

# **Everything For Master**

By  
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SMASHWORDS EDITION

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Everything For Master  
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## **Sexual content statement**

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

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It was a warm summer's day, and the only reason Emma didn't go to the beach yet was because her mother insisted she'd stay in her room. Apparently, she had prepared a special present for her nubile daughter's eighteenth birthday.

Bored, Emma picked up a fashion magazine and leafed through it, lying on her bed, front first, in her bra, panties, and a flimsy, silky robe.

She had mesmerizing green eyes, a skinny body, and fair, smooth skin. Her blonde hair was long

and wavy, like a golden waterfall.

Emma always made sure to look her best, even when she was just bumming around in her home. It was one of the things her mother instilled in her. She always wore subtle make-up that made her look even more angel-like, and even though her perky tits needed no support, she always wore push-up bras to make her C-cup breasts look wonderfully buoyant and round.

Considering her looks and her sweet, innocent demeanor, it was surprising that the insanely attractive senior was not very popular in her high school.

She was a snob, there was no other word for it. Like her older sister, Sophie, Emma felt she was better than those riff-raff she went to school with. She was way above socializing with any of them.

It was better to be friend-less and have fun on her own – shopping, tanning, and working out to make sure her form remained the model for feminine perfection. That was her life, and Emma didn't feel like changing it.

The school councilor did try to speak to her about changing things, but Emma's mother insisted that everything was fine with her daughter, and that was the end of that.

A surprise knock on her door caught Emma in mid-sigh. She turned around, and jumped to her feet with a happy squeal.

“Sophie! Oh my gawd!” She greeted her sister with a cheerful smile.

“What are you doing here? I thought you were staying in college over the weekend.”

“You really thought I'd miss my baby sister's eighteenth birthday, Emma? I don't believe you!”

Sophie giggled and hugged Emma, lovingly kissing her on the cheek.

Sophie was nineteen years old. She had short, dark-brown hair, honey-colored eyes, and a body that was just as perfect and nubile as her younger sister's. She was half a head taller than Emma, and her breasts were slightly bigger. Rocking her tiny, tight shorts and cute crop-top, Sophie was a true treat for the eyes.

“So is this the surprise mom promised me?” Emma asked.

“Heh, I don't think so. She told me to go in here and wait. She wheeled the piano to the center of the living-room, though.”

“Oh damn, you think she's going to put a performance for me?” Emma rolled her eyes in exasperation.

“Hey come on, Emma, mom is a great singer. I never got a show from the great Dakota Darling on my birthday.”

“Your voice is much better than hers, Sophie.” Emma said “And I'm not just saying that cause you're my favorite sister!”

“Aww, that's so nice of you.” Sophie touched Emma's arm “Although it would mean more to me if you had any other sisters.” She added, and they both giggled.

Being so close to each other's age, Sophie and Emma were as close as two sisters could be. So it didn't bother Sophie that her sweet younger sister was wearing nothing but her delicates. They lay on Emma's bed together, on their sides, and chatted, catching up.

It didn't take long for their conversation to circle back to their mother's so-called “big surprise”.

“So you have no idea what the whole thing is about?” Sophie asked “Maybe it's just a surprise party...”

“Nope, no way. I told her I don't want one.” Emma shook her head vociferously.

“You're so weird, Emma!” Sophie exclaimed “I didn't have friends in my class of dweebs and uggos, too, but I still had a fun party. You're eighteen! And you're smoking hot, you need to strut your stuff.”

“To who? The stupid bums in my class?” Emma scoffed.

“Whom.” Sophie corrected smugly.

“Well, I'm glad your college fund is well spent.” Emma mocked with a giggle.

There was a moment of silence, and then Emma sighed.

“I'm worried about her.” Emma finally said “She's been acting strange all week.”

“How so?” Sophie asked curiously.

“Well, like she's anticipating something, like, really eagerly. You know, like that one time when she thought she and dad would get that Oscar for best soundtrack.”

“Wow, you remember that? You were like 5!” Sophie said with shock.

“Uhm, hello, you were just 6, Sophie.” Emma responded “Besides, how can I not remember? She cried even more than after dad left.”

“Well, she didn't cry all that much after dad left, though. Come to think of it, that was pretty weird, wasn't it?”

“Yeah, she took it well, or maybe she pretended to, so we won't be too sad and upset.” Emma rationalized.

“I guess so. So, what do you think she's all excited about? Your birthday?” Sophie wondered.

“I doubt it.” Emma said “The way I see it, there's only one thing that could get her this worked up.”

“You don't mean...” Sophie said with a stunned, slack-jawed expression.

“Yep, I think she's actually planning a come-back, and I'm afraid we'll have to be around to pick up her broken pieces.”

What Emma said left her older sister speechless for a few moments.

“Well, she could succeed, though.” Sophie finally suggested.

“Oh please...” Emma rolled her eyes at her.

“What? She made it once, before. She used to have lots of fans world wide, maybe she could rekindle that flame.”

“It was her AND dad.” Emma pointed out.

“Well, seeing as our father's solo career was a pathetic joke, and he is now living life as an eccentric hermit in some faraway third world country, I think it's safe to say that mom was the one with the actual talent.”

“Talent is meaningless in today's music world.” Emma told her sister, and then made a long, drawn-out sigh.

“I'm just scared this will break her. I mean, look at all these plastic surgeries she's had in these past few months, trying to look like she's our age.”

“I thought we agreed to never talk about that.” Sophie narrowed her eyes and said.

“Well, I couldn't help it. I mean, she's 38 and still trying to re-live her past glory.”

“She does look much better, though, doesn't she?” Sophie said, but Emma just scoffed.

“Oh, come on! Her skin is completely smooth, her lips and eyes look fresh and alluring, and...” She stopped, embarrassed.

“And her new tits look like a couple of watermelons.” Emma finished her sister's sentence “Is that what you wanted to say?”

“Well, okay, I don't get all the changes she's made.” Sophie admitted.

“I do.” Emma bragged “She thinks big tits will get her more attention and put her back on MTV.”

“No way, Emma! Mom was never that kind of artist.” Sophie claimed, but Emma wouldn't buy any of it.

“The world is changing, big sis.” Emma said plainly.

Emma and Sophie did inherit some of their mother's talent, though she never tried too hard to cultivate it. Sophie's voice was, as Emma attested, possibly superior to her mother's, and as for Emma, she received several rudimentary piano lessons as a child, but nothing more.

After their father decided to just up and leave the three of them, an act that resulted in the crashing and burning of their parents joint career as a married singing duo, neither of them managed to pick the pieces of their lives and move on properly.

Dakota Darling, their mother, stopped singing, writing, and performing altogether, saying she wanted to focus on raising her daughters as a single mother. Her piano, guitars, and other musical instruments would have collected dust, if their maid didn't bother to clean them every day.

