



**EXOTIC  
SHOPPING**

**WILL B. GUNN**

# Exotic Shopping

-----

By **Will B. Gunn**

Copyright © 2016 by **Will B. Gunn**

\*\*\*\*

## License Notes

All rights reserved. This e-book is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. The e-book may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient.

Thank you for respecting the hard work of the author.

This e-book is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or places, events or locales is purely coincidental. The characters, names, places or businesses are productions of the author's imagination and are used fictitiously.

The author acknowledges the trademark status and trademark owners of various products referenced in this work of fiction, which have been used without permission. The publication and/or use of these trademarks is not authorized, associated with, or sponsored by the trademark owner. All rights reserved.

## Sexual content statement

This e-book contains depictions of sexual situations and should not be viewed by anyone under the age of eighteen.

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

-----

Ivy, Iris, and Penny giggled and snickered as they browsed the exotic, sexy lingerie on the shelves. It was their first time visiting the

adult sex store, and the shopkeeper actually demanded they'd show her some ID's, even though she wasn't much older than they were.

Iris just turned eighteen the week before, and she figured she'll give her boyfriend a nice surprise – Herself, wrapped in hot negligee, like a present waiting to be unwrapped and enjoyed. Her boyfriend was a college senior, and the still virgin Iris didn't want him to get bored with her. Plus, she felt ready to finally give her first time to him, and she wanted to do it right.

Ivy and Penny were older than her, by a few months chronologically, but by years in terms of experience with members of the other sex. She hoped they could help her choose the right get-up for the occasion.

“How about this one?” Ivy held a red, silken outfit that made the wearer look literally like a gift wrapped present.

“You can wait in his dorm room on your knees, with an open mouth, and beg him to ravage you with your eyes.”

Penny and Iris looked at their friend with wide eyes.

“Wow, I underestimated your sluttiness.” Penny smirked at her skinny, black haired friend.

“Hey, Iris wants a night of passion, right? In fact, she's the one who said she wanted to give her boyfriend a 'gift'.” Ivy said with a wink.

Iris, a petite red-haired young woman with perky, firm breasts, looked at the silky underwear in Ivy's hands, thought for a second, and doubtfully twisted her lips.

“No, that's too much. I don't want him to think I'm a slut...” She said “Let's find something sexy, but not as revealing, okay?”

Ivy shrugged in exasperation, and put the item back on the shelf.

“What's wrong with being a slut for your boyfriend?” She asked “From what you said you wanted, I figured the skanky look was what you were looking for.”

“Yeah, well, I'll feel too embarrassed in that outfit, Ivy...” Iris admitted, blushing.

“Ohh, that's so cute! You're so innocent, I almost envy your boyfriend for taking your virginity. Rawr!” Ivy said and ended by

suggestively purring at her friend, lightly taking her tongue out, her tongue-stud sparkling in the neon light.

“Well, there you go, Iris, if it doesn't work with your boyfriend, you and Ivy can buy one of those strap-ons and pop your cherry that way.”

“Oh, Penny, hush.” Ivy snickered and said “You're going to make me want to sabotage their relationship.” She audibly whispered to Penny, not actually trying to keep Iris from listening.

“Besides, if we keep this up, her face might turn permanently red.”

Ivy and Penny giggled, while Iris tried to hide her face behind a Japanese sex-doll box, feigning interest in it.

Her friends saw right through her, though, probably because the box contained a toy specifically designed for men. Since their whole purpose of being there was to make the shy Iris into something her boyfriend would want to ravage, getting him another sex doll would be rather counter productive.

After cooling her, and her burning cheeks, down, Iris picked up a sexy pink nightie that would leave her lower buttocks, and a nice portion of her breasts exposed.

“What about this?” She asked “The lady in the picture looks hot.”

“First of all, the ladies in the pictures always look hot.” Penny said. She was a natural blonde with green eyes and an athletic, sexy, and slim figure, hindered only by her very large breasts.

“You girls are so funny.” An older woman chuckled next to them. She was in her thirties, and stood next to her husband. Their piercings, tattoos, and the confident expression on their faces, told the younger women that the two were heavy frequenters of the adult shop, rather than a bored married couple who wanted to spice up their sex lives.

Ivy looked at the man's broad muscles with coy, alluring eyes, thinking of what it would feel to be on the business end of a rough banging from the wannabe biker gangbanger.

“W-What's so funny?” Penny stuttered at them, feeling awkward that their entire earlier conversation was probably overheard.

“Well, look at you girls. You're saying the model on the *box* looks hot? Each one of you could get more money for the picture, if you replaced her.”

“I think what my dear, kinky wife is trying to say,” The husband interjected “is that young, attractive women like yourself don't get to make jokes about hot fashion models selling an unattainable product, at least not while sporting these amazingly fit bodies of yours. Isn't that right, dear?”

“Indeed, my love. And, for the record, if the model looks good with that thing, you'll look just as good, lassy.” She told Iris “Just make sure no other woman sees you with it, they might try to kill you.”

“Uhm, o-okay. T-Thanks...” Iris said shyly, and focused her gaze on the box cover, trying her best not to, once again, blush redder than a tomato. Feeling how warm her cheeks were, she knew she was failing gloriously.

The older woman looked at the box Iris had in her hand, and shook her head with a protective half-smile.

“Oh, you silly amateur.” She moved towards the newly legal, petite redhead.

“This isn't your size, girlie, look.” She took the box from Iris' hands, and pointed to a place that marked the outfit's size.

“These things have sizes?!” Iris gasped with surprise.

“Why of course they do, hon. If you were to put this on, then instead of showing your boyfriend a nice teasing shot of your cute little bubble-butt, you'll have your legs covered halfway to your knees.”

“Hey, speaking as a man, that would be hot, too.” The woman's husband said and laughed.

“Plus, won't it also mean more of her tits would be exposed?” Ivy asked, looking between Iris' youthful, pointy bust, and the picture on the box.”

“Hmm, that's a good point. Maybe this one is good for you. Is your boyfriend an ass man or a breasts man?” The older woman said, impressed by Ivy's sharp wit and lack of shame.

“I...I really don't know...” Iris' pupils danced in her eyes, she didn't mean her plans for her boyfriend to become such a public

discussion.

“I need to go to the ladies' room.” She said and excused herself. She didn't really need to go, but she certainly needed a moment alone to compose herself, and think things over.

“So, you seem like a very free spirited young woman.” The older woman told Ivy “What do you say about a threesome with me and my hubby? You are over eighteen, right?”

