

Kim bounced her knee irritably, sipping the too-sweet cappuccino she ordered and looking furtively around the coffee shop through her dark glasses to see if Frank had arrived yet. She tugged the hoodie she was wearing up a little higher, knowing that the motion made her look even more conspicuous, but not able to help herself.

She would rather die than have anyone recognize her meeting with someone like Frank Penn, especially if they even half suspected the purpose of her discussion. It was humiliating to even consider a sexual relationship with a disgusting fat-ass twice her age, let alone actually ask for one. Kim still couldn't quite believe she was giving this a try, but last night with Jamie had convinced her. Whatever strange fetish she had recently developed wasn't just a desire for older men or jerks: it was an itch that could only be scratched by Frank. God knew why. So no matter how embarrassing it was to become friends with benefits with an asshole like Frank, she just wasn't willing to put up with her gnawing sexual cravings any longer.

She was so distracted by stewing in her conflicted sexual misery that she didn't notice Frank approaching until he slid into the chair across from her, a massive cup of steaming black coffee in one hand and his usual cocky grin plastered across his face.

"Kimmy!" he said in a too-loud voice, making Kim glance around nervously. "I've gotta say I was surprised to get your invitation. You were pretty insistent that you wouldn't be contacting me again after I gave you that sample. What made you change your mind?"

Kim narrowed her eyes. It was clear just from his tone of voice that Frank found this whole situation deeply amusing. She could tell that he loved how humiliating it was for her to come crawling back after saying that she wouldn't be contacting him again. His entire shitty attitude was going to make this whole thing so much harder. But she had to push through. Kim had already decided she needed this, and it wasn't like Frank's attitude was unexpected.

"Look, let's cut the bullshit," she said in a quiet voice dripping with irritation. "I called you here because I have an offer for you."

Frank raised an eyebrow and took a long, slow sip of his steaming hot coffee. "Ok, I'll bite," he said finally with a smirk. "What exactly did you have in mind?"

Admitting that she wanted this out loud was the hardest part. Kim looked down at the table, fidgeting with her coffee cup for a moment before she managed to get out, "You and me. Hooking up. We split the cost of a hotel room, fuck for a couple of hours, then go our separate ways. If we are interested in continuing, maybe it could be a regular thing. No strings attached, no contact outside of setting up meeting times, and absolutely no fucking romantic gestures expected or desired."

She waited, ready for a crude comment or dirty joke from the crass jerk sitting across from her. But Frank reacted in a way that she didn't expect.

He fucking laughed.

Kim looked up at the repulsive older man, shocked and stung as Frank chuckled low and deep in his throat.

“My my, what a generous offer,” he said with a wicked twinkle in his eye, turning his coffee cup around and around in his hands as he stared across the table at the angry young woman across from him. “I bet you’re expecting me to jump up and kiss your fuckin feet for being willing to slum it with someone like me, right?”

Kim’s mouth dropped open. He was joking, but honestly, she had expected something to that effect. She was a stunning young woman, and he was an ugly, unpleasant middle-aged man. Frank was such an asshole that Kim hadn’t exactly expected him to be grateful... but yeah, she had thought he would at least be a little excited about a smoking hottie twenty years younger than him showing an interest in his wrinkly old cock.

Before she could even formulate a response, Frank was already moving on. “Let me counteroffer,” he said with a grin wide enough to display his glinting golden tooth. “You come with me to the bathroom of this overpriced coffee shop, get on your knees, and beg me to be your Daddy by sucking my big fucking cock until I cum down your throat.”

Kim stared at the repulsive old man for a moment longer, mouth open with shock, fury building inside her, then rose from the table in a burst of energy. She leaned across the table, her lips curling into a sneer as she hissed, “Fuck you, old man. I was being nice by even considering this. Let’s see how far that cocky fucking attitude gets you with other women, loser.”

Frank didn’t look disturbed or upset by her defiance. In fact, he seemed more calm and confident than ever. He took one more deep drink of his coffee before saying in a lazy drawl, “Ok, looks like you need a little more time to think. I get it. But next time that we meet, I expect you to show up with a much more... cooperative attitude. And no more fucking coffee dates. I’m not a twenty-something. Next time, I decide where and when we meet.”

Kim couldn’t believe this guys fucking balls. She couldn’t even think of a good response to someone this delusional. She settled for a middle finger in his face before turning on her heel and striding away, across the coffee shop and out the door onto the busy street.

She should have known that this was a waste of time. Frank had never been someone she could trust or depend on from the beginning. She was just going to have to find some other way to deal with the growing sexual dissatisfaction burning inside her.

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Kim panted and groaned, stuffing her fingers deep into her burning, needy cunt. It was no good. Everything she tried felt fucking good... but not good enough to take the edge of the monstrous craving inside her.

For the hundredth time, she grabbed her phone and pulled up the text conversation with Frank. She bit her lip hard, almost breaking the skin. She had to be strong. He was such a disrespectful bastard. And, more importantly, he had made his position crystal clear: if Kim wanted to meet him again, she would have to submit to him completely.

Kim just didn't know if she could stand that. She had always had a problem with masculine men pushing her around. More than a handful of her relationships had ended because she felt like her boyfriend had become too controlling. There was something inside her that wanted to rebel anytime a dominant man assumed she would do as she was told. Her Daddy issues cropping up again, most likely. But as much as her instincts told her to fight back against Frank's smug, condescending control, a deeper part of her craved him for reasons she couldn't explain. And no substitute would do.

Kim was strong and tossed her phone away with a groan, but as the night wore on, her need grew stronger and stronger. She chased an orgasm that never came, Frank's eyes burning in her mind as she moaned and whimpered, twisted in her sweaty sheets.

And in the dark of the night, with her strange sexual hunger burning inside her...

She gave in to her growing weakness.

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Gene leaned against his old beat-up car, waiting for his new Cumbunny to show up with a twinkle in his eye and a song in his heart. Kimmy was turning out to be a lot different from Eliza. She was fiery. Bratty. Doing everything she could to avoid submission. But Gene was finding that he didn't mind her smart mouth and glaring hatred. It would just make things that much sweeter when she was forced to sweetly beg her new Daddy for cum.

He was certainly glad that he had gone to the trouble of using a fake name and approaching Kimmy anonymously. Gene had no doubt at all in his mind that if he had started the same way he had with Lizzie, telling Kimmy straight up that he addicted her to his cum and she belonged to him now, things would have gone a lot differently. Kimmy probably would have laughed in his face and marched straight to her pussy brother, instantly giving the entire game away.

No, Kimmy needed to get broken like a wild horse before Gene told her the awful truth. And tonight he was going to tame this brat. Luckily, Frank Penn was a name that he used frequently in situations where he didn't want others to know who he really was... including at Tweety's, so no one was going to call him Gene and ruin the surprise.

Finally, headlights swung across the parking as Kim's car pulled in, and a second later, the woman herself got out, slamming the door behind her and staring irritably up at the neon sign casting a lurid pink glow over the cars. She was wearing a cute black dress. Tasteful, but still showing off the womanly curves of her hot little body. It looked like she had assumed that Gene was going to take her out to dinner tonight.

She clearly still didn't really grasp the dynamic of their relationship.

Kim turned from her study of the massive sign reading "Tweety's" over to Gene as he walked across the parking lot toward her, unable to suppress a big, toothy grin.

"What the fuck, Frank?" she asked in disbelief. "Did you bring me to a fucking strip club?"

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Kim almost got in her car and left when she found out where Frank wanted to go on their "date". Almost. But she knew what would happen at this point. She would go home burning with righteous anger, certain that she had done the right thing by telling Frank to go fuck himself. But then, over the long, frustrating hours, the anger would drain away, and all that would be left was dull, pulsing lust, growing stronger and stronger without relief.

She couldn't do that again. Even going to a shitty stripclub with an asshole was preferable.

"Fine you fucking asshole." She sighed. "You win. So what, I just need to play a shitty game of simon says with you all night and then you'll finally fuck me? That's the deal? I guess if you want to do something pathetic like going to a strip club, you're the boss."

Frank sidled up to her in the dark parking lot, his deep-set eyes reflecting the pink glow of the sign, his expression strangely serious. "That's right, Kimmy," he said in a low, hard voice that sent a reluctant thrill of desire up Kim's spine. "I am the fucking boss. That's how we agreed it would be if you wanted to meet again, right?"

Kim stared him down, gritting her teeth, rage and frustration boiling inside her at his smug tone. Then her gaze dropped. She was glad for the lurid pink lighting suddenly. Hopefully it would hide her blush. "Yeah," she muttered reluctantly, a perverse twinge of arousal radiating from between her legs. "Whatever, I guess. You're in charge tonight."

