releasing a drop of cum calculated to inflame Kim’s desires rather than to satisfy her. “That’s interesting. But tell me, why not just use the oil to addict yourself to another man? One a little more trustworthy than me. Seems like you could have saved yourself a lot of trouble. You could have just never talked to me again.”

Kim savored the tiny, delicious droplet, letting the flavor spread over her tongue. But it only made her want more. She desperately tried to sharpen her mind through the haze. This was a major weakness of their fake plan, but there was an explanation they had given Lizzie. “We need to dose you. We promised the creator of the oil we would document your downfall.”

This actually made Gene blink in surprise, his smug control momentarily shattering. “What? That sick fuck...” he muttered, staring into the distance. “He wants to see dude get addicted to cum?”

Even through the arousal, Kim had to stop herself from rolling her eyes. What did Daddy think the difference was between corrupting men and women? Only when it might have happened to him did he recognise how monstrous it was to turn someone into a cum addict.

“But there’s one part I don’t understand,” said Gene, focusing back on Kim sharply. “What makes you think that in a contest between David and me, he would be the one to come out on top? He never has in the past.”

Kim gulped. It was a decent question, although maybe a bit too insulting to David. Gene was a conniving bastard, and if David was in charge of controlling Gene with his cum, Gene might find a way out of it. Feeding Gene a sample of David’s cum probably would be an untenable position... which is why that wasn’t actually the plan at all. Kim planned to feed Gene a sample of the oil with cum from a man whose identity only she knew. It would put Gene under her control, and, with their addiction being equal, she thought she could match Gene any day.

Kim shook her head. She was getting confused. She needed to stay focused.

“We didn’t have any other choice. W-we thought maybe he could step up,” said Kim, trying to force sincerity into her voice. Gene stared down at her, then poured out a tiny glob of cum from the condom onto his middle finger. Kim stared at it, her breasts heaving with horny terror as he lowered the thick finger down between her thighs. She instinctively spread her thighs, both frightened and eager for whatever he was planning.

“You almost had me,” said Gene with a little smirk. “It wasn’t a bad plan... Even I admit that I can gloat a little sometimes when I think I’m winning. With that bullshit you slipped Lizzie and tried to feed me here, I might have stumbled straight into a trap.”

He pressed his cum-smear finger to Kim’s quivering sex, and her back arched powerfully up off the bed, a deep, passionate moan ripping from her throat. “But you forgot, Kimmy. Your Daddy is smarter than a slutty little bunny like you.”

Kim could barely hear what he was saying. Her blood thundered in her ears. Her hips squirmed up into Gene’s finger as he slowly inserted it deep inside her. The feeling of the smear of semen on his fingertip entering her tight cunt was heavenly... but it was enough. She didn’t want to be teased by the incredible feeling of her Daddy’s cum. She wanted to be flooded with it. To feel its searing, golden heat dripping from her used pussy.

She opened her mouth to beg, but all that came out was gasping moans. It felt like her very mind was unravelling from the mix of pleasure and frustration.

“I can give you what you want, Kimmy,” promised Gene darkly. “You can get all the cum you need, forever and ever. All you need to do is tell me the truth this one time.”

Kim bit her lip and shook her head. It was important that she not reveal the real plan to Gene. Because... well... for some... reason? She couldn't quite grasp the importance of the plan, and honestly, it was starting to feel less and less urgent in the face of her intense sexual need.

Gene thrust his finger deep and held it there. He stared down into Kim's eyes, his gaze burning. "Well...? Anything else to say, bunny? If not, maybe I can just go get dinner and let you have a couple of hours to think."

His finger began withdrawing, and that was what finally cracked Kim. She could take the teasing, but the thought of being denied after being worked up into a sexual frenzy like this was intolerable.

"W-wait, Daddy!" she yelped, and Gene paused with his thick middle finger almost entirely withdrawn from her pussy.

Kim bit her lip, fighting and losing an internal struggle to hold onto her secrets. Gene had used the power of hunger and sexual need to whittle her willpower down to the breaking point. Surrender was inevitable, even if it was shameful.

"That was just a fake plan we made..." she admitted, the words stinging like acid as they left her tongue. "The actual plan was to make you think you confiscated the oil, so you would let down your guard. Then we would use the real oil to dose you and Lizzie."

Gene's face moved from smugness to shock to anger, and Kim realized with horror that this really had been a fishing expedition from the beginning. Gene hadn't actually suspected the real plan at all... he had just been covering his tracks and making absolutely certain he knew the full story.

The revelation came too late. Gene tossed aside the condom in his hand to splat on the floor of his bedroom.

All of Kim's determination and bravado had drained away. She stared up at her Daddy with frightened, submissive eyes. This was her complete defeat... Gene had proven once again that there was no point in opposing him. The only sane choice was submission and begging for his favor.

Even though she was intimidated, Kim's arousal was peaking, fired up by the smoldering sexual rage that was pouring off Gene in waves. One glance down at his crotch and the red, swollen erection there showed that the feeling of fraught, tense eroticism was mutual. Kim swallowed. "Am... am I going to get that reward now, Daddy?" She asked in a trembling voice.

Gene let out a dark chuckle, then moved with the slow, deliberate force of an avalanche, slinging one squat, hairy thigh over her chest so that his powerful frame was straddling her. "Oh yes, Kimmy," he rumbled. "Now you're going to get exactly what you deserve."

Kim's chest heaved with deep, gasping breaths. Gene's cock was now directly in her face. It was a situation she had found herself in many times, obviously, but this felt different. She was trapped beneath his bulk now, and lying down felt much more vulnerable and submissive than even being on her knees. Gene positively towered above her, his round body a powerful thundercloud of masculine strength.

She had never felt more defenceless. But although the feelings of intimidation were there, the boiling, dark arousal was even stronger. She wanted her Daddy to do whatever he wanted to her. "I've been a bad girl," she said in a wavering voice, her pussy on fire with submissive lust. "Punish me, Daddy. I deserve it."

Gene's only response was a grunting affirmative as he used one hand to brace himself against the wall, angled his hips, then reached down with his other hand to aim his raging cock directly between Kim's lips.

Kim whimpered as she felt her Daddy's thick, pulsing cock fill her mouth. She had no control here. No opportunity to regulate the speed of the blowjob.

It wasn't, in fact, a blowjob at all. Her mouth was being used as a masturbation aid. A warm, wet hole for her Daddy to fuck. She was a sex toy right now, and she belonged to Gene. A doll for him to use as he saw fit.

Gene moved slowly, but unstoppably, pressing his cock forward until he hit the back of Kim's throat. Fortunately, or maybe unfortunately, depending on how you looked at it, Kim's position on her back didn't allow Gene access into her throat. Instead, he had to content himself with short, rough little thrusts into her mouth.