Emma had to beg for some piano lessons, but even after her mother relented, she stopped it after a couple of weeks. Emma always thought her mother didn't think she had what it took to be a star, and she wanted to spare her younger daughter the disappointment. In a way, Emma both resented and admired her mother for that decision.

Having enough money to last five lifetimes, and a big house to settle in, the former pop star really did become a fantastic stay-at-home mom for her two daughters. She was always there, by their side, and Emma and Sophie felt they could share their innermost emotions and fears with her.

Every weekend, their mother would spread mattresses on the living-room floor, and teach her daughters yoga, and it quickly became their favorite time of the week. Sure, there were times when she was absent, doing some “personal stuff”, as she called it, but that never bothered her girls, even

when they grew old enough to understand what that meant.

If their mother would have raised them differently, the two nubile, skinny teens would have probably become wanton sluts who whore themselves out to get attention, and with their amazingly fit, perfectly proportioned forms, they would've become the city's main sperm-pumps.

Sophie even did a photoshoot for a fashion magazine when she was 16, and promised her mother she would never, ever, do that again.

Needless to say, both sisters had inherited their mother's looks, and could of easily made a ton of money off of showing their sexy bodies to the world.

They chose not to, however, even though they were very free and loose with their bodies. Somehow, it just seemed like their beauty was reserved for other purposes. Emma and Sophie were never even in a relationship with anyone.

Their chat was cut short when their mother walked into Emma's room. She wore a towel around her bust, her massive, surgically enhanced boobs tightly crammed. She indeed looked twenty years younger, thanks to the top-notch, perfectly executed, expensive plastic surgeries she went through.

Her hair was smooth and brown, like Sophie's, only longer, extending down below her shoulders, and her eyes were creamy hazel. Her lips were bright cherry red, and her cheeks were rosy pink. Her expression was vapid, and she was clearly excited about something.

“Okay, girls, I have fantastic news.” She said, and her two daughters raised their heads and listened attentively.

“A piano instructor is coming over to teach Emma an important lesson.”

“A...Lesson?” Emma repeated.

“Do...Do you want her to start a musical career?” Sophie asked, confused.

“Of course not, silly.” Their mother said, beaming with happiness.

“Then what?” Emma inquired.

“You don't need to understand yet, honey. It's not important.” Dakota said, adjusting her towel over her gigantic rack “Just prepare your young, fresh bodies appropriately, like I've trained you, and put the favorite red lipstick on.”

Emma and Sophie felt a sudden serenity wash over them. They looked forward with glassy eyes and a vacant expression.

“Prepare...Ourselves...” Emma droned.

“Like...We were trained...” Sophie joined.

Emma and Sophie shook themselves back to coherence after a few seconds, and realized their mother had already left the room.

They looked at each other with lust in their eyes and a vane smile.

“Guess we should get ready.” Sophie said, and Emma nodded happily.

Both teens went to the bathroom to apply the special red lipstick that they only knew as “the favorite”. They always dreamed and fantasized of painting their sweet lips with it, and it was finally time.

They smiled and blew lewd kisses at their reflections, as they rubbed the lusty scarlet hue across their lips. With it on, they felt complete, and looked like gorgeous, nubile, petite, and passionate angels.

Sophie dropped her tight shorts and Emma slid her cute panties down her long, smooth legs. The two sisters sat side by side on the bed, spread their legs wide, and started rubbing their pink, smooth, and tight pussies in circles, making themselves nice and wet.

“Ohh...Mmhh...Nnhh...” Sophie whimpered and moaned as she pinched and prodded her nipples like the knobs of a car's radio.

“Ahh! Ohhhh! Ohhhhh!” Emma squealed and writhed her trim hips in circles, getting closer and closer to orgasm, her fresh pussy quivering from her touch.

In the master bedroom, Dakota Darling stood in front of her mirror in nothing but a sexy thong. She diligently applied scented oils and lotions on her big, round tits, making them slippery, shiny, and glistening.

“Master likes big tits. Master likes slippery tits.” She whispered to herself with a sultry voice.

After rubbing the oils thoroughly into her massive mammaries, the former pop star sprayed a tiny amount of glitter on them, to further increase their glow factor.

“Master controls my mind and my body. Master can use and abuse me in any way he wishes. Disobedience is impossible.” She droned on, remembering all the times her master slapped her hard after using her, just to prove how full and complete his control over her truly was.

She would crash to the ground with a loud thump, her ears ringing and cum sprayed all over her face and body. He would laugh, and call her back to him, to kiss his cock and beg for more abuse. And Dakota would always obey, no matter how degrading or humiliating or painful. Her obedience was immediate, and her devotion unwavering.

“Master owns me.” She checked the big tits which belonged to her master in the mirror, and after making sure they were in satisfactory condition, she went to check on her master's newest belongings.

She entered Emma's room with a smile on her face. Her two youthful daughters spread their legs on the bed, next to each other, and rubbed their completely hair-less cunts with a delirious, horny smile on their flushed faces.

“Ohhh, hi mom.” Emma greeted her topless mother “Your breasts are really shiny.” The high school senior added innocently, her hips buckling as she frantically rubbed her teen twat.

“Mom...?” Sophie looked over with a questioning expression on her face “Why are we touching ourselves?” She asked with a confused frown.

“You are preparing your young bodies for my master, Sophie.” Dakota said simply, rubbing her baby-oiled, massive, perfectly round tits.

“Oh...” Sophie said, the smile returning to her face.

“Wait...Your master...?” Sophie frowned again, slowing her fingers down.

“Hush, Sophie.” Her mother said sternly “I came to inspect your work. Master does not appreciate

dry cunts.”

Dakota marched onto the bed with determination, and took a closer look at her daughter's pink, smooth pussies. She placed two fingers on Emma's wet cunt, and could feel it throb and tremble.

“That's a good girl, Emma.” She praised, patting her younger daughter on the cheek, and wetly kissing her on the mouth.

“Thanks, mommy.” Emma said with a sweet smile, and worked her fingers in her tight snatch till they were numb.

Dakota moved to Sophie, stuck her thumb between the teen's legs, and scoffed in derision.

“No, no, no. That's not wet and slippery enough. check your younger sister's cunt, Sophie, you can feel her rapid pulse on her pussy-lips!” She meanly berated Sophie, her clear disappointment making the nineteen year old hottie feel like a complete failure.

Her mother wasn't done, however.

“I can't believe that after all those years I've spent preparing you for master, you're barely getting your pussy ready properly!” Dakota screamed, and turned her daughter around so she lay on her stomach.

“You utter disgrace!” She screeched, and slapped her daughter's behind as hard as she could.

“Ahh! S-Sorry mommy! I'm sorry!” Sophie cried, actual tears rolling from her shimmering honeydew eyes. All Emma could do was stare forward at the door to her room, and keep rubbing her pussy, barely aware of her older sister's plight.