It had been an absolute non-negotiable from Frank's end. If she wanted Frank to satisfy her sexual cravings, he was going to be calling the shots all evening. Agreeing to this had been one of the most embarrassing fucking things Kim had ever done, but somehow that shame only made the filthy heat inside her grow hotter.

"Good girl," said Frank with an obnoxious chuckle. "I'm going to teach you how fun it is to be my submissive little doll tonight." Then his huge, chunky arm slid around Kim's waist. She

shuddered from the feeling of his insultingly possessive touch as his broad hand rested on her hip, pulling her petite curves tight to his bulky frame.

Kim shuddered. "Gross," she said under her breath... but it was only partially sincere. Part of her was disgusted by the intimate contact with the older man. But, as much as she hated to admit it, something inside her craved that touch and rejoiced to feel the strong, dominant hand holding her close.

As they entered the club, Kim could feel the confused eyes of the burly bouncer on her as they walked in the door, and a fresh wave of shame crashed over her. He clearly couldn't understand why a hot young woman like Kim was on the arm of a troll like Frank. She couldn't blame him for his confusion. She herself had a hard time believing she was allowing Frank to treat her like slutty arm candy. But oddly, the feeling of the bouncer's judgmental eyes and Frank's broad fingers clinging to her waist sent a sizzle of sexual energy tracing up her spine, raising goosebumps up and down her arms.

Kim had never been to a strip club before. She might be adventurous and free-spirited, but something about a place where girls got naked and danced for money just felt sleazy to her. Tweety's didn't alter her impression, either. It was a low, dim room, lit by pulsing lights, with booths and tables arranged around a central runway and stage and a raised DJ booth in one corner. There was a bar along the wall on one side of the club with a oily looking man behind it who nodded at Frank as they entered. The room was a few degrees too warm, and smelled like cheap perfume and cheaper beer. Kim couldn't help but notice that the floor felt sticky as they walked deeper inside.

A chesty blonde with hooded eyes languidly twirled around a pole on a central stage as they entered. Kim blushed hotly and glanced away from the big, fake, naked tits as soon as her eyes rested on them, embarrassed and strangely aroused. Kim had always had a bisexual streak, although it wasn't something that she had pursued seriously in the past. But that wasn't the reason for the hot, swooping feeling rolling through her belly right now. All of a sudden, the idea of someone being that exposed in front of a room of men felt more hot than disgusting to her.

The music was loud enough that Kim felt it rattling her skull with every beat. All around the stage, sleazy men with hungry eyes watched the performance, some tossing bills up onto the stage or handing them directly to the performer as she shimmied past. They all looked like Frank to her. Not all of them were as old as the man holding her close to his side, or as ugly, but they all had the predatory look on their faces. A desire to control. To own.

As they approached the bar along one side of the room, the performance ended. The lights brightened a little in the room, and the music receded to a dull background thud. Kim could see now that other strippers were circulating around the room, chatting with patrons and trying to interest the men in private dances. Kim was glad that none of them were near the bar right now... She had no idea what to even say to a fellow woman if a stripper approached in one of

the slutty outfits they were dressed in. How could they even stand to wear things that embarrassing in public?

An oily-looking man with slicked-back hair stood behind the bar, and his eyes widened as he saw Frank approaching with a hot young woman on his arm. “Whoa!” said the man in a raspy voice, his pale grey eyes slowly tracing up and down Kim’s curves. “Good to see you, Frank. And *especially* good to see your little friend here. What service is she with? Because I think I might need to set up a date myself, if you know what I mean.”

Kim stiffened at the implication. *What the fuck? Does this slimy creep think that I’m some sort of fucking hooker?*

“Bite me!” she said venomously. She was already on edge from the feeling of Frank’s possessive hand on her hip, and for a second she wanted nothing more than to launch herself over the bar and teach the slimy bartender a fucking lesson.

“She’s a little firecracker too!” said the bartender, roaring with laughter. “You should tell her to put that smart mouth to better use, Frank!” He didn’t seem the least bit put off or intimidated by Kim’s furious glare, but she supposed she didn’t look too intimidating when she was acting as arm candy for a slob like Frank.

“Ha! Don’t worry, Tony. By the end of the night, she’s going to be using that sharp little tongue for her real calling. And you’ve got it all wrong. This little girl is an amateur slut, not a pro. She’s here cause she can’t get enough of yours truly,” said Frank with a broad, sleazy smile, pulling Kim’s soft feminine body close to his bulky side.

“Right,” said the bartender with a shrug. His eyes clearly disbelieving as he openly stared at Kim’s round tits. Kim felt completely degraded and on display. Her dress wasn’t even particularly revealing, but the very fact that she was openly here with Frank seemed to make her a piece of meat in the shady bartender’s eyes.

“Say Tone,” said Frank conspiratorially, “You don’t mind if I... have a good time with my girl out on the floor tonight, do you?” Kim felt a wave of disbelieving fury shot through with desire as Frank’s hand wandered downward, cupping and groping a firm, perky buttcheek through the thin material of her dress. Her hand twitched, aching to grab his wrist and pull the presumptuous hand off her butt... but then she remembered that right now, she had agreed that what Frank wanted, he got. So instead, she just hung her head and let helpless submissive lust flood through her as Frank demonstrated his dominance, palming her ass in front of his friend like he owned it.

Tony the bartender looked thoughtful, his slimy eyes still locked onto Kim’s tight young body. “Well, normally I would say I don’t want anything distracting from the girls. But what the hell, sounds like a laugh to me. Just don’t overdo it, huh? Wouldn’t want the free show to keep the boys from spending money.”

“Strictly over the clothes,” said Frank with a wink, then pulled Kim with him, heading for a table closer to the stage. Kim felt the eyes of the patrons following them as they went. An heavy older man with his hand openly groping the ass of his hot young eye candy. She could feel the jealousy coming off the watchers in waves; sense their eyes soaking in every inch of her curvy body. The squirming, uncomfortable arousal deep in her belly intensified even further. Frank had better make this worth her while by finally scratching her maddening sexual itch. That was the only reason she was putting up with this public humiliation after all.

They sat at a small table within arm’s reach of the stage, and Frank kept Kim close, slinging a hefty arm over her shoulder and pulling her chair snug to his, practically engulfing her with his massive bulk. Kim felt like the hungry eyes of all the patrons were turned on her. She was so distracted and flustered by the attention that it startled her when Frank broke the silence between them, rumbling, “So... How does it feel?”

“How does what feel?” she muttered irritably, squirming a little under the weight of his arm holding her close.

“Being mine?” said Frank simply with a cocky smirk.

Kim snorted, but it took her a second to answer. She wanted to say that she didn’t belong to anybody, especially not the cocky asshole currently strong-arming her into this submissive relationship. But that didn’t ring true to her. She had come here today knowing that Frank would push her around and disrespect her. If she knew beforehand that that was how she would be treated, what else would you call it other than ownership? For the moment at least.

The truth was that it felt disturbingly good. As sickening as it was on one hand to feel like Frank’s plaything, it only made the powerful sexual tension she had been struggling with even stronger. Her mind rebelled, but her body longed to give in... to snuggle up against Frank’s powerful bulk and relish his power over her.

As she stared into Frank’s piggy eyes, Kim struggled for the hundredth time in the past week to understand what was wrong with her. Some sort of trauma from unresolved Daddy issues? A mental break due to stress? Just plain old perversion that had somehow surfaced unexpectedly? It made no sense. Frank was the worst possible match for her in the entire world, physically and personality-wise.

*So why do I ache to see his big hard cock again... and to taste his hot sticky load as he blasts it all over my slutty tongue?*

“It’s fucking embarrassing,” she said truthfully in a smoldering whisper, staring up at him with hate-filled eyes. Then she added a lie. “I fucking hate it.”

Frank looked like he was about to make a smug, mocking reply, but then the floor lights dimmed again, and the stage lights grew bright. "Time to watch the show, Kimmy," said Frank with a grin. "This is one of my favorite dancers. We can talk more afterward."

"Ladies and gentlemen!" crowed a loud voice of the DJ over the speakers, "Please welcome to the stage, the one... the only... Vesper!"

Kim's attention was gripped as a long, slim, leggy dancer strode smoothly out onto the stage. She could instantly tell why Frank had said she was one of his favorites. Vesper had a supermodel build and a sort of lithe, catlike grace that made her movements fascinating as she leapt athletically onto the pole, twining her long legs around it and spinning while giving her audience a smoldering glare.

