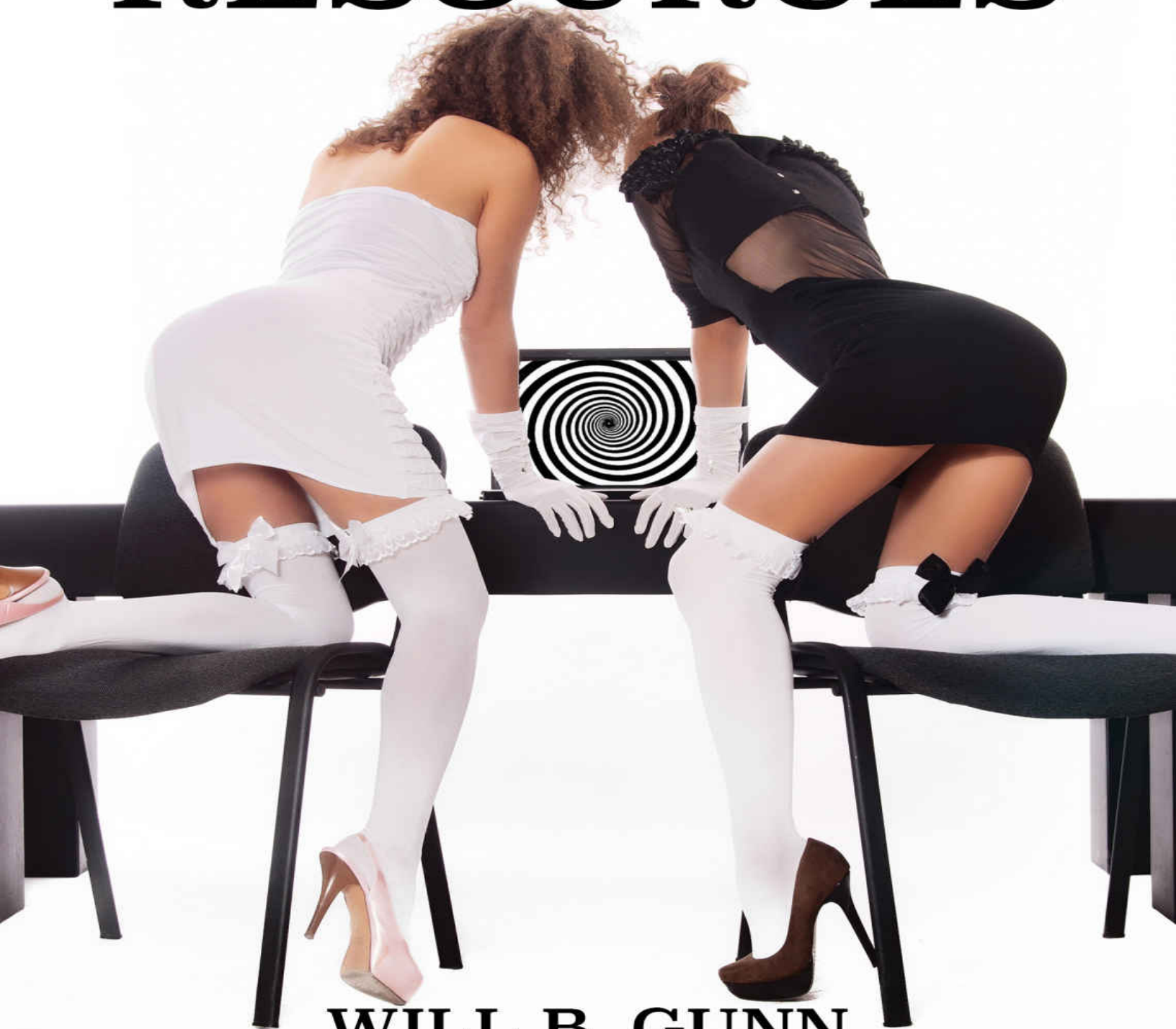


# HUMAN RESOURCES



WILL B. GUNN

# Human Resources

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By **Will B. Gunn**

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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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Peter's boss, Gretchen, Knelt before him in her office. She had spirals in her eyes, under her stylish glasses, and she wrapped her

massive tits tightly around his bulging shaft. She had two push pins stuck through her nipples, courtesy of Peter's sadistic and vengeful mind. He just finished pricking a third one through her right nipple.

"Does it hurt, cunt?" He asked, enjoying the soft embrace of her big breasts on his cock, somewhat moistened by her own drool.

"Y-Yes master. *Nngh.*" She grimaced, gently bouncing her ample breasts on his crotch.

"Good." Peter said cruelly. "You deserve it, after all the grief you put me through. Trying to fire me. I mean, seriously. *Me!*" He exclaimed and smacked her ass with the meter long ruler on her desk.

"*Ah!*" She flinched slightly and continued tirelessly moving her torso up and down.

"I'm so sorry master! Please forgive this worthless pair of tits for her insolence." She begged as she polished his knob between her tits.

"You should be sorry, cunt!" He barked at her, "just cause I had a slight misunderstanding with a client about the required product specs?"

*\*Spank!\**

"I told you I wasn't good with people. That my strong suit was software development. It was your own damn fault the deal went down in flames, bitch!"

*\*Spank!\**

Her transgressions against him awarded her with another harsh ruler smack on her already reddened and throbbing behind.

