

DOMINANT VIBE

Raw Course



WILL B. GUNN

Dominant Vibe – Raw Course

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All sexual participants in this e-book are aged eighteen or older.

Monica sighed and picked another plate from the sink. “When are you going to hire someone to do the dishes?” She asked Cindy,

who was busy preparing food for the upcoming lunch service.

“Soon, Monica. Is it so hard to wash the dishes on your own?” Cindy retorted.

“Just doesn't seem like something a sous-chef should do, is all I'm saying.” Monica shook her head and put the plate on to dry.

Cindy chuckled. “At least you're not complaining anymore about us cleaning the kitchen every morning before we open up.”

“Hey I learn. Might take me a month, but I learn.” The spunky sous-chef said, gathering her hair in a bun.

Cindy looked at her young sous-chef with a warm smile. “You do.” She said, “I'm actually quite proud of you, for getting a hang of everything so quickly. I don't know if Girl Power would have lifted off the way it did, without you.”

“Thanks.” Monica smiled back, “so does that mean you're giving me a raise?” she asked cheekily.

Cindy laughed, “not just yet, no.”

“Hey, so why did you call this place Girl Power? I never asked you.” Monica looked at her boss.

“My old boss was a sexist pig. He thinks women aren't made for running a business.” Cindy curled her lip derisively.

“Seriously? Is he from the nineteenth century?” Monica was aghast.

“I wish, because then I wouldn't have had the pleasure of working under him. You know I found out his nickname for me was sugar mountains?” Cindy gaffed.

“Sugar mountains?” Monica furrowed her brow at Cindy. Her eyes trailed down to Cindy's impressive cleavage. “Oh! Because of your, ahm, well that's really...blunt.” She said, rolling her eyes.

“Accurate though...” She mumbled.

“Pardon?”

“Nothing.” Monica snickered. “Is that why you opened your own place at such a young age?”

“Trying to suck up to me?” Cindy smiled.

“Not really, but I don't mind if you think so.” Monica smiled back. “It's just that you don't see a lot of twenty-six year old cooks opening their own restaurant and upgrading to chef status. I'm twenty two and I figured I'd wait at least till I'm thirty.”

“I always knew I'd end up opening my own place. And with that chauvinist jerk as a boss, I realized I won't be learning anything constructive. I quit the day I learned the offensive nickname he had for me. I marched in, told him exactly where he could shove it, and stormed out. I took a loan from the bank a few days later.”

“I don't think I could ever be that brave.” Monica admitted.

“Good. Cause we already work as a well oiled machine in the kitchen, and I'd like to keep you as my sous-chef.” Cindy winked.

“Ditto.” Monica smiled, and turned her attention back to the task at hand.

Behind the bar, Jasmine polished the glasses and checked the restaurant's beverage stock. “Will you stop humming, Yana? My head hurts as it is.” She snapped at the slender waitress setting the tablecloths.

“Sorry.” Yana said with a slight Russian accent. “Maybe you shouldn't have drank so much at the club last night.” She jabbed. “Although there's something ironic about a hung-over bartender.”

“I'm not sure you're translating that word properly.” Jasmine said with a bemused smile.

“It's pronounced *ironya* in Russian, so it's not very hard to translate.”

“Oh. I guess the problem is with you, then.” Jasmine cocked her head sideways and joked. Yana laughed along with her.

“Hope tips will be good today.” Jasmine sighed, a tad sleepily.

“Do you ever not get good tips when you flash that charming smile of yours to the guys? I wish I could work the bar more often.” Yana said with a wave to her silky golden hair.

“You'd give them a heart attack.” Jasmine replied, looking at Yana's deep blue eyes. The Russian beauty smiled mischievously.

Jasmine caught an accidental glimpse of the romantic scene playing near one of the corner tables, and quickly averted her eyes.

Yana smirked, “still can't look directly at them? I think it's beautiful.” She said.

“Yeah, me too.” Jasmine defended herself, “I'm just not, you know...”

“A dyke?” Yana completed.

“Where did you learn that word?” Jasmine jested, “and yeah, I mean, I’m fine with it and I’m completely progressive and all. It just...”

“Makes you feel all funny inside?” Yana finished Jasmine’s sentence again with a coy smile.

“What? No.” Jasmine blushed and flat out said.

“Oh come on, you never tried looking at lesbian porn online?”

“Have you?” Jasmine asked with a shocked whisper, leaning over the bar.

Yana shrugged, “of course. I’ve got lesbian tendencies. I’m mostly straight, though.” She said as if it was obvious, staring straight at the two women making out in the corner.

“Mostly straight?” Jasmine raised her eyebrow with a half-smile.

“It’s a spectrum, Jasmine.” Yana raised her hands with a theatrical gesture.

“Yeah sure. When is Charlotte planning on getting back to work, you think?” Jasmine sneered.

“Give her a break. Her girlfriend is leaving today.” Yana defended Charlotte.

“Rebecca is leaving for two weeks. It’s not that much time apart.” Jasmine argued. “Although I do understand the gravity of her trip back home. Hope it goes well for her.”

“After all she’s been through, it better.” Yana asserted.

“Yeah she has quite a story.” Jasmine agreed. “Ran away at eighteen from her ultra conservative family because they didn’t approve of her sexual orientation, and found the love of her life while hitchhiking across the country. I’ve never seen two people maintain the lovey-dovey honeymoon phase of their relationship like those two. It would make a great movie.”

