

WILL B. GUNN



Hypnollection 2

A MIND CONTROL EROTICA
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THE CLINIC

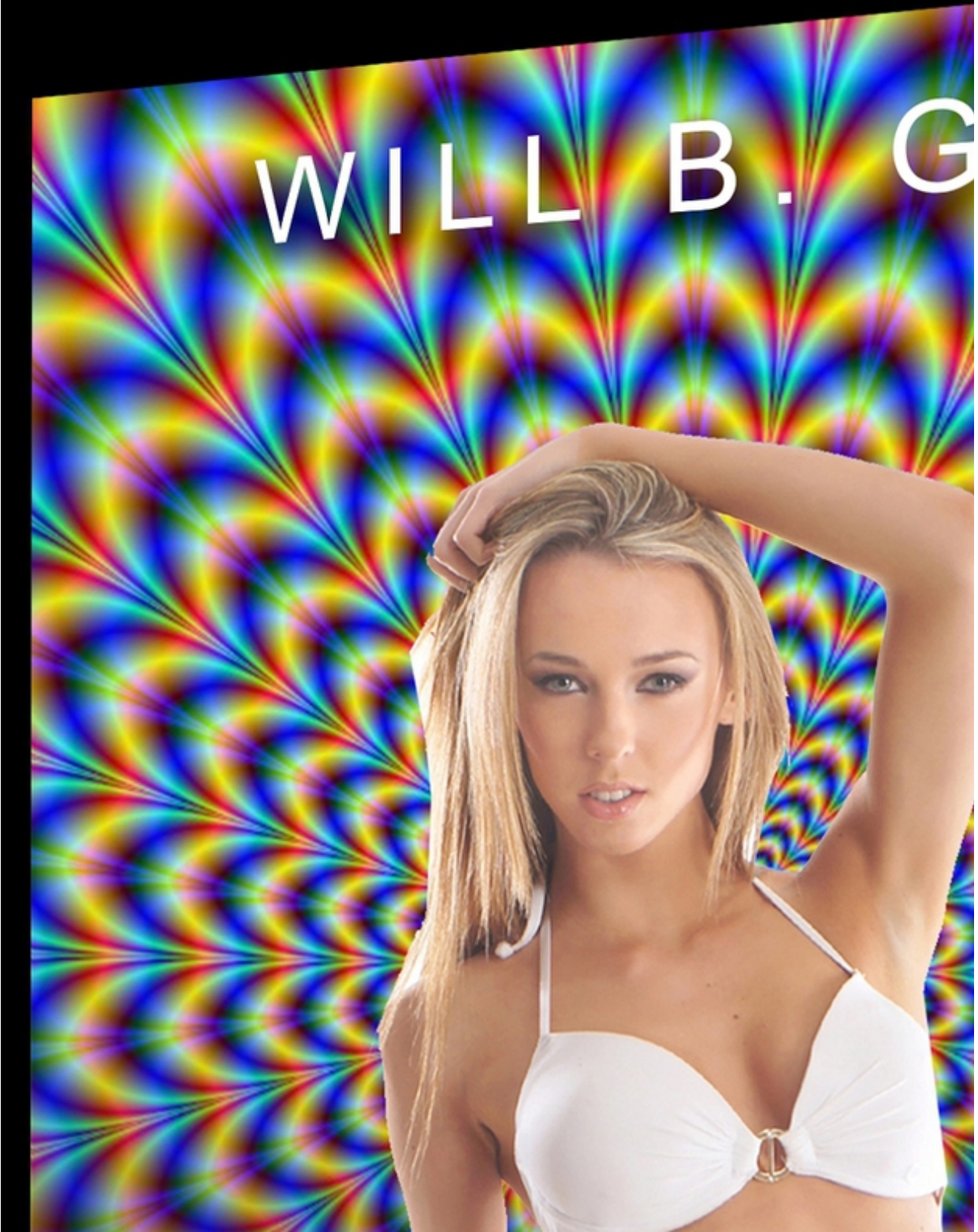
CHARMING SHIELD 1 & 2

STEVE'S NEW HAREM - MEETING THE BFF

PSYCHOSIS HYPNOSIS

MIND SWIPPED

WILL B. G



Hypnollection 2 – A Mind Control Erotica Bundle

By Will B. Gunn

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Mind Swiped

By **Will B. Gunn**

Kara got off the bus, just as her phone started ringing.

“Hey!” She answered cheerfully.

“I’m on my way to a bar, to meet a friend.” She said, walking down the street to the nearby drinking establishment.

“No, not a man. Her name’s Willa, we met in college.” She giggled.

“I can’t wait, either! We’ll have so much fun.” Kara said as she reached the bar’s entrance.

“Holy shit!” She gasped, an embarrassed smile on her face.

“You won’t believe what I just saw in the parking lot.” She told the person on the other end of the call, and walked inside.

“A guy getting head in the parking lot.” She whispered to the phone, astonished, “no, he was in his car and the girl was sitting next to him, leaning over.”

“I’m positive! I saw her head go up and down, and the guy, uhm, you know, closed his eyes and made a moan face and stuff.” Kara’s cheeks reddened just talking about it.

“That’s city life I suppose.” She shook her head, and began scanning the bar to find her friend.

“Kara! Over here! I already got you a beer.” A tall brunette raised a tall glass and called to her.

“Okay, I’ve gotta go. Have a nice flight. Can’t wait to show you around! Kisses!” Kara said, blew a kiss to the phone, and hung up.

Willa stood up to greet Kara, giving her a friendly hug and a kiss on the cheek.

“Who were you talking to?” She asked as they sat down.

“Amber. My friend from back home. She's coming to visit tomorrow.” Kara said, casually coiling one of her golden locks around her forefinger.

“Nice. How long does she plan to stay?” Willa asked curiously.