“Sorry isn't enough, you pathetic excuse for a fuck-doll!” Dakota cruelly chastised, and rained open handed spanks on Sophie's reddening behind.

“I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I'm sorry! Mff! Oww! I'll get my pussy ready, I promise!” Sophie begged. She wanted to try and squirm away, but something stopped her, some sort of mental block.

Their mother was always so kind, so friendly, and so maternal. Suddenly, in the blink of an eye, she became an insanely busty witch, punishing her daughter without remorse.

“No second chances, you pitiful piece of meat!” Dakota said with a twisted, wicked smile “I'll get this pussy ready myself!”

Dakota looked down at her daughter as if looking at a malfunctioning toy, determined to fix her.

“Just keep your cute little ass up and give into it, cunt. Think you can do that, you stupid bitch?!” Dakota said meanly, and rubbed her daughter's smooth pussy slowly.

“Yes, mother.” Sophie replied, meekly gazing into the distance.

“M-Mom! Ohhh Myyyy GAWWWWD!” Sophie squealed in surprise. Even after all that has happened, in her dazed and confused state, the failing teen did not expect her own mother to dive head first and ravage her teen pussy with gusto.

“Be quiet and get wet, cunt!” Dakota spanked her daughter hard, and said, angrily burying her face

in Sophie's honeypot, shaking her mouth and moving her tongue wildly.

Sophie hyper-ventilated out of breath, taking gasp after short, sharp gasp. Her pupils rolled to the back of her head, her body tensing to the point her muscles nearly pulled. Her face was plastered sideways on the mattress, her cheek glued to it with her own drool, which slithered from her dangling tongue.

“AHHHH! I'm gonna cum! Mommyyyy I'm gonnaaaa Cuuum!” Sophie screamed with a delighted smile, lost in bliss. She really thought she was going to climax from her mother's feral cunnilingus, and it didn't even feel weird to the well-trained, horny little pervert.

“Wha'...? Ohhh...Mhhh!” She bit her lips and frowned, pushing her butt up, pressing her young cuntlips on her mother's face.

Her body shivered as if feverish, as Sophie hit an impassable brick wall. She came as close as she could to orgasm, but something stopped her. Her pussy was gushing, flooding, and nearly squirting, but the thoroughly conditioned teen could not take that final step towards a blinding, soul-shattering orgasm.

“You stupid cunt.” Her mother rose a few inches, her chin lathered with her elder daughter's pussy juices.

“You cannot orgasm without your master's say so. He used to have me hold it in for weeks at a time, and eventually command me to anally ride him in a reverse cowgirl position, and squirt all I've saved up on the floor. And then, he'd have me lick it on my hands and knees whilst he whipped my back and my ass.” She recalled with a nostalgic, dreamy smile.

Dakota Darling looked back at Emma, her wet and horny good girl. She grabbed her cheeks, forcing the eighteen year old to turn her smiling mug to look at her mother.

“Sophie, get on your back and spread your legs. Emma, lick your sister's pussy.”

“Yes, mother.” Emma nodded sheepishly.

Sophie could barely respond verbally, but her body moved to obey. She lay on her back and spread her legs wide.

“Ohhhh, Emma!” Sophie moaned as Emma began licking her twaddle, burying her dainty palm in her sister's golden, flowing mane, pushing her face further between her legs.

Dakota moved Emma's fingers from her pussy, and started rewarding her better prepared daughter with a few delicate, warm kisses, groping her own breasts and moving them in perfect circles. It didn't take long for the nubile Emma to nearly reach climax, and of course, have it denied by her deep seeded programming.

The two teeny-bopper nether regions ached and throbbed and burned with desire by the time their mother rose from Emma's pussy, juices from both teen cunts dripping from her shiny chin.

“It's time, sluts.” Dakota told her daughters “Come downstairs with me.”

“Phua! Yes, mother.” Emma gave her older sister's muff one final kiss, and waddled off to follow her mother on shaky legs.

Sophie kept laying on the bed with her legs spread wide, trying to make sense of things, her pussy

feeling like it was melting with arousal. She panted for a few seconds, toying with the idea of staying and napping in Emma's room.

She actually managed to relax a bit, but then her body moved without her even willing it. She sat up, and slid her pert, naked bottom off the bed, her eyes glazed and empty. Her brain felt muddled and foggy, and as her body moved forward with certainty, her mind felt heaps of hesitation. Still, she could not fight her own rebellious, graceful body.

Sophie ventured into the living-room, and looked around. Their expensive wing piano was situated in the middle of the room. At its base, under the keyboard, was a very special seat ready for anyone who wanted to play.

The seat was their busty cleaning lady, Camilla, a 35 years old with a smoking curvy body. Her breasts were large, but not as big as Dakota's new boobs, and her ass was big and round and cushiony.

She was a fiery Latina from Columbia, always assertive and confident. Except for now, that is. She was rooted on her hands and knees, an unblinking, zombie-like gaze in her eyes. Her mouth was gagged by a red ball collar, and the words "fuck-pig" were written on her forehead in black marker.

Her nostrils were plugged by two hooks, attached to her doggy collar through a strap that circled her head vertically, curving her nose up like a pig. She was naked, of course, and a permanent tattoo on her big butt read "Private Property – Exotic set of three fuck-holes."

Camilla's daughter, Mia, who sometimes joined her mother at work, had a vacant, expressionless look on her face. She had small, round breasts that defied gravity just as well as Emma's and Sophie's, and smooth, caramel colored skin. Her form was petite, like a sexy lolita, and her pubic hair was trimmed to spell out the word "slave".

Mia was born when Camila was 17, and turned eighteen a month ago. She wore a leafy hula-girl skirt, only it was trimmed to vividly show her pussy lips and bubbly behind. Topless and seemingly emotionless, she performed a belly dance in a state of complete trance, writhing and bouncing her trim hips while lifting her arms and circling her hands. The young Latin candy certainly knew who to move her body seductively, and was clearly trained in the art of exotic dancing.

Dakota stood by the door, thrusting the heavy load of her gigantic breasts with pride. Emma stood a couple of feet away from the piano, naked and in perfect attention.

Sophie finished surveying the room, and her body took her to stand right next to her sister, their slender shoulders touching.

Emma smiled at her, and Sophie smiled back, their eyes glinting with anticipation of the unknown.

Sophie focused her gaze on Mia. Seeing the sweet young thing dance so sensually was shocking to her. Mia was always like another younger sister to Sophie, a fact that sometimes made Emma jealous. The thing is, Sophie knew Mia to be more innocent and kept than even the nubile snob that her sister Emma was.