This time, it was Ivy's turn to lightly blush. Sure, she had more experience than Penny, and certainly Iris, but she still didn't expect the older woman to blatantly suggest such a thing.

“Oh, I will have to think about that!” She tried to hide her surprise behind an exaggerated, forced smile.

“Heh, no you won't.” The woman said “Sorry for stressing you out, girlie. How old are you three, anyway?”

“I turned eighteen five months ago, Ivy is almost nineteen, and Iris, the one you scared into the bathroom, had her eighteenth birthday last week.”

“Wow!” The woman looked at her husband with an incredulous expression.

“I have to say, Ivy, you said your name was?” The woman asked, and Ivy nodded.

“Yeah, I thought you were older, seeing as you offered to pop your friend's cherry with a strap-on. You have the making of a true slut, and I'm willing to teach you a thing or two.” She winked at Ivy.

“Yeah, I'm willing to teach all three of you.” Her muscular husband said confidently.

“This is getting awkward...” Penny whispered to Ivy.

“Oh, don't be a prude, they are nice people!” Ivy hissed back.

“First of all, I wasn't the one who offered to deflower Iris, Penny here was. Doesn't she look just like a barbi doll?”

“What?! No, I didn't?” Penny gasped “I said it as a joke, after you told her...”

“Yeah, yeah, that's basically what I said.”

“Second of all, if your teaching can help me land a fun-loving stud like your husband, who manages to pull off these many tattoos and piercings in his forties, I'll be more than happy to learn.” Ivy said coyly, to the delight of the older woman.

“Hey, I'm not in my forties...” The man said, humorously pretending to be slighted.

“You're thirty-eight hon, that's close enough for these little birdies.” His woman calmed him down with the same amount of jest.

“Well, since I now know all your names, I guess I should introduce myself. I'm Hera O'Neil.”

“Hera? That's a weird name...I think I heard it before...” Penny furrowed her brow.

“She's Zeus's wife, Penny. Queen of the gods.” Ivy said with a pretentious sneer.

Penny turned to her friend, raising an eyebrow.

“I would expect our gullible bookworm, Iris, to know something like that, not you, Ivy.”

“It's common knowledge!” Ivy declared.

“Is that your real name, by the way?” She asked Hera.

“Yep, it's the name my parents gave me.”

“Shut up!” Ivy gasped.

“They were sixties hippies. You know, breaking conventions and all that.”

“That explains a lot.” Penny said with a smirk.

“Yeah, growing up with an ancient Greek name is hysterical.” Hera said.

“Are those real, by the way?” She asked Penny, pointing at her big boobs.

“Yes, they are.” Penny narrowed her eyes at the older woman, and said with gritted teeth.

“Whoa, no need to get all venomous on me.” Hera raised her hands defensively and said.

“It's not you, Hera..” Ivy interjected “Penny gets that a lot, she's just tired of answering that question.”

“Meh, she should be proud, her knockers are amazing.” Hera chuckled.

“And use them, too, before she gets too old and they get too droopy and saggy.” The man said, but this time he received a poisonous glare from both young women, and his wife.

There was a moment of awkward silence, and then Hera turned back to Ivy.

“Do you have any tattoos of your own, Ivy?” She asked.

“Oh, I do. I got it done on my eighteenth birthday.” Ivy said, holding a plastic dildo in her hands.

“Well, show it!”

“Oh, no, I can't, not even in this type of store.” Ivy winked, her deep blue eyes piercing and cold, like a glacier.

“Oh my, you *are* kinky!” Hera tapped Ivy on the back and said “I'm officially reinstating our threesome invitation.”

“Well, now that I know you better, I might accept.” Ivy said in a sultry voice “And maybe Penny will join.”

“No!” Penny shrieked angrily.

“Oh, she's joking, Penny.” Hera told the busty gal with a smirk “You really ought to lighten up.”

Ivy and Hera kept talking and getting along, while Hera's husband shamelessly stared at Penny's chest, bombarding her with lecherous smiles and dirty winks, to her great derision. Iris returned after about ten minutes, with her eyes on her phone.

“My dad called.” She said.

“Oh? And what did count No-fun-cula wanted?” Ivy jested.

“He just wanted to check on me. I told him we were having smoothies at a seven eleven.” Iris put her phone back in her purse, and said.

“What do you think he'll do if he found out where you really are?” Penny asked, and iris looked at her with dark, foreboding eyes. She didn't even need to say a single word, for Penny to understand the implications.

“Oh, her parents are filthy rich.” Ivy explained to Hera, after seeing the puzzled frown on the older woman's face.

“And extremely conservative AND over protective.”

Hera smiled at Iris.

“I see, so I suppose they wouldn't like her plan to surprise her man with some sexy lingerie and an invitation for sex?”

“If they find out, her boyfriend might as well leave the country and go into witness protection program.” Penny joked, and they all laughed.

“Speaking of your boyfriend, Iris, there are a couple of things I want to advise you about.” Hera said.

“Oh yay for me...” Iris could already feel her cheeks warm up and her ears tingle.

“Trust me, you'll thank me later. First of all, make sure he spends a lot of time on the foreplay, and lubes you up real good.”

“Oh my...” Iris swallowed nervously at how blatant the older woman was.

“Don't be embarrassed, this is important. It can really make your first time a lot better. Make sure he goes slowly at first, don't be afraid to tell him it hurts. Oh, and try not to do it on some expensive sheets, blood stains aren't always easy to clean.”

Iris stared forward, utterly speechless.

“If he asks you to blow him first, do it. Well, unless you're completely averse to it. Trust me when I say, it will make the insertion easier. How big is your boyfriend anyway?”

“Uuuhhm...” Iris looked down at her shoes, saying a silent prayer that something, anything, will distract the Hippy offspring named after a Greek goddess.

Her prayers were answered almost instantly, when a tall woman, wearing a robe and high heels walked in. She disrobed the second the opaque door to the store closed, and revealed that all she had under it were a few leather straps, stretching between her legs, and around her tits, tightly squeezing her reddened cups, making them point directly forward.

She had distinct whip marks on her fully bare behind, a stud in her nose and lower lip, connected with a loose metallic chain, and two nipple piercings, both on the same engorged nipple, clinking together whenever she made a sudden move. Her hair was short and dark, and her eyes were black.

When she saw she had the attention of the five shoppers, and the surprisingly nerdy looking shopkeeper, the lewdly dressed woman began talking.