There was something about Vesper that reminded Kim of someone... A complex flip-flop of emotions pulsed through her as she realized who it was. Vesper looked a lot like her sister-in-law, Eliza. Not a perfect match by any means. The face was all wrong, for instance. But she was a tall, willowy brunette with incredible legs, confident feminine grace, and a cool, haughty stare at odds with her job as a slutty nude entertainer. It was strange to make the comparison between her modest, straight-laced sister-in-law and the sultry performer who was currently reaching behind her back to deftly unhook her push-up bra. Kim had never put any thought into whether she found Eliza sexually attractive... But as Vesper shook her tits for the crowd, her stiff pink nipples wobbling obscenely in the pulsing neon lights, Kim was forced to reflect that she probably did find Eliza pretty hot.

Kim let out a strangled sound of shock as she felt Frank's arm shift, dropping a hand down between her thighs. "What the fuck?" she gasped, instinctively trying to wriggle away from the feeling of Frank's fingers as they wormed down between her thighs.

"Settle down," commanded Frank, his lips right up against her ear to be heard over the pulsing music. "I'm the boss right now, remember?" Kim held herself rigid against him for a moment, her thighs tightly clasped together... then slowly, she relaxed, whimpering in surrender as her thighs loosened, then spread, allowing Frank access to her pussy on the public floor of the strip club.

His thick, rough finger felt like electric fire on the soft, burning-hot center of her sexuality, even through the cloth of her dress and panties. Even she was surprised by the wetness she felt in her panties as the cloth was mashed against her moist sex.

"Mmmmm," said Frank's voice, hot and harsh in her ear as his finger kneaded and bunched the soft cloth of her dress between her thighs, "someone's getting horny, isn't she? Is it from the embarrassment? Or the feeling of Daddy's arm on your body? ... or maybe Kimmy has a sneaky little thing for other girls?"

"Sh-shut up," whined Kim, panting heavily and squirming against the feeling of his rough, probing fingers. She was painfully aware of the other men in the room, just feet away. She felt

her body pulsing with filthy heat as she noticed some of the men look over, elbowing each other and getting distracted from the slutty show happening on stage.

“Ooh, I think we have a winner!” chuckled Frank, his fingers moving endlessly in a firm teasing motion, pressing her hot, wet panties hard against her swollen clit. “Kimmy likes girls! Well... that *is* interesting information. I’ll tell you what, doll, Vesper is a real nice lady. If you like her so much, why don’t you let Daddy buy you a dance? You can see that sexy body right up close and really explore that embarrassing same-sex attraction in front of everyone.”

“Don’t... don’t you fucking dare!” gasped Kim, but she was already picturing it. Getting a lap dance from the gorgeous, slim stripper in front of everyone. Her humiliated arousal on display for Vesper and all of the audience members to see. The stimulation between her thighs was setting her veins on fire now, and her hips began making little involuntary thrusts forward into Frank’s hands. She didn’t have to imagine being the center of attention. More and more eyes around the room were focusing on her and Frank rather than the action taking place on stage.

A little moan wormed its way out of Kim’s throat. Her eyes focused on the lithe, pale beauty of Vesper as she gyrated on stage, both the stripper and Frank’s fingers moving in time with the deep pulsing beat of the music.

Vesper moved on the stage with elegant grace that was at odds with her slutty nudity, leaning back against the chrome pole to hump the air, with smooth, dramatic pumps of her slim, feminine hips. Her pussy was shaved utterly smooth, silky pale skin with just the lightest pink flush visible at her lips as she spread her legs wide. A strange perverse question popped into Kim’s head... was Eliza’s pussy shaved the same way? She shook her head, irritated at herself. *Why am I thinking about my fucking sister-in-law right now. It doesn’t matter if the stripper looks a little like her, that’s fucked up.*

But the problem was the movement of Frank’s fingers was making it hard to think clearly. One thick finger pressed tight against the cleft of her lower lips over the layers of her dress and panties, rubbing incessantly right at her clit, driving her crazy with the sensation. You could accuse Frank of being a loser in a lot of ways, but the man had an understanding of female anatomy that made it clear he was experienced at sex. Kim couldn’t help but spread her legs a little wider, trying to increase the sensations between her legs. Even as embarrassing as it was to be played with like this in front of an audience, her body craved more intense stimulation than over-the-clothes groping.

“You would fucking love it,” hissed Frank in her ear. “We could go further than just a lap dance, too... This place is as seedy as they come. A lot of strippers are willing to do a little... extracurricular work on the side. How would you like to really explore your little lesbian streak while Daddy watches? Or better yet, you could share my cock with another woman...”

Kim wished that she didn’t like the sound of that, but she couldn’t stop picturing it as she stared at the now-naked dancer on the stage. Vesper gave her audience a sultry bedroom stare as she

leaned forward, letting her firm little tits hang down from her chest and jiggling them for a moment before raising her hands to cup and squeeze them for her audience's pleasure. Kim pictured her hands running over Vesper's slim, beautiful body in the same way. Her breath hitching in her throat at the powerful erotic image. Her mind went further, picturing kneeling across from Vesper, that same sultry gaze on the stripper's face, as Frank loomed above them, his massive cock throbbing between the two women.

*Oh God...* Sharing Frank's massive cock with another woman. Kissing his thick, salty cum back and forth between soft, feminine lips... Kim moaned again, a little louder this time, her hips pressing forward, needily rubbing her pussy up against Frank's thick fingers.

She felt her back arching, a tight spring of sexual pleasure winding tighter and tighter inside her, building up to a powerful release. And then, suddenly, it was over. The lights grew brighter, and the audience clapped, including Frank. His hand withdrew from between Kim's legs, leaving her breathless and frustrated, denied just a hair's breadth from climax. She looked around with a scowl to see that half of the appalling audience wasn't looking toward Vesper as they clapped, instead leering at her and Frank, who was grinning widely at the attention.

Kim flushed hotly. She had known that she had maybe been making a spectacle of herself, but the mocking, horny eyes of the rough-looking men around the club brought home the point that she had become the center of attention for their lust.

"Looks like my little bunny is ready for what comes next," said Frank approvingly, suddenly standing up and moving from her side. Something about how his tone when he said the word *bunny* made Kim shudder for reasons she didn't fully understand. "Wait here, Kimmy. I need to check something with my pal Tony. I'll be right back to fetch you."

Kim took a deep breath and let it out as Frank moved away through the dim room. She felt drained and shaky from the sexual intensity of Frank's teasing, but her body still brimmed with that power craving, desperate for the repulsive older man to fulfill it. As she huddled at the table, lost in her thoughts, she was both happy that she didn't have to deal with Frank for the moment, and wished that he would hurry back and finally give her what she needed.

"Are you ok, honey?" came a cool, calm voice from Kim's left, startling her. She turned with a start to see Vesper, the lovely stripper who somehow reminded her of Eliza, bending toward her with a look of concern on her lovely face. In her horny state, Kim couldn't help but swiftly run her eyes over the delicious curves of Vesper's lithe, graceful body, sending another embarrassing pulse of arousal through her. The tall, slim brunette had donned a cut-off top that gave Kim a direct view down her cleavage, as well as a tiny miniskirt and ridiculously tall platform heels, which she wore with effortless ease.

"I... I'm fine," said Kim breathlessly, trying her best to look Vesper in her clear blue eyes rather than staring at her tits. She suddenly felt like a tongue-tied high school boy rather than the confident, independent woman that she knew she was. Being here with Frank tonight had

fucked with her head. She couldn't stop picturing kneeling with Vesper in front of Frank's thick cock... and that image made it hard to act calm and collected in front of the beautiful stripper.

Vesper nodded, but the look of concern didn't leave her face. "I saw what Frank was doing to you when I was up on stage. Everybody here knows that he's a total creep. Tony is the only one who can stand the guy... and that's because he's a creep too. Is he forcing you to be here? Do you need help? Trust me, honey, no matter what he's using to pressure you, it's not as bad as it seems. Tony's a fucking asshole, but some of the bouncers are good guys. I could have them toss Frank, and we can talk."

Kim flushed bright red, her insides filling with hot, acidic shame as Vesper's lovely, kind eyes bored into her. The sweet, sexy stripper saw Kim with someone like Frank and immediately assumed that she must be blackmailed or sex trafficked. In a way, it was even worse than the bartender's assumption that she was a prostitute, because it made the truth that she was here because she wanted to fuck Frank that much more humiliating.

"N-no," she stuttered, unable to look Vesper in the eyes. *God fucking damn it, why is this turning me on even more?* "I'm ok. I..." She gulped and managed to force out the truth. "I'm here because I want to be."