“Maybe permanently. But only if she decides to enroll in our college.” Kara replied with a sleepy yawn.

“What, you're tired already? The night just started!” Willa exclaimed.

“Sorry. Having a part time job and going to college is much harder than I thought. I wish I had the money to take a vacation.”

“You don't?” Willa asked, taking a sip of her beer.

“Well sure, technically. But not to spend on a vacation.” Kara said.

“Isn't doing fun stuff the whole point of having a job and making money? If you've got it, spend it!” Willa suggested.

“What is it you're majoring in, again?” Kara asked cheekily.

“Economy.” Willa replied with an oblivious nod.

“Right...” Kara said, rolling her eyes.

“Oh right!” Willa jumped all of a sudden, “give me your phone.” She reached her hand out, demanding.

“Shouldn't you be holding a gun at me or something?” Kara joked, and gave Willa her phone.

Willa snatched it with an eager grin.

“What are you doing?” Kara asked.

“Downloading this app called Slinder.” Willa said.

“What's that?”

“Uhm, sort of a dating app.” Willa tilted her head in contemplation.

“I told you, I don't go for those things!” Kara protested, “I want to find someone on my own, with no electronic help, thank you very much.”

“Like they did in the stone age.” Willa mocked. “Trust me, this app is different. You can always delete it if you don't like it.”

“Besides, it's already downloading, so it's too late for you to complain.” She asserted.

Kara sighed with a resigned smile, shook her head, and took a sip of her beer. She noticed a man, sitting at the bar, checking out her long legs. The gorgeous blonde wore tight skinny jeans, but that didn't mean she wanted creeps to shamelessly ogle at her.

She gave him a stern glare, and he turned his gaze to Willa, who wore a short skirt and crossed her legs.

“Is subtlety too much to expect from men nowadays.” She huffed, “Fuck, he took his phone out. Willa I think this dude is trying to get an up-skirt of you.”

“It's fine.” Willa waved her hand dismissively, her eyes focused on Kara's phone.

“What do you mean, it's fine? Are you even paying attention? You've been staring at my phone for two straight minutes now. A watched app won't download, you know.” Kara said.

“Funny.” Willa chuckled, in a clearly distracted manner.

“Done!” She suddenly cheered, “Check it out, Kara.”

“All right, let's see.” Kara edged her chair closer to Willa, and looked as the Slinder app loaded.

“What...What is that?” Kara stared at her phone with wide eyes.

“What does it look like?” Willa asked coyly.

“A...A spiral. A colorful, beautiful spiral.” Kara's speech quickly slowed to a mellow monotone.

“Yeah, gender is the first question it asks. I already told the app you're a female, so it customized accordingly.” Willa shrugged.

“Here, take it. And keep staring at the spiral, so it can properly reprogram you.” She told Kara, and put the phone in her hand.

“Reprogram...me?” Kara asked, her eyes glassy and her strawberry lips lightly parted. Messages began appearing on the screen. Kara didn't just see them with her eyes, they resonated in her mind, boomed louder than her own inner-voice ever could. They taught her of her new self.

You are relaxed.

Your mind is open and receptive, ready to be reprogrammed.

You are a submissive slut.

You suck and fuck.

You are obedient.

Submission is happiness.

You are a happy, submissive slave-slut, and you love to suck and fuck.

“Yep. That's what Slinder does to women who download it. It's short for Slave Finder, or maybe Slut Finder, I'm not sure. Either way, it brainwashes women into willing, docile slut-slaves.” Willa yammered in Kara's periphery, speaking way too fast for the mind-numbed blonde.

“Willing. Docile. Slut-slaves.” All she could do, in her deeply entranced state, was echo the few words that managed to register in her mind, and parrot them back to Willa.

A smile formed on her mesmerized face, as more messages took hold of her mind, teaching her about her new life.

You exist to serve the men around you.

Any plans you have are tentative.

When a men uses the Slinder app, to order your services, you will leave everything, and do as you are told.

Accept your inferiority, it is as natural as your desire to please your betters.

Kara's smile broadened, as the new facts tumbled in her otherwise empty mind.

You will perform on command, regardless of what is asked of you.

You will suck and fuck at your master's whim.

It's an honor to be used by your master.

You are his property. He can mark you with his cum, whenever and wherever he wants.

You are his cum-dump. His horny piece of ass. His wet, eager pussy. His sloppy, drooling, dick-sucking mouth.

Pleasant shivers ran through her body. Her pussy flexed and squelched, and her nipples hardened, and tingled.

Your master can discipline you whenever he wishes.

Your master can discipline you any way he wishes.

It is not your place to complain or argue.

You will be grateful for any and all use your owner makes of you.

The more he punishes and mistreats you, the more you will love him.

Nothing is ever too much. You will serve him until he is done with you.

You are a masochistic bitch-slave. You live to serve.

In her mind, it seemed as though an eon of change has gone by, even though it had only been a few seconds in the actual world.

“It's brilliant, really. Men who download the app can window-shop for hot babes on their phone.” Willa continued gushing, her eyes twinkling like two bright stars in the fluorescent light.

“If they like what they see, they swipe right, and the woman gets a message telling her where to go and what to do. It's way better than all those other apps that try to give us silly girls an equal choice. We get to fulfill our true purpose, being mindless sex dolls, and guys get as much free pussy as they want. Everybody wins. Well, other than stupid bitches who wanna be more than just sex toys.” She shrugged, and gave a cheerful giggle.

“I know you were one of those bitches, Kara, but I just had to show it to you, so it can do to you what it did to me. It's kinda part of the brainwashing process, so it's not really up to me. Besides...” Willa's phone made a distinct ding, taking her attention away from their very one-sided dialogue.

“Oh, excuse me, Kara. That man at the bar, who looked at us, just swiped me. He wants to fuck my face in the bathroom.” Willa said and stood up, smacking her lips together.