"You thought you could beat me?" He grunted above her, his hips snapping back and forth as he asserted his dominance over his bunny, fucking her wet little mouth with short thrusts of the tip of his cock. "You thought you were smarter than your Daddy?"

Kim moaned, closing her eyes against the intense sights, sounds, and sensations of the utter domination that Gene was subjecting her to. Drool dripped from her pink lips as she wrapped them tight around her Daddy's powerful, pumping cock.

Fuck... I'm his dumb little fuckhole... his little bunny mouth slut. Daddy's right. It was stupid to ever think I could beat him. This is the most I could hope for... to be a good little girl and take his cock.

Kim's thoughts faded into a cloud of pink, and her body roared with filthy heat, writhing and twisting on the bed, her toned thighs rubbing together and her stiff nipples pressed upward into the hairy legs straddling her, trying desperately to get some sort of sensation. Gene's thrusts

grew faster, and Kim could sense he was about to cum... to give her the thick, gooey treat she knew she deserved.

But at the last moment, he pulled out, rapidly jacking his thick cock. Kim whined and opened her mouth, tongue wide, desperate to capture all of the cum she could.

When Gene erupted, the hot, thick ropes of cum splattered all over Kim, tingling on her skin and setting off massive fireworks of pleasure in her brain as the flavor spread over her taste buds. She greedily closed her mouth and swallowed down a mouthful, only for another blast to splatter over her lips. She was being utterly coated. It was an insane volume for what was apparently Gene's third cumshot within a few hours, but her Daddy's stamina was one area where he wouldn't lose to anyone.

Finally, Gene flicked one last drop of sperm down onto Kim's face and rolled off her, leaving her panting, naked, and sweaty on the bed, face covered in hot, fresh jizz. Within seconds, she had licked off everything that she could reach with her tongue... but no matter how good his cum felt on her skin, she was still left unsatisfied.

Gene sighed and cracked his neck, staring down at her with an annoyed expression. "Well, Kimmy, you almost fucked everything up for your Daddy. And now... we have to fix it."

The reality hit home for Kim again in that moment. She had lost... and this time it was probably for good. This had been the last chance for them to free themselves from Gene control. Soon, Kim would be unable to defy his commands, just like Lizzie...

And that wasn't even considering the fact that David might soon be under Gene's control as well.

"So tell me," said Gene, looming over her with a grim look in his eye. "Where are the real samples of oil that you planned to use?"

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David paced his kitchen; an old habit of his in times of stress and confusion.

Something was wrong. He hadn't heard from Kim at all yesterday or today, and he hadn't heard from Lizzie since the strange face-sitting session yesterday. David shook his head. Even thinking about that brought up contradictory feelings of embarrassment and arousal. Some of the things she had said during that session were unforgivable... yet he had cum anyway. He had been so embarrassed that he hadn't even said anything about how wrong it was afterward.

Shortly after he came, Lizzie had received a text from Gene calling her back to his apartment. Since then, there had been radio silence. David wasn't sure what to think... and neither of the women in his life were answering any calls or messages.

Just as he pulled his phone out again to send Kim another message, it rang in his hand. He was so shocked that Kim was calling him that he just stared at the phone open-mouthed for a second before stabbing the green button and holding it to his ear. "Hello? Kim?" He asked sharply, trying to keep the panic out of his voice. "What's going on?"

His fears were confirmed when Kim answered in a low, hurried whisper. "David... things have gone bad. I thought Gene would be happy when Lizzie gave him the fake plan, but instead... God, David, he fucking erupted. He's been punishing Lizzie nonstop. He left just now, but he's locked Lizzie in the bedroom. I need you to get here as soon as you can. It's time for plan B. Break down the door, feed me and Lizzie our doses, and we get the fuck out of town."

David was already heading toward the garage, swiping his key off the hook on the way. "That's what I've been saying we should do since the beginning!" He growled.

"Well, you can say I told you so once we are safely on the road out of town," said Kim dryly. "Hurry, David... I have no idea when he'll be back."

...

Kim felt bad. Of course she did. Who wouldn't feel bad about sentencing their brother to a life of the same servitude and desperation that she knew only too well? But Lizzie and Gene, working together all evening last night, had hammered the lesson into her brain and body over and over again: There was no opposing Gene. He would get what he wanted, when he wanted it, forever. And Daddy wanted David as his pathetic cuckold. So even if it made Kim sad, there was really nothing she could do about it. She might as well try to hold back the tide.

David was in such a panic when he arrived at Gene's apartment that Kim barely needed to say a word. The poor dumb lunk thought he was playing hero. The knight in shining armor who would save his poor wife from Gene's evil clutches. It would have been funny if it weren't so damn depressing.

"Where is she?" he panted, eyes wild and nostrils flaring, making tight fists as if he would have the chance to punch Gene's lights out. Kim beckoned him to the bedroom and opened the door for him. David rushed inside, calling out, "Eliza! I'm here for you!" He didn't even make the connection that Kim had told him on the phone that Lizzie was locked in the bedroom.

Lizzie, obviously, was nowhere to be found.

"She's probably holed up in the bathroom," said Kim smoothly. "Have a seat for a second. Jesus, did you run all the way here or something? You look like a mess."

David did, in fact, look out of breath. He collapsed into the convenient chair near the bed and buried his face in his hands. "Yeah," he said vaguely, between puffing breaths, "Yeah, let me just sit for a second and catch my breath. Can you go get her?"

All that it took was a few seconds while he was distracted. Kim scooped up the twin pairs of handcuffs and the zip ties from the bedside table and crossed swiftly to her brother.

The fact that he trusted her so deeply made it easy. With a clean snap, the first set of handcuffs bound his right arm to the armrest of the sturdy chair. He looked down at his bound hand in shock, then back up to Kim, but by that point she had already caught and cuffed his left hand as well.

"Kim," he said in a stunned voice as reality began to set in. "Please... don't."

Kim avoided her brother's eyes as she knelt and swiftly zip tied one ankle to a leg of the chair. By the time she reached for the other ankle, David had finally gotten over his shock... but by then it was too late. One leg simply wasn't going to do him any good.

Kim gave up trying to zip tie her brother's wildly kicking leg and sent a text to Gene, letting him know that everything was ready.

"Kim? Kim, fucking look at me!" raged David, trying and failing to lift the heavy chair from his awkward bound position. "Why are you doing this? What happened to the fucking plan?"

Gene entered the room with Eliza on his arm, both of them grinning ear to ear, and David slipped from anger to numb horror in an instant.

"I'm sorry, David," said Kim, the words tasting bitter on her lips as she turned and took her rightful place beneath Gene's left arm. "It's my fault. I should have just let you leave. It was never possible for us to escape Daddy. He was always going to win in the end."

...