"Yes master. All my fault. I'm so sorry, master." The pathetic woman hurried to agree and slobber another dribbling apology from her salivating lips. Her red lipstick was smeared all over her cheeks, a testimony to the rough throat fucking and facial degradation Peter put her through just moments before. He then took the diploma she so proudly presented on her wall, rolled it up, and stuck it in her pussy. Once it was wet with her lustful pussy juices, he spread it open and rubbed it all over her stupid face.

He even had her stick her big expensive personalized pen, which said *Gretchen Green, CEO.*, right in her tight ass, as deep as

she possibly could. It was still lodged in there, between two crimson-red ass cheeks, fully exposed through her ripped open pantyhose.

The formerly respectable and beautiful businesswoman was a pathetic mess, humiliated beyond the pale. And yet, she still looked up at her master with those striking eyes of hers, ready for more, ready for anything he threw her way, regardless of how painful or degrading. If anything was a testimony to Peter's grand programming skills, her current sorry condition was it.

“But instead, you worthless whore.” *\*Spank!\** “Instead of admitting it was all your fault, you call me into your fucking office and tell me that *I'm* fired?! You tell me to go to human resources and hand over *my* badge?! You fucking cunt!” *\*Spank!\** “I should march *your* ass over to human resources on a fucking leash, on your hands and knees so everyone can see what a dumb horny bimbo you are! You fucking cock slut!”

*\*Spank!\** *\*Spank!\** *\*Spank!\**

“*Ahh!* Yes master. On my hands and knees. I am your fuck-pet, your cunt-toy. My bimbo body is all yours, master! *Mmn!*” She whimpered, panting out of breath.

She looked up at him through her glasses, tears rolling from her eyes.

“Are these expensive?” He asked, taking her glasses off.

“Yes master. They cost twelve hundred dollars.”

“Twelve hundred dollars for a fucking pair of glasses? You conceited fuck-pig!”

*\*Spank!\**

He set the ruler down and snapped her designer glasses in half, tossing the bits into the bin.

“Yes master! I'm your fuck-pig! My tits are yours, master! Please use me as your cum dump!” She pleaded, extending her tongue to lick at his tip.

“Your fucking tits are so big they swallow my cock whole.” He rejoiced, tickling her right breast with another pin.

“*Ohhhh!*” He leaned his head back with a moan, enjoying the comfort of Gretchen's high-end executive chair.

Peter glanced aside and spotted a picture of Gretchen standing alongside her two favorite proteges. He took it in his hand, and shrugged. "Keeping pictures of you and your interns in your office? You must really care for them." He judged.

"Hmm, they're quite pretty. What's their names again?" He asked, turning the picture and pointing it out to his obedient slave-toy.

"Alice and Melody, master. Thank you for using me, master." Gretchen huffed and returned to licking his helmet between her tits.

"How old are they?" He asked.

"Alice is eighteen, her prom is next week. Melody is nineteen, she's a freshmen in college."

"They'll make great sex toys for me. You'll bring them here for me." He said plainly, and looked at Gretchen's messed up face. Her mascara ran down her cheeks to join her smeared lipstick, and her nipples bled a bit from the tacks he stuck right through them.

"Yes master. Anything you wish. My cute interns were born to bring pleasure to your wonderful cock, master." Gretchen said without hesitation, worshiping the shaft tucked between her soft, cushiony breasts with a moist, loving kiss.

"I'm glad we have that settled, cunt." Peter said casually. "Now jerk me off on their picture. Aim my cum cannon on their pretty faces."

"Yes master! I am your tool, master!" Gretchen swiftly broke the picture frame and took the picture itself out. After spearing her face with his rod for a few short moments, she began jerking Peter off with her hand.

"*Oh yeah! I'm fucking cumming!*" He moaned. Streams of warm jizz flew out of his cock, hitting the picture mostly, but also getting Gretchen's hand and face and hair. Some of his spunk splashed off the picture and fell in thick drops to the floor.

"Now lick it all clean." He ordered.

"Yes master." Gretchen replied, unfazed by the creamy shower. She started by licking the picture, brushing her tongue along the pretty smiling teen faces of her interns. Once that was dry, she leaned down to lick the floor.

“Faster!”

*\*Spank!\**

He prodded her with the ruler again.

“*Ahh! Yeth* mather.” She said with her lips glued to the floor, and her ass up in the air.

“There are going to be some massive changes in this company from now on, cunt.” Peter told her as she lapped his cum off the floor.

“Yes master. I live to serve you.” Was all Gretchen said in response, prodding Peter to begin laughing jovially, almost maniacally, like a mustache twirling comic book villain.

\* \* \* \*

It was the night of Alice's prom, and for some reason her boss insisted on calling her and Melody into the office. She led the clearly puzzled teens down the hall, ignoring their confused shrugs and stares.

“I still don't understand why we're here now.” Melody said. She had curly golden-brown hair, wore a tight white dress, white knee stockings, and heels.

“I don't understand why we had to dress up like this.” Alice complained. She wore the same heels and stockings, but her dress was black. It clung to her petite body beautifully and tightly.

“And why couldn't we wear underwear...?” Melody whispered, embarrassed.

“Be quiet girls. All will be clear soon.” Gretchen said. She wore dark sunglasses, and a long raincoat.

“Miss Green, you've been acting weird all week. Is everything okay?” Melody asked. “And why are you wearing those glasses indoors?”

“Who cares about that? I'm going to be late to my prom thanks to this detour! I still need to get dressed!” Alice complained. Gretchen always encouraged the two interns to treat her like a friend and a colleague, rather than a boss.

“You can wear what you're wearing now.” Melody proposed.

“It's a little tight, and showy...” Alice said, reserved.