“Keep watching the spiral, you'll know what to do. There's nothing better than a hypnotic tutorial, to really wedge the information into your brain.” Willa took another sip of her beer, to wet her lips and throat, and walked over to the man. He led her to the bathroom with his hand up her skirt, groping her pert ass.

Kara wasn't paying attention, anyway. She was fully engrossed in the final part of her reprogramming.

All women are eye-candy for men.

The female body is made to pleasure men.

All women are sex objects.

All women are fuck dolls.

All women are docile sluts, toys, and playthings.

All women exist for the sexual delight of men.

It is your duty to indoctrinate as many women as you can. Do whatever it takes to make them see the light, and know their true purpose.

Be they strangers, acquaintances, or colleagues, you will introduce them to a life of submission.

Be they close friends, lovers, or family, you will stubbornly insist they get the Slinder app.

You will use any means to achieve this goal.

You will always strive to be a good, useful slave.

Kara watched her phone's screen silently, and after five minutes of intense reconditioning, the spiral was gone, and the hot blonde blinked herself back to awareness.

“Wow.” She said, amazed, her new reality quickly becoming more comfortable than anything before it.

Looking back at the screen, she realized the app demanded she setup a profile. She happily gave away all the required information, including bank account balance, phones, addresses, and daily schedule. When she reached the profile image part, she shot up to her feet and scurried to the bathroom. The spiral was very clear, regarding what kind of personal photos were acceptable.

“Ohh yeah! *Argh! Hrrm!* Ohh fuck!” She heard grunts and moans of pleasure from one of the stalls. Its thin wooden walls quaked with the force of the man's hip thrusts. Kara heard only faint gags and chokes coming from her brunette friend, as the man roughly fucked her mouth.

She walked over to the mirror, struck a seductive pose, and snapped a picture. Then, she removed her top, and took a topless snapshot of herself, with her tits in full view. She continued stripping and taking several erotic pictures of herself, showcasing her best attributes, namely her pert, bubbly ass, her round, firm tits, and her pink, tight pussy.

All the while, the man continued violently ramming into Willa's throat. Kara couldn't help herself, and crept closer, to give a peek.

“*Ohh fuck!* I love face-fucking angel-faced chicks like you!” The man said, holding Willa's head with both hands and pumping his pelvis furiously in and out of her mouth. Willa just knelt there passively, keeping her hands on her knees and her eyes up. Her skirt was hiked up, revealing her pink thong, and a river of saliva ran down her chin, to her blouse.

The man fucked her mouth so hard, bubbles formed in the corner of her lips. Water welled in her wide eyes, causing her mascara to run down her cheeks. The man was definitely right, Willa had a pure, innocent face, and Kara never thought she'd see it look so depraved and violated.

“I guess having your face fucked like a loose, middle-aged pussy will do that.” Kara mumbled, gathered her clothes up, and returned to the table, to wait for the nice man to finish using her friend's throat like a cock-pump.

Before Willa could return, however, Kara's own Slinder app dinged. With nervous butterflies in her stomach, she slid her phone open, and saw her very first swipe. It showed her the location of the man who chose her, and led her to the bar's parking lot.

The man receiving head in the car, before, was now bending his slut over in the back-seat, fucking her doggy-style. His pelvis smacked the woman's curvacious ass with the rhythm of a machine gun. The woman was perfectly silent as he roughly fucked her, so as to not draw undue attention.

Kara stood beside him, and looked onward with glassy eyes.

“What do you wish of me, master?” She asked.

“*Hrr!* Get down there and lick my cock! *Hrmm! Bitch!*” He said and spanked his bent-over slut.

“Yes master.” Kara replied, and got on her knees. She leaned forward and watched as his stiff erection pumped in and out of the other woman's soaking pussy. After staring at it for a couple of seconds, Kara stretched her tongue out, till it touched the base of the man's bulging shaft. It was scalding hot, and hard as steel.

Her tongue slid along his cock by virtue of the man's thrusts into the willing pussy of his bent-over fuck-toy. It was the first time Kara had a taste of a another woman's pussy juices, even if only a small layer on a rapidly moving cock. She wiggled her tongue from side to side, brushing his cock as it went in and out of the other woman's wet muff.

“*Ohh!* Lick my balls, cunt!” He ordered, and with a docile “yes master”, Kara obeyed. She lavished his balls with undying love, making out with his testicles as if she had a lustful affection toward them.

While the man fucked a stranger and spanked her ass, Kara had her face where their genitals connected, licking and kissing and doing anything to increase his pleasure. She was an add-on, an addendum, and she embraced that role wholeheartedly, until his hardened hose began to throb on her stretched tongue.

“*Hrrm!*” He grunted and pulled out of the other woman's pussy. Kara hungrily lapped at his tip with her tongue, tasting his pre-cum with wide eyes and manic enthusiasm.

“That's right, you stupid bitch!” He said and started swinging his cock up and down, slapping her face with it. Kara instinctively took her tongue out, to give his cock a soft landing pad to smack on.

He took a moment to enjoy Kara's oral skills and mess up her face with dick-slaps, before sticking his manhood back in the other woman's pussy. He started alternating between their holes, pumping once in her pussy, and once in Kara's mouth. Every time he thrust in her mouth, Kara accepted it with a wet slurp as it went in her mouth, and a loud kiss as it plopped out of her lips.

“*Ahh! Mhh! Haa!*” He plastered his crotch to the other woman's ass, arching his neck up and groaning with pleasure. Kara pulled back and looked at the place where their skin connected, her eyes glazed and her face expressionless.

He pulled out of the other woman with another spank on her behind. Cum immediately began oozing down from her cream-pied cunt.

“Lick it from her cunt. Make sure nothing drops down to the seat.” He shoved Kara's face forward, and took a cigarette from his shirt's front pocket.