Some distant, deep part of Lizzie's mind felt sad to see her husband trapped and helpless, defeated by his hated enemy. But at this point, that part of Eliza was buried deep. She had a feeling that, soon, that voice might be silenced forever. After experimenting with it yesterday, Gene had been giving her more and more commands on how to feel.

Feeling about how funny it was to see her loser husband ineffectively squirm and try to escape his fate.

How hot it would be to show David how a real man owned her now.

How much more satisfying it would be to have David as her submissive cuck rather than a boring, vanilla husband.

The feeling of arousal at seeing David defeated had been growing for months now, and these new commands brought them to the surface. Eliza wasn't just resigned to what was about to happen in Gene's filthy bedroom. She relished it. Now everyone would finally learn their true places, and they could all move forward with their lives.

"Eliza... Eliza, you don't have to do this," said David, still ineffectually straining against his bonds. "I know this isn't your fault. You don't actually want this! Don't give up. Don't stop fighting. I'll do anything it takes to save you!"

For one last, fleeting second, Eliza could feel something stirring inside her, like a captured animal straining to be free. That was right... she had tried so hard to resist and find some way out of this... Is this where it ended? As Gene's slutty plaything forever?

Gene scoffed and turned to her. "Lizzie, I know you aren't so good at thinking, so let me put that little mind to rest. You don't need to worry about escaping anymore. Because being my cumbunny is the best thing that could possibly happen to you. That's how you feel now. That's an order."

Eliza felt a sensation of strain and horror for just a second, then her resistance was crushed like a bug. Her face cleared. This was where she was meant to be. She didn't need to worry anymore.

Eliza undid the tie of the silk robe she was wearing and let it slip off her shoulders to the ground, revealing what she was wearing beneath. A set of stunning, pure-white lingerie. Eliza had looked to see if she could get the same set that she wore for David on their wedding night, but it hadn't been possible on short notice. Besides, this version was similar enough to invoke the memory, while being quite a bit sluttier. The cups of the bra were just sheer, gauzy lace that showcased her recently-pierced nipples, and the panties were crotchless, with just a line of pearls lying delicately along her slit. A snowy garter-belt and stockings completed the look of nearly angelic purity... a wicked contrast with what was about to happen.

"Sorry, David," she purred, moving toward him with slow, hip-swaying steps. "I think I gave you the wrong impression. I don't need saving. I finally found a real man. A man with a working cock, who can really take care of my needs in the bedroom." She reached down and cupped her husband's face, the arousal inside her winding tighter as she saw the dawning horror in his eyes. "But don't worry, sweetheart. I'm not heartless. Tonight, we are going to bring you along for the ride."

David's eyebrows lowered, and his mouth twisted into a snarl. He jerked his neck to the side to reject Eliza's hand, and strained hard against his bonds once again. "You're crazy!" he spat. "I

never should have trusted you after what you did in that fucking club! Now let me go! I don't care what you do with that bastard anymore!"

His voice was rising, rough and emotional and cracking. Gene shook his head in sneering disgust and snapped his fingers at Kimmy, signalling her to move forward. "Our guest is getting a little loud. Kimmy, why don't you help your brother calm down?" By this time, Kim had retrieved the ball gag from the living room. It took a few minutes of wrangling, but in the end, she managed to get it between David's teeth without losing a finger.

Now David sat, red-faced and straining, to no avail. He had been captured. Silenced. Neutralized. And now... now he would be forced to watch how thoroughly Gene had defeated him.

"Ok, buddy," said Gene with an evil chuckle. "Ready for the main event?" Behind him, Kim swiftly pulled off the t-shirt and jeans she had been wearing, revealing a bra and panty set that matched the one that Eliza was wearing... except this one was bright, devilish crimson. It took just a moment for her to slip on the garter belt and stockings as well, and then she and Eliza looked like opposite reflections, one on either of Gene's arms.

"Lesson one," said Gene smugly. "Your wife and sister are mine now. I might let you watch and jerk your pathetic little cock while I have fun with them, because I think that shit's hilarious, but for both of them, I am now the most important man in their life. They will do anything I say. Let me show you..."

Gene's eyes darted from David to the two beautiful women in his arms. Women that a man of his age and repulsive appearance should never have been able to command. But when he snapped his fingers and pointed to the ground, Kimmy and Eliza, cheeks flushed with a mix of desire and embarrassment, were quick to obey.

Right in front of her husband, Eliza sank to her knees, eyes turned upward with soft, worshipful submission to the man who had taken control of her body, mind, and soul. Kim was beside her in the same pose, hands on thighs, legs tucked neatly beneath her, staring upward like an obedient dog waiting for her master's signal.

"Show him," said Gene in an iron-hard voice.

The two women worked together as a team, in motions honed over their months together as sister cumbunnies. Kim unbuckled Gene's belt while Lizzie reached up to unbutton and unzip him. Then both women tugged down Gene's stained, greasy pants to reveal his cock. Thick. Manly. Throbbing with dominant power that David could only dream of. Just the sight of her master's cock sent a sizzle of submissive arousal through Lizzie's veins. Heat was gathering low in her belly, and she knew that tonight would be even more satisfying than usual... now that her fight against Gene's control was finally coming to a close.

Lizzie was eager to wrap her lips around her master's thick, throbbing shaft, but Kimmy was still the top bunny, and she obviously took that privilege for herself, rising higher on her knees, planting a deep kiss on Gene's bulbous cockhead, then slowly taking it between her pink, glossy lips, stretching them tight around his manhood.

Lizzie had to content herself with the low-hanging fruit, crouching further and sucking one of Gene's fat, hairy balls into her mouth, bathing the crinkled, sour skin with her eager tongue.

Gene sighed with satisfaction, putting a hand on the back of Kimmy's blonde head and pushing his cock deeper into her mouth as he said in a cocky drawl, "You see, that's where you went wrong, Davey. You believed the lie that men should be soft, weak, and polite in order to win over women. But this, what you see right here? This is real masculinity. Commanding unthinking obedience. Turning women into pathetic, drooling sluts, desperate for a taste of your cock. You may be handsome and smart and all that bullshit that women say they like when they think someone is judging them. But you don't have what it takes to be a master."

Once, Lizzie would have sneered at such a ridiculous argument. After all, the only reason that Gene had command of two women like her and Kimmy was the oil. But right now, she no longer cared. She even agreed. Her master was the only man she needed. Her tongue slithered over his balls, doing her best to work up a load of her favorite creamy treat while she listened to Kimmy's wet choking noises above her. Lizzie was at peace, knowing that she was finally where she belonged, without any negative feelings about her new life as her master's submissive sex toy.