Vesper opened her mouth to say something, but then she caught the sincerity in Kim's humiliated, blushing expression. Kim read the mild disgust in the gorgeous woman's eyes as Vesper straightened up abruptly, the concern finally leaving her expression. Vesper now saw that Kim wasn't a victim. She was just a slut with bad taste. Being looked down on this way by another woman was more embarrassing than the entire club watching her get fingered. Even worse, she was being looked down on by a woman who took her clothes off for money! Anger started to bubble up through her embarrassment, but before she could say anything, Frank reappeared, a wide grin on his ugly face.

"Two lovely ladies getting to know each other," said Frank with a chuckle, putting on hand possessively on Kim's shoulder. "You love to see it. Are you interested in hanging out with us, Vesper? It would pay very well, I promise."

Vesper crossed her arms beneath her small, firm breasts and looked at Frank like he was something she had scraped off the bottom of her shoe. "It wouldn't pay well enough, Frank," she said in a frosty voice. It was exactly the tone and attitude that Kim wished she was able to take with Frank. But for some reason the inexplicable sexual weakness inside her simply wouldn't allow it. When Vesper's eyes turned to Kim, they didn't thaw this time. Kim knew what she looked like in the Stripper's eyes.

Just some pathetic pervert who was willing to slum it with a disgusting specimen like Frank.

And Kim couldn't even say she was wrong.

As Vesper turned and gracefully clicked away across the strip club floor, Frank shrugged carelessly, clearly used to that sort of dismissive reaction from women. “Her loss,” he grunted, then shook Kim’s shoulder, jerking his head to the side in a “this way” gesture. “Come on, Kimmy. I have a little surprise for you... or I guess, more accurately, you have a little surprise for me.”

Kim scowled at him, but she couldn’t deny the sudden powerful pulse of desire that flooded through her from his suggestive tone. Was it finally going to happen? Was Frank going to stop teasing her and fuck her already, calming the raging torrent of pent-up sexual frustration inside her? She got up from the table, trying not to look like she was too eager as she said cautiously. “What do you mean? Where are we going?”

Frank chuckled, throwing his arm around her again as he led her to one sign of the dimly lit room, toward a short hallway guarded by a burly, bored-looking bouncer. “Somewhere a little more private, Kimmy. Trust me, you aren’t going to want to do what happens next in public.”

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Gene felt like he was in heaven right now.

Everything was going perfectly tonight, Exactly how he had envisioned it: Kim falling slowly but surely deeper and deeper down the rabbit hole of total submission.

Kim’s expression was sour and confused as he led her toward the private room, but Gene could see the signs of her fall beneath the surface. She was fucking horny. Desperate for his cock, and she had no idea why. That had been the best part about this pursuit so far: watching the fiery, bratty little blonde conquered and forced into humiliation by her own cravings.

It filled Gene with an intoxicating sense of control and power. Here was exactly the type of woman who normally sneered at him. Rejected him. Showed him zero interest or respect. Watching a cocky little brat like Kim brought to heel and forced to obey made Gene feel like the king of the fucking world.

And it was about to get a thousand times better. He had bribed Tony to let him use one of the club’s private dance rooms. In fact, the exact same room where he had suffered an awful humiliation just a few years ago from a woman just as self-centered and stuck up as Kim. He was going to overwrite the memory of that embarrassing failure tonight with a sexual victory that he would never forget.

Kim looked around suspiciously as they entered the room, arms crossed defensively over her chest, but her cheeks flushed with arousal. It was a small room, just big enough for its purpose. A leather chair sat on one end of the room, and a one-way mirror was set along the outer wall, allowing the bouncer to supervise the action and make sure there was no funny business.

Which was sort of a joke. Tony didn't give a shit if his girls got up to funny business in the private rooms as long as everyone was happy and getting paid, including him.

Tonight, there would be no need for a bouncer's protection. The slut in this private room wasn't one of Tony's; she was one of Gene's. And Kimmy was desperate for all the funny business he could give her.

Gene removed his arm from around Kim's waist and plodded across the small room to the chair, plopping down with a grunt and surveying the bratty little slut he was about to bring forcefully to heel.

Kim really was a hot piece of ass. Petite, with tits and hips that made a man want to run his hands all over them and feel her tempting curves. She had tried to wear a modest black dress tonight, as if this was a date with the sort of limp dicks she normally went after, but nothing could hide the sweet feminine swells and dips of her luscious little body. With feathery, lustrous blonde hair and lovely flashing green eyes that showed the fire she had burning inside, Kim was a knock-out beauty.

And tonight, she was all his. Even she, bratty and defiant as she normally was, had agreed to that. She stared at him, anger and frustration clearly written all over her face... But lust was there as well, staining her delicate features a pretty pink and making her breaths hitch, bouncing her tits softly beneath the cloth of her dress.

'What is this?' she asked sharply. 'What are we fucking doing here?' It was pretty cute how she continued to try to act like a badass little tough girl when she was this fucking horny for the man she hated.

Gene reached down slowly and unzipped his pants, watching with amusement as Kim's beautiful green eyes, normally so sharp and intelligent, but right now hazy with reluctant lust, tracked his every move. Her lips parted softly and she let out an involuntary gasp as Gene fished out his stiffening cock, exposing it in the dim light of the private room.

"This is what you want, right?" he taunted, reaching down to slowly stroke his cock, bringing it to full hardness. "It's what you've been craving all evening.'

Kim's face grew pinker. "Shut up," she muttered bitterly... but there was already a little rasp of arousal in her voice that made her true feelings clear.

"Be honest with me," commanded Gene in a steely voice, making his new bunny look up into his eyes, her gaze filled with reluctant desire and hatred. "Or there's no way you're getting what you want tonight."

Kim's lip twisted into a snarl, and her hands gripped her dress in white-knuckled fists of anger. But finally she dropped her gaze and muttered, "Fine... Yes. I want your cock."

Gene relished the humiliated, horny whisper, his cock now pulsing with dark lust in his palm. Taming this little brat had been a lot harder than a submissive softie like Lizzie, but it was oh so rewarding to hear Kimmy submit. Now he wanted to see that submission in action.

“I want you to show me how much you want this. Convince me.”

Kim looked up at him with a questioning scowl. “Convince you? What the fuck do you...?” She seemed to finally realize where she was. In a private back room. In a strip club. Her eyes widened in disbelief, and Gene grinned widely. She seemed like the sort of snooty woman who looked down on strippers, and it didn't seem like she was taking the idea of acting like one very well. The funniest part was that she would be even worse than a stripper: her only payment would be dick.

“You seriously expect me to...?” she asked in a choked tone, her body stiff with rage.

“Kimmy. Who's the boss right now?” asked Gene in a low, deceptively calm voice.

“Frank, you can just snap your fingers and turn me into a fucking slut!”

“*Kimmy*,” Gene's voice cracked out like a whip, startling Kim into silence, and, by the looks of her suddenly harsh breaths, sent a fresh flood of arousal between her thighs. “Who is the fucking boss right now?”

Kim stared daggers at him... then rolled her eyes and said grudgingly, “You are...” in a small, defeated voice.

“Damn right I am. And I say my good little girl is going to dance for her Daddy to show him how much she wants his cock. No dance, no deal. You can walk out the door right now with no hard feelings if this is a dealbreaker for you.”

Gene could see the war play out on his new Cumbunny's pretty face. Her pride, self-respect and hatred of her new master fought tooth and nail against the monstrous thirst for cock forced on her by the oil she still didn't know she had swallowed. And, credit where credit was due: Kim's resistance almost won. She really was a tough little cookie.

But her struggle ended the way Gene always knew it would. It was inevitable. Even if Kim had somehow resisted right now in this moment, she would have just come crawling back in a day or two when her cravings grew even more intense. The mjolkhare oil was unbeatable. It gave cumbunnies a new basic need as strong as the need for water or air. And you couldn't fight your physical needs for long.

Kim bit her lip hard, closed her eyes so that she couldn't see Gene's gloating face, then slowly began swaying her hips, the hem of her dress flipping and swirling around her thick thighs. It was awkward and jerky at first, but at the same time, it was one of the sexiest things that Gene

had ever seen because of what it symbolized. A clear sign of the fiery brat's submission to Gene's will.

"You're a stripper right now, Kimmy," said Gene in a low, amused voice. "Start acting like one. Run those hands up and down your body. Do your best to tempt me."

