

## Daisy in Moscow



After a crazy-ass night at Hungry Duck, Daisy went straight to Katya and Connie's apartment. The second she walked in, the girls poured shots, shoved her onto the couch and started making out hard right in front of her, slowly stripping each other like it was a private show.

Daisy just sat there sipping, eyes wide. She had no idea they'd spiked her drink with some hardcore Russian aphrodisiac that turns your brain to soup and your pussy into a waterfall in minutes.

It hit fast. Heat everywhere, thighs shaking, feeling like she could come just from breathing. When the Russians were fully naked they sandwiched her and started kissing her all over.

Daisy, breathless and shy:

"Girls... no offense, but I've never been with women..."

They gave each other that wicked smirk:

"Baby, there's a first time for everything. First time in Moscow, first time naked in public tonight and you said you loved it... Chill. Tonight you're getting two Russian

girlfriends who'll make you come harder than any dick ever did. Just let us handle it."

She melted. Clothes gone in seconds, all three ended up on the king bed and Daisy had the best sex of her life, coming so many times she passed out cold.

Woke up buck naked, walked to the kitchen. Connie grinned:

"Look who's back from the dead."

"Where's my clothes?"

"Washing machine. They stank of spilled booze and club sweat."

"I need something to wear..."

"Nah, you're too hot to cover up. Come eat breakfast like that."

She ended up at the table in just a tiny thong, tits bouncing, blushing but soaked.

The Russians were basically naked too.

Over coffee they slipped more of that "special tea" in her cup to keep her horny and dumb.

Then the offer:

"Stay with us the rest of your trip. It'll be fun."

Daisy, high as fuck on aphrodisiac:

"Hell yeah, sounds amazing."

Little did she know it was all part of the plan from that deep-web book "How to Turn Someone into a Pet" — they wanted to try it on a rich straight tourist pussy. They grabbed her stuff from the hotel, staged the whole "Ann borrowing the car" thing, hid everything, "lost" her only outfit in the laundry... and boom, Daisy was suddenly naked 24/7.

Collar went on with a little click. Leash attached.

"Wanna play kitty?"

She crawled dripping wet. Then they walked her down the hallway on all fours past the neighbors' doors.

The park night – detailed

Next night they rented a car and at 1 a.m. pulled into a huge empty park. Full moon, freezing air, wet grass.

Katya tugged the leash:

"Come on, pet. Walkies."

Daisy crawled out naked, cold slapping her skin, nipples like diamonds, pussy dripping down her thighs. Every knee on the cold grass felt insanely good.

They did laps, made her lift her leg on trees like a puppy, rolled her in the mud.

Then she whimpered she had to go bad.

"Right here, baby. Puppies go outside."

“It’s... not just pee...”

“Do number two too, sweetie. Be a good girl for us.”

Laxative kicked in. Daisy couldn’t hold it, ass up, face down, did everything right there on the grass, moaning in shame and insane arousal. Connie wiped her clean after.

Then they fucked her right there on the ground for almost an hour until all three were screaming and covered in grass stains and cum.

Nonstop fucking days

From then on it was nonstop sex, literally all day every day until they collapsed from exhaustion. They fucked waking up, fucked in the shower, fucked while eating, fucked during Netflix, fucked on the kitchen floor, on the balcony, everywhere. Aphrodisiac in every drink. Daisy stayed swollen, dripping, sore, blissed out. They used straps, plugs, toys, honey licks, everything. They fucked so hard and so long they’d pass out mid-orgasm, wake up hours later and start again. Days blurred into one endless orgasm marathon until their bodies gave out.

The end

Ten days later Ann showed up with the suitcases:

Opened them in the living room — all perfect designer clothes, passport, cards.

Daisy, naked on the floor, collar on, legs wide open, fresh cum dripping, looked at the bags... looked at her girls... lazy fucked-out smile:

“Can you just shove that shit in your closet? Pretty sure I’m never wearing clothes again.”

Connie laughed, zipped everything shut.

“You sure, pet?”

Daisy crawled over, rubbed her face on Katya’s thigh like a happy kitten:

“I’ve never felt more me. Naked, filthy, owned. Don’t want clothes. Don’t wanna leave.”

Key got thrown away.

Daisy never wore a single piece of clothing in that apartment again.