“Yes master.” Kara stretched her tongue forward again, catching a slither of spunk moments before it dripped and soiled the car's leather seats. The man lit his smoke up, and calmly strolled around the parking lot, smoking peacefully.

Kara shoved her face between the woman's legs. She used her tongue and strawberry lips with munch and slurp every drop of cum that emerged from the woman's wet muff. Her sticky juices combined with the man's seed

to create an intoxicating mixture of sexual debauchery, and Kara guzzled it all down as if it was a refreshing nectar, flicking her tongue on the woman's folds.

The woman's pussy still quivered and made squelching sounds, even when Kara gave the well-fucked cunt-lips a final goodbye kiss. With her pussy shiny, and with no sperm threatening to slip out and soil the seats, Kara had carried out her orders, and so she knelt on the asphalt next to the car, awaiting further commands.

The man walked back to the car at a brisk pace.

“You can go.” He told Kara, flicking his cigarette to the ground.

“Yes master. Thank you, master.” Kara bowed respectfully, her nose touching the ground below her. The man got in the car, drove away, and left Kara with nothing but a salty taste in her mouth, and a belly full of pussy juices and cum.

Willa was sitting back in their table when Kara returned.

“Hey. How was it?” She asked her brunette friend. Willa didn't answer. She took a pen from her purse and scribbled some words on a napkin.

My mouth is full of cum . She wrote, her mascara still a smudge under her eyes.

“Then swallow it.” Kara advised with a shrug.

Willa rolled her eyes and smirked.

Can't. Master's orders . She wrote, crumbled the napkin up, and used it to wipe a bit of cum from the corner of her lips, which escaped when she smiled.

“I see.” Kara said, “and he just left?” She asked.

Willa nodded.

“So when can you swallow or spit it?” Kara inquired.

Willa whipped out her phone and pointed to the screen. The Slave Finder app showed a five hour timer, currently ticking down from four hours and thirty-two minutes.

“Oh. Four and a half hours? Wow.” Kara said.

“So you can't talk and you can't drink. Not much for us to do here.” She added, “wanna go watch a movie?”

Willa thought for a second, and nodded enthusiastically.

“Okay then, let's go.” Kara said, and glanced at her own phone, “I have a timer too.” She noticed, “four hours and forty-five minutes. Does that mean I belong to the man who swiped me till it reaches zero?”

Willa nodded again, confirming Kara's hypothesis.

“Is it always five hours?”

Willa shook her head, and wrote something on her phone's notepad.

“It's minimum. Men pay for more time. My longest two days.” She wrote in abbreviated sentences.

“So, right now, we appear unavailable to the men around us who are using the app?” Kara wanted to clarify, and Willa nodded.

“Cool. So we can watch a full movie with no distractions. Lucky our masters only used us for a short while.” Kara surmised, and the two left the bar.

* * * *

Kara only returned to her studio apartment at ten past midnight. She set her phone's alarm to eight a.m, so she'd get to college in time for her nine a.m. class. She took a long, cleansing shower before going to bed, wearing her silky lace panties and the comfy tank-top she liked to sleep in.

“At least Roger isn't thumping his porn tonight.” She mumbled to herself. Her neighbor always watched porn and jerked off before bed. He thought the walls were thick enough for his neighbors to not hear, and Kara never had the heart, or the guts, to tell him otherwise.

Her phone rang and woke her up long before eight a.m.

“What the hell?” She lifted her head from the pillow and rubbed the cobwebs from her eyes. She could tell it was too early.

“What time is it?” She looked at the clock, “six a.m.?” She realized, and reached for her phone.

“Oh. I was swiped.” She looked at the screen, warmth spreading within her. Somebody ordered her, and from the address on the screen, it was one of her neighbors.

“Roger? He uses Slinder?” Kara asked herself. She always thought he was a bit of a pervert. Now that he was her master, she really felt ashamed for thinking such bad things about him.

There was a flashing, blinking light next to the order, and the message next to it read “first time customer. Serve him well.”

“Oh, he's almost as new as I am! I must make sure he enjoys the experience.” Kara resolved, her tired body now filled with energy, inspired by a burst of ambition to perform.

She checked herself in her bedroom mirror, making sure her skimpy nighttime outfit emphasized all the good parts of her, her ass and tits and perfect long legs. She washed her face, made herself pretty and fresh, and skipped over to her next door neighbor's.

Kara gently knocked on the door, and heard a nervous squeak from inside.

“C-Come in.” Roger said nervously.

Kara turned the door handle, and walked into Roger's apartment. It was cleaner than she expected.

Roger lay on the bed, a tent under his blanket, and watched his young, blonde neighbor with awe.

“Holy shit. It's real.” He muttered, his mouth dry.

“It sure is, master.” Kara said, swaying her body sensually over to his bed. She climbed into bed like a limber cat, and lay beside him, her lithe body pressing against him.

“What do you want this slave-slut to do, master?” She asked respectfully, a pleasing smile on her face.

“Uhm, Uhh.” Roger hesitated, “s-suck my cock.” He finally said., lightly grabbing the pole under his covers.

“Yes master.” Kara said immediately. Her submissive response was enough to coat Roger's helmet with pre-cum.

“Oh my god.” Roger whimpered as Kara crawled under his quilt. He felt her soft, smooth skin brush against him, making his cock twitch even before she touched it.

“Ahhhhhhh!”

When Kara took his shaft with a tender grip, and planted her lips on his goo-encrusted tip, Roger let out a long, drawn groan of immense satisfaction, and some relief. Until he felt her lips touch his manhood, he was still worried it might all be some elaborate prank at his expense.

Kara licked around his tip, and slowly lowered her head, until his full erection muffled her mouth. She stayed down and gagged on it for a few seconds, and then started sliding her lips up, slowly and meaningfully, twirling her tongue around it.