Camila, the naked fuck-pig acting as furniture, was so conservative and over-protective of her daughter, she hardly ever let her go to school, choosing instead to home-school her. And yet, there Mia was, dancing half-naked like a cross between a sex toy and a belly-dancing marionette.

The keys to the entrance door turned, and Sophie and Emma turned their heads to see who it was. Whoever it was, he or she had the key to their private estate.

Sophie and Emma weren't surprised to see a man enter through the door, and he was clearly not

surprised to see them, although he definitely seemed thrilled.

“Well, well, this is a welcome fit for a king.” He said, shifting his gaze through all the naked and half-naked feminine bodies in the room. Sophie felt herself blush with warmth when he looked at her perky breasts and perfect form, her pussy tingling.

“You are my god, master.” Dakota said, looking at him with adoring eyes.

“I love your new tits. Think I'll try them on soon.” He said, and fondled her shiny, well-oiled, soft mountains, using both hands to bounce them together.

“My body is yours, master. I exist for your happiness.” Dakota said, smiling ear to ear at her wonderful master.

The man arrogantly paced past her, and walked slowly towards the belly dancing Latina teen, Mia. He tread the floor like he owned it, because in a very profound way, he did. He owned the owner, and by the rules of transitivity, everything she owned was his.

He gently fondled Mia's petite, round teen titties, and smiled as the youngster continued shaking her hips with an unmoving facial expression, staring into the distance mindlessly. He took a firm hold of her shoulder and hip, and turned her around to face away from him. The erotic hula girl let him manipulate her body like a doll, giving no resistance and stopping her dance once she felt his stronger grip.

He dropped his pants and let his raw, erect cock out, slapping it on Mia's inner thighs and rubbing it on her tight, shaven pussy lips, his tip tickled by the last fleeting remnant of her pubic hair, elegantly spelling the word “slave”.

“Here we go. Hnnng! Hmmm...” He penetrated her tight teen pussy with a pleasant sigh, as if tasting soup.

Mia's upper body swayed back and forth as the man pumped into her to his delight, her wet pussy cramping and sucking his member in, and her expression just as apathetic and docile as before. Sophie watched with amazement as the petite Mia took the man's cock without a single whimper, without flinching and without any struggle. And by the looks of her pink, slick, and full-of-dick pussy, it wasn't her first time.

“Just as tight as on your eighteenth birthday, my Latin teen sex toy.” The man whispered in Mia's ear, clutching her pert buttock firmly, before soundly smacking it.

“Hrrm!” With a solid grunt, he grabbed her hips with both hands again, and began to piston his cock into her like a power drill.

All eyes were on him and all mouths, other than his, were silent and docile, as he fucked the eighteen year old Mia from behind, to his heart's content, his crotch repeatedly slapping against her bubbly, petite butt.

He finished by thrusting his hips all the way forward, and tensing his muscles with a low growl, closing his eyes and smiling to himself.

“Taking the blue pill before coming here was a really good idea.” He said to himself, and pulled out of her with one quick motion.

Mia waited a few seconds in perfect, motionless silence, thick slithers of white adorning the depth of her tight pussy. Once he turned around to face Dakota again, Mia automatically continued her

luscious belly dance, the sperm of the man who just used her securely stored within the slit between her perfect legs.

The man took a moment to fondle Dakota's modified tits again. He may have come just a moment earlier, but he was already rock hard again. The pill he took promised to keep him going for at least four hours, and multiple orgasms, and so far it was not disappointing.

“What's new, cunt?” He asked Dakota, the enslaved matron of the household.

“Well, Mia is pregnant with your child, master.” Dakota responded, casually bouncing her tits up and down for his viewing pleasure.

“Already? Heh, that was fast.” The man gave a smirk and looked back at Mia, writhing her hips in perfect circles as she danced and danced.

“Not from your load just now, master. You came inside of her before.” Dakota told the man who owned her.

“I was joking, you moronic bitch.” He narrowed his eyes at her and said.

“S-Sorry, master!” Dakota spanked herself as punishment, and feigned a laugh at her master's joke, to appease him.

He scoffed at her with an amused shrug.

“Hmm...” He contemplated, rubbing his chin and walking towards the piano.

“Nah, I don't feel like having a kid right now. Have her abort the pregnancy.” He made his decision.

“Yes master. I'll take her to the hospital when it's convenient for you to not have her hot body around for a few hours.”

“Good, good.” He waved derisively, and stood above Mia's mother, naked on her hands and knees, back straight and eyes popping.

“Sorry, Camilla. You won't be getting a grandchild just yet.” He said and spanked her big ass forcefully – She reacted by jerking her head a bit, tightening her jaw over the red ball-gag in her mouth.

He got on his knees behind her, and teased her slightly gaping anus with his tip.

“And I know you're against abortion for religious reasons. Well, that, and...Hngh!...Sodomy.” He pushed halfway into her ass.

“But let's be honest, if I wanted to care about the moral stances of hot pieces of ass that I fuck, I wouldn't have learned how to use hypnosis to make women into my obedient thralls.

He chuckled, and started pile-driving into her, anally hammering her while spanking her with full force. Every time he thrust deep, Camilla's head tossed forward, and her eyes crossed. He reached forward and unfastened the strap connected to her ball-gag, letting it drop to the floor.

“Anything you wanted to say, whore?” He asked the curvacious middle aged woman he was buttfucking.

“Thank you for fucking this worthless whore, master.” She droned with a thick Hispanic accent.

“My daughter's body is your toy, use it in any way you want.” She continued monotonously, in rhythm with his thrusts into her behind. Her big knockers jostling together as he banged her.

He basked in the full control he had over the formerly devout woman, as she quietly accepted every cruel slam of his hips and every harsh drop of his palm on her jiggly behind. Emma and Sophie watched their housekeeper being assfucked, and so did Mia. Emma smiled sluttily, Sophie stared with her jaw agape, and Mia's eyes were cold and serene, dancing her cum-dump, lithe, lolita body for her master.

“Okay, put the ball-gag back on, whore.” He pulled out of Camilla, and spanked her behind one last time.

“You don't deserve any cum today.” He decided arbitrarily.

“Yes master. Sorry, master.” Camilla said, picked the ball-gag up, and fastened it back in its proper place, before returning to her immobile state, waiting to be sat on.

Dakota followed her master as he walked towards her two virgin, nubile daughters.

“Ahh, here we go.” he stood before Sophie and Emma, and said “I've been waiting for this.”

Shamelessly, he reached forward to grab a handful of each of their perky tits.

“Happy birthday, Emma.” He closed in to embrace her tightly, groping her pert behind in the process, his erection pressing against her slender hips.

“Thank you, sir.” Emma said respectfully, but was awarded with a harsh spank from her mother.

“Master is how you refer to him.” She disciplined her nubile teen daughter.

“Ow! S-Sorry. Thank you, m-master.” Emma said, smiling innocently with apple-colored cheeks.