“Would make a great porno, too.” Yana interjected, to Jasmine’s frown. “What? The whole teen hitchhiker thing, and with her looks. That petite, adorable body and angelic face with those bright green eyes and Barbie-doll hair. I lean towards guys but I would so go lesbian for her.”

“Should Charlotte be worried about you?” Jasmine asked, half in jest.

“Doubt it. Charlotte is twenty-five and she's never even been with a man before.”

“So?” Jasmine didn't understand.

“So her pussy eating skills are probably miles ahead of mine.” Yana reasoned with a wink.

“You think Rebecca will choose according to who gives better head?”

“She is eighteen. That's all I cared about when I was eighteen.” Yana reasoned.

“You're only twenty one...” Jasmine narrowed her eyes.

“And I'm still fully focused on who gives best head.” Yana nodded triumphantly. Jasmine laughed, shook her head, and turned around to bring out some more beer glasses.

Rebecca and Charlotte's lips detached with a moist smack.

“I love you.” Charlotte said, the honey in her eyes sparkling.

“I wish I could tell you the same.” Rebecca said, to Charlotte's widening eyes.

“I mean, I wish 'I love you' was enough to express what I truly feel.” Rebecca added, looking down. “I felt so lost before I found you. I had no family, no home. You gave me more than a home. You gave me confidence, and courage, and happiness. I don't think I'd be able to go back to see my parents if not for you.”

“Make sure they know it. Might help with their opinion of me.” Charlotte took gentle hold of her young lover's chin, lifting her head back up with a smile.

“Seeing as they probably think you were sent by the devil to corrupt me, I'd say their opinion of you could really only get better.” Rebecca said.

“That's lovely. One of my neighbors used to walk around with a red trident, but that was before you moved in. Don't tell them that.” Charlotte joked.

“I'm still scared they might be preparing a so called 'intervention' for me.” Rebecca raised her concern with a derisive eye-roll.

“If they do, blow them off and come back here.” Charlotte told her young girlfriend with a warm, loving smile.

“Remember, if they can't accept you for who you are, it's their own damn fault. It's their choice whether they want you in their lives or not. And beyond all, remember that I'm waiting for you right here, and that I love you, okay?” Charlotte whispered in Rebecca's ear and nibbled at her lobe.

“Yeah.” Rebecca said, tearing up. She kissed Charlotte's smooth cheek passionately, before meeting her lips once again. They shared yet another long, loving make-out kiss.

In the kitchen, the silent and productive morning routine was suddenly interrupted, when a man walked in from the back door that led to a side allyway.

“Excuse me, sir. We're still closed, and even if we were open, you should enter from the..Uhm...” Cindy started saying, before she got a better look at the man.

There was something about him that made the usually serious woman wet between her legs. Perhaps it was the commanding look in his eyes, staring her down wordlessly as if she was an insignificant insect. Or maybe it was his posture, his body, the clear bulge in his pants that he did not even try to hide. He was attractive, for sure, but there was something else, something more. A certain aura surrounding him, that made her feel hot and bothered.

Cindy found herself flustered and flushed. The man walked a few arrogant steps forward, and stood next to Monica. The nubile twenty-two year old didn't turn around, concerned that she might fail to restrain herself from kneeling before him and begging to suck his cock. She drooled on the stove and panted like a bitch in heat. His very presence made her pussy quiver.

“Y-You should enter from the front...” Cindy finally finished her sentence, trying her best to fight off the urge to rip her clothes off from her body and throw herself at him.

“Oh, I don't know. I sometimes prefer entering from the back.” He said smugly, and shamelessly put a hand on Monica's ass. She giggled, and shuddered, his touch sending electrifying jolts through her body.

Cindy felt herself getting hotter and hotter, and so she breathlessly unbuttoned her top, revealing the blue brazier tightly cupping her sizable tits.

"I'm here for an inspection." The man said, pressing the bulge in his pants on Monica's bubbly butt. The young sous-chef let out some indecent whimpers, her cheeks gaining a rosy hue.

"A...A health inspection?" Cindy asked, her cheeks as pink and flushed as Monica's, her pussy soaking wet.

"Sure, whatever." The man waved her off, and blatantly stared at her huge breasts.

"Nice tits, by the way." He said and made a shameless grab.

Cindy looked down, feeling the man's fingers close on her soft boob. She inhaled sharply through lightly parted lips, her mouth going dry.

"Oh...Thank you, sir!" She finally said, pushing her chest out with pride. It made it easier for him to reach under her unbuttoned top and grab a handful of tit, dry humping the lovely Monica all the while.

"Judging by your hat, I'd say you're the chef." He turned away from Monica, to face Cindy. The young sous-chef shuddered with a thankful smile, and buckled her knees, collapsing to the floor with a hot, horny sigh.

"Y-Yes. I...I'm the chef. Sir." Cindy kept her hands to her sides and said, while the nice, dominating man opened her blouse up with a single stroke, sending the rest of her buttons flying.

"*Oh!*" She squealed with a happy smile when he abruptly tore her blue bra off, letting her bare fun-bags bounce freely.

"Let's inspect how you prepare a warm cock, tucked between two heavy breasts. It's a dish I'm sure you're proficient with." He said with a wry grin, kneading her tits like dough.

Cindy wasn't going to refuse the nice man's order, even if the service he requested didn't really involve any cooking. Her entire body tingled with joy at the thought of her skin touching his throbbing hard cock.

“Coming right up, sir!” She said and slowly went down to her knees, joining Monica on the floor.

The man unzipped his fly.

“Ahhhh!”

“Ohh god!”

Both Cindy and Monica reached a sudden and massive orgasm when the man's cock sprung out of his pants.