“Here we go girls. Get in here. I have everything set up.”  
Gretchen opened the door for them, a content smile on her face.

“All right.”

“Okaaaay...”

The girls looked at each other, still puzzled.

“Are you sure you're okay, Miss Green?”

“Hush now.”

The room was empty apart from a desk, a laptop, and two chairs.

“Kneel on the chairs and look at the screen.” Gretchen told her hard working interns.

“Can't we just flip the chairs around and sit on th...” Melody tried suggesting.

“No! Now do as I say or I'll fire Alice on the night of her prom!” Gretchen screeched. Alice and melody stared at her, flabbergasted.

“What? Are you serious? Why me?” Alice gasped.

“I think she meant she'll fire both of us, Alice.” Melody said.

“Come on, let's just do what she wants. It has to be important.”

“Whatever...” Alice sneered.

“Good girls. Now put both knees on the chair, and stare at the screen.”

Melody and Alice did as Gretchen said. She pressed enter, opening a media file which was already selected.

“What the...” Melody started.

“Hell...” Alice finished her sentence.

Their jaws slackened and their eyes focused without blinking. Alice wanted to look over to Melody, to try and understand what was going on.

The colorful spiral on the screen captured their gaze and held it in a mental vise. Both girls tried to look away, and failed. They both tried sliding away, and both managed to take one leg off the chair. They rested their legs on the floor, but that was the very end of their pitiful struggle.

Peter walked in to see the two babes bent over and staring at the screen, their pert asses pointing at the door. When Gretchen saw him, she immediately disrobed. She was completely naked under her raincoat.

She dropped to her knees before him with a loud thump. "Two fresh teen cunts for you, master. This slave is happy to serve."

"I like the way they're posed." Peter said, admiring Alice and Melody's limber physique.

"I'm so happy master!" Gretchen pinched her nipples and said.

"I see you got some of the other modifications I told you to." He said, looking at her naked body.

"Yes master." Gretchen nodded. "I had my clit pierced. I had my ass and tits tattooed, and had my pussy hair removed by laser."

"Adequate job, cunt." Peter said.

"Thank you so much, master."

The tattoo on her tits read "*Master's fuck-handles*".  
Across her ass were the words "*Worthless cum dump*".  
Above her pussy were the words "*Please use me*".  
And lastly, on her stomach were the words "*My name is Cunt-cow*".

Peter extended his leg forward, and Gretchen immediately bowed down to kiss his foot. With her ass pointed up, Peter spotted the huge dildo she had up her ass, filling it like a cork.

"Rise." He said authoritatively, unzipping his pants.

"Yes master." Gretchen rose back to an upright kneeling position. Not a second passed before Peter shoved his cock deep down her throat with a feral grunt.

"I'll warm my cock in your mouth till your interns are ready." He said, cavalierly pumping between her lips.

"Yeth mathter!" Gretchen muffled her response as her mouth was roughly violated. Melody and Alice could hear everything they said, and they understood that their trusted boss had sold them out. Those concerns were slowly dying down, however, as the spiral taught them about what's truly important.

Even when Peter stopped moving her head on his own, Gretchen continued blowing him at the same rapid pace.

“Switch to your pussy.” He told her, and Gretchen bounced to obey.

“Yes master!” She spun around and stuck her ass up, keeping her hands on the floor in a wheelbarrow position. Peter rammed into her pussy, spanked her ass, and Gretchen took care of the rest.

“Does my pussy feel good, master?” She asked, bouncing her ass on his pelvis, panting with every thrust.

“It's quite loose.” Peter crooked his nose and told her with another scolding spank.

“I'm so sorry master! I've been working on tightening it up, master! I've been using every chance to work on my kegel exercises, master!”

“Well keep at it until you get some results, cunt!” He barked, spanking her again.

“Of course master!” Gretchen moaned, already getting exhausted.

Luckily for her, the two sexy kittens watching the spiral had already began chanting with gentle, weak voices.

“I am master's sex slave.”

“I am master's sex toy.”

“I will do anything my master commands.”

“My body is my master's property. My future belongs to my master.”

They recited, completely relaxed.

“Ah here we go.” Peter pulled out of Gretchen and swatted her aside like a bug. “They need some time to be fully reprogrammed, but I can still have fun with them until then.” He said with a smile.

“Gretchen, get that one ready for my cock.” He pointed at Alice, the eighteen year old who was probably going to end up missing her prom.

“Right away master!” Gretchen hurried over and lifted Alice's tight black dress, revealing her cute butt and pristine pink pussy lips.

“She's so tight.” Peter said, elated.

“Yes master.” Gretchen kissed Alice's pussy tenderly. “And it's velvety soft, too.” She said, sticking the tip of her tongue between Alice's hot folds.

Alice continued reciting her mantra, in perfect unison with Melody.

“My master can bend me over and fuck me, anytime he wants.”

“I will open my legs for my master whenever he wishes.”

“My pussy belongs to my master.”

“Master can fuck me till my cunt is raw.”

“Is she naturally hairless?” Peter wondered, casually jerking his cock.

“No master. I had both of them come to a laser hair removal clinic.” Gretchen replied while rubbing two fingers in Alice's teen snatch.

“Good thinking, cunt. I bet it wasn't easy to convince them.” Peter said with a smirk.

“Thank you, master.” Gretchen looked at him, her eyes glassy and emotionless.

She kissed Alice's pussy one last time, gently tonguing it, and then stuck just the tip of her forefinger in, as if measuring it with a barometer.

“This teen pussy is wet and ready for you, master.” She announced proudly.