He turned to Sophie, and gave her the same sexually charged hug, sniffing the perfume she had on the nape of her neck.

“Sorry I didn't attend your eighteenth birthday, Sophie. I just felt it would be more fun to get both you and Emma on the same day.”

“I-It's okay...” Sophie hesitated “Master...”

He stood before them again, his member poking between their sizzling hot, young bodies.

“Greet our master, bitches.” Dakota told her daughters, pushing them forward.

“Oh, uhm...” Emma took a cheeky step forward “Welcome, master.”

The nubile eighteen year old moved to kiss him on the cheek, but her mother stopped her.

“Tsk. Tsk. Tsk. No, our lips are not worthy of his face, cunt.” She told Emma “Unless he specifically requests it.”

“Then...Then where?” Sophie asked. She was still confused, but her little sister wasn't.

“I understand, mother.” Emma said with an open smile, looked down at her master's cock, and bent over forward to give the tip a nice, steamy kiss, keeping her smooth, long legs perfectly straight.

“Welcome \*Mphua\*, master.” She said, her voice dripping lust, as she slowly and carefully caressed his mast with loving kisses and licks.

Sophie stared at her sister's face with shock.

“Greet your master, Sophie.” Her mother insisted.

Once again her body moved without her mind barely even noticing. Sophie nodded, bent just like her sister, and planted her lips on the side of his cock, brushing it back and forth while looking up with puzzled, somewhat worried eyes.

“It doesn't seem like she's as...Ohh, fuck that's good...As cooperative as her sister.” The man said, patting Sophie's short dark-brown hair.

“Her conscious mind might still not understand, but her subconscious mind makes sure her body is just as perfectly compliant as the rest of us, master, I assure you.” Dakota said “You taught your slave well.”

He looked at Dakota coldly, running his fingers across Emma and Sophie's manes, while the nubile teens worshiped his manhood with their lithe tongues and soft lips. Sophie caught Emma's eyes as they both rubbed their bright-red lips on his opposing sides, and saw nothing but carnal lust and devotion reflected in them. Her younger sister's green globes betrayed not a smidgen of resistance or reservation.

“Hmm, I see.” The man said, pushed their heads away, and walked towards Dakota.

In a snap, he cruelly slapped her enlarged breasts with all his might, the same breasts she had surgically modified for his benefit. Dakota fell to the floor from the force of the hit, and gave a crying whimper.

“I see that when I want a hot piece of teen ass hypnotized, I should do it myself, and not trust her fuck-toy mother with it.” He berated.

“I almost blame myself.” He said “For thinking I could trust you to properly indoctrinate your daughters to their purpose in life.

“I-I'm so sorry, master!” Dakota cried out “Please don't be mad at me! Please punish and use me in any way you please, master!” She sobbed.

“Emma, spit on your mother.” He said, and prodded Emma with a slap on the butt.

“Yes, master.” Emma smiled and responded, showing not a smidgen of concern for her disgraced mother.

She walked a step forward, and spat straight on her mother's face.

“Now you, Sophie.” He commanded, and spanked her.

“Y-Yes, master.” Sophie's voice was still awkwardly hesitant, but nonetheless her body perfectly obeyed. It was demoralizing to see her mother in such a state, especially knowing that her own lack of enthusiasm caused it.

The man laughed maniacally, thoroughly amused. It was clear that Dakota did a great job with her daughters, just like she did with the maid and her daughter. It was also clear that his hold over her

was stronger than ever, and that she would take whatever he said as a god-given truth, no matter how much sense it lacked.

“Stand up, Dakota.” He said, and his big breasted slave stood to face him.

“You did good.” He told her, making her grin radiantly “I just love to demean you so much.”

“I’m glad to be of service, master.” Dakota, once a strong-willed pop-star, said with bright eyes and a warm smile, her massive, round mammaries proudly thrust forward.

He spent a few more moments being “greeted” by Emma and Sophie. They left clear, red lip marks on his tip, and painted the rest of his shaft an uneven crimson.

“I just love this color on my fuck-dolls’ lips.” He said happily, looking down at them as they lavished his rod with puckered kisses. Emma and Sophie finally learned why their mother dubbed that lipstick shade “The favorite”, and also why it was always “reserved for a special occasion”, as their mother put it.

“Okay, let’s start this piano lesson, heh.” He finally said with a smirk, reached forward to spank Sophie and Emma, and walked back to the front of the piano.

He sat his full weight on Camilla’s upper back, and spanked her butt.

“Come on, Emma. Time for your lesson.” He invited the birthday girl, giving Camilla a few extra spanks, for good measure.

“Yes master!” Emma jumped with excitement, and parked her petite, firm little butt on Camilla’s arched backside.

“Tits, Dakota.” The man snapped his fingers and pointed down to his crotch. It was time for him to test out her new pair of breasts.

“Oh thank you, master! Thank you so much for using my tits!” Dakota hurried over to where he sat, dropped to her knees with a loud thump, and knelt in the cramped space under the piano’s keyboard.

She rubbed her oiled tits one last time, took a firm hold of each, and tightened them around her master’s cock, which was still wet from her daughter’s oral service. With a merry smile, Dakota began earnestly moving her soft, cushiony bosoms up and down at a quick and pleasant pace, rubbing and jerking him off.

If her breasts were actual balloons, they would have popped from the pressure she applied on them – She squeezed her tits so hard they hurt, and hoped against hope that her master enjoyed it.

Emma watched her mother from where she sat. Her big breasts engulfed and encompassed his manhood in its entirety. He groaned and smiled as he looked down at her, noting with joy that his cock was fully buried between her soft, creamy hooters.

“Well, start playing.” He put his hand around the naked, nubile teen sitting next to him, turned to a random page in the song book situated on the piano, and said. Emma looked at the notes on the page, and set her fingers on the keyboard.

The rapid and slick motion of the tit-fuck made wet sounds, similar to the waxing of a window. Adding the gentle piano Emma started playing gave the room a very enchanting ambiance.

“That's lovely.” He said, and moved his hand between Emma's legs, parting them ever so slightly.

“Ohh...” Emma whimpered as the man she called master began playing her pussy lips like the strings of a guitar. She was already so wet from her lesbian orgy with Sophie and her mom, before, that his mere touch brought her to the edge of orgasm once again.

Emma already knew her body wouldn't allow her the privilege of an orgasm unless specifically ordered. So, with crimson cheeks and a rosy smile, she kept on playing while her master groped her perky tits and rubbed her smooth skin all over. She missed a note, at times, but all in all she endured it brilliantly.

Her mother's devotion egged her on, as the older woman continued working her tits hard, without relent.

“Sophie!” Dakota panted, trying to call out to her other daughter without slowing down her torso's vertical motions.