With a shuddering breath, Kim did as she was told, hesitantly running her hands slowly down from her shoulders over her heaving breasts, across her taut belly, and over the swell of her wide womanly hips, pressing the black fabric tight to the flesh beneath. As she went, her movements started to grow more fluid and natural. She let go of her anger and let her arousal take over, her hips flowing and swirling in liquid movements as her hands traveled slowly back up the curves of her petite body.

Gene let her get into the rhythm for a long few minutes, her eyes closed and her hands growing more enthusiastic as they roamed over her body. But eventually, the show had to go on. "Kim," said Gene with a chuckle, "You know, the thing about strippers is... they strip. Be a good girl and take that dress off for Daddy."

Kim's eyes flashed open, and Gene noted with smug satisfaction that Kim no longer looked defiant or angry. She seemed almost confused by the powerful depths of lust that had taken hold of her. "Yes, D..." Kim paused, looked shocked at herself, shook her head, and started again. "Yes, Frank." But Frank had noticed the near Freudian slip. His incessant use of the word Daddy was slowly slipping the word into Kim's subconscious. Mjolkhare oil didn't just addict people to a man's cum... it also made all the master's actions more arousing to his Cumbunny, and produced a subtle psychological effect that made the bunny want to please him. It would only grow stronger with time, and no matter how disgusted Kim was by the word right now, before long Kimmy would be his little Daddy's-girl Cumbunny slut.

Kim demurely turned her back on Gene as she lifted the simple, flowy dress. The dress slowly came up and off over her head, giving Gene a feast for his hungry eyes as Kim's toned thighs, perky butt, and smooth, lightly muscled back came into view. He began stroking himself as he watched, noting that Kim seemed to have picked out some sexy lace underwear for her date this evening. He supposed it made sense, since she was anticipating having sex.

As Kim turned back, her eyes went wide, focusing with laser-like intensity on Gene's hand pumping up and down his stiff cock. She visibly gulped, and Gene could see the way her perky nipples strained against the thin lace material of her bra. The poor girl had it bad, staring at his cock with obvious hunger in her eyes.

"Keep dancing, Kimmy," taunted Gene, "you have to earn this reward." This time, there was no flash of anger, Kim just nodded silently and began her liquid, swaying hip movements again, her hands trailing up and down her sexy curves. She had lost herself completely in her submissive arousal for the moment, and there were no more complaints about the demeaning nature of her

master's demands. Her lustful gaze stayed completely focused on Gene's cock as he stroked it, her eyes on the prize as her movements became even more sensual.

Gene enjoyed the sight of Kim's slutty dance as he lazily pleased himself. Kim had picked out an exquisite pair of underwear for this evening, a tiny black lace triangle clinging snugly between her thighs and a bra sheer enough to show the shape and color of her big pink nipples. But as alluring as the sight was, no good strip show ended with the slut wearing underwear.

Luckily, Gene didn't even have to ask for the next escalation. Kim had fully accepted her role as stripper for the evening, and with a heated glance flicking up to her master's eyes, she reached behind her to unhook her bra, allowing Gene a full, unobstructed view of her round, perky tits for the first time. Gene began stroking faster. They were perfect. Well-shaped and firm, with big, stiff pink nipples standing proud and tall as they heaved with Kim's submissive passion. Tits like that weren't just for looking at...

Gene beckoned his Cumbunny closer, his hand never ceasing its journey up and down his thick shaft. Even though Kimmy was playing a stripper tonight for her master, she wasn't one. And that meant there were no rules against touching her. Gene remembered Candy, the stripper who had made a fool of him a few years back. She had always been full of excuses why Gene couldn't touch her very much. But that was why this was so fucking sweet. He had found a real slut now. One who craved his touch even more than he craved her tits. Candy had been a false submissive, but Frank was molding Kimmy into the real deal. And it was time to enjoy the fruits of his labor.

There was hesitation in Kim's eyes as she stepped closer... even intimidation. But it was outweighed by her bone deep desire as she stood above him, trembling with lust as Gene stroked his cock, staring at her beautiful body.

His hand reached out greedily, and Kim couldn't hold back a slutty little moan as Gene finally felt what was his, hefting one of her juicy tits in a broad, strong hand. His thick thumb brushed against, then pressed firmly into a stiff pink nipple, drawing a shuddering gasp from the horny, sensitive bunny trembling above him, She was putty in his hands now. Ready to do anything her new Daddy asked.

"Lap dance. Now," growled Gene, raising his hand off his throbbing cock so that he could squeeze both of Kim's tits in his sweaty paws.

Despite her inexperience, Kim took to her task like a pro, straddling Gene's lap with an intense expression of horny concentration and pressing the wet surface of the lacy panties covering her crotch against Gene's cock, rubbing and grinding her sexual heat hard into her master's manhood. Gene took the opportunity to turn his full attention to Kim's beautiful breasts, pulling her close to seize a pretty pink nipple between his lips. Kim had fully abandoned all resistance for now, throwing her hands around Gene's thick neck and crushing his face eagerly into her naked tits, her hips swirling and grinding madly against him.

Gene lashed his tongue against one nipple, then the other, building up Kim's pleasure to the breaking point as she whimpered, her head thrown back and riding his lap with abandon. This was so close to his final moments with Candy, the stripper who had humiliated him. Well... minus the nipple sucking. She had never actually let him get that far. But the pussy grinding was just the same.

Tonight was going to end differently, though. Gene finally pushed Kim away, gently but firmly, and said gruffly, "Panties off. I want to see everything."

Kim nodded eagerly now, her eyes hazy with all-consuming submissive lust. She hooked her thumbs through the waistband of her panties and slipped them down her lovely tanned legs. Too eager to make it a sexy striptease now, she hurriedly stepped out of them and stood fully nude in front of her new master.

Gene's eyes ran appreciatively over Kim's beautiful young body. Her pussy was as cute as the rest of her, chubby and pink, with a neat little triangle of golden pubes above it. Currently, it was oozing desire, swollen with need for her Daddy's cock.

But Kimmy wasn't quite ready for that yet. He couldn't let her walk away entirely satisfied from this encounter. With what he had planned for the rest of the evening, he needed his bunny to be thirsty for more. Besides, Gene knew a much more humiliating way that his bratty little bunny could show her fresh submission.

"On your knees," he said with a smirk, pointing to the floor of the private room between his hairy thighs.

For just a moment, the humiliation and reluctance flashed back across Kimmy's pretty face. He was commanding her to sink lower than even a stripper. To get to her knees naked on the filthy floor of a sleazy strip club's champagne room to serve a man she hated.

Gene chuckled with satisfaction as he saw Kimmy swallow her pride and sink to her knees, defeated. She was right back where she had been earlier this week, staring up at his cock with lust, intimidation, and desperate hunger. But this time, a handjob wasn't going to cut it.

"Suck Daddy's cock, Kimmy," rumbled Gene, his eyes locked with his slutty brat's gaze as she panted with lust beneath him.

"I..." said Kim hesitantly, nearly crosseyed as she stared at the monstrous cock looming above her. Her big round tits heaved up and down with her hot, ragged breaths, her stiff pink nipples tracing little circles. "I... yes... yes, sir," she whispered, pursing her pouty pink lips and planting a lingering kiss on the tip of Gene's cock, smearing them with his filthy precum. Gene reached down with a possessive growl, firmly seizing and handful of Kim's lustrous blonde locks and pulling her down, sinking his cock deep in her warm, wet mouth.

Kim was submitting fully to him now, letting him take control of her moments as she deepened the slutty blowjob. Her soft pink lips made a vacuum seal around Gene's thick shaft as her head bobbed between his fat hairy legs, her tongue wriggling and licking every inch of his cock, worshipping the man she hated with the perfect little mouth that had sneered at him all week. Her eyes locked with his, their pretty green depths roiling with shame and lust and deep, helpless submission.

It was a dream come true. Gene would never be able to get revenge on the woman who had made him feel small, but this was the next best thing. Yet another woman who had assumed she was better than him was humbly on her knees, taking his cock. After all of her defiance and insults, their relationship had finally arrived at its natural state: with Gene on top and his little Cumbunny serving him on her knees.

Gene pulled Kim harder into him, deepening the blowjob and pushing up against her tight throat. Carefully at first, but as it became clear the Kim was experienced enough to handle it, with increasing speed and pressure, Gene fucked his cumbunny's willing face. Spit dripped down her chin in sloppy strands as she submitted to brutal domination. Her hand slipped down to rub and tease between her legs, increasing the chorus of obscene wet sounds filling the private room.