Cindy regained her composure first, and looked up at him with smoldering eyes.

“First, it's important to make it nice and moist.” She said, and planted her hungry lips on his cock.

“M-May I...Please...” Monica begged to join in.

“Go ahead.” The man allowed graciously, looking down at them with his sharp, intense gaze which made them feel like insignificant pets.

Monica tended to his balls and his base, while Cindy bobbed her head back and forth, sucking the rest of his shaft. Once his cock was properly moist, she backed away and began drooling on the valley between her tits.

“This area must also be well lubricated” She said with a smile, and rubbed her tits together.

Eager to try Cindy's expert dish already, he pushed Monica away, to her saddened whine, and slapped Cindy's big boobs around with his cock. The busty brunette looked up at the man with docile charcoal eyes, nodded, and squeezed her tits around his rod.

“Oh yeah! That's nice.” The man moaned happily.

He pinched Cindy's nipples while she serviced him, making her moan with delight. Monica receded to a corner like an unwanted toy, and rubbed her hands over her entire body. Slowly and sensually, she took every item of clothing off her stunning body, and soon enough she sat on the floor fully naked, her pink pussy dripping with unbridled lust.

“Let's go inspect the rest of the restaurant, shall we?” He said, and walked Cindy over to the kitchen door, her tits still tightly cradling

his manhood.

“You too.” He told Monica and snapped his fingers at her. She didn't even rise to her feet. Instead, she meekly crawled behind them on wobbly hands and knees.

The shock on the faces of Yana and Jasmine was quickly replaced with blushed adoration, as their knees buckled and they crawled towards the man, aching to have their sopping pussies fucked.

Even the two lesbians could not ignore the brand new emotion they felt towards that man. They kept absentmindedly locking lips, but both of them stared at *him* from the corner of their eyes, completely focused and fixated on him, even as they entwined their tongues with lust.

“We should go.” Charlotte stopped the kiss, and turned away from her lover.

“Yeah...” Rebecca nodded and tried standing up, but her quivering pussy sent shock waves through her lithe body. Like the rest of them, her legs faltered, and she crawled over to the man who now actively fucked Cindy's tits, squeezing a breast in each hand and thrusting deep into her cleavage.

After about a minute of titfucking, the man left Cindy and stood over the group of kneeling young women, all already in different states of undress, touching themselves and each other to cope with the tide of arousal that washed over them.

“*Ohh...*”

“*Hmm...*”

“*Ahh...*”

They stretched their tongues out, licking the gap between their mouths and his boner, delirious and misty-eyed.

“That's a nice pack of cunts you have here.” The man said, and slapped his shaft on Yana's tongue. The Russian hottie started licking his cock like ice cream, and Charlotte and Jasmine joined in.

It didn't take long for all of them to find their place along his rod, kissing and sucking the spot they found like animals around a

refreshing water fountain. He looked down at their pretty faces, and chuckled at their depraved expressions as they worshiped his cock.

He moved between Rebecca's green eyes, to Yana's majestic deep blue ones. Rebecca has never even seen a man's cock before, outside of movies and drawings. And yet the very act of kissing his hard-on caused clear-colored lines of pussy-juice to run down her inner thighs, tickling her smooth, sensitive skin.

"The two of you kissed when I walked in. Are you romantically involved?" He asked Charlotte and Rebecca. They looked at each other between licks and kisses to his cock, and nodded up at him.

"Show me how you eat each other's pussies out." He said with a casual half-smile.

The two lesbians exchanged glances again, and came to a wordless agreement. They retreated from his cock, leaving more room for Monica, Jasmine, and Yana to roam, and crawled back a few feet.

Rebecca lay on the floor, her pussy wet and pink. She wore a shiny, white smile on her flushed face. Charlotte lay reversed atop her girlfriend, and spread her legs above her mouth. They breathed on each other's quivering pussies, and then buried their faces down with a kiss.

It wasn't the first time they ate each other up, but this was the first time they did not do it purely for their own satisfaction, but also for the viewing pleasure of someone else. There was something so kinky and arousing about it, the two nearly came right off the bat, as their lips touched each other's sensitive slits.

"Yeah, I like seeing that." He said. "I want you and the blonde to do the same. Well, if you're fine with it, of course." He pointed at Jasmine and Yana, making a lewd suggestion.

"Uhm..." Jasmine and Yana exchanged awkward looks. They didn't even exchange a single word with the man standing over them, yet. He just waltzed in with their boss's tits wrapped around his cock, and drew their lips to it like a powerful magnet.

It felt so right, and so natural. But they weren't into girls, especially Jasmine.

“M-Maybe we should get to know him better, before we put on a lesbian show for him.” She suggested hesitantly.

“He's so strong. I...I want to do what he says...” Yana bit her lower lip and looked at him with carnal heat in her eyes.

Jasmine looked at the blonde with sparkling eyes.

Meanwhile, the man started roughly face-fucking Monica. He rammed into her throat so hard, bubbles of spit formed in the corner of her lips. She gagged and choked, drool running in droves down her chin. It was degrading, and uncomfortable, but the pure bliss she felt overcame everything else.

He thrust into her mouth hard and strong. Her mouth felt like an erogenous zone, sending sparks of pleasure every time his boner knocked on the back of her throat. It felt as if he was pounding her pussy. She let out muffled moans of pleasure as he fucked her face, rolling her eyes upwards, lost in perfect euphoria.

She spiraled her tongue around his shaft, slurping wildly.