“Sing...Hah!...for master!” She said “She has such a wonderful voice, master. Even better than mine, in my hay-day.” She added, looking up at him with dazzled, adoring brown eyes.

“Yes, mother.” Sophie said, her eyes on the floor in embarrassed shame.

Sophie started to sing a wordless hymn in an operatic mezzo soprano, her voice tender and sweet. Emma and Dakota could both feel its effects on their master. His cock throbbed harder and hotter between Dakota's tits, and his meandering fondling of Emma's desirable parts intensified significantly.

“You're right, her voice is angelic.” He commented “Much better than yours was.”

“I'm so...Hah!...happy to...Hah!...hear that m...master.” Dakota said breathlessly “Her voice is yours to enjoy, master...Hah...Hah...And yours alone...”

It was at that moment that Sophie learned why her mother crushed her own ambitions of becoming a singer. It was simply not her choice to make. Her voice did not truly belong to her.

Emma writhed her hips gently on Camilla's back, letting her tongue out of her mouth cutely and panting in heat from her master's intruding touch.

“I used to be a fan of your mother's, you know.” He suddenly told her, pinching one of her pink, small nipples.

“Well, truth be told, I was more a fan of her looks. I wasn't really into the popish kitsch her and her husband produced. But damn, she was so hawt.”

Emma didn't know what to say, so she just kept her mouth shut and continued playing. It was getting harder and harder to get her chords right, in her present hyper-sexed state.

“I had to pretend to be a fan of her music, of course, so I could score a backstage pass at one of those big concerts she did with your idiot father.” He continued. The mention of their father filled Sophie's heart with mixed emotions of hatred and love.

In the deepest reaches of her mind, that still somehow worked properly beyond the haze of submission, she wondered if any of this would be happening, had her father not left them.

“Yeah, I convinced them to let me come up to their hotel room, I don't even remember how, and after 10 minutes I had both your parents under my spell.” He said.

“I told your dad all about how he'll leave his wife and children and end up living a life of celibacy, and taught his cute wife starlet about her new purpose. That was the day she gave up on her career and devoted herself to being a sex object in my possession.”

Something screamed within Sophie and Emma, but it was squelched and muffled immediately. The man leaned over to munch on Emma's nipples, before continuing his story.

“I had so much fun that night, stabbing one of the sexiest pussies in the world with my cock. The 26 years old Dakota Darling, with her rich almond eyes, tall and skinny figure, and legs that stretched indefinitely. It was the best orgasm in my life when I first came in her pussy. Of course, she needed to get an abortion after that, just like Mia dancing behind us.”

He laughed, and cuddled Emma even closer.

“It was always so enjoyable to degrade and humiliate her. I'd have her fetch my slippers like a bitch, and then I'd spank her for getting her drool all over them.” He began to wallow in nostalgia, while his long-time sex slave frantically moved her knockers up and down.

“I would tie her to a wall and dangle my boner before her eyes, just out of reach, and watch her mindlessly try to reach it. Ahhh...Good times.”

He sighed.

“She was so young and energetic, and now look at her...” He looked down at Dakota, her face covered in cold sweat and her tongue dangling dumbly from her mouth, hyper-ventilating as she exerted every fiber of her being to tit-fuck her master.

“She got old, despite of all the plastic surgeries I had her pay for.” He lamented, placing a hand on one of her gigantic breasts, and patting it as if it was a pet.

“She's just a tiny step above garbage, honestly.”

He turned his gaze back to Emma, wrapped his arms around her skinny torso, and smeared his tongue on the nape of her neck.

“That's why I have you and your sister, now.” He whispered in her ear.

“Soon I will deem your mother completely worthless, and throw her away.” He said in his normal voice, so Dakota could hear. She smiled up at him, happy that her daughters could replace her.

“I guess it's completely my fault your mom's career ended, and that your father left, and that you can't help but live like a choice-less, clueless object. You're not angry with me, are you, Emma?” He asked wickedly, casually drumming on her mother's big tits.

Emma's mesmerizing emerald pupils shook in her eyes, as the last fractions of unseen resistance faded and melted away.

“No, master. I am your obedient slave. I exist to make you happy.” She said with wet eyes and a heart-warming smile, her piano playing becoming more flowing, serene, and harmonic.

Hearing her words made her master's hips buck.

“I'm cumming! Hrrrrrr!” He held Emma tightly, not even looking down at Dakota, and licked the nubile Teen's scalding, blushing cheek in the midst of his orgasm.

“Hnng! Hrrrrm! Haarr! Yeaah!” His heart raced and his hip muscles clenched with every spurt. It put quite a strain on Camilla's back, but she was too mindless to complain.

He finally came down from the heat of his third climax of the day, panting and puffing wet, warm breaths on Emma's face.

He looked down at Dakota.

She still squeezed her tits just as tightly around his shaft. The space between them was pasted with solid white sperm, clogging it and gluing her massive tits together.

The big titted whore looked down at her cleavage with a grin, happy to see sticky semen glaze it and condense in the narrow ravine between her big balloons.

“Keep my cock warm in there, until it's hard again.” He ordered with a coarse voice.

“As my master wishes.” Dakota whispered, her face red from effort, and her chin glazed with one tiny strand of sperm that managed to escape her titties.

She rested with her hands squeezing her heavy bosom, barely feeling his cock in them, but knowing it was warm and pleasant tucked betwixt.

Emma glanced down at her mother, and saw how pathetic she looked, with thick cum seemingly sticking her breasts together.

With a twinkle in her eye, the nubile teen continued playing her song to the amazing singing of her older sister, smiling to herself and hoping she will someday be downgraded to such a lowly level by her wonderful master. Her life finally had meaning.

After so many years of escaping a social life and going forward aimlessly, Emma found her purpose.

With Emma as his personal squeeze toy, and his member tucked between Dakota's soft, silicone-infused breasts, not to mention the special pill he took still flowing in his blood stream, it did not take him long to get hard again.

“Am I doing good, master?” Emma asked her so called piano instructor.

“Heh, how should I know? I've never touched a piano in my life.” He said “It sounds okay, I guess.”

“Thank you, master, for enjoying my music, and my body.” Emma said happily, her pussy tingling. Her loins burned so hot, it would have been mind-numbing, but the lewd teen didn't have much going on in that department, anymore.

The more she accepted her proper place, the less thoughts she had, and the easier it was to truly dedicate herself to her master's whims and wiles, and forget her own pleasure, dreams, and hopes. Still, she nearly squealed with delight at her master's next coarse, horny whisper in her ear.

“Bend over the piano, spread your legs, and open your pussy up for me.” He said “I'm going to open your pink fuck-hole up for business.”

“Y-Yes master!” Emma moaned, tears welling in the corner of her eyes.

She bent over the piano, spread her legs in a perfect upside down “V”, and used both hands to spread her buttocks, displaying her pussy for her master.