Peter gave an excited growl. “Fantastic!” He walked over to Alice, pumped a few more times in Gretchen's mouth, and slapped his cock on Alice's petite behind.

“Guide me into her pink pussy, Cunt-cow.” He ordered.

“Of course, master.” Gretchen replied immediately, and took tender hold of his erect manhood.

She teased Alice's pussy lips with Peter's tip, and he slowly and surely pushed it in.

“Make sure you watch as I pop your hot teen girl's cherry, cunt.” Peter ordered.

“Yes master.” Gretchen nodded, fixating on the point of contact.

*"Ohh fuck! That's so good!"* Peter slowly edged himself halfway into Alice. Blood flowed out and adorned her outer lips. Gretchen watched with a proud, depraved grin.

*"Nngh!"* Alice whimpered, but her eyes never left the spiral.

Peter thrust himself all the way into her, gluing his pelvis to her bubbly ass and arching his neck up. With a grunt of approval, he started pumping in and out at an increasingly rapid pace.

"I love the taste of my master's cum." Alice and Melody continued their mindless mantra.

"I love how it feels when it slides down my throat."

"My mouth is only useful when my master needs to get off in it."

"I love taking my master's sticky load on my face."

Peter continued pounding into Alice from behind, gently swaying her perfect body back and forth.

*"Ohh fuck! This is amazing! She's so tight and wet!"* He moaned with joy.

"I'm happy you're enjoying yourself, master." Gretchen said, looking straight at his bulging shaft as it went in and out.

"Get the other pussy ready, cunt! *Aaaah!*" He ordered, and Gretchen crawled to obey.

"I am my master's docile cum dump. Master can cum anytime he wants."

"My master can cum anywhere he wishes." Their mantra continued in perfect unison.

"I am a receptacle for my master's cum."

"My pussy, ass, and mouth are always ready for my master to drill into."

"This pussy is ready, master." Gretchen said after munching on Melody's tight cunt for a few short moments.

Peter pulled out of Alice and positioned himself behind Melody. Like he did with Alice, he pushed halfway into her, and then penetrated her all the way with one forceful thrust.

“*Ohh!* She's a virgin too? Your interns are such prudes! Oh fuck, Virgin pussy is the fucking best!” He moaned, and started humping. Melody's glassy eyes started showing a shadow of awareness in them. She stared at the screen without blinking, feeling the full brunt of the pain of her deflowering, but unable, and very possibly unwilling at that point, to do anything to oppose it.

“Master controls me completely.” The two teens said.

“Master can cum in my pussy whenever he wants.”

“Master can cum in my ass whenever he wants.”

Peter spanked Melody and grunted. Her pert ass cheek rippled like the tight, bouncy thing it was. He took a firm hold of her trim hips and started pounding her, so hard, the chair she knelt on scratched the floor back and forth.

“I will drink my master's cum whenever he wants.” Their reprogramming neared its end.

“I will put on lesbian shows with my master's other sex toys anytime he wants.”

“All my master's other slaves are just as worthless as I am. Master is the only one that gives my existence purpose.

“*I'm cumming!*” Peter let out three loud groans of pleasure, thrust forward, and came deep into her. His muscles tensed with every warm load. His cum mixed with her cherry blood and trickled down from her glazed pussy lips.

“Cunt-cow, I need to sit down.” He said, pulling slowly out of Melody.

“Right away master!” Gretchen positioned herself on her hands and knees, like a bench, and Peter sat down with his full weight, all at once.

The program was done, and both Melody and Alice spread their hairless, deflowered pussies in his general direction.

“Thank you for fucking me, master.” Alice looked back at him, her eyes unfocused and her stare distant.

“Thank you for cumming in my pussy, master. I hope you enjoyed it.” Melody looked back as well, her eyes identical to Alice's. Cum dripped from her pussy in heavy, sticky loads to the floor.

“Oh I have.” Peter said joyously, spanking Gretchen's shapely ass.

The two teens stripped at his command, and stood at attention before him. Their statuesque bodies were fair, smooth, and incredibly arousing.

“I'm hard again. Plant your lips on my cock, my little sex bunnies.” He commanded.

“Yes master.” Both obeyed, and knelt before him.

He guided their lips to press on his cock from both sides, and then moved their heads up and down, using both their mouths to jerk himself off. The two teens looked at each other with their emotionless eyes, and let their master use them like the sex toys they were.

“Here, Alice. I'll give you your prom night kiss. Open wide.”

“Yes mas—*mmbh!*” Alice opened her mouth and Peter impaled her face on his cock. She gagged loudly as he violently fucked her face.

“Melody,” Peter addressed the curly haired brunette as he nonchalantly fucked Alice's face. “Go ahead and lick Alice's ass hole. I want to fuck it soon.”

“Of course, master.” Melody sang back at him, and crawled around Alice. She shamelessly stretched her tongue out and stuck it in Alice's rim, spreading her cheeks a bit.

Alice, on her part, took the oral abuse with wide eyes, and only lightly wiggled her ass at the tickling licks of Melody's tongue.

“All right. Get on top of me with your ass.” Peter flung her head back and said.

“Yes master. My ass is yours.” Alice said and got back on her feet.

She took a gentle hold of his cock, and guided it into her tight opening.

“*Nhh...*” She whimpered. Melody continued licking around Alice's ass, her tongue flicking against Peter's cock. She could feel his cum still dripping from her pussy.

“Does it hurt?” Peter asked Alice.

“Y-Yes master.” She whimpered, still bearing down slowly.

“You can thank your boss for that.” Peter said devilishly.