Yana and Jasmine moaned deeply as they watched Monica's face get rammed into. They felt the most profound sense of jealousy, and came to a joint decision, just like Rebecca and Charlotte before them. If he wanted them to sixty-nine each other, they will. It was so simple, they wanted to spank themselves for not jumping into action earlier.

Jasmine crawled over with a broad, bright grin, and lay on her back, preparing her limber tongue to roam inside Yana's snatch, getting ready to lick another woman for the very first time in her life.

Yana lay over her, and whimpered when she felt her friend's tongue on her throbbing pussy lips. She nibbled Jasmine's inner thigh, bit lightly, and then buried her tongue in Jasmine's pussy, her blue eyes moist and her silky golden hair frazzled.

The man watched from where he stood, mercilessly pumping his cock into Monica's grateful mouth, while playfully slapping and grabbing Cindy's big tits. The busty chef had three fingers jammed in her dripping pussy.

She leaned her face on his muscular outer thigh and her tongue pressed on his hard side. Her tits bounced with every sharp

moan, and flew around with every slap the man bestowed upon them.

“Slap me. Use me. Touch me.” She gasped, aroused beyond her wits, lost in a vortex of carnal desire.

Rebecca and Charlotte were very proficient pussy eaters, and it showed. Rebecca was already showered with Charlotte's juices, and it didn't even stop her. The petite eighteen year old buried her face in her lover's muff, but occasionally looked aside to make sure the man was watching. Charlotte made lewd sounds, as she savored the delightful taste of her young lover's dripping pink pussy, slurping and moaning and kissing and licking.

Yana was tenacious in how she flicked her tongue on Jasmine's clit.

“*Ohh!*” Jasmine squealed and gave Yana a mischievous spank, retaliating by nibbling on her lips with extra gusto.

“Hah! Do that again!” The man said with a jovial laughter, his rod swelling in Monica's mouth. Feeling his hard bulge in her throat made the young sous-chef squirt her juices to the floor, and erupt in a magnificent orgasm, all while still being choked by the man's big dick.

Jasmine also climaxed when she heard the man's words, and began spanking Yana so hard that the blonde's pert and soft behind turned pink. Rebecca did the same to Charlotte's bubbly butt, causing her to bathe Rebecca's pretty mug with sticky juices yet again.

“Okay, time to try some cunts out!” The man announced, to a joint feminine moan of arousal and joyful debauchery.

First, he went for the tight pussy nearest to him.

“Come here!” He hauled Monica back to her feet, and bent her over the bar. His strong man-handling of her was enough to make her orgasm again.

“Like I said, I sometimes prefer doing it from behind!” He whispered in her ear.

“*Ohh...*” Her tongue lulled out of her mouth and she slurred dumbly “Whatever you say, sir.”

He teased her pussy for a few seconds, aiming his tip properly, and then fully penetrated her with a powerful thrust. Monica squealed and moaned in delight as he began drilling into her hard and strong, wrapping his fingers around her throat and using his arms as leverage to pump so hard into her, that her pussy went numb with pleasure.

“Oh yeah! Your pussy is mine, bitch!” He growled at her.

“*Ahh! Fuck me! Own my pussy!*” Monica whined and begged, her work and her duties long forgotten in the midst of multiple consecutive orgasms.

“Okay, now your ass!” He announced.

“I...I never...” Monica mumbled.

“I can see that. You!” He barked at Cindy “Lube her asshole up for me, and maybe I'll fuck your pussy later.”

“Oh, yes sir!” Cindy was busy using both hands to stuff her cunt and flick her swollen clit. The man's words finally made her reach another thundering climax.

The busty chef walked over on wobbly legs, and bent down to lick the rim of her sous-chef's anus, trying her best to resist the temptation of lowering her tongue to lick the man's cock, as it drove back and forth into Monica's pussy.

He determined Monica's ass to be ready, and inserted his rod into her, slowly and steadily. Monica thought it would hurt, but all it did was make her feel strangely complete. With a radiant smile on her face, she reached back and spread her ass cheeks apart, making it easier for the man to drill into her even harder.

He groaned with every powerful thrust. “So fucking tight!” He moaned and spanked her hard.

“Here, taste her ass!” He suddenly pulled out and stuck his cock deep into Cindy's mouth. She didn't mind what hole his cock was just in. Feeling his rock hard shaft on her tongue awakened her taste-buds and made her entire body tremble with delight.

He moved from ass to mouth a few times before depositing his first load into Monica's now gaping asshole. She climaxed when she felt it, along with another hearty spank on her behind. The young woman kept her ass up until he let go of her hips, and then fell back

down to her knees, thick sperm draining from her well-fucked hole, and onto the floor.

He wasn't nearly done, though. He pumped his still rock-hard cock into Cindy's tits again until reaching one of the 69'ing couples. Derisively, he tossed Cindy aside, and knelt behind Charlotte, who was still lying atop her girlfriend. She was so wet, he found it easy to stick his cock into her dyke pussy.

"Ahh!" She moaned, and bit Rebecca's thigh passionately.

Rebecca watched as the man's cock pumped into her girlfriend's pussy above her, with moist and shiny green eyes. Overcome with arousal, her entire young body tingling, the lesbian blonde stretched her tongue and licked every inch of his jack-hammering cock, or at least the part that wasn't presently inside Charlotte's wet pussy. She made out with his balls as if she loved them more than strawberry ice-cream.

"I always thought I was a lesbian..." Rebecca whispered incredulously. Somehow, the man heard her.

"I bet you are, under any normal circumstances." He said "But this is not a normal circumstance."