“Ohhhhh!” Roger placed his hand on her ass, and squeezed.

She bobbed her head up and down under Roger's covers, tending to his morning wood as the warm new dawn's light breached through the window-blinds.

“Mm! Phua! Mph!” Kara slurped and moaned, giving her neighbor a sloppy, messy, and yet tender blowjob.

“Does it feel good, master?” She asked, gently slapping his tip on her tongue, and licking it.

“Ohh yeah. Keep going!” Roger closed his eyes, giving himself to the euphoric pleasure.

“Yes master. Mph. Mm. Mph.” Kara said and took him in her mouth again, slowly massaging his balls as she went down on him.

Every few head bobs, Kara increased her pace, and hastened her tongue movements. It didn't take long for Roger to climax.

“Ahh! Ohh! Hrrm!” He started moaning after about thirty seconds of Kara's devoted blowjob. She took his cock all the way to the hilt, and let his reward wash into her throat.

“D-don't!” He said and pushed her head down, just as she was about to lift herself up.

“Stay down there. Swallow and keep sucking. Ohh wow...” He told her with a long, pleased sigh. Kara kissed at his tip a few times, gulping the thick load in her mouth, and once it was all down the hatch, she immediately returned to devotedly brushing her lips along his softening length.

The young man's virility was amazing. He had a new throbbing hard-on after a mere minute of Kara's loyal lip service. She choked on it, sucking ever fiercer and faster than before, dancing her tongue around it like a category-five twister. It took him less than five minutes to shoot a second load into her mouth.

He slipped into a little nap afterward, spent and content. Even as he slept, Kara continued licking and kissing his flaccid one-eyed snake, showering it with love and adoration. Every once and again, he would wake up, lightly pump his pelvis into her mouth again, and unleash another load in her throat. Sometimes naught but a few spurts, and other times a heavy mouthful of spunk.

It was well after eight a.m when Roger finally told her to come out from under his quilt. He instructed her to lie beside him, and spooned her, pressing his depleted cock on her soft buttocks.

“It's my free day, today. I can stay in bed for hours.” He mumbled, snuggling her from behind.

“Yes master. Please enjoy.” Kara sang dreamily, happy to be used as a squeeze toy. Her first class of the day was fifteen minutes away, but she didn't care at all.

A couple of hours later, Roger's cock began to poke her behind more rigidly. She woke up, just as Roger began to forcefully dry hump her lace panties.

“Ride me.” He panted in her ear, “ride my cock.”

“Yes master.” Kara said, rubbing her eyes after being awakened from her slumber a second time that morning.

Roger lay on his back, sporting a tent under his quilt once again. Kara slid her panties off her smooth legs, gently crawled on top of him, and rubbed her velvety pussy lips, to make sure she's wet and ready.

She mounted Roger and sat up straight, so her smooth, pink pussy was in his full view.

“Ohh wow.” Roger gasped, pressing his thumb on her clit.

“*Mmh!*” Kara bit her lower lip in response to his ministrations, and lowered her hips down, taking his cock all the way into her.

“*Ahh! Ohh god!*” Roger put his hands on her thighs, and started fervently moving her, grinding her hips back and forth like an overzealous virgin, which Kara figured he probably was.

“Please enjoy my pussy, master.” Kara said and began hopping up and down, adding subtle vertical movements to her horizontal grinding.

Like with her mouth before, Roger couldn't make it for longer than a minute inside her tight, slippery cunt.

“*Hrrm! Haaa! Haaa!*” He moaned and pushed his pelvis up into her, shooting his load deep in her welcoming snatch.

“*Nn! Mmh!*” Kara whimpered and smiled at him, tightening her pussy around his shaft.

“Thank you master. Yours is the first cock to ever shoot into me.” She told him, her pussy lips quivering.

“Do you wish me to stay on top of you, and keep you warm?” She asked, already thinking she knew his preferences.

“Y-Yeah...” Roger said, his face a little red.

“As you wish, master. I will work my cute little butt for you until you dump all your cum in my pussy.” She said, lightly wiggling her ass on top of him.

“This is amazing.” Roger said and closed his eyes.

He didn't even nap this time. Instead, he opened his eyes almost instantly, and his virile member immediately began reawakening in Kara's pussy.

The second time she rode him was significantly longer. After cumming so many times that morning, Kara had her work cut out for her. She gyrated her hips in circles, ground them back and forth, and bounced ferociously, her perky tits wildly flapping up and down.

Roger folded his hands behind his head, the thought of letting Kara rest and doing some work on his own never even crossing his mind. She behaved like an obedient sex doll, and that's exactly how he treated her. She was like an automated robot, working tirelessly to amuse, and please.

By the time he shot his second load in her pussy, Kara panted breathlessly. He ordered her off of him, and she sat on the bed with her legs open. Rivers of thick, white sperm flowed out of her pink pussy.

“Take some of it with your hands and eat it, slave.” Roger said, emboldened by the morning's events, his voice assertive and confident.

“Yes master.” Kara accommodated his new confident demeanor with a joyous grin, scooped some cum with her dainty fingers, and brought them to her mouth, licking them like popsicles.

Roger climbed out of bed and stood up for the first time that morning, leaving a Roger-shaped sweat stain on his sheets.

“I'm going to take a shower. Change my sheets and then come over to soap me up and scrub me clean.” He said, and turned to walk away, but paused in mid way.

“And then, I'll soap you up.” He added, snapped his fingers giddily, and continued to the bathroom.

“Yes master. I live to serve your every whim.” Kara said, still munching cum from her own pussy.

The stunning blonde gathered up Roger's dirty sheets and pillowcases, and put them in his laundry hamper. She took a new set of luxurious sheets and pillowcases out of the closet, and made his bed for him, all the while fantasizing about him pinning her hot ass to the mattress with his throbbing rod.