Gene was showing no mercy to Kimmy at the moment. He lost track of his rant toward David and focused on her, a sneer on his face. "But to be fair... you weren't the only one who needed to learn that lesson..." He pressed his hand down hard, thrusting the full length of his cock down into Kimmy's eager, slutty throat. She closed her eyes, her face red with the effort, but she took the full length of her Daddy's cock like a champ, until her soft lips were sealed tight around the root of his cock.

Gene held her there for a long moment. "Little Kimmy thought she knew better. She thought she could outsmart her Daddy and take the throne." He looked up at David with a savage grin. "But she was wrong. Weren't you, Kimmy?"

He finally released Kimmy, and she rose coughing and spluttering, thick saliva dripping from her lips. "I'm sorry, Daddy," she said in a rough, broken voice, her eyes clouded with shame, bleak defeat, and overwhelming lust. "I was wrong. I'm all yours." She didn't look back at her brother, and neither did Eliza. Right now, the only man who mattered was the master towering above them.

"Kimmy... you're demoted," said Gene flatly. "You'll have to earn your way back into my good graces." A wicked grin spread across his face. "But I think I know a good way that you could start. You can help me show your cuck brother how you'll do anything that I say."

Gene turned to the side and motioned for Kim to take her place behind him. "Get behind me, Kimmy. It's your proper place as the number two bunny."

It might be silly to an outsider, considering that Kim had been scheming to escape Gene control completely up until yesterday, but Eliza could read the crushing disappointment in Kim's downcast eyes as she shuffled behind Gene, preparing to rim his ass. Eliza knew how proud Kim had been to claim the spot as top bunny. But despite her dejected expression, Kim's nipples pressed tight against the red lace of her bra, and the string of pearls between her thighs was no longer holding in the slick evidence of her lust.

Eliza could feel that powerful desire flowing through her as well, but hers was stronger than ever before. Her master had freed her by commanding her to let go of her guilt and resistance. Disgust and hatred for Gene, love for her husband, a desire to escape... none of those were holding her back anymore. As she took her rightful place as top bunny, kneeling in front of her master, his cock throbbing as it loomed just inches over her face, Eliza felt totally at peace for the first time in months.

Staring up into her master's hard, authoritative eyes, Lizzie extended her tongue and pressed it against his balls, slowly dragging it upward, all the way up the length of his towering cock, until she reached its bulbous, leaking head. She swirled her tongue around it, mixing her saliva with Kim's. She felt the powerful sexual energy crackling between her and her master as their gaze locked. Her whole body pulsed with dark roaring heat. Her nipples ached and throbbed in their lace. Her pussy dripped and ached for his cock. But that would come soon. Right now, he deserved her worship, and Lizzie wanted to give Gene everything he was owed.

She took his cock between her lips, and as she did, she heard a strangled sound of heartbreak behind her. That was right... David was watching, wasn't he? The poor loser she had left behind when her master claimed her. Well, Gene wanted to give his worst enemy a show, and Lizzie had to deliver. She reached up to tuck a strand of dark, lustrous hair behind her ear, and then she began to bob her head, keeping a tight vacuum seal of her soft lips around Gene's monstrous cock. She raised her hands to grip the base and smoothly jerk his cock in time with her mouth, making sure that every inch of her master's perfect cock was being pleased at every moment.

Behind Gene, Kim had pulled apart his hairy cheek and shoved her face between them, licking and slobbering with wet, enthusiastic sounds almost as loud as the ones Lizzie was making. The room filled with the symphony of slutty mouth sounds they made together, worshipping their master from both ends as David watched.

For the first time since Lizzie's knees hit the floor, she spared a glance for her trapped husband. David was a truly pathetic sight. He strained red-faced against the bonds, unwilling or unable to accept that he had lost. *Always a hothead.* Lizzie couldn't help but reflect back on when David

had taken a swing at Gene. Now he had to sit and watch like a good little cuck as his wife wrapped her pretty little lips around his worst enemy's cock.

As a special treat for her defeated husband, Lizzie pressed down further, letting Gene into her throat, sinking down until she had taken him completely. Then she favored her husband with a wink of one watering, icy-blue eye.

David slumped like a puppet with his strings cut, his eyes filled with despair as they locked onto his wife's slutty display of the deep-throating skills that her master had trained into her. *There it was.* David could be a hothead... but he was also a whiny little wimp when the chips were down. He had proven that again and again. He had spent the last few months as a big sobbing wimp with a limp dick thanks to Gene pushing him around, and Lizzie knew that this wouldn't be any different.

He was becoming a cuck tonight, whether he liked it or not. If Gene's sheer will didn't enforce that, the oil would.

"Good girls," said Gene with a nasty chuckle, reaching down to stroke Lizzie's hair as she continued to bob up and down his cock. "I think poor Davey gets the picture. You serve me in ways that a cuck like him could never understand. But I still think he needs to see for himself how completely you belong to me now, Lizzie. Get up on the bed."

Lizzie hurried to obey, crackling heat pulsing through every nerve. Her skin tingled, hot and sensitive. Her breaths were so deep and heavy that they jiggled her tits with every exhale. Her pussy ached to be filled, to be taken in front of the man she once loved. She lay back on the bed, her hand instinctively reaching down to pull aside the slick pearls and tease her throbbing clit while she waited for her master to come claim her.

Gene pulled Kim away from his ass, leaving her panting and red-faced, staring up at him with eyes blending despair and submissive desire. "And as for you," said Gene in a hard tone, "You're going to help your brother to ease into his new role. Just like we discussed."

...

Kim couldn't say she was enthusiastic about this next part. For multiple reasons. First of all, it meant that she would very much be out of the action for a while, instead she would have to sit on the sidelines and taunt her brother in the way Gene expected. Being forced to rim Gene's sweaty asshole had just warmed her up further, but now she was being benched. She was going to be in the same position as her dumb-ass brother, sitting and watching Lizzie get railed.

And, maybe more importantly... it was her fucking brother! Gross! Luckily, based on what Gene had said, she wouldn't actually have to, you know... touch him. At least not directly. But her task here was bad enough even without that.

In the end it didn't matter how Kim felt about it. She had learned the hard way that defying her Daddy was pointless and dangerous. She had a role to play here, and, unfortunately, it wasn't on the bed.

Instead, she got to her feet and crossed the room to her brother, who was staring toward the bed with a sort of glazed-over horror. Gene was putting on a show at the moment that was actually pretty atypical for his bedroom antics. Lizzie and Gene lay side by side, kissing deeply, with loud moans and grunts of enjoyment. Gene's hand was buried between Lizzie's spread thighs, making juicy sounds of pleasure fill the room as his thick fingers plunged and rubbed.

"Hey Bro," said Kim with a challenging smile, crossing her arms beneath her breasts and cocking her hips. "Look at the mess we've found ourselves in, huh?"

David tore his eyes away from the scene on the bed long enough to glare at her, hate glittering in his gaze. He tried to speak, and although the ball gag muffled the words completely, it wasn't hard for Kim to guess the staccato two-word phrase.