"You see, I ingested a certain ancient, rare spore. Thanks to the spore, the level of androstadiene in my blood is about twenty thousand times the usual amount. It's a hormone, closely linked to females' sexual attraction to males." He explained while fucking Charlotte.

"Exposure to such a high amount causes delusions and extreme erotomania. It literally overloads any woman's brain, lesbian or not." He spanked Charlotte's butt, and pulled out, circling around them, on his knees, so he could tease Rebecca's tight, flooding pussy.

"Hmm..." He sighed and entered into her. Rebecca squealed loudly as her hymen tore - Her cherry popped at a mere casual afterthought.

"You can't help but become fixated. You would normally jump me and almost literally tear me apart, but I invented a little something extra to render you...more agreeable." He pushed Charlotte's head down to lick his cock, as he pumped hard and strong into the young

blonde's opened legs, ignoring the blood oozing from her deflowered pussy.

“But you don't need to know that. You're probably too stupid to understand anyway. *Oh fuck!* I'm gonna cum!” He announced, and a second later jets of thick cream shot from his throbbing rod and into Rebecca's eager cunt.

She moaned and gasped, smiling so widely that her cheeks hurt. Feeling his sperm fill her womb felt so divine.

“Okay.” The man pulled out, and slapped his still rigid pole on Rebecca's tight, hairless labia.

Sweating and a little tired, he sat down on a chair. He rubbed his cock with his hand, and sighed.

“Another fantastic side effect of the spore is a massive increase in libido and sexual virility.” He bragged with a weary smile. His cock was still as rigid as steel, and ready to unload another big load of sperm on and in his lovely little sex toys.

“Line up for me, girls.” He said with a gentle voice “So I can pick the next hole to fuck.”

“Yes sir!” This time all six young women responded simultaneously, wiggling their asses happily. It's not that they couldn't fight against their primal instincts, it's that they simply didn't want to. Being his personal sluts felt like the most natural thing ever.

Six hot pieces of ass bent over on their knees before him, displaying their shiny, well lubricated holes, and trembling in anticipation. They wiggled their petite behinds for him, hoping he'll choose to bang them first.

“Let's see, I didn't try this hole yet.” He said, and slapped his cock on Yana's twat.

“*Ohhh...*” She whimpered and writhed her hips lewdly.

He was inside of her before she could blink, and pumped into her at a steady, calm pace, grabbing Cindy's ass, who was bent down right next to them.

“Get on your back and spread your legs.” He told the blonde angel of Russian descent, and she silently obeyed. Yana lay on her

back and used her hands to flexibly spread her legs for him, looking up with a grin like an addict about to get her fix.

She felt so small, so weak in front of him, spreading her legs wide like a pathetic whore and waiting for him to re-enter her wide open snatch. It made her feel so good, despite everything her mind told her. Her mind be damned, her core instincts told her that this was right.

He lifted his hips, leaned down with his big hands on the floor, and began pumping down into her like a machine. Her cheeks reddened and her arm muscles strained to keep holding her legs, until she realized she can let go, and wrap her long legs around his waist.

He watched her tits bounce back and forth as he fucked her, and took a strong hold of them.

“I'm cumming again!” He growled with a smile, but this time pulled out to spray her lithe form. He painted her porcelain body with hot cum, spurts reaching her mouth, landing on her perky tits, and glazing her flat belly. He then brought his tip to her lips, so she could give it a final lustful kiss.

Or so she thought. After she kissed his cock for a few seconds, he brought his raw manhood back to her pussy, and pumped into her once again, this time reaching a climax deep inside of her. The thrill of being ejaculated into brought her to a mind melting orgasm. She felt his spunk fill her up, and her body grew numb with ecstasy.

With that, he moved over to the next dripping pussy in line. He didn't even say anything, simply left Yana to bathe in his cum, and rammed it into Cindy from behind. He watched as her heavy tits swung back and forth with every thrust, her wet pussy making splashing sounds every time he rammed his hips into her.

It didn't take long for him to start furiously drilling into her, his crotch smacking her bouncy behind at a solid, rapid pace.

“I want to cum between your tits, slut!” He barked and pulled out of her, holding his cock tightly, so as to not prematurely bust his nut.

“Yes sir!” Cindy turned around to lie on her back, and held her massive tits together in a way that left just enough room between

them for his hard-on.

On both his sides, the feminine bodies writhed with heat. Yana rubbed her cum-filled pussy to one side, and to his other side, Jasmine, Rebecca, Charlotte, and Monica played with their cunts and sucked on their fingers, dreaming of his majestic cock driving into all their holes. Their eyes were lightly glazed over, as they were so drunk on the scent of sex.

He moved Cindy's hands away, grabbed her knockers hard, and started fucking her tits, grunting wildly. Cindy raised her head slightly and stretched her tongue out, in silly attempts of reaching the cock that roamed between her tits.

He noticed, put his palm on the back of her head, and shoved his cock in her mouth ferociously.

"Mbb! Hm! Buh! Mm! Ungh! Ung!" Cindy didn't expect to get her throat banged so roughly, but the man lording over her could simply do no wrong. The only reason she wanted him to pull out was to thank him and kiss his tip, and that was in spite of the fact she was quickly running out of breath.

When her face became red, he returned to her tits, squeezed them hard around his cock, and exploded after two strong thrusts. He was starting to feel fatigued, but he was not ready for a break just yet.

His sperm spurted on her neck and chin, and gathered between her mountainous tits.

"Woo..." He sighed, re-arranging his breathing and allowing the rapid beating of his heart to slow and subside.