“Rejoice and squeal in delight, fellow pussies, for my master has decided to shop in this humble store of kink and erotica.” She said with a regal and steady voice, like a medieval town crier.

“Well, this looks interesting.” Hera said quietly.

Iris was the only one actually looking worried.

“She looks insane. What if...” She started, but the new arrival kept talking, cutting her off.

“This will sound crazy to you inferior women, but you are about to have a shot at the greatest opportunity in your lives.”

“My master has grown tired of his current harem, and so he decided to find new women to rule over, and make carnal use of. And what better place to find such an exotic item in his shopping list, than a store that sells sexy items only ladies confident in their good looks shall be interested in.”

“He shall be here soon to examine you. I was simply sent here to prepare your attitude.” She finished her speech and took a graceful bow, resembling a royal lady, except she was clothed with bondage attire and nothing else.

Iris, Ivy, and Penny looked at each other nervously, not sure how to react to what they've just heard.

Hera, on the other hand, responded quite quickly with a derisive chuckle.

“Well, I'm sorry to disappoint you and your master, but I'm already taken by this stud over here.”

“True story.” Her husband said, flexing his muscles at the erotically bound woman.

Unfazed by their casual confidence, the nearly naked woman in black straps gave Hera and her man an icy look, and walked over to them.

“How pathetic.” She spat, looking at her husband with scorn “A true man does not need muscles and physical strength to lord over the rest. You use your physique to boost your failing masculinity, because you know full well that, in the end, you are nothing but a beta male.”

Her words were so sharp and scorching, that both Hera and her husband could do nothing but stare, speechless. The woman turned around and walked to the center of the room.

“I was once like you, more or less.” She said, looking around the feminine bodies in the room “A misguided cunt. A lawyer who found fake purpose in defending the rights of those inferior rabble, unworthy to squabble at my master's feet.”

She stood at attention and lightly spread her legs, raising her chin up gallantly.

“My master taught me, with his mere presence, that I truly knew nothing. He showed me what I am, and used me to his benefit. He is an alpha male, a rarity in today's world, and he was born to lead the pack.”

“It is our nature, as women, to cower at his feet and obediently surround him with our feminine wiles. Just as it is the nature of other, less worthy males, to scurry from his path, and suffice with the overused, garbage pussy that the alpha tosses aside.”

Hera seemed quite angry.

“Okay, first of all, you and your 'master' clearly don't understand how mammal, male-centric, pack animal societies, such as lions and chimps, actually function in nature. I should know, I'm a biologist and my minor was anthropology.”

“Wow, for real?” Ivy said with surprise.

“Second of all. I think you outstretched your welcome here with your stupid insults. I like master/slave role-playing and all, but you are going way too far with your act.”

“Master will choke you on his cock.” The woman responded with an arrogant prediction “He hates mouthy bitches.”

“Okay, that's it! Get her out of here, if you don't want me to rip her head off in your store!” Hera screamed at the shopkeeper, a bespectacled, curly haired brunette with hazel eyes.

“What do you want from me?” She asked “I just work here to pay for college.”

“Don't worry. Your young body will be very pleasing to my master. You will not have to worry about your tuition anymore.” The woman said.

“It's time to start the preparation.” She added, in a foreboding manner.

“Oh, yeah, I forgot, you were going to 'prepare our attitude'.” Hera sneered derisively “And how do you plan to do that?”

“Like this.” The woman took one of her earrings off, dropped it to the floor, and shattered the gem with her heels. As it so happens, it was not a gem at all, but rather a container of aromatic liquid.

Hera looked at the crushed capsule, her pupils trembling in her eyes. She was sure she saw pink vapors emitting from the liquid that already created a watery puddle on the floor.

“What the hell was in there?” The formidable woman asked with fire in her eyes. Iris, Penny, and the shopkeeper had a terrified expression on their faces, but Ivy assumed a resolved and concentrated glare, looking like she was ready to spring into action.

“It is the scent of my master.” The tall slave said with a smug half-smile, and submission in her glowing, opal eyes.

“That is all he requires to show women what they are for. He has no need for muscles, or extreme endowment, because sovereignty is embedded in his bones. And more importantly, his boner.” She made a pun which, at that moment, was only funny to her.

By the time the woman finished talking, there was no terror, resolve, or anger on any feminine face in the room. The scent that travelled to their nostrils made their eyes wide and moist, and their cheeks flushed. Confused, the women breathed heavily and looked around in a haze of blinding arousal.

Even the stern and experienced Hera had a dewy eyed, almost innocent expression on her face. The only reason she kept herself from touching her quivering pussy, was the faint traces of her stubbornness, although she was starting to forget what she had to be stubborn about.

Penny was the first one to bury her fingers in her juicy honeypot, followed by the pristine and innocent Iris. The bespectacled shopkeeper fearfully shot to her feet the moment the scent capsule broke, worried it may be poison.

But, once the aroma reached her nose, and the heat filled her body, she found herself magnetically drawn to the sharp edge of the register counter. Barely noticing her actions, she lifted her skirt and ground her panties on it, until the thin blue fabric was soaking wet.

Ivy was the last one to fidget around with pink cheeks and slick, ruby lips, though it was clear she wanted to drive her fingers in her cunt with every fiber of her being. If her two friends didn't already dreamily touch their breasts and pussies, Iris and Penny would have showed shock at how resilient their normally kinky, horny friend was.

She was the last person they thought would be able to resist such earth-shattering, arousing temptation.

The near naked slave who crushed the capsule remained firm on her feet, a bemused smile on her face. She was used to the scent of her master, and was fully subdued and submissive to it. That, of course, didn't stop her from giggling and whimpering at the thought of her owner getting his hands on the new fuck-meat she just tenderized so obediently for him.

The women weren't the only ones reacting to the scent. Hera's husband had an even stronger reaction. Instead of red and blushing, his face was rendered white and sickly. The smell was so bad and strong, he felt like vomiting for a few seconds.

Beyond those initial feelings of disgust, the smell actually started scaring him. It pumped primal fear in him, and made him feel inadequate, and weak. He shivered in his spot while his wife trembled with lust, and could feel himself slump down into the form of a pathetic ghoul, a hunchback with no sex appeal.

"It's all in your head..." He mumbled to himself, wiping his sweaty brow with an even sweatier palm "It's just a stupid smell-thingy...It means nothing..."