“Th-Thank you Miss Green.” Alice could not comprehend her master's sarcasm, and neither could her mindless boss.

“You're welcome, Sweetie.” Gretchen said, her arms trembling under the added weight.

“Ride me as fast as you can now. My cute little candy.” Peter said, his voice raspy. He wrapped his lips around her small, perky tits.

“Y-Yes *masteer!*” Alice squealed, bit her lower lip, and braced herself. She started bouncing her pert and petite ass up and down as if riding a raging bull.

“*fuck!*” Peter moaned. “Wrap your arms around my neck.” He told her.

“Yes master!” Alice gave a high pitched moan and held him tightly. He stood up from Gretchen's back and lay Alice flat on the desk.

He pressed his thumb on her hot teen pussy and pulled out of her ass.

“Fuck my pussy, master.” Alice begged.

Peter smiled down at her, and bent down to kiss her. It made her nipples tingle and her sensitive pussy throb.

“So sweet.” He said and slapped his cock on her pink cunt.

“Thank you, master.” She tilted her head and said with a dreamy smile, and gave a yelp as her master fully penetrated her again.

Her legs spread at a perfect one-eighty angle, Peter pumped into her warm, wet pussy, grunting pleasantly with each thrust.

“Bend over next to me, bitches.” Peter tapped on Alice's thigh and said, directing a command to Gretchen and Melody.

“Yes master!” Both said and immediately jumped into action. They bent over at a perfect ninety degree angle and wiggled their

asses in anticipation.

“Yeah! Nice!” Peter pulled out of Alice and pushed into Gretchen with a grunt.

“Fucking loose pussy. And you wanted to fire me, bitch. Tighten your fucking cunt!” He speared into her at lightning speed.

Gretchen could barely respond, hyperventilating at the feral pace in which Peter used her. She moaned onto the surface of her desk and gripped the edges hard.

“Yes master. Sorry master. Tighten my pussy.” She panted.

“You're barely worth my time, bitch.” Peter pulled out of her. “Good on you for bringing me better slaves, though.” He moved over to Melody. “See, unlike you, I intend to give my employees their due credit, even if they are mindlessly enslaved to my will.”

“You're wonderful, master. I'm so sorry for ever trying to defy you.” Gretchen whispered, her words barely audible over Melody's moans. Peter rode her hard, making the desk tremble with the weight of three women on it.

“Come here.” He pulled out of Melody and pushed into Alice again, hoisting her up to him. Alice hugged him tightly and kissed his neck.

Peter moved a step back and began bouncing her up and down, his hands grabbing her petite ass.

“Quite an exercise.” He huffed and puffed.

Alice lifted her head and looked at her master's eyes. “I love you, master.” She said, her eyes glossy with emotion.

Peter gave a bestial growl and locked lips with the nubile teen.

“I'm cumming. Oh fuck!” Peter said, his skin glistening with sweat.

“Cum in me, master.” Alice begged with her sweetest voice, her inexperienced pussy already used to the shape of her master's steely cock.

Peter felt his ejaculation starting and felt his thigh muscles turning to jello. He turned around and leaned back on the desk, panting as he pumped her full of cum.

“Best. Exercise. Ever.” He huffed heavily between each word.

Alice smiled up at him. "My cunt is yours, master. I am happy to help you exercise." She let his cock stay deep within her, depositing a sloppy, steady load of jizz into her womb for a few short seconds.

After the ordeal, as they both sorted their breaths, Alice looked up at her one and only with awe in her eyes. Peter looked at her pussy. Sticky white and clear colored wetness adorned the creamy edges. He rubbed her clit with his thumb pad, and smiled.

"You'll have to get both these little cunts the 'day after' pill, Cunt-cow. Or they'll probably get pregnant."

"I understand master." Gretchen said, her arms and legs still trembling from fatigue.

"Well guess there's nothing more to do today. I did want to head over to HR with your interns. Ironic, isn't it?" He jabbed at Gretchen. "You can start with your daily quota of five-hundred spanks before going to sleep."

"Gladly master. I am your property. My body is your toy." Gretchen bent over the wall, and started the nightly ritual she's been performing for a full week now. She had to punish herself for how she behaved before her master enslaved her, after all.

"Come with me girls. Getchen already showed your mothers the spiral. Yours already took care of telling your college you're quitting," He told Melody. "And yours notified your high-school you won't be attending the final two weeks." He told the cum-filled teen still sprawled on the table. "It's time you did something useful with your lives."

"Yes master." They chimed together, and cheerfully pressed their exquisite naked bodies on him from both sides. He placed a hand on each of their petite asses, and guided them down to HR.

It was eleven at night already, so no one was attending the HR service window. Peter opened the door and took the two teens behind the counter, where they saw a gorgeously trim blonde lying on the floor. She was curled up in a fetal position, completely naked, and had no pillow nor quilt to cover her body with. But, as Peter would say, at least she had a roof above her worthless head.

There were two other women sleeping in the corner, a petite redhead and a tall dark haired babe. They lay down hugging each other. It was the only way they could both have enough room to sleep.

“HR bitches are always hot.” Peter whispered with a chuckle. “I stopped paying them money so they had to move out and sell all their stuff. It's better like this. They get a lot more work done and only take breaks to sleep and eat.”

He flicked the lights on and kicked the blonde in the shin.

“Get up, fuck-meat.” He barked.

The blonde opened her eyes with a sleepy “yes master”, and got on her feet. The other two woke up as well, but stayed in the corner hugging, waiting for their master to call on them.