Cindy was intoxicated with the aroma of his cum. His cock hung over her face. She lifted her sore neck to lick it.

"That's a good girl." He said with a smug smirk, and slapped her tongue with his tip, brushing his length all over her pretty face.

"I love you, sir." She whispered and puckered her lips to kiss his cock. She meant every moist, and breathy word. Her wet kiss made another hot load of sperm spray across her face with a wet, sticky splat.

“That's sweet, bitch.” He said with a derisive smile “And only a little pathetic, seeing as I don't even know your name. Am I the first man you've ever confessed your love to?” He wondered.

“No, sir. M-My fiance, uhm...” She wrecked her brain trying to remember her husband-to-be's name.

“I told him once, that I loved him.” She gave up on trying, content with letting the name sink into the depths of oblivion.

“Do you still love him?” The man standing over her asked.

“I...” Her pupils shook in her eyes. She wanted to say yes, but she didn't want to insult him.

“Not even a fraction of the love I feel for you, sir.” She finally said, with the utmost honesty.

He chuckled at her, and she gasped as her pussy suddenly quivered again. His presence kept her on a constant train of arousal and climactic sensations.

“You're okay, too.” He told her “But I'm bored with you. And wanna hear something awesome? I'm not done yet, hah!”

He looked to his side, where Jasmine still knelt on her hands and knees. Her dark chocolate eyes rolled to the back of her head, and her saliva drooled to the floor as she sucked on her fingers, or rather choked on them.

He coiled her pony-tail around his palm, moved behind her, and threw aside the hand she used to occupy her pussy.

“Hrrm! That's a good, wet cunt!” He said as his cock smoothly slid into her.

“Here we go.” He said, and pulled at her pony tail, arching her limber body up toward him, so her back pressed against his front torso. Jasmine turned her head to look at him, breathing cherry scented breaths on his face.

“You're cute. How old are you?” He inquired as he pumped into her, grabbing her small tits and pinching her nipples.

“I turned eighteen three months ago, sir.” Jasmine whispered “I love you so much!”

It was the first time confessing for the innocent young woman, and no three words felt better coming out of her needy, cock-hungry mouth.

“Intriguing that you would interpret what you feel as love, although perhaps not too unexpected.” He considered. “*Oh fuck!* Your pussy is so tight!” He moaned, praising the pleasure her pussy gave him.

He plastered his hips to her petite butt, pressed his fingers on her lean belly, and pumped into her with strong thrusts.

“*Mm! Fuck! Take! That!*” His crotch slapped her soft behind, and with every deep thrust, a thick residue of spunk emerged from his tip, and flowed into her womb.

“Cum in me, sir. *Mmh!* Cum in me! I love it when you fuck me!” Jasmine moaned, her eyes tearing up with joy as her pussy was filled with cum.

“Hrrm, I love it when I fuck you, too.” He wrapped his arm around her skinny body, and kissed her neck passionately.

“I love to fuck all of you!” He said, and spanked the two asses bent on both his sides, belonging to Cindy and Charlotte. Charlotte reacted by moaning deeply, biting her lower lip, and Cindy by jiggling her butt vibrantly. The busty bimbo only just re-assumed her position on her hands and knees, after being cummed upon while lying on her back.

Jasmine could almost feel his amazing rod regain its volume inside of her pussy.

“*Ohh, sir...Ahh!*” She squealed as he started ramming into her again, roughly fucking her cum dripping pussy, until he reached a second orgasm, straight into her.

He pulled out and left her to topple face down on her cheeks, in blissful disarray. Even under the effects of the spores, a man had his limit, and he nearly reached it. Sitting down on the floor, he watched the six sexy bottoms wiggle and masturbate in a haze of sexual frenzy.

“Do you bitches all love me?” He asked, rhetorically.

“Yesss!” Rebecca the lesbian squealed with three fingers in her tight, previously un-fucked cunt.

“I love you!”

“So much, sir! I love you, sir!”

“Loooooove!”

A cacophony of horny declarations of love and adoration ensued as the six writhed on their hands and knees.

“That’s good to know. Because I’m going to rest a little bit now, and then fuck all your holes which I didn’t fuck yet. Since you love me so much, I’m sure you wouldn’t mind the wait.”

A resounding wave of whimpers and moans told him he was more than right.

“I will need one of you to kiss my tender cock until I’m good to go again.

“Oh me! Sir! Please me!” Once again, Rebecca was the fastest one to turn around and hop over to him like an eager bunny.

“Me, sir! Me!”

“Oh, please sir, let me slap my lips on your warm cock!”

The other young women joined Rebecca in her begging, until the nice and dominant man decided he’ll let Rebecca lather his cock with her tongue, since she was the quickest to respond. The young lesbian from the conservative family lapped at his cock with wide, unblinking eyes. She would give up all the hot pussy in the world just to have his rod harden in the warm embrace of her mouth.

She did a good job in getting him hard again. He was rejuvenated, recharged, and ready to go for another two and a half hours.

It was well after noon, and *Girl Power* still wasn’t open for business. The six women were lying flat on their backs, arrayed in a flower shape, their heads all touching one another.

The man’s sperm covered their naked bodies, and came out of most of their holes. They all panted with their tongues out, and a delirious smile on their faces. They were drunk on passion, their bodies were numb and their hearts filled with endless love and magnetic attraction to the man that just used them like glorified sex dolls.

“Well, that was fun.” He re-buttoned his shirt and refastened his belt, getting ready to go.

“I love you...”

“I love you...”

“I love you...

“I love you...

They mumbled repeatedly, like a mantra of unwavering submission.