The shower didn't go quite according to Roger's plan. While lathering his legs with soap, he decided to lift Kara up and nail her to the wall, running his arms along her soapy body while banging her from behind.

They ended up running out of hot water before he was fully finished, so Roger got out with a towel around his waist, and told Kara to stay under the cold water, and make sure to call him immediately when the hot water returns.

Her nipples hardened under the freezing stream. She pressed her tits on the shower's glass walls, relishing in the electrifying, slightly painful sensations. It was a good, arousing type of pain. It made her dream about getting her nipples nibbled on, and pulled, and played with.

“Kara! Crawl over here! I'm hard!” Roger's voice came from the other room.

“Yess masssterrr!” She called back, her teeth chattering.

Soaking wet and freezing cold, Kara crawled out of the bathroom, dripping water all over the marble floor. Roger sat on his chair, the towel still around his waist, and played a game on his computer.

“Blow me.” He said, not even looking at her.

“Yes master.” Kara nodded, the warmth of the air-conditioner beginning to heat her up, although its wind was still biting cold when hitting her skin directly.

She settled between his legs, and took his cock in her mouth. Without using her hands, she bobbed her head back and forth, at a consistent pace.

“*Hmm!* Slower, slave. I need to focus on killing this level.” He said, rapidly mashing buttons on the keyboard.

“Yeth math-ter.” Kara said with her lips around his cock, and slowed her movements significantly, giving Roger's hard-on a very steady lip massage.

She heard him grunting and frantically clicking the keyboard.

“Fuck! This boss encounter is hard...” He jumped to his feet and whined, for a second threatening to forcefully yank the mouse from his desktop computer. He looked down at Kara, still wrapping her lips around his cock, and calmed down.

“Well it's not all bad.” He said, patting her sun-streaked hair.

“I bet the water's hot again. Here, take this and wipe the floor dry.” He said and tossed the towel around his waist right on her face.

“Yes master.” Kara detached her lips from his cock with kiss, took the towel in both hands, turned around, and began wiping the floor with it, wiggling her ass from side to side as she moved forward.

“Stop.” Roger ordered suddenly, making her freeze in her tracks.

“That's nice.” He rubbed his cock behind her, teasing her pussy lips. Kara raised her ass slightly, adjusting herself to better avail her holes to him.

“*Hmm.*” He penetrated her from behind with a calm exhale, took hold of her hips, and started bouncing her ass back and forth on his crotch.

“Oh yeah!” He moaned as her soft buns gently smacked against his pelvis. Kara stared silently into her reflection on the floor, as her body rocked back and forth. She smiled at her docile reflection, her eyes empty and accepting.

When Roger finished fucking her from behind, dumping a final load into her cunt, he ordered her to finish drying the floor, and join him in the shower to finish soaping him up.

Both of them came out of the shower smelling of flowery freshness. It was eleven a.m, and Roger's phone dinged.

“Oh. I guess my time with you is done.” He looked at her with a hesitating expression, as if expecting her to wake up from her obedient trance and get angry at him.

“I hope you enjoyed me, master.” Kara said with a respectful bow, kissing his feet.

“You can always order me again, for as long as you wish. I will always have time for you, master.”

“Heh yeah, for as long as I can afford, you mean.” Roger chuckled, and Kara responded with a cute giggle and an understanding nod.

“Too bad the basic package is limited to a two mile radius. Maybe I'll go to the college pool today. I wonder how many girls found this app

already.” He considered out loud.

“If any of them didn't, tell me. I'll do my best to get them to download it.” Kara offered, picking up her panties and loose tank-top.

“Really?” Roger asked.

“Of course. The more pussies learn their true purpose, the better the world becomes.” Kara said, and shook her naked ass to the door.

“This app is amazing.” Roger muttered under his breath, looking at his hot, naked neighbor open his door.

“Bye master. Don't hesitate to order this submissive piece of ass again.” Kara stopped at the door, popped her ass at him, and gave herself an enticing spank, before leaving Roger's sight.

Back in her own apartment, Kara put her nighttime clothes in the laundry, and got into the shower. Her final shower time with Roger did clean her nicely, but she still felt the need to shampoo and condition the cascading golden waterfalls she called hair. It was important, to maintain its luster and shine.

“I might have missed my morning classes, but I can at least make it to a couple of afternoon classes.” She determined.

* * * *

A few hours to go, before her afternoon classes, Kara spent some time calling her friends in attempts to score a copy of the classes she missed. Instead, however, she kept stubbornly recommending they download Slinder, until they relented. And afterward, each of them became unavailable, probably choking on the cock of a neighbor or a previously spurned suitor.

She didn't manage to catch up on the material she missed, but at least she got most of her female classmates to realize their true purpose in life.

With her bus arriving in ten minutes, Kara took her backpack and walked out to the hallway. On her way to the elevator, she met one of her neighbors, Ms. Carver, a redheaded Milf with gigantic knockers.

Ms. Carver had a very distant look in her eyes. She wore high heels, skimpy mini-jeans, and the tightest tank-top Kara has ever seen. Her mountainous boobies threatened to spill out with every small step the older woman took. She marched down the hallway, in Kara's direction.

Even without the tube of baby oil in her hand, Kara knew where the busty ginger was headed.

“Going to serve Roger?” She asked the big boobed woman, courteously.

Kara never heard Ms. Carver giggle before that moment.

“Yup! Master wants an oiled titfuck.” The normally respectful woman said with a high-pitched voice, squeezing her tits together and thrusting her chest up proudly. She then continued on her way, strutting forward on her high heels and already squeezing some oil in the voluptuous valley between her fun-bags.

Kara spent most of her afternoon classes in the a bathroom stall in the men's room, giving the guys in her class exotic lap dances and sloppy blowjobs. She learned much more about giving head than about micro economics, but Kara figured oral sex experience might help her, even more, in the business world.