Gene was ready for his first orgasm of the night. But Kimmy wouldn't be allowed a fully satisfying load of his cum down her throat right now. He needed her craving to still be sharp and powerful for a little while longer... at least until he showed her the big surprise he had waiting for his new bunny at home. He slowed down the speed of the blowjob in preparation for his climax, thrusting long and slow and deep into the red-faced slut beneath him, relishing the feeling of her tiny throat snug around his powerful cock. Kim moaned desperately around him as Gene's balls tightened and drew up to the base of his shaft. The slutty sound of pleasure sent a pleasant gargling buzz around his cock, tipping him over the edge.

With a deep grunt of satisfaction, Gene quickly withdrew his cock, aiming it down at Kimmy's slutty little face and painting her with hot, sticky ropes of his semen. She moaned beneath him, her back arching and her tongue sticking out, desperate to catch his seed. Gene aimed around it, focusing everywhere except her mouth. Right now, Kim was only allowed to get the tiniest teasing taste of his semen... not enough to satisfy the hunger raging inside her.

While Kim was stunned, and before she had a chance to scoop the cum off her face into her hungry mouth, Gene reached down and picked up her discarded dress, roughly wiping away the sticky globs of his semen from her splattered face. Then, wiping off the last drops, he finally allowed Kim to take his cockhead back into her desperate mouth. She would only be able to get a measly few teasing drops at this point, but he let the little slut try, petting and stroking his new Cumbunny's hair as she suckled greedily on his cock. Her eyes closed in dreamy concentration as her tongue wriggled and lapped over his slit, sucking down every drop she could find.

This happened with Eliza too: she would go into a total trance as the obsession for his cum washed over them. Sometimes Gene wondered what it must feel like. Clearly it was a sexual thrill that was unmatched by any normal physical sensation. He would never know for himself, of course. The tradeoff to experience that mind-numbing pleasure was too damn high. But regardless, the utter, powerful wave of satisfaction he saw on Eliza's face sometimes almost made him jealous. In any case, Kim didn't have any deep satisfaction on her face as she tasted a few stray drops of his leftover cum. Gene saw only desperate, frustrated lust there as she sucked frantically for more.

Finally the spell that had gripped Kim passed, and she let his cock go with a pop, her blazing green eyes opening to stare at him with desperate hunger and a fresh sparkle of hatred. She seemed to realize where she was, naked on a strip-club floor, and shivered lightly, turning to grope for her discarded underwear and cum-soiled dress.

"Hold on, now," said Gene sharply, making her look up at him, startled. "You won't be needing your old clothes, Kimmy. Daddy has arranged a brand new outfit."

"What... what the fuck do you mean?" Kim asked him in an apprehensive tone. Right on cue, a brief pounding at the door signalled that the bouncer had brought the outfit that Gene had purchased from Tony.

The only question was... would Kimmy be willing to wear it? Humiliating herself this way would be a major test of her submission to him. Gene wasn't that worried, honestly. After the submissive blowjob and filling her mouth with the taste of his cock, she would probably walk through the club naked for him if she thought it would earn her a load of his cum on the other side. Kim had been wound up into a tight ball of sexual desperation, and Gene couldn't wait to see how far she could be pushed.

Without another word of explanation, he winked at Kim and rose from his chair, crossing the room to open the door and accept the hanger and pair of shoes from the bouncer. Kim squeaked in alarm, hurriedly trying to cover her pussy and tits from the eyes of the burly, smirking man in the doorway, but it was sort of a silly gesture. After all, the bouncer had likely taken the time to watch the little nude slut get her face painted with cum through the one-way mirror before knocking.

Kim was so distracted by the bouncer's arrival that she didn't even fully absorb the outfit that he was holding until the door was closed and he turned back to her. Her eyes widened in horror as she gazed at the stripper outfit that Tony had parted with for a few hundred bucks, complete with shiny black platform shoes. Sort of a rip-off, but it would be worth it to see Kimmy paraded out of the club wearing it. Not to mention the spice it would add when they got back to Gene's apartment

"F-fuck you, Frank," she said shakily, her nipples still broadcasting the fact that she was deeply aroused. "There's no way that I would ever..."

Gene just had to laugh at this point. “You keep saying that, Kimmy,” he said, shaking his head as he brought her new outfit across the room to her, “but we both know that you’re going to do whatever Daddy says in the end.”

...

Kim sucked in a nervous breath, tottering on the massive platform shoes as they made the way down the short hallway toward the main floor of the strip club.

Her body pulsed with squirming anxiety and lust. Her sensitive nipples pressed hard against the flimsy white material of the tight cutoff top that left her toned, tanned stomach bare to the air. Her pussy throbbed with sweet aching need beneath the pornographically tiny red tartan skirt. Her long blonde hair was now gathered into two long pigtails that fluttered down her back as she walked, and her long legs were encased in silky white stockings that reached halfway up her thighs. She was wearing a slutty schoolgirl costume worthy of the strippers that she had probably inherited it from, dolling up and showcasing her curvy body in a demeaning display of total slutty submission.

When Frank had first presented the outfit to her, Kim was ashamed to say that her first knee-jerk reaction hadn’t been disgust or anger. She had only felt a powerful wave of humiliated lust at the thought of wearing it for the smug asshole who had just dominated her. The anger and disgust had come right afterward, of course, but the eagerness to submit had been decisively first.

She hesitated for a moment as they reached the end of the short hallway, taking deep, gasping breaths and trying to control the powerful arousal pulsing through her.

*I can do this.*

Frank had convinced her to dress as a slutty schoolgirl under the condition that all she had to do was walk out the door with him in the outfit. It would only be a short walk from the edge of the room to the front doors. A short walk that she was sure would have the eyes of every slimy patron in the club glued to her slutty outfit for every second.

*Wait... why the fuck did I agree to this again?*

She could have just said “fuck you” to Frank and left if she really wanted to, regardless of whether she agreed to let him call the shots or not. But, although Kim fantasized about being that strong and defiant, she knew that she would never have been able to. Frank had won tonight. He wasn’t just the boss because she was allowing it. As much as Kim hated to admit it, Frank had genuinely dominated her in that room in a way that no man had ever done before. Kneeling with his powerful, throbbing cock filling her mouth... stretching out her submissive throat... it had made her feel weak and helpless and owned in a way that still made her knees feel wobbly just thinking about it. Worse, the intense blowjob hadn’t satisfied the insane arousal

building inside her. And Frank had hinted with a twinkle in his eyes that if she left with him in the stripper outfit, things might continue between them once they left the club. Kim needed that with every fiber of her being at this point.

She had known that she would be wearing the schoolgirl outfit the second she had seen it. There was just no way she could say no to Zane tonight... not when there was a chance he might still fuck her and give her what she truly craved.

Seeing that she was hesitating, Frank half turned, looking over his shoulder at her with a discerning eye, his gaze traveling up and down, taking in her demeaning costume. His ugly face broke into a wide, satisfied grin and he held out his hand, gesturing her forward.

“Come on, Kimmy. Let’s show everyone who you really are.”

Kim gave him a flat, unimpressed stare... but she had to admit that there was no use waiting. This humiliating walk wasn’t going to be any easier in five minutes. She walked forward, ignoring Frank’s outstretched hand, doing her best to stand proud despite the hot, tingling shame that filled her belly and buzzed between her thighs. It was now or never. Just a quick walk.

*No problem.*

Kim could tell from the way the dirty eyes of the men around the room snapped to her that someone had tipped them off that there would be a spectacle to see. Probably that slimy weasel, Tony. If the feeling of the strangers’ lust was intense before when she was just on Frank’s arm, now it was a thousand times worse. Her whole body lit up with humiliated arousal as a dozen leering men saw her dressed in a demeaning stripper costume, her nipples pressed tight against the thin, sheer cloth of her ridiculous parody of a button-up shirt, her bare pussy feeling vulnerable and exposed beneath the obscenely tiny skirt. She was frozen for a moment, caught in a swirl of powerful shame and arousal... which unfortunately gave Frank a chance to sidle up behind her, slipping his hand under her skirt to palm her bare ass.

Kim had to bite her lip to stop from moaning. The shame, combined with the physical sensation of Frank’s domination made the sexual cravings inside her flare up worse than ever. God, she needed cock. And not just any cock. She turned to Frank standing by her side and shakily whispered, “L-let’s fucking go.”

“Lead the way, Kimmy,” he said with a smirk, gesturing her toward the front of the club... past a gauntlet of hungry eyes. Kim walked forward feeling her belly flip-flop and her pussy clench and flutter with need, sending little trails of lubrication down her inner thighs to wet the tops of her pretty white stockings. She felt the gaze of the crowd like a physical weight on her body. All the work that Frank had done to belittle her and make her feel small and submissive came down to this erotic, humiliating moment.