“Your pussies were all great. Tight, wet, everything one would expect from a group of twenty year old little bitches like you.”

“I'd stick around to learn your names, but you know, now that I've drilled into all your fuck-holes and filled your young bodies full of cum, the mystery is more or less gone.”

“I did enjoy myself, though.” He chuckled and said “Maybe I'll come back here once, and have an actual lunch.”

“Oh, and you'd better clean this place up a bit. It smells like a fifteenth century middle eastern brothel. If I actually were here for a health inspection, this place wouldn't pass it, I can tell you that.”

And with that, he exited through the front door, leaving the six young women to pick themselves up, and go on with their lives, knowing no other sexual partner would ever give them the same feeling of unending, and undying carnal bliss.

The man walked outside to a nearby park, where something he saw caused his overactive libido to rise back up, along with his raging hard-on. Two stunning college girls sat on the park bench, their full focus on a heavy Calculus study book. He looked at their crossed legs, bare under their plaid skirts, and huffed a horny exhale through his nose.

Deep in conversation, it seemed the raven-haired coed on the right was trying to tutor her friend, a bespectacled brunette.

“And then we can use the value we just calculated instead of the slope m .”

“But why?”

“Because the derivative value *is* the tangent's slope.” The dark-haired beauty said, a tad exasperated.

“And why's that?” Her friend demanded stubbornly.

The man cleared his throat. “Actually, it would be more accurate to define a derivative as a limit of different quotients of real numbers. Specifically, when the value of said difference approaches zero.”

The two lifted their heads from the book, and stared at him, speechless. Their lips lightly parted, the man could see the heat of arousal spread throughout their nubile bodies.

“Don't think I'll ever get tired of this look you young chicks get, once you feel the overwhelming tsunami of hormones flood your brains. Your amazed, aroused expression as fireworks explode in your head.”

They didn't respond, but continued to stare at him with wide eyes. One of them had a line of spit running down the corner of her lips. She was literally salivating at the sight of him.

“This place is a little too public for my tastes. How about you drop the silly book and follow me to my place, hmm?” He offered with a cocky grin.

“Yes...” the raven-haired babe uttered, and tossed the heavy book off the bench. It landed open on the ground, with a thump.

“Sir...” The brunette took longer to answer, but she did have the presence of mind to finish her friend's sentence in a manner that showed the respect she felt towards the man standing tall before her.

“Stand up, then.” He prodded, and the two shot to their feet. Their pussies were so wet and hot, they needed his help to walk properly to his car, and he was more than happy to accommodate their need, with one burly hand grabbing each of their pert behinds.

He sat them on the couch at his place, and kindly asked them to refer to him as “master”, before requesting they opened their legs and played with their soaking pussies for him.

“Don't forget to tell me when you're about to cum.” He reminded the over-sexed coeds.

“Yes master!” They gasped in response, writhing uncontrollably on the sofa, their legs open wide and their panties utterly soaked.

“Tits out.” He tried to keep his commands simple.

“Yes master!” They slurred and lowered their tops down with their free hand, their pussy playing hand practically glued to their cunts by the force of their arousal.

“Nice and perky.” He evaluated and squeezed one of their perfectly supple apples. He pinched her nipple, causing her to arch her back and moan loudly.

“I'm cumming, master! I'm cumming!” She wildly gyrated her hips, burying two slender fingers in her sopping pussy as she reached a mind melting climax.

“Good girl. Now kiss each other.” He commanded.

“Yes master...” They replied, in a haze, and shifted their bodies sideways. They clumsily found each other's lips and shared a steamy kiss, all at the behest of their master. They could think of nothing apart from wanting him to fuck them, needing him to fuck them.

“That's lovely.” He said. “In fact, it's so lovely, I think I'd like to put my cock in the middle of your kiss. Make room, sluts.” He said and pushed them aside, sitting smack in the middle between them.

He whipped his boner out, and nudged their heads down to tend to it. They didn't hesitate for a second, lashing their tongues to enthusiastically lick the sides of his cock as if it was coated with honey. He moved his hands along their firm, young bodies, enjoying their curves as they lavished his cock with love.

A ring tone interrupted his joyous reverie. He reached for his phone without moving too much from his position, put it to his ear with one hand, and used the other to gently pat one of the girls devotedly worshiping his cock.

“Hey there, Henry. What's up?” He said, letting out a pleased sigh.

“What's up?! You took off with an extremely dangerous, top secret sample! Where the hell are you?” An angry voice shouted at him.

“At home, getting a sloppy BJ from two hot college coeds.” He answered contently.

“Please tell me you didn't use the spores on yourself, Ed.” Henry said, tossed between exasperation and terror.

“All right. I did, though.” Ed replied, enjoying the gentle kisses on the tip of his manhood.

“Then get back here now! You're in danger, you idiot!” Henry warned. “Women affected by the spores eventually turn violent, and then they become homicidal. It drives them completely crazy, I already told you that! Get out of there before a mob of chicks fucking lynch you!” He asserted.

“And I already told you, Henry, my KUMM perfectly takes care of that unfortunate side effect.”

“Your...what?” Henry asked. Ed could practically see him clutch his nasal bridge in frustration.

“Kent's Universal Mind Muffler.” Ed replied, guiding the brunette to lick his balls.

“Aren't you lucky your last name starts with a K.” Henry still sounded peeved.

“It's based on my adrenaline suppression device. The one that emits a frequency which renders people docile and agreeable. Makes them follow orders easier.”