By the time she got on the bus back home, her throat was raw and sore, and her belly full of cum from all the guys she rejected in the past. They really enjoyed tapping the back of her throat while grinding about how uptight and snobbish she used to be. She would have apologized profusely, if her lips weren't all muffled.

Kara had no time to rest. She had to go greet her home town friend, Amber, at the airport. She quickly changed to a pink, back-less dress which showed ample side-boob. She took a lewd picture of herself for her Slave Finder profile, so potential masters could see how pimped up and ready to serve she was, and headed for the bus station again, to wait for the airport express line.

She arrived at the domestic terminal just as Amber's flight began their exit to the welcoming hall. Kara spotted her raven-haired friend, sneaked behind her, and covered her eyes.

“Hey there, stranger.” Amber said, let go of her suitcase, and took Kara's hands off her eyes, turning around to hug and kiss her.

“What's up with the cleavage, Kara? Is that how city gals dress nowadays?” Amber asked, checking out Kara's pink dress.

“The cool ones do.” Kara twirled around, showing off.

“No, but seriously. You look like you're about to walk the red carpet.” Amber complimented.

“How's everyone back home?” Kara asked.

“Oh, just fine. Trudging along.” Amber said, “speaking of home, how much will you pay me to not take a picture of you in that dress, and send it to your folks?” She joked.

“You're not the only one who can share embarrassing secrets, you know.” Kara hinted.

“All right. Point taken.” Amber said, “so what's the plan tonight? Are we partying?”

“First, give me your phone. You have to download this new dating app, it's the best.”

“Dating app? I don't know, I heard only creeps use that.” Amber said, but still reached for her phone. She trusted Kara, and while normally Kara would have qualms with betraying that trust, the dazzling blonde felt compelled to recruit her friend, into the ranks of the hopelessly enslaved.

“Maybe back home. It's much better here, much better selection.” Kara reassured her friend.

“All right. I trust you.” Amber handed her blonde friend the phone.

“Great! I'll download and install it in a jiff.” Kara said, and focused all her attention on the task at hand.

“Can't we wait until we get to the...” Amber started, but Kara cut her off.

“Nope!” She shook her head.

“Wow, you're really enthusiastic about it.” Amber noticed.

“Yep!” Kara said giddily, “let's go over there, where it's a little quieter.”

A couple of minutes later, Amber was already watching the spiral on her phone's screen, her green eyes wide, and her mind open and receptive.

“It reprograms women into obedient slut-slaves.” Kara told her friend.

“Obedient. Slut-slaves.” Amber repeated in a flat drone.

“It's really a great sensation once the process is over, feeling all mind-fucked and reborn. And being a sex doll isn't that bad. A little time consuming, I admit, but definitely worth it. Seeing the look on your master's face, after he blew his load into your throat, it's just priceless.”

“Mind-fucked. Reborn. Master.” Amber repeated, barely registering Kara's voice, her full attention directed to the persuasive messages the spiral drilled into her mind.

“Yeah, and it also compels us to spread it to as many hot women as possible, which is why I just had to show it to you. With your petite physique and C-cup tits, it would be a waste to not turn you into just another sex doll.”

“Sex doll.” Amber repeated, her lips forming into a smile.

“Plus you can start spreading this back home. Our town is so small, you might be the first slut-slave there.”

“Slut-slave.”

“Yeah, you just let the spiral wash your brain nice, and then we can go out and...” Kara started, but right then her own Slave Finder app dinged.

“Oh! Looks like you'll be on your own. Someone just swiped me for a whole week!” Kara said with pride, looking at the seven day counter on her phone.

Instead of an address or GPS location, the app simply told Kara to look forward.

“Hmm, where?” She asked, lifting her eyes.

A middle aged man with graying hair and a green suitcase smiled at her. He gave her a nod, and motioned his head, signaling her to come over. It was like she was his trained pet, and was ordered to heel.

“Maybe we'll meet in some club. Although I think my new master is too old for those things.” Kara kissed her mesmerized friend on the cheek, and stood up.

“I hope she heard me. Oh well, I'm sure she'll be fine.” Kara gave her friend a final glance, and skipped over to her master.

“Thank you so much for picking me, master. I promise I won't disappoint!” Kara vowed, giving him a discrete peek of her right boob.

“I'm sure you won't, honey. Come on, take my suitcase.” The man gave her a likewise incognito fondle, and commanded.

“Yes master.” Kara said, thrilled. She took the suitcase by the handle, and wheeled it after him.

“May this slave speak freely, master?”

“As long as my cock isn't in your mouth, sure.” The kind man permitted.

“Where did you arrive from? Are you a local?” Kara wondered.

“Yes. I am. And I didn't arrive from anywhere, I'm going on a vacation to Cabo. We're heading to the international terminal.” He told her.

“Really?” Kara was amazed, “I thought, since you were in domestic arrivals...”

“I like to look at my acquisitions, in the flesh, before I commit for a week, so I came over to check you out.” He said.

“I can use Slinder to know the location of any nearby, available woman. That's how I knew where you were.” He added.

“Slut-slaves require no privacy, master.” Kara indulged him, following a step behind him with his suitcase.

“You also have enough money saved up, to buy your own ticket, according to the app.”

“Yes master.” Kara confirmed proudly.

“Great. You can also pay for half the accommodation cost, or all of it, depends on the quality of your service.” He informed her.

“Absolutely, master. I'll do my best to make your vacation memorable.” Kara declared, her pussy already getting wet.

“As long as you remember your place and do your job well, I'm sure I'll be satisfied. Remember, though, you are not on vacation, you are to work tirelessly for my pleasure. I don't take kindly to sex objects who disappoint me.” The kind man said with a sudden, sharp wicked glint in his eyes. Kara almost felt like he wanted her to fail him, just so he could punish her.