The slave in black straps grinned, and walked his way confidently, her exposed wet pussy making obscene splashing sounds with each lewd step.

"You should run away, worm." She said with a clear, resounding voice "This is just a small taste of how worthless and tiny you'll feel when my master arrives. Cower, and retreat back to your sewage, your wife, if master likes her, will be well taken care of."

The woman reminded him of Hera, his beloved wife, and he looked her way. Hera wasn't even listening anymore. Or, if she was, the notion of being a sexual servant to that mysterious master didn't seem as far-fetched and preposterous, as it did before.

"H-Hera...We have to go...We have to get away from this...stench..." he tried taking her hand, but she shoved him off with a horny squeal.

"Don't touch me!" She screeched, disgusted.

"I have to stay here..." She said, frantically rubbing between her legs.

“But the stench...” He whimpered weakly.

“It's the most amazing aroma I've ever smelled...” She moaned moistly “I have to be close to it...”

Hera fell to her knees, and started crawling to the puddle on the floor.

“Tsk. Tsk. Tsk. No, no, silly bitch. You must wait for master. If you disobey, you will never be chosen to join him.”

“Mhmmm...” Hera brushed her lips together and whined.

The woman knelt before Hera and patted her cheek. The previously confident and spirited woman was now as impressionable as putty - Pathetic next to the barely dressed slave she angrily yelled at, mere moments earlier.

“It's so much stronger and better near him.” The woman whispered in Hera's ear “Like heaven on earth. Wait for him, and you may drown in this feeling, until he chooses to rid himself of your inferior presence.”

Hera nodded, and let her head drop to the floor. She kept her ass up, and used both hands to rub her flooding pussy. She didn't care when her husband ran away with his proverbial tail between his legs. He dashed out of the store like a frightened puppy, and she knew she will never see him again.

She didn't want to, anyway. Surrounded by the pheromones of a true Alpha, her husband will now forever feel inadequate to her. She couldn't even imagine spending a single moment in his reviling, weak presence.

Iris, Penny, Hera, the shopkeeper, and finally even Ivy, all played with their sexes and patiently waited. If what that woman said was true, and her master was actually coming, and if he truly reeked of the undeniable, mind melting scent that filled the room, then they would do anything to be in his possession. They knew it, better than their own names.

The nearly naked woman put her robe back on, and walked to the door.

“I must go now.” she said “Master is finished with my body, so now I will work as a prostitute, and make him money. I hope you all

share my blissful fate, and I forgive your previous insults.” She looked at Hera, speaking specifically to the older woman.

“I would have said the same, before master showed me the truth of who, and what I was.” She smiled at Hera. Hera deliriously smiled back, her cheek pressed to the floor and her tongue dangling out from her dark ruby lips, touching the tiles below her.

With that, the slave exited, leaving five attractive women to moan and squirm, in their wait for the man who's very arrival promised to turn their world upside down, even more than what a mere proxy of his scent already did.

Penny crawled over to Hera, her tits swivelling with every step, and kissed the older woman on the mouth. They both moaned as they exchanged saliva. Ivy and Iris started making out as well, the petite virgin ginger giggling and kissing like a playful kitten. She squeezed Ivy's tits, making her moan. Ivy returned the favor by diving down to suckle on Iris's small breasts, flicking her tongue stud on iris's nipples.

“Ohhhh...” Iris moaned deeper than she ever did when she made out with her boyfriend.

The cacophony of feminine moans and whimpers was interrupted when the door opened again. The five women raised their heads and looked at it, like entranced meerkats. There was no mistaking it, the man who entered was surrounded by an aura of flashy dominion, drawing their attention to him with the gravitational pull of ten suns.

“Alright, time for some cunt-shopping.” His voice boomed in their ears like that of a god, sending shivers of joy through their bodies.

“You bitches know who I am, right?” He asked, and they all nodded, swaying their hips back and forth and wiggling their pert behinds, looking up at him from their kneeling positions.

The middle aged, lightly over weight man was of average height. He walked over to the curly haired cashier, who was still grinding her pussy on the counter, and smiled as her pupils dilated, and she moaned in a frenzy of arousal, brought about by his mere proximity to her.

“Do something useful with that pussy and warm my cock up, slut.” He barked, unzipped, took her by the hand, and flipped her around.

“Ahh! Yesssss...” She squealed happily as he penetrated her wet honeypot from behind, as casually as he would put on a jacket.

“Call me master, bitch!” He ordered with a spank.

“Yess! Ahh! Yess massster!!”

His very presence rounded up the other four women like cattle, until they all knelt in a tight line, shoulder to shoulder next to each other.

“Now, this is going to play out a lot like a beauty pageant.” He informed them, casually banging the geeky, bespectacled chick.

“Except that in each stage, I will test you in humiliating, degrading, and sexual ways, until I decide which of you to take home with me.” He paused to think about it. “This might be less different from beauty pageants than I initially thought.” He added with a chuckle.

“First thing's first, I'm gonna cum in this four-eyed cunt, and you whores will take enough deep breaths to get your act together, and be able to stand. Understood?”

“Mmhh...Yes master...” The four kneeling women moaned and said in near unison, closing their eyes and breathing slowly and deeply, overdosing on his incredible pheromones.

The more they smelled it, the easier it became to process their thoughts. On the other hand, the more they took into their lungs, the more fixated they became on pleasing the man before them. It was an amazing, and surprisingly short process, that left them sufficiently clear-headed, and yet eternally subservient.

The shopkeeper didn't have enough time to adjust, however. She was panting and huffing, practically hyperventilating as he fucked her. She was far behind the rest in regaining her mental composure.

Her hazel eyes popped and her tongue dangled dumbly from her mouth, as her master stretched her arms back and rammed into her with full force and speed, until he fired his jizz into her.

When he did, her glasses fell to the floor and broke, just a moment before she collapsed, face first, trembling with steamy

passion. She wiggled her well spanked behind, perching it upwards, cum drizzling from her precious pussy lips.

Hera, Ivy, Iris, and Penny stretched their tongues out, wanting nothing more than to munch on the divine sperm dripping from her pussy. Luckily for them, they breathed enough of his scent to remain cool and collected, and stay where they knelt.

They had their minds fixated on the bigger picture, the most important goal in their lives, actually – Impressing their new master, so he would make them his permanent sex slaves.

“Let's start simple. Each of you strip naked for me, tell me your age, and one word that best defines your most appealing feature”

“Yes master!” Four high-pitched, feminine voices answered happily, while the shopkeeper slurred and slobbered her own submissive response, her cheek plastered to the floor and cum oozing from her pussy.