He had turned her into his slutty little school girl. Publically. Frank slung his arm around Kim's waist once again as she walked, this time his hand resting on the bare skin between the cutoff shirt and the tiny skirt. Claiming her publicly. His slut. His plaything. Kim couldn't even say he was wrong at this point. Every step in this degrading outfit was another admission of Frank's ownership, and as she grew closer and closer to the door, she grew more and more aroused as well. She couldn't think straight. It was all too much.

Just as she had almost reached the entrance and escaped from the lustful eyes of the gathered crowd, Kim noticed that Vesper was watching her, arms crossed over her chest, hip cocked in a pose that displayed her lithe gorgeous body and eyebrow raised in an expression of mild, disgusted amusement. God... Kim had looked down on this woman earlier, assuming that she was a total slut for displaying herself for the patrons of the club. But Kim realized now that she was ten times worse... She had no excuse for the powerful desire pulsing through her veins and leaking from her pussy. She wasn't a woman doing her best to earn money, she was just a desperate slut willing to do anything for Frank's cock.

Finally, they were pushing out the frost doors past the bouncer's one last set of leering eyes, and they emerged out into the warm darkness of the evening, lit only by the buzzing pink glare of the neon sign. Kim stood, wrapping her arms around herself, closing her eyes, and feeling the buzzing, fiery lust roar through her, stronger and more frustrating than ever before. There was no price too high to pay to relieve this feeling. When she opened her eyes, she locked gazes with Frank, standing in front of her with a smoldering look in his eyes as he relished the sight of his slutty little school girl bunny.

Kim was tired of waiting.

She launched herself forward, wrapping her hands around Frank's fat, balding head and pulling him in for an angry, hateful kiss. Her tongue slipped between his smirking lips to tangle and writhe wetly with the middle-aged man's fat tongue. Her leg raised instinctively, pushing up against Frank's side and lightly grinding her throbbing pussy against his bulk. One of Frank's broad hands descended to grasp her beneath her knee, supporting her lifted leg and pulling her close as he dominantly took control of the sloppy makeout, invading her mouth with his tongue and taking Kim's breath away with his forceful dominance.

She broke away, her breathing ragged and her nipples diamond hard beneath her slutty shirt. She cut right to the chase. "Are you going to give me what I want, Frank?" she asked in a husky whisper, lightly grinding herself against him in the warm darkness of the strip club parking lot.

Frank chuckled, like the fucking bastard that he was. "You really are a little horny slut. Making a fool of yourself really got you all hot and bothered, didn't it Kimmy?"

Kim wanted to snarl at him and bite his head off... but she didn't think that would get her any closer to fucking him, and that was all she cared about right now.

“Yeah,” she said with a little groan of horny frustration. “Yeah, it fucking did, Frank. Now would you please fuck me already?” She didn’t even know if she was asking him to take her home or fuck her right there in the parking lot. And, to be honest, she didn’t particularly care at this moment which one he chose.

“I want to see,” said Frank, his smile dropping away, replaced by an intense look of hunger. “I want to see how horny you are, Kimmy. Bend over for me.” He gestured toward his beat-up ride. “Hands on the car.”

Kim obeyed, untangling herself from Frank’s grip, planting her hands on the hood of his beater, spreading her legs, and arching her back to present herself for his inspection. It caused another twist of humiliated lust inside her, but only a small one. After the public parade of shame in the club, this didn’t feel that bad... despite the fact that the tiny fringe of skirt and the angle of her skirt meant that her pussy was exposed to Frank’s eyes and the night breeze. Hopefully no one would choose to leave the strip club at this moment and see her bare, wet pussy lit up in pink neon.

She let out a low moan as Frank’s rough hand glided up her inner thigh, sliding over to rest on her plump, upturned ass for a moment before cracking down in a stinging spank. She yelped and slapped a hand over her mouth, suddenly worried that if she drew too much attention, someone might see what she was doing here in public with a gross older man. But she wasn’t worried enough to protest or shut Frank down. Instead, she arched her back even harder, wiggling her ass lightly, desperate for more dominant attention.

Her hand muffled another animal moan of lust as Frank’s thick flingers slipped down between her cheeks, grazing her virgin asshole before resting lightly on her sopping cunt. Her breaths were coming in huge, hissing breaths through her nose, her heart thumping wildly in her chest. She knew now that she wouldn’t be able to stop even if all of the sleazy patrons of the club came out to watch her. She needed Frank that fucking badly.

Kim went weak in the knees as Frank slowly inserted a thick finger into her hot, dripping pussy. She had never felt this turned on in her entire life. She could feel her pussy clenching and milking Frank’s invading finger as he slowly pumped it in and out, wiggling his thumb to stimulate her throbbing clit as he went. She felt so fucking close. Right on the edge of an orgasm that she prayed would finally relieve her consuming lust. But she needed more. Either Frank needed to move faster, or he had to drop the fucking tease and pull his cock out right here and now.

But instead, Frank disappointed her, withdrawing his hand and wiping his hand contemptuously over the soft, hot skin of Kim’s exposed ass.

Kim looked back at him over her shoulder, lips parted, panting with lust. He couldn’t leave her hanging like this. Not when she was so fucking close. “Frank... please,” she said in a small,

weak whisper, swaying her ass on her tall platform heels, trying desperately to tempt him to go further. "Fuck me. I fucking need it."

"You want me to fuck you in public?" asked Frank with a toothy grin, eyebrow raised. "In the parking lot of a filthy strip club? But I thought you were soooo much better than me. What happened?"

Kim groaned in frustration, reaching back to finger her own juicy cunt as she said, "Come the fuck on! I know you want to, you fucking bastard."

Kim saw, based on the teasing expression on his face, that Frank had no intention of satisfying her cravings. "Sorry, Kimmy, no can do," he said with a shake of his head. "You might be a slut that fucks in dirty parking lots, but I guess I'm just too classy of a guy. You're going to have to wait until we are back at my place."

Kim whined in raw, intense sexual frustration. She could see her chance slipping away. She was going to have to leave her car behind in this parking lot and go home with Frank, enduring a long, teasing car ride with him before she would finally get her reward. Even that long was too much for her to wait at this point. She wanted Frank's cock right fucking now.

And she thought there still might be a way to get it. It would be devastatingly humiliating, but at this point, even crossing her last red line and shattering her pride wasn't too high a price to pay.

Kim locked eyes with Frank and took a shuddering breath, her lip trembling slightly as she worked up her courage. Frank stopped in his tracks, sensing that something was coming he would want to hear.

"Please fuck me..." said Kim in a husky, trembling whisper, her luminous green eyes shining with naked need.

"...Daddy."

Even as Kim felt the conflicted stab of submissive pleasure and twisted humiliation at finally giving in to using the demeaning pet name, she could see that her tactic had succeeded. The look of sudden intrigued arousal on Frank's ugly face sent a thrill of anticipation through her, making her pussy twinge and raising goosebumps over all of the bare flesh exposed by her slutty outfit.

Frank looked conflicted for a second, an expression that Kim was unused to seeing on his face... then he reached down to unzip his pants, fishing inside to pull out his big, thick cock, his expression hardening into dominant lust. "Ok, Kimmy..." he grunted, stepping forward and placing a firm hand on Kim's waist, moving into position behind her. "You want Daddy's cock that bad? How can I say 'no'?"

“Yes, Daddy, yes!” gasped Kim, spreading her legs wider as Frank slid the swollen head of his cock up and down her dripping slit. “Fuck me, Daddy!” Now that she had broken the seal, she embraced the twisted pleasure of the word. Frank felt like her Daddy now... the dark, dominant male figure who she couldn't resist. Who she couldn't help but submit to.

With a grunt, Frank pressed forward, sinking slowly into Kim's needy cunt, stretching it wide inch by inch with his thick, dominant cock. It was like Kim had found heaven on earth. Her fingers gripped the hood of his beat-up car in white-knuckled claws, throwing her head back in a silent scream of pleasure. Her body was on fire with deep satisfaction. She clenched tight around her Daddy's invading cock as it slowly slid home, filling every inch of her slutty, submissive pussy. The comparison with Jamie from the other day was mind-blowing. It was complete night and day. This cock felt like a revelation. A whole new world of pleasure. Jamie's cock had just felt underwhelming.

Multiple times this past week, sexual situations with Frank had felt like they clicked a puzzle piece into place for Kim. Like she had found the perfect match. She had no idea why that might be. Objectively, Frank was a fucking asshole with a face only a mother could love. But she wasn't going to worry about that now. Right now she had no room for anything in her brain beside the sizzling, glowing satisfaction of having Frank's cock bottom out, balls deep in her hot wet pussy, filling and stretching her in ways she hadn't known were possible.