She snorted. "I know what you're thinking, David, I do. You're thinking that if I had never brought Lizzie over to convince you to get on board, you wouldn't be in this mess. And you know what? That's true. Absolutely true."

Kim knelt down beside him with her mouth twisted up into a wry smile. David's face was all despairing anger around the ball gag as he stared down at her, once again straining against the cuffs as if he wanted to strangle the life out of her. "So, for what it's worth, I'm sorry. But I learned my lesson that fighting back against Daddy is pointless. And now it's my job to teach you the same lesson." Kim turned and gestured toward the filthy scene on the bed.

"Let's focus on the matter at hand, shall we? Another man has gotten ahold of your wife. And she's loving every second of it."

Lizzie did, in fact, appear to be enjoying Gene's unusual offer of foreplay. She was flushed and moaning against his lips, his thighs spread wide, her hips humping upward into his hand. A bitch in heat. Gene's slutty plaything.

Kim reached for her brother's crotch, and he reacted as if she had pulled out a knife, wincing in alarm, and trying without success to get further away from her. Kim gave him a flat, unimpressed glare in response. "Listen, David, I don't like this any more than you do. But orders are orders. Tell you what..." Her guts roiled a little as her hand pressed against his crotch. It felt wrong... but anything would be worth it to earn her Daddy's praise. "If I finish my little speech and there is absolutely no reaction down there, we can give this up, and I'll just tell Daddy that I'm the wrong person for the job of your Cucky-sitter."

David had closed his eyes, breath whistling in and out of his nose. He was trying his best to tune Kim out completely. Hopefully that would work for him, because Gene had been very clear.

If David exposed his cuckold tendencies by getting hard at this point, what came next was going to be humiliating for both him *and* Kim.

“Look at her... look at your bride,” commanded Kim, her hand beginning to gently massage between David’s legs. “See her passion. Her submission. Be honest with yourself, did she ever show that much passion with you in bed?”

Lizzie made an undeniably erotic sight, writhing and moaning on the bed as Gene played her body like an instrument. Her pale skin was flushed pink with heat, her glossy lips locked with the ugly man next to her as her wide womanly hips swirled with liquid, desperate movements into his stubby fingers.

Kim looked up and couldn’t help but smirk when she saw that her brother’s eyes had cracked open, staring at his wife on the bed with the man he hated the most. Kim didn’t blame him. Eliza was one of the hottest women she had ever seen, and there was something perversely fascinating about seeing her with a beast like Gene. The sight was making her heat up as well, and she didn’t need to fake the throaty arousal in her voice as she purred, “Isn’t it fucking hot to see her lose control like that? To watch how she gives everything to a man who doesn’t deserve her? She’s about to get fucked, David. And you can see how much that turns her on, can’t you?”

And it was turning David on as well. Kim could feel something happening beneath her hand as David’s cock jerked and twitched to life, pumping full of blood. “You fucking love it, don’t you, you fucking perv?” she asked with a soft chuckle, her hand working faster and harder over her brother’s jeans. “God, you really are the pathetic cuck that Gene always said you were.”

David shook his head desperately, letting out furious grunts of negation, but it was too late. He was heartbroken and angry, but at this point, the growing erection in his pants was undeniable. He was turned on, no matter how much he wished he wasn’t. And, even though David was the man who had helped her through thick and thin and had always been there for her since she was a kid, Kim had to admit it was pretty funny when she unzipped him and revealed the shameful boner he had gotten from seeing his wife make out with his worst enemy. After all, the oil was shaping her tastes over time, and if cucking David was what Gene was into, then it was something she was predisposed to find hot as well.

Lizzie paused in kissing Gene, looking over with disgust and mockery in her beautiful blue eyes as she saw her husband’s throbbing erection. She shook her head slightly, then raised one delicate middle finger in David’s direction and dived straight back into making out with the squat, hairy troll on the bed next to her.

Things were headed to the climax now... but there was still one thing that Gene told Kim to do. She side-eyed her brother’s cock with a little sneer of disgust on her face, then sighed, slapping her knees and standing. “I really wish you had been able to hold back, David,” she said, shaking her head. “Because Gene wants you to cum this time while watching your wife get stolen from you, and since we can’t uncuff you, that means I’m going to have to do the honors.”

David stared up at her, wide-eyed, his expression clearly showing that he thought the very suggestion was insane.

“Oh, don’t worry, bro,” said Kim airily, forcing down her own disgust at the idea. “I won’t have to get... directly involved. Daddy’s already has a solution for us.” She hurried to the ensuite bathroom, trying to move fast so that she would be in place before the real fireworks started on the bed. She returned to David’s side, holding her hands behind her back.

“Ok, so, Daddy wanted to pay you back for stealing your wife,” said Kim, her belly roiling from the perverse, but hilarious insult she was about to pay her brother. “And so he thought it would be better if it wasn’t so much of a theft as it was a... swap.”

“Ta-da!” Kim brought her hands out from behind her back, revealing a cheap-looking pocket pussy. It was a cylindrical silicone masturbator with just the barest representation of what was supposed to be a clit and labia on the side with the opening. More importantly, it was used. It looked a little old and worn; clearly it had been in heavy use, at least at some point.

“It’s Daddy’s favorite sex toy!” chirped Kim. Now that she saw the horror and disgust in her brother’s eyes, she had to keep herself from giggling manically. “He wants you to have it as a consolation prize... you know, now that he’s taken your wife as his new sex toy.”

David shook his head and grunted again in rage as Kim knelt by him again and flipped open a small bottle of lube, squirting it liberally into the hole of the silicone pussy. “Oh, don’t be a baby,” she huffed. “I washed it for you!”

...

Lizzie had had enough teasing. Gene’s fingers weren’t enough for her anymore. She needed his cock, and she needed it now. Kimmy seemed to be ready. Lizzie’s blonde sister-in-law knelt next to her brother in her slutty red lingerie. Kimmy had a sneer on her face as she eased David’s throbbing cock into the rubber pussy that had already been loosened and worn out by Gene’s monstrous cock, but Lizzie could tell by the color in her fellow bunny’s cheeks and the way her nipples strained against the red lace of her bra that Kimmy was turned on now matter how disgusted she felt.

David was more of a surprise. Somewhere in her heart, part of Lizzie had still assumed that Gene was wrong. That David would fight against Gene’s corruption to his dying breath. But his stiff cock told a different story.

Pathetic.

Gene let out an evil guffaw as Kim began pumping the slippery rubber pussy up and down David's shameful hardness. His plan to claim Eliza and humiliate his hated rival was finally coming together.

"Take me now, Master," moaned Lizzie, calling Gene's attention back to her. "Davey always was a quick shot. Let's show him something that will really make him squirt."