The first to walk forward was the youngest of the pussies, Iris.

“Turned eighteen last week.” She smiled and said, once she discarded all her clothes, and stood before him, naked as the day she was born.

“Virgin!” She turned around and popped her pert, petite butt at him, tickling her smooth pussy with her fingers, in an attempt to make him look at it.

“Hrrm, that's a treat that's going to be hard to beat!” He growled, letting her know that she fully succeeded.

The second to take a step with a docile smile was Penny.

“Turned eighteen four months ago.” She stripped down and got on her knees. “Boobs!” She said happily, squeezing her big, perfectly round breasts together.

Hera came next, and surprised her master with how quickly and expertly she took all her clothes off.

“Woah, those are a lot of tattoos...” He said, filled with self enjoyment.

“Thirty-five years old. Experience.” She said, writhing her body lewdly.

“Thirty-five? That's way too old for me.” He frowned at her “Experience? You've got to be kidding me! Get on your hands and

knees and raise your ass in the air, I'm gonna test those middle-aged holes of yours.”

“Oh... Y-Yes master!” The former lioness said like a scared cat, and jumped to obey.

He positioned himself behind her, rubbing his still hard cock on her pussy.

“Pfft, experience, are you serious? I'm interested in sex dolls who are tight, soft, healthy, and feel good on my cock.”

He secured his tip in her pussy, and slapped both her ass cheeks.

“You'll be surprised how quickly younger, inexperienced women learn to serve me like veteran whores, especially once it becomes the only thing filling their pretty little heads...Guh! Hmm...”

He fully penetrated her with a single stroke.

“Meh, that's loose. Like fucking a cloud...” He complained derisively, pumping into her at a rapidly increasing pace.

“Ah! I...I'm sorry, master!”

“Hera?” He noticed the tattoo on the small of her back, and read it out loud “You into Greek mythology or something?”

“No master, it's my name...” She said, her voice nearly drowning under the constant sound of his hips forcefully clashing against her butt.

“Your name is Hera?! Hah! Well, then I guess you should call me a Titan god.”

Penny looked over at her master with a befuddled expression.

“The Titan gods came before the Olympian gods in Greek mythology.” Ivy saw her naked friend's puzzlement, and told her.

“How do you know that?!” Iris hissed.

“Be quiet, sluts!” Their master groaned, and spanked Hera, who had a depraved and completely brain-melted expression on her face. True ecstasy is what she felt, having her pussy ground to dust by her divine lord.

He suddenly pulled out, to Hera's whine of dismay.

“At least I can fuck your pussy for a long time, kind of like a fitness exercise. Let's check this ass out.” He said, and prodded her

anus with his tip.

“Based on your piercings and tattoos, I assume you're not an anal virgin.”

“No, mas—*Ahh!*” She squealed loudly as the man rammed into her ass.

“I'll give you that, I've never had such an easy time fucking a woman up the ass!” He gloated.

“Thank you *Maste~r!*” She gave a prolonged moan.

He drilled into her like a jack-hammer, just as hard as he did her pussy.

“It's tighter, I suppose!” He grinned and gave a grunt, enjoying fucking and humiliating a woman with the phrase 'man-eater' tattooed on her upper torso.

He alternated between her ass and her pussy, spanking her repeatedly. Hera's eyes popped from their sockets like a drug addict, and her tongue swung from side to side with every rapid thrust. Her slightly droopy tits violently moving back and forth and slapping against each other.

She squealed like a vulgar sow, having her holes violated by a complete stranger, towards whom she felt nothing but submission and adoration.

“Okay, last hole, quickly!” He pulled out of her ass and growled at her. It took her two seconds and a sharp slap on the rear to properly parse his words, in her sexually intoxicated state, and get her head in the game, literally.

Hera slapped her lips on the cock that just roamed in her holes, and started sucking, trying to move her head just as fast as his hips did when he fucked her. Ignoring her gag reflex, sore throat, and any trace human decency, she slobbered, slurped and choked with the broken expression of a depraved harlot on her face. Tears rolled from the corner of her eyes as she mercilessly speared her face on his hard-on.

He plugged her nose with his fingers and exploded in her mouth. Her lips stretched out on his rod in the shape of an O, and her tongue spasmed around his cumming shaft like a dying fish. At that moment, Hera was ready to die, knowing she pleased the

greatest man she ever had the honor of meeting, and play fuck-meat for.

Fortunately for her, the man she called master was not done with her, so he allowed her the privilege of breath, slapping her away to the floor like yesterday's trash.

"Well, you can be useful for a good grudge fuck every now and then." He concluded "On the other hand, I can always over-lube my younger cocktoys, and use them for the same purpose."

"Master..." Hera said with a weak and coarse voice, cum that she couldn't swallow oozing from her lips "...Please..." She pleaded with begging eyes.

"Nah, I don't need you. Go kneel in the corner. Don't worry, I'll figure out a way you can please me with your future endeavors."

"Yes, master. As you wish..." She sobbed. In the past, Hera talked back to a judge who sentenced against her, regarding a minor traffic incident, but her master's word was golden and unassailable. The kinky dominatrix crawled to the corner, swallowed her tears, and resigned to watch her new young friends compete for their new master's affection. Needless to say, she was rooting for Ivy.

The other women still in line sighed happily with a soft "Ohhh", when they saw how quickly the man's cock revitalized back into its erected form. An alpha needed a little more than two consecutive orgasms to fully empty his balls

He cleared his throat and gave them an impatient, stern expression, prodding Ivy to take a step forward with longing eyes and an appeasing smile. She tore her clothes off clean, with a single yank, figuring she won't be needing them anymore, anyway, and wanting to impress her master with her skills.

"Twenty-one years old." She said, to the poorly concealed gasp of Iris and Penny, which Ivy didn't seem to care that much about. She craved naught but her new master's approval.

"Flexibility." She gave her best defining word, and demonstrated it by taking one long, graceful leg up above her head, standing firm with her toes pointing to the ceiling.

"Hrrrrrm, now that's what I call a spread open pussy." The man said "And I love that black rose tattooed above it, too." He complimented, causing Ivy to whimper and writhe her hips, with her

leg still pointing straight up. She nearly climaxed from the joy of being praised.

“Okay, last one.” He said after a short while.

Ivy took her leg down and gave a small bow, before returning to her place on the line.