Frank began to thrust into her with short, powerful strokes, and Kim leaned forward heavily on the hood of the car, suddenly unable to trust her pleasure-weakened knees. She was completely unable to stop herself from moaning louder as Gene's cock ploughed into her soft pussy. She was totally exposed, humiliatingly dressed as a slutty school girl, getting fucked doggy-style by a fucking creep in a strip-club parking lot... and she fucking loved it. She squirmed her hips backward frantically, trying to feel every inch of Frank's cock. “F-fuck! Give it to me Daddy!” she moaned breathlessly as his massive cock slid in and out of her slick cunt. “Make my pussy yours!”

“It is fucking mine,” grunted Frank, reaching down to take one of Kim's pigtails in each hand. She let out a little wail of pain, surprise, and submissive pleasure as he pulled her hair back, using it as handles to get better leverage as he plunged deep inside her. “You're all mine now, Kimmy. More than you even realise.”

Kimmy couldn't care less what Frank was saying right now. She only cared about his massive cock thrusting deep inside her. Low animal moans poured from her throat, and she stopped worrying that she might get caught. But just getting fucked wasn't enough for her right now. Her body instinctively knew what she needed. The same thing that had drew her to the fucking asshole in the first place. Cum. Jizz. Thick, hot, sticky semen. Her pussy rhythmically milked her Daddy's cock with every thrust, doing its best to make him cum.

“Cum for me, Daddy!” she whined, a bitch in heat bouncing on Frank's cock as he pulled her hair from behind. “God I fucking need it so badly!”

Frank roared behind her, speeding up his powerful thrusts. Kimmy's body tensed with anticipation, somehow knowing that when he came inside her, it would unleash an orgasm that would finally satisfy her horrible sexual tension. But just when she was sure Frank was about to explode, his hand left her hair and his cock withdrew, leaving her trembling and whimpering, brought once again to the edge of orgasm but not over it. She had a wild hope for a second that Frank was just repositioning, but when she turned over her shoulder to look, he was tucking his cock back into his pants, breathing heavily with a sheen of sweat on his brow and a wide, sloppy grin on his face.

"Daddy, no," whined Kim desperately, the hateful cutesy word already feeling more natural on her tongue. "You can't do this to me! Give me your cum... please!"

"You already got an extra little treat I wasn't planning on giving to you, you greedy little brat," said Frank jovially, giving her a playful spank on the ass. "Now get in the fucking car."

With that, he circled the car to the driver's side, leaving Kim staring after him in disbelief. *He's seriously going to stop when we're both so fucking close?* She couldn't believe the audacity of the fucking prick. But maybe she should have been used to it by now. The passenger side door unlocked with a clicking noise and Kim straightened back up onto wobbly legs, muttering, "Fucking smug entitled asshole son of a fucking bitch," to herself savagely under her breath as she self-consciously tugged down her tiny skirt. Luckily, despite how loud and slutty her moans had become, it looked like no one had noticed their filthy parking lot fuck session.

Frank impatiently beeped the horn of his car, making Kim jump and glare at him. She spared one last longing glance over her shoulder to where her car was parked... if she turned around right now, she could be back home taking a long cleansing shower in half an hour. But she knew she couldn't do that. To get what she needed, she would have to go home with Frank. And as unappetizing as that was, it sounded much better than giving up without getting the satisfaction she craved.

With a sort of horny resolve filling her, Kim opened the door and eased herself down off of her high heels into the passenger seat of Frank's awful little car, ready to do whatever it took to earn the satisfaction she craved.

...

By the time they made it to the door of Frank's apartment in the shitty building where he lived, Kim was so horny she could no longer think straight. Frank had reached over between her thighs for the entire ride to his apartment, flipping up her slutty little skirt to play with her pussy as he filled the car with a constant stream of filthy dirty talk.

As they made their way through the halls to his apartment door, Frank no longer needed to put his arm around Kim's waist and forcefully pull her close. She was hanging off him now,

snuggling up, her hand resting on his crotch beneath the hard swell of his gut, massaging and gripping the thick bulge there with hungry intensity. They didn't pass anyone on the way in, but if they had, they would have seen a naughty little schoolgirl slut, cock-crazy with submissive lust for a man twice her age and half her attractiveness.

"God, I'm going to make you cum so hard, Daddy," she said in a sweet, whimpering voice, "I'm going to wrap this sweet pussy around your cock and milk every last drop out of those big fucking balls."

"I like that spirit, Kimmy," said Frank with a nasty chuckle, unlocking the door of his apartment. "Keep focusing on that feeling. I think you're going to need that motivation in a second."

Frank's ominous words just barely registered with Kim, whose forehead wrinkled into a frown for a moment as Frank opened the door to his apartment and led the way inside. But she let it pass quickly. It was hard to concentrate on worries when she was so fucking close to getting the creamy load she craved. She walked in behind Frank, saying in a raspy, seductive voice, "So where do you want me, Daddy? Are we going to use your bed, or do you just want to fucking bend me over and..."

Kim trailed off in shock as she left the entryway/kitchen and entered the living room, her eyes going wide as she realized that she and Frank weren't alone. There was another woman sitting on the edge of Frank's couch wearing a bunny costume just as obscene as Kim's schoolgirl outfit, complete with a tight corset that hugged her curves, fishnet stocking that encased her gorgeous, willowy legs, silky black bunny ears on a headband, and a leather collar snug around her delicate throat.

The unexpected sight of another woman in a slutty costume shocked Kim so badly that for a moment she didn't recognise the mystery woman. But when Kim's eyes met the icy, beautiful gaze of the slutty bunny on Frank's couch, the recognition snapped into place with sickening clarity.

*Eliza.*

The room seemed to sway around Kim, her whole perception suddenly swimming with dreamlike unreality. She felt like she might faint. It wasn't fucking possible. What the fuck was her sister-in-law doing here in Frank Penn's apartment? Why was she dressed up like a slut? Why was Frank standing there grinning ear to ear like he was fucking proud of himself. More and more questions piled up on top of each other as Kim stared at her sister-in-law, slack-jawed and speechless.

Eliza looked almost as shocked as her, her hands flying up to absurdly cover her chest... as if that would hide how slutty the rest of her bunny costume was. "Gene!" yelled Eliza, her eyes darting over the ugly middle-aged man standing between them who was looking like the cat that ate the canary, "You didn't tell me we would be doing this so soon! Is she ready to...?"

“Don’t question me, Lizzie,” said Frank flatly. “Kimmy’s ready for the truth. It might just take a little convincing, from both of us.”

Kim’s lust-addled mind struggled to keep up with the impossible things that were happening. But one detail did stick out.

“Gene?” she asked in a disbelieving tone, her eyes darting between her sister-in-law and the man that she wasn’t sure she knew at all anymore.

“As in Gene Crowder? As in the asshole who’s been bullying my brother?”

She read the truth in Eliza’s guilt and Frank’s... no... Gene’s smug grin.

As bad as it had been to be under this horrible man’s influence, now it was a thousand times worse. She had sucked the cock of her brother’s most hated enemy. Her brother’s wife was sitting there in a slutty costume as well, for reasons that Kim still didn’t want to ponder. She needed to get the fuck out of there.

But she was dressed in a slutty stripper costume. With no car.

And even worse, even through her shock and sense of awful betrayal, herself of powerful, suffocating arousal never left. She was still so horny it was hard to think.

Eliza stood, her eyes concerned. She clicked across the room on heels almost as tall as Kim’s, letting her tower over her much more petite sister-in-law. She placed a soothing hand on Kim’s arm, an effect a little spoiled by Gene’s gloating face leering at Kim from the side.

“I know you’re confused, honey,” said Eliza gently, “but I think we need to have a talk. There are some... important things that you need to know about your situation. About our situation. About the strange feelings you’ve been having this week.”

And, although her mind was swirling with lust and rage and devastating confusion, when Kim stared up into Eliza’s clear blue eyes, she could tell that her sister-in-law wasn’t lying about having answers for her. And she wanted those almost as much as she wanted Gene’s cum.

This confusing, mind-boggling situation made Kim want to bite and claw and scratch at the perfect bunny standing above her and the evil, gloating asshole standing a few feet away until they were sorry they had ever messed with her. But if Eliza had some sort of answers... she needed to hear them. Kim swallowed around a suddenly dry mouth, licked her lips, and nodded hesitantly.

“Ok... You have exactly thirty seconds to tell me what the fuck is going on.”