“You see, I realized the added aggression didn't have to be a direct result of the surge of hormones they experience. It's a natural response to having an unending urge they cannot satisfy, at least not for as long as they'd wish to. So they end up frustrated, enraged, and, as you said, homicidal.”

“And your Ku-- err, mind muffler thingy reduces their frustration?” Henry asked, now sounding curious.

“On the contrary. Their desire remains just as strong. Their brain is still overloaded by the excess androstadiene I'm exuding. But my device stops them from acting with rage in response to their frustration.” He twirled one of their silky manes around his palm. “Leaving meek obedience as their only remaining option. They are desperate with lust due to the explosion of arousal they experience, but they cannot bend their will in any way that is assertive, or demanding. They must obey.”

A soft symphony of kisses and licks emanated from his crotch area.

“We must obey.” the raven-haired cutie smiled at her friend, before taking his length deep in her throat.

“*Oh yeah, that's it, suck it!*” He pushed her head further down.

“And the best thing is, both the effect of the spores on my hormonal production, and the effect of my KUMM, are permanent. So there's no reason to worry about them ever breaking out of the proverbial spell.”

“Fantastic. But you still exposed yourself to a substance classified highly dangerous and conducted an unapproved

experiment in public. Get back here before the higher-ups get wind of your rash behavior.” Henry insisted.

“Relax buddy. Once I get the higher-ups some world class pussy, I'm sure they won't mind overlooking my independent research.”

“Ed...”

“All right, all right. I'll come back once I finish feeding these two lovely ladies, if you know what I mean.”

“Unfortunately, I do.” Henry said and hung up.

Ed sighed and leaned back on his comfy couch. “It's good to be an evil genius.” He closed his eyes with a smile, fully immersing himself in the pleasure the two young coeds happily provided him.

* * * *

Five months after that fateful day, Cindy's restaurant was functioning just as perfectly as before, with a few subtle differences. Jasmine's pregnant belly, for instance, was showing quite nicely, and her baby was due very near to her nineteenth birthday.

Her family and friends tried to get her to abort the pregnancy many times, but she would hear none of it. She never told them what had happened that day, because they would not understand. Not like the women she worked with, at least.

They fully understood when she told them that if **he** ever came back, she wanted to proudly tell him how well she was raising his son for him. She hoped it would make that wonderful man pump his seed into her again.

Jasmine stopped reaping the tips with her sweet, innocent smile, now that the patrons could see she was pregnant. But it was okay, Yana filled in just fine. In fact, she did even better.

Yana walked around with a huge dildo in her pussy, and some anal beads in her ass, giving her booty a shapely bounce every time she took a step. She also took to the habit of slipping suggestive notes to single men who ate at the restaurant.

Most nights, the Russian babe slept at some stranger's apartment, after submitting herself to any form of fucking they

wished to indulge in. It was her way of coping with the constant yearning to have *him* back.

Monica and Cindy took a different route. They fastened a collar on their necks, and had their voluptuous butts tattooed with the words "Private property".

They chose to become celibate, and keep their holes pure and pristine for the man who rocked their world so roughly and thoroughly.

The hot chef and sous-chef cultivated their sexual frustrations, hoarded their arousal for when the man their world revolved around returned, so they could explode with subservient passion once again. They stopped masturbating, and dating – No man could ever match *him*.

Cindy broke up with her fiance the same day she was left in a pool of pussy juices and divine sperm. He cried and begged, but she wouldn't relent, nor change her mind. She couldn't explain her sudden change of mind, and she didn't care to. All the emotional holes her former fiance filled in her were now eternally filled by the thick cum that wonderful man gifted her with.

Charlotte started working a night job. She stood in a shady street corner every night, and shook her ass like a flag, waving to horny johns to come and enjoy her sensual wiles. Ever since that man shook her very core, the lesbian became practically addicted to cock.

She became a nymphomaniac, for lack of a better term, happy to accept pinches and spanks on her behind from horny old men while she waited tables, and thrilled to get fucked by both men and women during the small hours of the night.

Her second job as an escort wasn't just for fun. Her girlfriend, Rebecca, was as pregnant as Jasmine, and the half sibling of Jasmine's offspring grew in her belly. She, too, was to be a mother at nineteen.

Rebecca refused to stop her lesbian relationship with Charlotte, and her family finally came to terms with that. What they refused to cope with, however, was her insistence to have a child out of wedlock, and raise it with her nympho, now bi-sexual lover, just in

case the man who planted the seed into her came back. They cut off all ties with her, but she no longer cared. Rebecca had her own family to worry about, now.

Cindy promised to give Rebecca a job as a dish-washer after she gave birth, and Rebecca already decided to join her lover on the streets at night, when the time was right. Together, they would really rake in the big bucks.

Yes, the six young women were happy in their place, and their daily routine. Working at the restaurant and dreaming of that man's return. He probably already forgot about them, and enjoyed the unspoiled bodies of many desirable cunts in his wake. And yet in their eyes, he could still do no wrong, even after abandoning them.

It was a sort of a public service, what that man did. Before he showed the wanton sluts how enjoyable it was to be free with their bodies, Yana would never have responded to the patron, asking politely to see her tits, with a sly wink and an invitation to the bathroom

She would never have waited for that same patron, who was twice her age, with her perky breasts already out, and her shimmering blue eyes sparkling with anticipation. And she would never have got to her knees to suck him off until he blew in her mouth.

Every man fucking Yana reminded her, just a little bit, of the eternal light of that one alpha who left all those months ago, and though he was likely to never return, Yana wouldn't want her life to turn out any other way. That is how all of them felt, and would feel, till the end of their days.

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