“I'm hiring these two cunts on the usual slavery contract. Get my cock hard, and then get the paperwork ready.”

The blonde put her glasses on, as she was practically blind without them, and got on her knees. With tender love and in absolute silence, she licked and kissed Peter's cock back to a hardened state. She then turned around to the desk to get the required documents, and Peter casually started fucking her from behind.

“Thank you for fucking my pussy, master.” She said, leafing through all the papers that Alice and Melody had to sign.

“Here, cunts.” She gave the papers to the two teens. “This one says you officially work for a minimum wage. This one sets up the bank account your salary will go into, and this makes sure the money is then deposited into an account that only I have access to, so you're effectively working for no pay.”

“Sign it.” Peter ordered, and spanked the blonde for a job well done.

“Thank you master.” She said in a calm, gentle manner. Peter then reached around her skinny body to play with her clit.

“Like the piercing I had you get?” He asked, pulling on the ring threaded into her clitoris.

“Yes master. Thank you. My body is yours to do with as you please. Thank you for letting a pathetic pussy like me work at your company for free.” Came her timid response.

“That's the nice thing about our new business model. The CEO, that is I, get all the profits, and my loyal employees get all the fucking. We still need a few more bitches to fill in for all the male employees I had Cunt-cow fire, but with my special training program I'm sure we'll get there in no time.”

“My younger sister is turning eighteen next week, master.” The blonde said, her body rocking back and forth as Peter nailed her from behind.

“Excellent. What about your mom?” He wondered.

“She is too old and unattractive to be your sex doll, master. I'm sorry.”

“Eh, that's all right. Plenty of hot cunts out there.” Peter said, as Melody and Alice filled the paperwork with their details.

Peter felt a bit randy, so he walked the blonde over to where the other two HR cunts were lying, pumping in and out of her all the while. When he was just about to climax, he pulled out, and covered their hot bodies with his jizz.

“There,” he said. “Something to keep you warm at night, since we turn the air-conditioning off after I leave.”

“Thank you for your cum, master.” The two expressed their gratitude in near unison, and went back to sleep.

“Okay then. I have two hot ass bitches from accounting in the trunk of my car waiting to serve as my living pussy mattress tonight, so I'll be heading home now. Find these two a place to sleep and return to your own slumber. I want all my slaves to have enough energy to serve me tomorrow.” He told the blonde and exited to the hallway, whistling a jolly tune to himself.

“Yes master. Your will be done.” The blonde said, not that Peter was around to hear her.

\* \* \* \*

It's been four months since Alice skipped her prom, and the company has been working like clockwork since Peter took over.

Alice woke up naked in what used to be Gretchen's office. Her former boss and Melody also slept there. Like all the other slave-drones working for Peter, they sold their home and all their

possessions, splitting the money half in half between the company's coffers and Peter's private bank account.

Alice was always the first to wake up every morning, at five. She had important morning duties to perform.

She stood up and walked over to her former boss, sleepily rubbing a knuckle into one of her weary eyes.

“Wake up you worthless cunt!” She gave Gretchen a swift kick in the gut and said with venomous scorn. That was how Peter wanted the former CEO to be awoken, every morning.

Not even checking if Gretchen was okay after the rather harsh kick, Alice continued towards the pantry. She had plenty of food bowls to fill with discarded scrap meat, vegetables, and dog food. Peter struck an amazing deal with some local restaurants to supply his enslaved employees with the cheapest leftovers. He also hired a dietitian, to ensure his girls all maintained a proper balanced diet, so as to keep their youth and beauty for as long as possible.

Once the bowls were filled on all three floors of the small office building, Alice walked over to the PR booth to sound the morning alarm, announcing to the bevy of harem girls their breakfast was ready. With that done, she went back to her own floor, and joined her fellow slavegirls in their meal.

“Breakfast time, slaves. Remember, healthy pussies are useful pussies.” She said with a rosy, radio-phonic tone.

Naked women crawled out of every office and cubicle, rushing in to feed. They surrounded the big bowls on their hands and knees, lowered their heads, and lapped it up like puppies. Alice made sure to spice the food with some of their master's cum, leftover from the last day he visited the office. The protein was important for their nutrition, after all.

None of the dead eyed babes spoke to one another during breakfast. Many of them were related. Sisters, mothers and daughters, cousins. Others used to be good friends. Now, they were all work drones, and they all had their place to fill as a cog in the machine that worked solely for Peter's benefit. The company actually had less employees than before, but their output was thrice as fast, and the quality of their work twice as effective.

After breakfast, they all hit the showers.

“Squeaky clean cunts are good fuck-toys.” They all mumbled to themselves in a cacophony of self degradation.

Their shower routine was purely utilitarian. They had to wash fast because the gym's locker rooms only had room for about twelve of them at a time, and that was with three of them crowding under the same shower-head.

The only times they took long showers were when their master felt like hitting the showers himself. He would sometimes call a few of them over for a nice long romp in the shower, for no reason besides his sexual gratification. Of course his helplessly hypnotized sex toys were always more than happy to comply.

He didn't show up to work every day, obviously, and when he did, his arrival times were completely inconsistent. He could have shown up in the morning, at noon, or even late at night just to check up on them and have a fun orgy for a couple of hours. He would normally also take the time to pick new slaves for his home. A good titty rotation between work and home was very important to him.

Peter had a mansion now, equipped with many personal slaves that lived to make his life happy. Alice was one of those for a few weeks once, but the turnover between work slaves and home slaves was quite rapid. Their master liked changing things up a lot when it came to the pussy selection at his personal, private disposal.