“What do you mean twenty-one, Ivy?!” Iris hissed at her friend “You graduated with us.”

“Long story that I can't tell you. Don't ask.” Ivy tried to sound intimidating, but her flushed, heated cheeks, along with the flooding furnace between her legs, made that into an impossible mission.

Luckily for her, Iris and Penny couldn't stay focused on her for too long. With clear juices running down their legs, from what felt like a constant, mild orgasm, they found themselves looking back at their master with wide, pleading eyes, as the shopkeeper he fucked at his entry walked forward on wobbly feet, her college studies all but forgotten.

“T...Twe...Ahh...Mhmm...” She rubbed her cum-filled pussy with a stupified face, still not over the abrupt rush of arousal from the intoxicating man fucking her so hard. Unlike the other women, she didn't get a chance to slowly adjust to his sensual presence.

“Twebhty...” She finally slurred out, and fell to her knees, her eyes crossed and her legs spread.

“Ahhh...”

“Pfft, pathetic. Seems like you're pretty much ruined. Go to the corner and make out with that old bitch.”

“Ahaahaa...” She laughed strangely, nodded, and crawled over to Hera, who lifted her eyes with cheer, happy her master did not forget about her.

He stood before his three finalists, Ivy, Iris, and Penny, rubbed his hard on before their kneeling faces, and then rubbed his cock on Iris's face. It was the first time a man's member directly touched her, and the innocent young woman took her tongue out to lick his rod whenever it rubbed across her mouth. Iris never thought it would feel so natural to be degraded like that, having another person's crotch area rub the make-up on her pretty face.

He flicked his cock on her forehead, then tongue, and then shoved it in her mouth. The virgin Iris squirted out in climax, as his cock forcefully hit the back of her throat.

“Now, here's what we're going to do.” He said casually while roughly face-fucking Iris. “There are plenty of hot, sexy outfits sold in this store.”

Iris gagged on his cock, letting out muffled slurps every time her master thrust and hit the back of her throat. Her eyes teared up as he mercilessly pumped in and out of her lips.

“You whores will make yourself sexy, and then join me in the dressing room.”

“*Ung! Hng! Ugh! Ung! Hng! Ugh!*” He continued banging Iris's face, enjoying her muffled choking sounds.

“And make sure to please me, got it?!” He gave Iris an open-palmed slap on the cheek, and pulled out of her mouth with an abrupt motion, throwing her backwards to cough and slobber on the floor.

His cock wet with the hot virgin's saliva, he took a chair into the dressing room, and sat down.

“Don't make me wait too long!” He called from inside, and his obedient sluts sprung into action.

“I still can't believe you're twenty-one...” Penny said, instinctively spanking herself for wasting precious time.

“Forget about it.” Ivy told her, rummaging through the sexy negligee offered in the sex shop.

Ivy found a sexy catholic schoolgirl outfit, complete with a skimpy white blouse, an incredibly short plaid skirt, knee-high socks, and black heels. She shook her tush to the dressing room, before the other two managed to even choose theirs.

“Wow, she's quick.” Iris said, impressed.

Ivy moved the curtain and found her master sitting on the chair, looking at her while rubbing his cock.

“Hello, sir.” She ran her fingers on her chest, looking at him with alluring eyes and a lewd smile.

“I'm ready for my punishment.” She said, quickly spun around, and hiked her skirt, shaking her bare butt from side to side, inviting her master to spank her.

“Come here then, you bad, bad girl.”

“As you wish, sir.”

She lay her front down on his lap, took a deep breath from his mesmerizing scent, and smiled a sweet smile to herself.

“So, tell me a bit about yourself, cunt. One of the other cunts called you Ivy, correct?”

“Ow! No, master.” The young woman admitted between spans “My real name is Paige.”

“Real name? You're using an alias?” He raised an eyebrow.

“Yes master, I'm sorry.”

“Keep going. Tell me who you really are.” He urged her with another sharp spank.

“Of course, master. *Ah!*, As you wish.”

Paige, known to her “friends” as Ivy, was trained at keeping her secrets well, and was ready to endure torture. She never thought she'll spill the beans so readily, so easily betray her comrades, her oaths, and her country. Her master continued spanking her with glee.

“I am an FBI agent, *ow!*, master.” She said “I was sent undercover to, *ah!*, investigate Calvin Fletcher, Iris's father.”

“Interesting.” He gave a smirk and smacked her bubbly cheek again. “Your ass is red enough, now.” He decided, standing up.

“Why don't you show me how flexible you are again, and keep telling me all your secrets.”

“*Oh, master!* I'll be so happy to!”

Iris sat on the chair he vacated, and spread both legs so her toes touched behind her head, literally spreading her soaking pussy as wide as humanly possible.

“Oh, that's lovely!” Her master exclaimed and quickly penetrated her, strongly pinching her tits, to keep her balanced on the chair, in her contorted pose.

“Did the FBI teach you how to be this fucking flexible?”

“*Nnh!* No master.” Ivy replied “They trained me in fire-arms, covert operations, and, *oh god fuck me! Ahh! Master!*”

“And...?” He slowed down his pumping and demanded.

“And...and martial arts, master.”

“And Iris's father?” He inquired curiously, casually moving his dick in and out of her.

“He's a rich high-tech mogul. We've received intelligence that he might be in cahoots with a terrorist group looking to hack computers around the world and release people's private information, along with secret government data.” She told him.

“Oh dear me.” He started ramming harder into her “Why would he do that?”

“*Ahh!* I-I haven't found out yet.” Paige said, staring at his cock as it repeatedly stabbed her tight, smooth pussy.

“Pfft, useless cunt. I'm sure the world will be okay without your help.” He took a deep breath to enjoy the warmth and tightness of her wet cunt.

“What a good, flexible fuck-toy you are, though!” He added with a deep groan of pleasure.

He pulled out of her and sprayed his jizz all over her midriff. Feeling his gooeey load land on her well-toned, skinny body made her squirt her own juices onto the floor. She had reached plenty of orgasms in her life, three of them since her master walked into the sex shop, but she had never squirted until her skin came in direct contact with her master's gift.

“I'll definitely be keeping you.” He said contently, and the athletic, trim whore felt her pussy tremble with excitement.

“Oh master, thank you so much!”

“Get out of here, call the next cunt in. I still have more fucking in me.”

Paige crawled out of the dressing room, wiggling her butt just in case her master was watching, and stopped near Penny and Iris.