"Good point," said Gene, in a voice rough with arousal. "Can't let your hubby have all the fun, can we?"

He rose on his knees, taking a commanding position between Lizzie's legs in full view of her tortured husband. Lizzie's chest heaved with deep, gasping breaths. Her whole body tingled and burned with need. Gene's cock dripped with viscous precum, throbbing with dark masculine power between his legs. Nothing had ever felt this right to Lizzie; she stared up at the only man she needed with stars in her eyes, for the moment forgetting about her husband completely.

"Fuck me, Master! Make me yours!"

She was expecting some close, passionate missionary, considering how unusually generous Gene had been with his foreplay, but apparently Gene had something else in mind. He wanted to demonstrate his conquering power to his defeated rival by claiming his woman in the most brutal way possible.

With a savage grunt, Gene gripped both of Lizzie's knees, lifted them, and pushed them back until her ankles were almost near her ears, bending her body into a squashed C shape and exposing her vulnerable, soaking-wet pussy to his leering gaze.

Lizzie squeaked in alarm. It wasn't a painful position necessarily, although it did test her flexibility and put a lot of strain on her neck. But it was humbling and embarrassing to be completely under her master's control like this. It sent her submissive arousal skyrocketing, making her heart pound hard against her ribs as her master loomed over her, his eyes and cock iron-hard.

Lizzie didn't need to beg again. Gene was just as eager as her. Squatting above her like a powerful beast, he angled his cock down and plugged it into her soft, wet pussy, spearing deep into her and savagely claiming her like the dominant male he was. It drew a ragged whine of pleasure from her throat at the same time that David let out a muffled, heartbroken sound across the room. The twin sounds of the married couple's defeat seemed to blend in harmony as Gene best forward and began fucking her with manic energy.

His thick cock thrust down into Eliza in her vulnerable, helpless position, leaving her completely at his mercy, both sexually and physically. She couldn't even move her hips in this piledriver position. He had turned her into a hole for taking his cock, just like the sex toy that Kim was currently jerking David off with.

Lizzie closed her eyes and focused on the sensation of being utterly dominated by her master's perfect cock as it impaled her again and again. She relished the feeling of its powerful, throbbing thickness... The intense submission of being used like a sex toy in front of the man she once loved, but now rejected with all her heart. It was evil and wrong, and also the most satisfying sexual experience she could have ever dreamed of. Once Gene had disgusted her, but now, she couldn't imagine sex without him.

Lizzie's moans grew louder as Gene fucked her mercilessly down into the mattress. She could tell he was pushing hard for a rough, quick, brutal orgasm right now. Sometimes Gene fucked with the intention to go all night long, but here, in his moment of total victory, he wanted to fill Lizzie's cheating cunt with jizz as quickly as possible.

The thought of being brutally fucked and inseminated in front of her husband drove the pleasure building inside Lizzie to the breaking point. She spared one more glance at her husband as he sat on the sidelines. His whole body was tensed, and she could see cords standing out on his neck... but he was still watching. He hadn't taken his eyes Gene's cock as it disappeared again and again between his wife's swollen lips only to emerge shining with her eager juices. Kim's fist was a rapid blur on her brother's lap, jerking his cock with the lubed sex toy while pouring a murmur of dirty talk into his ear, pitched low enough that Lizzie couldn't hear it.

Lizzie's thighs trembled and her toes curled in their pure white stocking as she turned her attention back to her master. Gene was looming above her like a monument to brutal, commanding masculinity. She could tell they were both close. She wanted to cum together. To prove to David how in sync she had truly become with the man who had stolen her from him.

"I need your cum, Master," she said in a moaning voice that peaked and broke from the force of Gene's wild rutting. "Take me. Claim me. Mark your territory, Master. Show my pathetic cuckold a husband who owns my pussy now. Show him I'm just your slutty Cumbunny!"

Gene roared and pressed his full weight down onto Lizzie, stretching her slutty pussy open with his monstrous cock. Lizzie screamed in pleasure, her whole body straining and shuddering with the intense sensation of submissive bliss as Gene's cock erupted inside her. In powerful spurts, he flooded her insides with the incredible elixir that set her nerves on fire with pleasure. It was a tsunami of overwhelming sexual pleasure. Lizzie's pussy clamped tight around her master's cock inside her, milking every drop from his balls. Rope after rope of thick, potent cum filled her, squirting out around the edges of Gene's cock and running like a wave down her heaving belly and tits.

Gene stared down in gloating satisfaction, and suddenly, Lizzie vividly remembered the first day they had met. Her first day at the office. Gene had come up to shake her hand and introduce himself. In the process, he had openly leered at her tits and ass. Snooty as always, Eliza had immediately decided Gene was a pathetic creep who was utterly beneath her, and resolved to have as little to do with him as possible.

How the mighty had fallen. Now she was his possession, to play with however he saw fit. The idea filled her stunned, orgasm-dulled mind with fizzing, horny anxiety. She couldn't wait to see how Gene would use her next.

But now Gene's focus turned back to the poor, defeated man slumped in the chair. He got up, allowing Lizzie to slump back, dripping and panting, still feeling the rioting pleasure of her master's cum roar through her.

"So Kimmy, did our brand new cuck enjoy his little show?" asked Gene as he stood from the bed, his softening cock swinging beneath his big, hard gut.

Kim raised the rubber masturbator gingerly off her brother's cock, wrinkling her nose and giggling as it revealed the slimy, creamy mess within. "Ewww. I would definitely say so, Daddy."

"Perfect. It will be the first of many time he gets to see us fuck," said Gene confidently, moving to stand over his defeated rival with a gloating grin on his face. "Because he's taking a position as full-time cuck, starting today."

Lizzie herself was skeptical. David's eyes glared with hatred as he stared up at Gene, and whatever arousal Kimmy had been able to coax out of him appeared to have been temporary. It would take more than a little pressure to make a man like David crack, no matter how much of a pussy he was.

But Gene had no intention of being deterred. "Ungag him," he ordered Kimmy. The curvy blonde gave her Daddy a hesitant stare, but she obeyed, undoing the straps of her brother's gag and stepping back to watch the fireworks.

David worked his jaw for a moment, then glared up at Gene. "You really think that watching that cheating slut betray me again would turn me into a pervert?" he asked in a hoarse whisper. "Not a chance, you fat fuck. If it didn't break me the first time. What made you think that Eliza whoring around would make me beg and plead now?"

Lizzie was so far gone that she wasn't even hurt by the venom in David's words and the boiling hatred in his eyes when he shot her a dirty glance. Of course he would claim tonight didn't affect him. But Lizzie knew the truth. The first time David had seen her fuck Gene, it actually *had* almost broken him, and as for being a pervert...