It was barely six in the morning., and already they were hard at work. Alice and Melody had no skills in marketing, accounting, computer programming or administration work, so they joined the cleaning team.

Not much was spoken among the drones until they all heard the sound that they lived their lives for - The sound of their master's car pulling up at the driveway.

“Master is coming!” Many of them cheered, and immediately everyone scurried off to greet him.

They formed two lines at the entrance hallway. Some bowed down on their hands and knees, stretching their tongues out, ready

to lick his feet. Some pushed their tits against the wall and pushed their asses out in case he felt like fucking their juicy pussies from behind, while others knelt and offered their big tits for a titfuck.

Peter entered into the hall like a king, with two of his current house slaves crawling beside him. They took his shoes off for him, kissed his feet, and scurried away like worthless peasants.

“Always nice to check on my hot little moneymakers.” Peter said with a grin, looking at the long row of sexy asses wiggling and big tits bouncing. He let two of the “foot lickers” do their thing between his toes, and then test-ran some of the pussies lined up for him. He was specifically keen on fucking one particularly lithe redhead, as well as a pair of blonde twins, and for dessert he used the heavy tits of one amazingly curvacious brunette.

Finally, he had Gretchen and another big breasted bimbo titfuck him together, and came in some random girl's mouth from accounting.

He quickly called in a meeting of the top “executives”.

Peter entered the room and sat down on Amber's back. She used to be Gretchen's secretary, and she was always mean to him. It was like she thought she was better than him, all because she had the boss's ear. Well now she had the boss's rump using her as furniture. Peter found the irony delicious.

“First thing's first, today we will be signing the big deal with Prior Enterprises.” He addressed the room of naked kneeling women, flapping his flaccid cock at Lisa, the twenty-four year old head of marketing.

They all clapped their hands and smiled at the announcement.

“Second of all, I've finally decided to get rid of the obvious weakest link in the company - My first slave, also known as Cunt-cow.” He said, pointing to Gretchen, who still served as the chief operating officer.

“I found a whore-house that is willing to pay some money for you, no questions asked, so that's what you'll be doing for the rest of your life.” He said, brimming with spiteful joy.

“As you wish, master. I live to obey.” Gretchen said. She'd been humiliated in so many ways over the last months. Not a trace of her

old self remained, even in her appearance. She was a broken piece of fuck-meat, completely beyond repair.

“Yes you do. And while you take your final crawl of shame out of here, I will be rubbing my hard-on between Melody and Alice's lips. I'll make sure you won't even have a single moment of final eye contact as your goodbye to them.” He said cruelly. “I bet Alice will be happy to not have your sorry ass to kick every morning before she fills the food bowls!” He bellowed in laughter.

“This pair of tits was happy to serve you, master. You have given my life meaning and purpose.” Gretchen said, a single tear rolling from her eye.

“Yeah whatever. Let's move on to the progress reports of the different departments. Let's start with marketing. Kneel down, Lisa.”

“Yes master.” Lisa knelt with a smile, and began licking his cock. His member was hard enough and ready to fuck again, so she wrapped her tits around it. With a relaxed sigh, she started her report, along with a tight titty-fuck.

“Our silent advertisement is working perfectly. More and More companies choose to switch to our software. Those who prove difficult are dealt with using your spiral, master. We have reached our goal of exposure in the small business market, and have made headway in securing the heavy contracts we were baking on.” She said, kissed his cock again, and retreated back to an upright position.

“Good girl. Accounting time. Come here, Heather.” He called the thirty-three year old brunette, head of the accounting department. Before she could even start talking, he began fucking her face. Peter was never much into the whole finances world. He liked math well enough, but money was never his thing. Until he found a way to enslave people's minds to his will, that is.

*“Mmbh! Mmm mm mhh! Mm mm mnn mm!”* Heather kept talking anyway, spit splattering in all directions as Peter fiercely screwed her face.

“I'm going to assume everything is going well in accounting, considering we have no paid employees and plenty of business.” He said, and Heather gave a muffled nod.

“Great. Fuck your face till I cum, and the rest of you can go back to work, unless you have something urgent you must discuss.” He said. Heather had already started moving on her own, in the same fierce pace Peter used to fuck her full lips. It was an important skill all company fuck-slaves had to acquire.

“Thank you, master.” All the so called top executives said, bowed respectfully, and crawled away.

“Oh, Cunt-cow, before you go,” he addressed Gretchen, probably for the very last time. “Make sure to spank yourself fifteen hundred times today, to cover for all the days you'll be missing this week on account of getting your stupid ass canned today.”

“Yes master. I understand.” Gretchen said, determined to start reddening her bottom as soon as she returned to her former office.

Peter sat down and lounged while heather showed him why she was the head accountant. She sucked on his pipe with wild abandon, slurping and gagging with no regard for her well-being or comfort. He came in her mouth and let her guzzle it all down before standing up from Amber's aching back.

“Thank you for using me, master.” Amber kissed his feet and crawled away when she realized he wasn't using her anymore.

Heather looked up with a cum stained, eager smile. “Is there anything else you need of me, master?” She asked, playfully drumming his softening manhood on her bouncy tits.

“Nah I'm done with you.” He said and dismissed her with a dull wave.

“Thank you for using me, master, and for feeding me.” She said, and turned around to crawl away. Peter glanced at her ass, which had a tattoo of a dollar sign on it, to signify that her job was handle the company's money. That was the only dollar she ever got from him, of course.