“Next.” She said simply, her lean belly glistening with his exertions. Penny and iris's tongues came out of their mouths, almost involuntarily, and pointed at the white deposit on their friend's midriff, as they dreamed of licking it.

Penny was the first to awaken herself from her cum drunkenness, and remind herself that their master is waiting. Without telling Iris, she scurried into the dressing room, giggling when she heard Iris let out a somewhat droned out “Heeeeyy...”

She realized her friend was already in the dressing room, and instead of harking about it, Iris arched her neck down and licked the cum off of Paige.

“Ohh, bring me some!” Paige took firm hold of Iris's cheeks, and brought her lips up for a passionate, cum-sharing kiss.

They entwined their tongues passionately, until iris pulled back.

“I heard what you told master, Ivy, or should I say Paige.” Iris looked her in the eyes with naive wide eyes and a passive smile.

“I...I'm sorry, Iris.”

“Is it true, about my dad?” The sizzling redhead asked.

“I think so.” Paige nodded.

Iris surprised Paige when she started chuckling.

“This explains so much. Why you always knew all sorts of things a girl with your attitude shouldn't know, and how you managed to outrun Rick and take my necklace back from him, and why he looked so scared when he apologized.”

“Yeah...” Paige smirked “I might not have been the best undercover agent.”

“You were great, Ivy.” Iris said with a sweet smile and caring eyes, and arched her head down to lick some more of her master's sperm from Paige's lean, shiny belly.

“You're not mad?” Paige asked.

“It doesn't matter anymore.” Iris said, moving her face forward.

“We belong to master now.” They kissed with an audible wet smack.

“Let bygones be bygones.”

“Hmm, 'kaaaaay.” Paige moaned warmly. “Looks like I will be a part of your deflowering, after all, huh?” She said with a kind smile.

“Your lips are so sweet, Ivy, almost like master's cock.” Iris giggled. “I...I mean Paige...” She added awkwardly.

“You can keep calling me Ivy.” Paige gave Iris another wet peck.

“Okay...” Iris smiled, blushing.

Hera found the nerves to crawl over to them, shivering as she detached herself from sixty-nine-ing the brain addled shopkeeper, momentarily going against her master's express command.

“Did he like you? Will he keep you?” Hera asked the young woman she knew as Ivy.

“Yeah.” Paige said and kissed the older woman on the lips, letting her taste another dose of their master's cum.

“He said he'll definitely keep me.”

“I'm so happy for you! You'll be such a good little tramp for him, I know it.”

“I wish you could join me, Hera. You're such a cool, slutty lady.” Paige said with a giggle, not really caring for telling the woman she just met an hour earlier that her name wasn't actually Ivy.

“I'm too old to please master...”

“Will you go back to that cowardly husband of yours?” Iris asked.

“Iris! That's not nice. They seemed to have a real connection with one another.” Paige reprimanded her brazen, young friend.

“It's okay, Ivy.” Hera said “I'll never go back to that rat. We were married for fifteen years, in which he duped me into thinking I knew what love was. Master is the only one I love, now.” She paused, saddened by the fact her master passed on owning her.

“I should go back to that slobbering mess over there,” She looked back at the shopkeeper, driving four fingers into her cunt and writhing her tongue desperately with unfocused eyes and a twisted expression.

“Before she fucks herself to death, heh.” She snickered, and crawled away. Paige sighed and turned back to Iris.

“Gimme some more sugar, luv, before you prepare for master.” She said with a breathy voice, and locked lips with the petite teen.

In the dressing room, the alpha male already began indulging in the wiles of his busty Penny-slave. She walked into the dressing room with nothing but fishnets on her legs and a tape that held her big, round breasts together, creating a perfect fuck-hole out of her two mountainous mounds.

Her master didn't even care enough about her to ask her personal questions. All he did was push her to the ground and start pumping between her soft, round, cushiony fun-bags.

“Ohh, fuck my tits, master!” The young woman folded her arms behind her back and moaned, as her master rammed his well-

lubricated manhood in and out of her perfectly pressed-together mammaries.

“Master I love pleasing you so much!” She declared cheerfully, looking up at him as his cock and hands kneaded her boobs like dough.

She never had a man's cock roaming between her jugs before, mainly because she never thought she'd derive any enjoyment from it. She was right, of course. Her pussy would not have quivered under the yoke of any normal man fucking her tits.

The only reason she reached an orgasm from her tits being fucked was because of the special aroma that reeked from her master, filling her brain with a carnal passion to please and obey him.

He didn't stop thrusting his hips back and forth until he came in the valley between her bountiful hills. It was like a titty creampie, his thick sperm further gluing her breasts together.

“Ohh, thank you master. Thank you so much...”

“Hmm. Hehehe.”

He laughed as he wiped his cock in her golden hair, and sent her away with cum dripping knockers.

The sperm gathered at the top of her cleavage like a saucer of thick, sticky milk. Paige immediately lunged at it and began gulping it down, fighting Penny for the cummy load on her tits.

“Heyyy, it's mine!” Penny complained.

“I can subdue you and render you unconscious in five seconds, Penny. You don't mind sharing with me, do you?” Paige said with a piercing glare, threatening Penny while licking her tits.

“Y-You're mean...” Penny whined “I guess at least that wasn't part of your 'Ivy' act.” She jested, and agreed to the suggested compromise from the well trained secret-agent/cum-gulper.

Iris knew it was her turn, so she did her best to ignore the kneeling saucer of jism called Penny, and gandered over to where her master waited, ready and willing to give him what she first intended to present her boyfriend: Her ripe cherry.

Now that her silly inhibitions were gone, swept away by her obsession with being near her master and being his fuck-toy, Iris was

happy to let Paige/Ivy help her prepare. She put on the red outfit that Paige first suggested, the one that resembled a gift wrap, fitted with a red ribbon belt to go around her waist, a similar red strap to hug her bust, and red-ribboned collar around her neck.

To prepare her even better, Paige found a gag with a cock sized hole in it, keeping her mouth open at just the right shape, at all times, making her look like a blowjob machine. Of course, it also kept her from talking, so Paige took some special body paint and wrote a message on Iris's tits, for her master to read: *A good slave is always quiet and agreeable*

She knelt before him with her hands behind her back, looked up with her mouth agape, thanks to the gag, and waited with a calm, patient expression that somehow managed to hide the fire burning between her legs – The one she wanted him to douse with his cum.