He derisively tossed Dakota's tits aside, stood up, and positioned behind Emma.

“Nothing like popping a freshly eighteen twat.” He tickled her lips, and the nubile teen bit her lower

lip, getting ready for the pain of deflowering.

Sophie watched with horror, and stopped her singing.

“S-She's a virgin, S...master.” She said with a weak voice, barely capable of speaking against his wishes.

“What?” He did hear her, and glared at her confidently.

“Sh...She's a virgin, sir. Please, be gentle.” She finally said.

“Haha! Your ability to resist your deep rooted programming amuses me, Sophie!” He declared.

“Emma, should I be gentle, or ram into your hymen like a semi-trailer?” He asked.

“Whatever you wish, master. I am your fuck-toy. I have no opinion.” Emma was long gone, and her answer was written in the stars in her eyes.

“Looks like it's up to me, Sophie-cunt.” He coiled Emma's wavy blonde hair around his hand, and said.

“Now, apologize to me, and go lie down on the couch, on your back with your mouth wide open, and wait for your punishment while I pulverize your little sister's pussy.”

Sophie could not resist a direct command.

“Yes master. I am so sorry, master. I will obey.” She droned out, and walked over to the couch. It was a calming experience, to feel that total loss of control. Sophie began to understand why Emma let herself go so quickly and easily.

Before Sophie even lay on the couch, she heard Emma's deafening squeal.

“AAHHHHH!” He rammed into the birthday girl's flooding cunt with full force, tearing her hymen and instantly beginning to pound her like a mad man.

Blood and juices splattered from Emma's pussy as her master drove into her mercilessly, tugging on her hair and arching her head backwards. Her eyes almost fully rolled to the back of her head, and a delirious, defeated smile formed on her face.

Dakota crawled over to the base of the piano, to look at her master's cock as it enjoyed the repeated penetration of her youngest daughter's not-so-virgin-anymore pussy.

Her master saw her, and decided to give Emma a short break. He pulled out, and pushed his cock into Dakota's mouth, laced with Emma's pussy juices and virginal blood.

Dakota made sure to look at him as he banged her throat, stuffing her mouth to the brim. Along the years, her mouth became a second home to his cock, and the devoted slave easily took his rough face banging with pride.

“It's so easy to make you bitches do absolutely anything!” He bragged as he alternated between Dakota's mouth and her daughter's bleeding, sore pussy.

“To have you forgo any shred of dignity and cross every possible line of decency for me.” He rammed into the hot teen bending before him.

“To simplify and objectify you with simple mental manipulation! You whores are so pathetic Hnnng!” He spanked Emma, and increased the pace of his pounding. The mindless teen

reciprocated by tightening her numb snatch, tears rolling down her porcelain cheeks

He glanced over to Sophie, lying on her back with wide eyes, looking up at the ceiling.

“I’ll get your pussy some more later, twat.” He spanked Emma “If I keep this up, I might cream inside of you, and then I won’t have a fun way of punishing your rebellious sister.”

That was all he said, before unplugging Emma’s pussy, and letting her fall down to the floor like a broken doll, her face stuck in a deranged expression – Wide eyes, open mouthed smile, and loose tongue. Her eyebrow flinched and trembled and her whole body shivered from the physical trauma it had endured. Nevertheless, upon command, she would be revitalized and do as she was told. Hypnosis was a great tool to help the mind to overcome matter, even if that mind was shackled to another’s will.

The man walked past Dakota and Camilla, and over to the couch where Sophie lay with her mouth agape.

He didn’t even give her a chance to ponder what he might do. Mounting her face, he plugged her mouth with his cock, and began to hump hard, as if fucking a pussy.

“No better way to shut a rebellious teen up!” He grunted and said, thrusting his hips forcefully and rapidly into Sophie’s mouth.

Sophie gagged and choked, her pupils roaming in her eyes. Her initial instinct was to try and push him away, but her body wouldn’t listen. Her body was content with getting throat-fucked, jack-hammered into oblivion.

Her body was more than content, actually. Her pussy was getting wet, as though he was tenderly making love to her, rather than giving her a ball-deep gagging. And as Sophie lay immobile on the couch and took it, the feeling of losing her mind became almost tangible.

She wasn’t going crazy, she was just going blank. With every powerful thrust that pinned her head to the couch cushion, she felt an electrical jolt run through her spine and to her wet pussy, and she could almost sense losing another part of herself. It was like he was massaging her brain into full compliance, and Sophie knew she could not resist.

As the realization that resistance was futile dawned on her, Sophie found it much easier to succumb, trying to enjoy the sensation of having her body used like a blow-up doll.

It was so easy to let go, to tumble down the dark pit of submission and abandon all her worries and cares.

“Your lips make a great cock sheath!” He grunted “Maybe I’ll use your face as my crotch pillow from now on! Hah!”

She stopped worrying about her mother’s years of degradation as he humped her face frantically. She suffocated and gagged as the very memory of her sister’s deflowering vanished from her mind, even though it happened a few moments earlier. She didn’t even notice that she was spreading her legs as wide as she could, while her master fucked her mouth.

Her pussy was gushing juices down on the sofa, and her master finally began erupting in her mouth.

“Ungg! Hnn! Ahhh!” He groaned as he shot a thick, heavy load deep in her throat. Her mascara ran rampant down her cheeks as the nineteen year old gargled cum, barely able to swallow half the load deposited in her mouth.

“I want you to orgasm, bitch! Let me hear you moan!” He said, and suddenly everything turned bright and white.

Sophie gasped loudly, like a drowning victim returning to life, and her trim hips began to jerk and writhe.

The tides rose within her trembling, sizzling, virgin pussy, and soon enough she gave muffled screams and moans, as her entire body was rocked like a hurricane.

“Mmmmh! Nnnnh!!!”

Cum flew from her mouth like a fountain as juices squirted from between her legs, soiling the sofa, her back arching up and tensing rigidly as the young woman felt her first real orgasm.

It was done in a few seconds, which felt like an eternity to Sophie. She lay with her head tilted awkwardly, her brow twitching every few seconds and her chin and cheeks lathered with cum mixed with bubbling, foaming drool.

“Sh-Shank you, mashter...” She slurred out. Her gratitude was sincere, as sincere as a blank-minded little sex doll could be. Sophie was void and null, and her essence could only be filled by her master's cock.

Good thing he still had one last fleeting burst in him. Without saying a word, with a triumphant grin on his face, he moved down the sofa to her still spread-eagled legs, and easily slipped his cock deep into her slippery pussy, leisurely fucking her at a calm pace.

“And another cherry gets popped.” He said under his breath, sweating on top of her.

Her pussy was so wet that her virginal blood flowed as thin as water out of her cunt. Sophie didn't make a single sound, her eyes frozen with a crazy glare, and her smile static, horny, and a little creepy. She was a broken doll, and would never be anything else again.