Work was much louder with Peter there. All the slave-drones had to keep their holes nice and ready for whenever he felt like drilling into them. They all lubed up their asses and pussies while Peter had his little executive meeting, and occasionally jilled off to make sure they were ready to be taken.

They all continued working tirelessly, even as Peter walked around touching, feeling, rubbing, and fucking them at his whim. When he wasn't hard, he enjoyed having them do sexy physical chores for him. Constantly bending over to pick up the same pen over and over again, for example, or getting a random group of drones to have a sprint crawling race around the hallway.

One of his favorite things to do was fuck one of his slaves over the photocopier while it was on. He had a big breasted employee stationed next to each and every photocopier in the building. They produced quite a lot of "titty copies", as he dubbed them, on days in which he showed up. Peter was toying with the idea of finding people to sell those to. People who happen to have that admittedly obscure kink. There's a fetishist for every fetish, after all.

Peter's only job was to have fun. He didn't even worry about slowing his slave-drones down, because he knew they'll pull an all nighter if they needed to meet their quota. They lived in their offices, anyway, and they never wanted any overtime benefits.

At around noon, two women from Prior Enterprises showed up to sign the contracts. They took off their sunglasses, revealing the clear shade of entrancement in their mesmerized eyes. They wore matching gray skirts and conservative blouses.

Peter met them with a cigar in his hand.

"So the old coot is out of the way, Karen?" Peter asked, greeting the younger woman with a shake of her perky breast.

"Yes master. My father has been forced to retire. I am now president of Prior." The stunning blonde said, opening her blouse to show him her small, firm breasts.

"Good girl. So you brought the contract, Felicia?" He asked the older woman, the COO of Prior.

"Yes master. Would you like a titfuck before you review it? I had them enlarged as you commanded." She offered.

"Maybe later. Let's start with the contract. Hand it over." He said, puffing smoke in her face.

"Yes master." Felicia dropped her skirt and her panties down to knee level.

"Get in position." He said, leafing through the document.

“Yes master.” Felicia turned around and let him casually slip his hard-on into her. He used her back as a flat board while she gently moved back and forth, pleasing his cock with her hot pussy.

“So we provide you with the merchandise whenever we want, and you pay four times the initial asking price. Good good.” He said, licking his finger and turning a page. Felicia tightened her pussy around his cock, hoping to please.

“And seventy percent of Prior will be silently transferred to my ownership. Excellent.”

“I'm happy you're happy, master.” Karen smiled at him.

“Felicia's pussy is a little loose, though. She's getting too old for this.” He complained. Felicia gave a sad whine, and desperately tried to hasten her movements and tighten her snatch.

“I'm so sorry master!” Karen quickly dropped her own skirt and pink panties. She pulled out the pen she held in her pussy, meant for Peter to sign the papers with, and pushed Felicia out of the way.

“You're fired!” She told the sobbing woman. “Please use my pussy as compensation, master.”

“All right then.” Peter said, still going over the contract while the much younger and prettier woman took his hard-on, bent over, and replaced Felicia as his pussy-shaped cock-holder.

Peter let out a pleased moan. “Much better.” He said, in response to the tight twenty-year-old cunt squelching around his shaft.

“Thank you master. I am your obedient, horny cunt, master. And we have a lot more pussy for you to enjoy at Prior. I screened all of our six-hundred and eight employees, and at least one-hundred are eligible fuckable cunts like me.” Karen said with an eagerness to please.

“Very promising. *Hmmmm*.” Peter acknowledged her hard work and came inside of her with a deep moan. “Get me that pen.” He commanded once he emptied his balls into her

“Yes master, here you go.”

“And Felicia, take your tongue out. I'm done with this cigar.”

“Yes master.” Felicia knelt beside him and carpeted her chin with her tongue. Peter pressed the lit end on her tongue and the fire

went out with a smoky hiss. He flicked the cigar away, and signed the papers.

“Get back to Prior, and don't come back here unless you have at least ten of those fuckable cunts for me to use.” He pulled out of her cum-filled pussy, and spanked her away.

“Yes master.” Karen said. “I will make sure the hottest ones get to see your spiral first.” She bent down to kiss his cock, and then walked away, leaving Felicia behind.

“No worries, Felicia, I have the perfect brothel to sell you to.” Peter reassured the older woman.

“Thank you master.” Felicia remained on her knees. She would wait for further instructions forever, if need be.

Passing through the hallway, Peter chose eight of his slaves to join him, Melody and Alice being two of them. Gretchen was still busy spanking herself, having just reached one-hundred and fifty.

“Ah, Gretchen, I need a seat.” Peter said, and Gretchen immediately assumed the bench position.

Sitting down on Gretchen's back, he had one of his hot slaves get on top of him in a reverse cowgirl position. Two girls from marketing licked each of his feet, running their tongues along each foot and between his toes.

Alice and Melody licked his shaft and balls like a couple of kittens, often flicking the pussy of the girl riding him, and the three big breasted bitches from Development stood on all of his sides. Peter fondled and touched one of them with each hand, while the third one massaged his neck and shoulders with her soft breasts, and ran her dainty fingers in his hair.

“I was never that good at dealing with people, honestly.” Peter said with a pleasant sigh, closing his eyes and enjoying pleasure from all directions and in all forms.

“Didn't find other humans to be a useful or beneficial resource. But I was wrong. Women can be very useful...” His rubbery hose began convulsing. Melody and Alice could see he was cumming, and planted their lips on his balls to increase his pleasure.

“...Once you crack their code and hack their minds, that is.” He said with a smile, and dosed off to sleep on the soft breasty cushions of one of his fuck-slaves.

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