His cock was a little limp, but the act of slapping it on the young virgin's face and groping her slim body brought him back up very quickly.

“Ung! Ugh! Ung! Hng!” It was much easier for him to fuck her throat with the help of the gag. What's more, it was easier for her to focus on playfully twirling her tongue around his shaft, now that the special gag in her mouth took care of keeping her soft, cherry lips open.

“Well, you can't talk, so I guess I will.” He casually said as he orally banged her.

“Hrrm, almost time for the main event! Your hot, little, tight pussy!

Every time he hammered into her face, Iris got an urge to finger her pussy bloody, but she showed her best restraint, and waited for her master to be ready to hump her, himself.

When he pulled out of her mouth and sat back down, inviting her to sit on him, she knew the wait was worth it.

She sighed happily and spread her legs above his towering shaft, and guided her hips to the correct place, without using her hands. He aimed his cock to her opening, and soon his tip was secured in her warm, tight, slippery lips.

She couldn't talk due to the gag, so she tried to convey her gratitude with her eyes alone, before bearing down on his crotch, and brutally tearing her own hymen, just like he wanted her to.

“HmMMM! Mmm! Mmmmmmm! HmMMM!” Muffled squeals escaped her mouth as blood trickled from her pink, deflowered pussy. She relentlessly hopped her feather light and bunny soft body on him, taking as much pleasure from him roaming within her, as pain from her brutally torn hymen.

She dreamed of that moment being very different, but in the end, Iris wouldn't have it any other way. Her pussy was so wet, that it was easy for the man sitting under her to grab her petite, bubbly behind, and bounce her ass with his arms until his muscles strained, and his cum shot deep into her.

“Ohh master...” She collapsed face first on his chest, panting slowly with a happy smile on her face.

“I love you so much.”

Two minutes of rest later, and their master emerged from the dressing room, bending Iris before him, and casually pumping into her as he walked.

“Ohh, look, a popped cherry!” Paige cheered, and the four bitches, who were all busy passionately making out on the floor, got up to their knees and clapped joyfully, making their titties bounce.

“I'm so happy for you, Iris!” Penny called out to her friend, though Iris was barely listening, still within the after-glow of losing her virginity to her master in the most demeaning of ways. The smile on her face was truly inextinguishable.

He rammed into her one last time, pressing his crotch to her backside, and finally fully depleted his balls into her.

“Okay, I've made my decision, I'll take you three to my place.” He pointed to Paige and Penny, and spanked iris as he pulled out of her.

“Oh thank you master! Thank you so much!” Penny jumped up and down, on her knees, making her cum-covered big boobs swing and clap jovially. Iris slumped to her knees once her master pulled out, and rubbed her snatch, to gather some semen on her fingers, and lick it with a meek smile.

“As for the two of you.” He turned to Hera and the shopkeeper “Give me your phone numbers and bank account info, so I can use whatever money you make, whenever I wish to. You'll have to work hard to make as much money as you can for me, by the way.”

“Yes master!” Hera knelt upright and said like an obedient soldier.

“Yesh mashter...” The shopkeeper slurred out, her eyes dumbly crossed, barely comprehending that her master decided she was unworthy to serve him.

“Heh, I guess that one will have to whore herself out.”

Paige shivered, her head down in shame.

“M-Master, please...” She started, and swallowed nervously “Please take Hera, as well.”

“Hmm?” He asked, raising an eyebrow “Why? I'm barely getting any friction fucking her loose fuck-hole.”

“I beg of you, master! You can use her as fucking exercise, like you said. And! And she can clean and cook for you!”

“I don't need exercise because I get all the pussy I want, anyway. And, as for cooking and cleaning, I have professional maids I took from a mansion, along with the sweet heiress, and two chefs from Michelin star restaurants fixing my meals.”

He looked around his slavegirls, and saw that all of them stared with pleading, sad eyes, except for the shopkeeper -She was still cross-eyed and writhing her hips aimlessly.

“Meh, what the hell, I'll find something to do with you.” He finally said, bringing yet another round of cheer and applause from the naked, kneeling women.

“Slave moral is also important, I suppose. Well, follow me.” He said, and led the four women outside.

“I'll have to call someone about that numbskull shopkeeper.” He sneered “Just to pick her up and put her in a brothel or something, where she can be of use. I really should start waiting a while to let the bitches get used to my presence, before I fuck 'em...”

With that realization, he loaded his new acquisitions to his limousine, told his topless driver to put the pedal to the metal, and took a nap while his slaves slobbered on his limp manhood,

caressing it in desperate attempts to receive another eruption of their now favorite treat.

In a nearby back alley, Hera's ex husband found the discarded slave that hailed her master's approach, pinned her to the wall, and fucked her as hard as he could.

"Ohh fuck me, sir, I'm your worthless whore! Ahhh!" She moaned shamelessly as he banged her, knowing no one will hear her in the vicinity of the derelict ally.

"Yeah! That's right, you slut! You are nothing compared to me! Harr!" He growled and grunted "You or your master! I will go back there and take Hera back and..."

"She's already gone, you buffoon." The nearly naked whore said coldly, causing him to make an angered face and slow his pumping.

"What did you say?" He seethed through gritted teeth.

"She's his slave now, and she doesn't want anything to do with you." She stressed out with a serious, factual tone.

"If you approach our master, you will feel sickly and weak, and cower away. And then you might never be virile again, even with the help of a cheap, submissive whore like me."

"Fucking bitch..." He whined, her words reminding him of the presence he felt once she introduced her master's scent to the sex shop. The scent that made him feel so shrunken, shriveled, and inadequate.

"I already told you. Beta males like you can only hope to enjoy his sloppy seconds, me, for example. That is what I'm here for." She turned to face him and smiled, her nipple piercings clinking gently.

"So just forget about your wife, forget your fantasies of being superior to my master in any way, and fuck me."

She patted his cheek.

"So long as you pay my reasonable fee, I will speak whichever words you wish me to. Unless you demand me to defame or slander my master, that is."

"And the money I give you will go to *him*." He spat acid as he said that last word.

"Yes." She said casually, and turned around to point her ass out for him again "It's your choice."

“Argh!” There a pause, and then a bestial grunt, before he impaled her once again, drowning his anger on her welcoming body.

He didn't even know that the limo he just saw passing on the road contained his now willfully enslaved wife. The strong spirited tigress he once knew was gone, though. Instead, Hera grovelled before her napping master, licking his balls like the goddess and mentor of subservient sex kittens.

###