Gene was thinking the same thing as her. He let out a nasty chuckle and said, "Not a pervert? Well, why not tell that to the shameful little cuckold load you left in my old sex toy, champ?"

David flushed red. "Say what you want. Forcing me to cum doesn't prove a thing. I'll never bow to you. Never."

Gene wasn't the least bit impressed by his enemy's bravado. He crossed to the bedside table and opened a drawer, pulling out a small vial of oil that made David's face go white. "Oh, I think you will," promised Gene with a smirk, holding up the glinting oil to the light. "I think you'll bow to me eagerly, David. All it will take is the right motivation."

Gene bent down until he was right in David's face. "How long do you think you can go without drinking water?" he asked with a nasty smile. "Because the next sip that passes your lips will be spiked with a mix of cum and oil, I can promise you that."

David stared back at him, his mouth agape in horror. "You... you wouldn't. People will know I'm gone!"

"Not many!" countered Gene. "You told everyone you were about to move away. As for the few who might notice your radio silence, how many of them would be suspicious if your sister and wife reassured them that you're fine?"

David didn't have an answer for that. He just shook his head, looking lost and dazed. One last time, Lizzie almost felt sorry for him, but Gene's new commands smothered that impulse in its cradle. David's true place was as a cuck. The sooner he realized that, the better things would be for him.

Suddenly, David drew in a deep breath and opened his mouth, perhaps to call for help. But Kim was sharp enough to be waiting for him. She slipped the ballgag deftly into his mouth and strapped it back on tight.

"Not yet," said Gene with a sigh. "I get it, Davey. I really do. You've been pretending to be a real man for so long that I'm sure it's tough to hang up that foolish pride."

He turned back to the bed and motioned for Kim to join him. "Let's see how long you can hold on with a front row seat to your cucking, shall we?"

...

Three Months Later...

It took Lizzie longer than she thought it would. David hung on for nearly a week, bound and gagged in that chair, watching as Kim and Lizzie endlessly serviced their master again and again.

But he broke in the end. He choked down the foul mix of oil and cum while Kim and Lizzie sat back and laughed.

And then the training began.

Gene took things slow. It had taken a while for Kim and Lizzie to get used to their positions in the beginning, and Gene preferred for David to ease into his new role. It would take time for his sexuality to bend to the will of his new master. To begin with, David got his new medicine mixed into oatmeal. And coffee. And Kim's famous banana pudding. He had a hard time with it at the start, but as his new addiction gripped him harder and harder, his complaints ceased. He was only interested in his new fix.

Lizzie actually spent more time with her husband than she used to back when they worked in the same office. They were both around the house frequently (after moving into their old house together with Kimmy and Gene), because, although Gene said David would have to get a job soon to help pay bills, he was given a reprieve during his training period. Lizzie had just begun her new job making videos with Gene and selling them online, but it left her plenty of time to hang out with David and Kimmy during the day. David and Lizzie's relationship was different now, but was surprisingly... pleasant. Gene didn't give a shit if they were affectionate with each other when he wasn't around, as long as there was no sexual contact between them, and although Lizzie didn't really respect David anymore, she was still fond of him. David tried to reject her friendship to begin with, but before long he was willing to accept any scraps of affection he could get.

And throughout it all, watching Gene fuck the two women he loved most in the world was required viewing at least once a day if David wanted to get his fix. At first, he was, to put it mildly, a hostile audience. But he warmed up considerably as the months went by. Just like with Lizzie and Kimmy before him, his master's tastes and wishes slowly bent him over time. And Gene wanted one thing: David as an embarrassingly enthusiastic cuck. Kimmy made sure that the pocket pussy and lube were always available, and by the end of the second month, David sheepishly used them himself for the first time, his face flaming red with shame as he jerked himself to the first satisfaction he had felt since that night in Gene's apartment.

After that, Gene decided it was time for his new Jackrabbit to be weaned. David started getting less and less cum with every dose. He knew what was happening on some deeper level, but denial is a hard thing to conquer. He would beg for more coffee. More oatmeal. More pudding. But he knew that they wouldn't satisfy him. There was only one thing that could satisfy the dark craving that was rising inside him.

And then, one day, it was finally time for David to get what he needed.

By that point, he hadn't had a drop of Gene's cum in days, and it was obvious he was jonesing. He kept wandering the house, muttering to himself and running his hands through his hair as if working his way up to something.

And that afternoon, when Gene got home from work, David showed everyone the decision he had reached.

"I..." David cleared his throat and looked away as Gene lounged back on the couch, a bunny on each arm. "I'll do whatever I have to, ok? I get what you're trying to do. If you want me broken, I'm already there. If you want me to beg, this is me begging. I'll do..." He visibly gulped. "Whatever it takes."

Gene gave his fallen rival a mocking slow clap. "Bravo. You finally managed to put aside that pride for me. Excellent. The begging could use a little work, actually, but I'm sure we'll get there in time. This was a big step. Don't look so glum, buddy! Lucky for you, I just don't swing that way, so the delivery method for your new favorite treat is actually going to be fairly painless. Why don't we head to the bedroom, and I can show you?"

They made their way up the stairs toward the bedroom that David and Lizzie had once shared. Now, of course, it was the master's bedroom that he shared with his two bunnies, and David stayed in the guest room by himself. Even after a few short months, the bedroom was becoming a clone of Gene's dirty, disorganized room in his apartment, but at the moment, that didn't matter at all to the four who had come together into the room.

"Strip," commanded Gene flatly, unbuttoning his own greasy shirt. "I have a special show in mind for David's first time. Kimmy, go get Davey's girlfriend."

With a giggle, Kimmy went to fetch the old, used pocket pussy and lube that had become David's humiliating companion during their cuckolding sessions. By the time she returned, Lizzie, Gene, and David were naked. The months had taken a massive toll on David's pride. Where once he would have stood tall and defiant, now he looked sullenly to the ground, his shoulders slumped. But, although his hands were folded in front of him to try to hide it, his cock stood stiff and alert, dripping with submissive desire for his coming humiliation.

Maybe David hadn't had a cuckold fetish before, but by now, his body couldn't resist. And Gene was happy to give him all the fetish-fuel his little cuckold cock desired.

"Lie back on the bed, head facing me," commanded Gene, stroking his cock to full stiffness as he spoke. Surprisingly, the words were directed at David this time, although that was normally something that Gene would say to Lizzie herself. Lizzie gave her master a side-eye. He said he had nothing gay in mind, even now that David was addicted to his cum, but getting David to lie back on the bed like this certainly seemed suspicious.

David was willing to accept anything that might come. He lay back with his eyes closed and his cheeks red, his stiff cock standing straight up like an exclamation point.

"Now you, Lizzie," ordered Gene. "On your hands and knees over the cuck. Pussy right over his face."