Emma and Dakota looked at her with smiling eyes, oblivious to the fact she is their daughter and sister.

When their master told Emma to ride Sophie's face, to wake her up, the nubile birthday girl showed no inhibition or hesitation. She simply mounted her older sister's face, still covered in heaps of cum, and began grinding her hips back and forth, rubbing her pussy lips on her sister's face.

Her master was so generous, and as a birthday present, he allowed Emma to achieve climax, and wash her sister's face with juices, while he banged Sophie's spread open pussy.

Sophie received her first creampie that day, not that she was aware of it, in her deluded, exhausted state.

Their master was done for the day, and averted his focus to other matters. Before the day was done, their master officially owned their mansion, and had full control of all their joint bank accounts. Before going to sleep, he had his five slavegirls try and act out lesbian orgies he found online. If one of their performances was not satisfactory, he would have the other four spank their asses bloody.

There was a wicked pleasure in watching the mothers eat their daughter's cunts, and vice versa, especially the conservative Mia and Camilla.

The day ended with one final titfuck in the master's bedroom, this time with four pairs of large breasts, all pressing against his hard-on from a different angle, while Mia spanked herself in the corner for not having large enough tits.

As Emma bounced her squeezed titties up in unison with her mother, sister, and their busty maid,



“Strip.” He said simply, and they all silently disrobed of all their clothes, and stood naked before him.

He walked along the row.

“I know you're too old to be in high school.” He said, casually fondling the bespectacled woman, her conservative skirt and under garment at her feet.

“What's your story?” He asked, rubbing his cock on her loose pussy lips.

“I am Emma's teacher. I was worried about her.” She droned blankly.

“Emma explained that she belonged to her master now, and that I need to be punished for my impudence, trying to temper with her master's property. I am ready for any punishment you choose, master.”

“I see. Are you married?” He asked, squeezing her tits and turning her around.

“Yes, master.” The nameless teacher answered.

“Did you ever cheat on your husband?” He inquired, tickling her pussy with his cock.

“No, master.”

“Good, then fucking you bare-back is quite safe.” He said, and penetrated her loose cunt.

“Yes master. Nggh! Thank you, master.” She whimpered as he entered her, and started banging her at a steady pace.

“Any hot daughters?”

“No, master. Sorry, master.”

“Pfft, worthless bitch.”

After using the teacher for a minute or so, spanking her big butt to his delight, he decided she was just too loose and droopy for him.

“Okay, your pussy is boring.” He said “Go sit on that chair. I'll punish you later.”

“Yes master.” She said and walked to the chair he pointed to. It had a steely, hard metallic bar jutting from the center of the seat.

“Which hole should this go in, master?” The educated woman asked, intuitively understanding the purpose of the chair.

“Ass. Your pussy is loose enough.” He said, and added “And make sure to keep bouncing on it.”

“Yes master.”

The teacher spread her butt and sat down, ignoring the pain and impaling herself on the mettalic pole. She sat all the way down, spread her legs so the man Emma trained her to serve could see her cunt, and began mechanically bouncing up and down.

The phone in her purse vibrated – Her husband was looking for her, not knowing that his wife was now serving another man. Soon, she will leave him to join an illegal brothel in a faraway land, and live the rest of her days as a cheap hooker, making money for her master until she was too old to be of use.

As the final shreds of her free will faded, she lamented the fact she tried caring for the young, usually snobbish Emma. She knew it could be avoided, the man who enslaved Emma was much more interested in more attractive women. Filled with regret, she bounced up and down, and the light fully vanished from her eyes. Her regrets vanished along with everything else, and she smiled at her master, who already moved on to the next present Emma brought him.

He fondled and fingered the young woman who looked like a college girl. She had shoulder length black hair, blue eyes, and a fragile, slender body.

“You could be in high school, I suppose.”

“I’m not, master.” She said immediately.

“Okay, who are you, then?”

“I was worried about my younger sister. She’s in high school. I confronted your slave, Emma.”

“And?” He pinched her small breasts.

“She explained that the discarded high school pussies you’ve already used are engaged in a secret prostitution and porn ring, making money and degrading themselves in front of camera for your enjoyment.”

“Oh yeah, I like those bitches.” He lifted her leg and started fucking her raw, since her pussy looked clean and barely used “So is your sister one of them?”

“Yes master. You took all of her virginities, and discarded her like yesterday’s trash. Thank you for fucking me, master.”

“And did that bother you?” He asked “That I made your sister into a nympho-whore?”

“Yes master.” She uttered blankly “She dreamed of being a professional journalist. Her grades dropped, and...Bhhh”

He plugged her mouth with four fingers, brought her to her knees, and started fucking her face.

“Well, congratulations. You are going to start whoring out at your college. Let your grades drop, and live your life as a worthless slut. Send me some videos of you, and maybe, just maybe, I’ll call you here to fuck you or humiliate you a bit. Understand?” He asked, but did not stop fucking her mouth to let her answer.

Once he finished with her, he tossed her head back, and the college coed crawled outside, ready to start her new life. He sat down, and told the last, tiniest, most petite little crumpet to introduce herself. Her pussy was perfectly smooth, and her expression sheepish, playful, and innocent.

“Hello. I am cutie-pie Katy. I enjoy movies, hiking, studying, and being hypnotized to abandon my core beliefs, against my will. I was told that my pristine, virgin body is a vessel for your cum, master, and that I live to please you. May I fulfill my purpose, master?”

She looked at him with a hopeful smile and rosy cheeks.

“Go ahead.” He said calmly. Katy wasn’t the first of Emma’s little friends who politely requested to impale their tight virgin holes on his cock.

“Thank you, master. I aim to please.” Katy said, and walked over to him.

With glassy eyes and a serene smile, she mounted him, and guided his cock into her untouched pussy.

She wrapped her hands around him, and lowered her hips until her hymen tore. With a small whimper, the inexperienced girl bit her lower lip, and started bouncing, doing all the work for her master.

“Are you enjoying this random pussy I picked out for you.” Emma asked her master.

“It's not bad, Emma. She's got a cute figure. Keep up the good work.” He said in response. Katy's addled mind thought he meant her.

“I am your sex object, master.” She said as she ground her hips in circles “Thank you for using my pussy. Please let me be your cum-dump.”

“Heh, you're welcome, Katy. Keep bouncing, I'll cum soon.”

“Yes master.”

It was a quiet and serene noontide, and all was perfect in the mansion of the retired pop-star Dakota Darling.

Her master, the man who owned all the pussies he wanted, looked in Katy's bright eyes, thinking who might come looking for her, hoping that it would be a sister, or a female cousin that he could pop as well.

With that pleasant thought, he exploded in Katy's popped cherry, and fell to an early nap on the chair.

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