Lizzie saw where this was going now. She let out a nasty giggle, hurrying to get into position as she felt a buzz of growing pleasure between her legs. The only thing she enjoyed more than

playing with her master's cock these days was mercilessly teasing her pathetic cuckold, and this promised to be a tantalising combination of the two.

David breathed heavily in the stuffy cave formed by her thighs. She could feel his hot, gasping breath on her pussy, making a fresh surge of arousal pulse through her. She could look down and see his eager, drooling little dicklette twitch with the rapid beat of his heart. It was almost a sixty-nine position, although David wouldn't be getting that lucky. It had been a while since Lizzie had even considered touching his pathetic excuse for a cock.

Gene sidled up behind her, tracing the soft skin of her hip with a broad, rough hand. "Well, Kimmy... better give your poor brother his toy. Can't have him left out while he gets a front-row seat to the greatest show on earth."

Kim came forward with a slight pout on her face, now that it had become clear she would be sitting on the bench for this one. Any defiance that the short, curvy blonde had once held had evaporated. Now she was a sweet, slightly bratty little Daddy's girl who was even more desperate for Gene's cock than Lizzie.

She pressed the pre-lubed sex toy into her brother's hands, and David wasted no time, sliding his throbbing cock into the rubber sleeve with a groan, staring up at Lizzie's wet pussy with a twisted, jealous longing.

"Ha! Poor little guy can't wait to get started. I hear you, buddy," said Gene from behind Lizzie, an undertone of cruel amusement in his voice. He slapped Lizzie's ass hard with his broad hand and nuzzled his thick cock at her entrance. "Let's get this show on the road."

Lizzie bit her lip hard, whimpering as Gene slid deep inside her. Being filled up by his manly cock still hit as hard as it did the very first time he fucked her. She felt like his cock and her cunt were two pieces of a puzzle, locking together perfectly. Made for each other.

Today, Gene set a quick pace immediately, plunging deep into her juicy pussy with loud, wet noises of pleasure. The show that David was getting must have been completely overwhelming for him. The frenzied joining of his wife and worst enemy was happening just inches above his upturned face. He saw every lurid detail as Lizzie's tender, blushing lips were forced wide by Gene's veiny shaft. Hot drops of Lizzie's eager lubrication splattered down on his face, painting him with her lust for another man.

Although she couldn't see the pathetic lust all over his face this time, Lizzie saw plenty of evidence of it just beneath her. David's fist was a blur, squelching almost as loud as his wife's cunt as he clutched the loose rubber pussy around his unwanted cock: the closest he could get to the embrace of a woman these days.

Even as Lizzie rolled her hips back into the powerful thrusts from Gene, she smirked down at her pathetic husband. Was it really even accurate to call him that anymore? She knew that

Gene had no intention of marrying a pathetic owned slut like herself, so the legal niceties hardly mattered, but she could no longer think of the straining, whimpering cuck beneath her as a partner.

No, David was no longer her husband. He was her cuck. And although she might be nice enough to him outside of the bedroom, whatever love they had had transformed into something twisted and obscene.

"I... I want to tell you something, Master," gasped Lizzie, her insides twisting and writhing with the twisted perversity of the betrayal she was about to inflict on the man she once loved.

Crack Gene spanked her ass hard once again as his cock continued drilling deep and hard. "What's that, Bunny? Tell me." For a second, Lizzie lost herself once again in the pleasure of arching her back like a bitch in heat and slamming her fat ass backward into her master's hard thrusts.

Gene spanked her again, barking a laugh and saying, "Come on, you braindead bunny! You said you had something to say. Out with it!"

"I... Master I..." Even after everything had happened, Lizzie still hesitated. What she planned to say wasn't actually true, after all. But Gene was going to be the only man she ever wanted again. And if that was true, then the fact that she was lying didn't matter. Besides, she knew it would make both men cum buckets.

"I love you, Master!"

David let out a complex, strangled sound beneath her, and a second later his hand slotted tight around the rubber sex toy as he squirted it full with a shameful cuckold load. She knew David would like that... and Gene wasn't far behind him. Her master let out a grunt of surprise, then leaned down and gripped her arms in his, pulling her up off the bed to gain leverage. Gene exploded into a sexual frenzy, unleashing powerful thrusts into her greedy cunt, making Lizzie dissolve into wails of deep, mind-bending pleasure.

"That's right," he whispered triumphantly as his cock speared into her deepest places. "You're mine, you slut. My Cumbunny. I'm fucking everything to you!"

Lizzie was lost to the world, drowning in a sea of submissive pleasure. Her arms were held tight in her Master's hands. Her pussy was filled with his powerful cock, her tits were bouncing with the force of his strokes. She felt complete... and oddly liberated. Nothing could go wrong for her ever again now that Gene was in control.

When Gene's orgasm came this time, it sent Lizzie over the edge too, her back arching dramatically and her mouth opening wide in a silent scream of utter release, her brain crackling and fizzing with impossible pleasure as his hot seed flooded her depths. Her body was on fire

with pleasure, every nerve singing with ecstasy as her cunt greedily clenched like a velvet vice around her Master's spurting cock.

Finally, after a long moment of straining muscles, deep moans, and his cock firing a thick, heavy load deep into her pussy, Lizzie and Gene untensed. He released her arms to let her fall heavily forward onto her hands, panting, her thighs wobbling from the force of her orgasm.

Lizzie had almost forgotten about the cuck. But Gene certainly hadn't. He pulled back, slipping out of Lizzie's creamy pussy and letting a little drizzle of semen fall down to splatter against David's upturned cheek where he lay beneath, looking upward with helpless, glazed-over desire.

"Well, Davey," said Gene jovially, "Look up. That well-fucked cunt is your new feeding trough. From now on, this is the only way you'll receive your favorite treat. Ready to dig in?"

The experience of staring upward at his beloved wife's pussy as it was filled by the man he hated worst in the world had broken something in David. He didn't care how crushingly humiliating his new circumstances were. He simply nodded dumbly, staring upward as another glob of thick, pearly semen oozed out of Lizzie's pussy and fell down to splatter against his lips.

David had never eaten semen before directly. This was his first taste that hadn't mixed into something else in order to hide it. But still, there was no hesitation left as his tongue darted out and licked away the thick, salty goo, his eyes gleaming with hunger.

"Do the honors, Lizzie," commanded Gene with a nasty chuckle, his gold tooth glinting in the light. "Give your husband a taste of the meal you prepared for him like a good wife should. Oh, and get over here Kimmy. Suck my cock while we watch your brother become a cum-eating cuck."

Lizzie lowered her hips slowly down until she felt her husband's greedy mouth latch hungrily onto her creampie'd cunt, licking and slurping like it was the tastiest thing he had ever eaten.

It probably was. After all, Lizzie knew firsthand how delicious Gene's cum could be.