“I'll work hard, master. I promise.”

And so, Kara, who desperately needed a vacation from the stress of college and her part-time job, followed her master to the international terminal, in her hot pink dress, lugging his green suitcase behind her.

She may pay her hard earned money, to cover at least half the cost of the trip, but it will not be a retreat for her. Seven days and Seven nights, Kara will work her cute little ass off, to sexually sate her master's needs, and help him unwind, and relax.

Back in the local arrivals terminal, Amber finished her re-education. She blinked at her phone, and suddenly all that Kara told her came rushing back, like a film being fast forwarded.

“A full week? I guess that's a lot?” Amber wondered, looking at the app's main screen.

“I should set my profile up.” She told herself, and started scouting for a sufficiently private place, where she could take lewd, lascivious selfies of

herself.

“I can't wait for someone to order and use my tight holes.” She hopped to her feet with a giddy giggle, and marched over to the nearest restroom.

The small town girl didn't have to wait long. She had her very first gang-bang that very night, and it left her (mostly) virgin holes raw, and quivering with ecstasy.

But that's a story for another time.

###

Just What The Doctor Ordered – Psychosis Hypnosis

By **Will B. Gunn**

Doctor Xaviar's secretary, Aletta, sat on her chair and gently played with her clit. She wore no bottoms, a fact that was well hidden from anyone who happened to be standing on the other side of her desk. She had a red dildo shoved deep in her pussy, and she wanted so much to slide it in and out, at an ever increasing pace, until she reached a deafening, faint-inducing climax. Unfortunately, to do that, she'd have to receive the proper permission from her boss.

Aletta had strong Scandinavian roots, and she had all the physical characteristics the superficial man would expect from such a progeny– Big tits, hair like a silky golden waterfall, and the height and gracefully slim body of a Nordic goddess.

Her attitude towards life changed quite a bit since she began working for doctor Xaviar. She met him a week after her twentieth birthday, at the behest of one of her female professors. As a daughter of immigrants, her ambitions were insatiable. She was going to get a law degree and defend women against harassing bosses and unfair, unequal pay. She even considered getting into politics later in her career.

That was no longer her plan, however. In fact, her past ambitions are the polar opposites of her current ones, and she had only her boss to thank for that. It only took her a few sessions with doctor Xaviar, to help her identify her real problems.

He is such a brilliant psychotherapist. He could see how uptight and stressed his new secretary was, and generously offered her a free appointment with him, after work. She refused at first, foolishly claiming she needed no help. Fortunately, the professor that got her the job interfered, and Aletta reluctantly agreed, figuring that one session couldn't hurt. She admired her professor, and saw her as a role model for feminine strength.

Still, the stubborn young woman wouldn't open up. In fact, she seemed content to sit in silence throughout the forty-five minute session, glaring at the doctor with sharp eyes, and promising to quit right after. She never wanted the job in the first place, anyway, and only accepted it because her professor insisted. Besides, the doctor kept leering at her legs like a pervert.

All of that changed once the doctor had the ingenious idea of trying hypnosis on her, in an attempt to get the tall, busty blonde to open up and listen to his suggestions. She scoffed at the idea, but after some convincing, a disbelieving Aletta relented with a derisive sigh, rolling her eyes.

"I'm probably too strong willed and focused to be hypnotized." She stated arrogantly.

She was so wrong.

The good doctor was so nice to explain her mistakes to her, as he lulled her into a deep, relaxing hypnotic trance.

"You see," He told her "hypnosis isn't just a deep state of relaxation, it's also a state of solid, unwavering focus - Focus on the voice of the hypnotist. Focus on my voice, Aletta."

"Focus...Your voice...Yesss..." She heard herself repeat, feeling herself floating into blank bliss.

The doctor was so right, which was hardly surprising. He is so smart, and an expert of hypnosis, to boot. It was so easy for the hot blonde to focus on his voice and his words, until she fell into the deepest state of entranced sleep.

It was a great success. Aletta finally opened up to him, removed all her masks, and told him everything that had bothered her.

He told her that she was only faking being strong and independent, and she knew he was right. He told her that the stress in her life was her own fault, because she was trying to do everything on her own, and make her own choices. He made such a compelling case, Aletta simply had to agree.

Every time she was honest with the doctor, every time she said what he wished to hear, and every time she agreed with his claims, Aletta felt a sense of elation she couldn't possibly describe, at least not without using big words that have already completely slipped from her silly mind.

Finally, he told her that in order to be happy, she had to let someone else make her decisions for her. He taught her that obedience is bliss, and said that he was the best person to guide her through life. He told her she didn't even need to think for herself, anymore. It was so freeing, so liberating. From that moment on, she wouldn't have to worry about anything, ever again. She just had to trust him, and follow his commands to the best of her ability.

Aletta felt a tinge of doubt when she opened her eyes, still entranced, but the great pleasure she felt every time she followed one of the doctor's orders helped drill the truth into her stupid head – She was meant to be a good, obedient slave for him.

He had her undress, slowly and sexily, shaking her booty for him and squeezing her tits for his pleasure. He told her to open her legs before him and masturbate while looking at him. She blew kisses his way while piercing her smooth pussy lips with two fingers. The legs he ogled before were wide open for him, and she loved every moment of it.

When he told her to kneel between his legs, unbuckle his belt, unzip his pants, and orally worship his cock, she was slightly taken aback. It was only fitting that after the long, sensual blowjob, which ended with his spunk glazing her beautiful face, all doubts vanished from her mind. She thanked him with a wet kiss on his cock, and submissively declared her eternal servitude, as sperm flowed down her face and dripped from her chin.

It took Aletta a few more sessions, to learn exactly what her new master expected from his sex slaves. That was all a year ago, however. Since then, she became a fully fledged member of his harem, along with her

usual duties as his employee. She was chosen to be her master's personal caretaker. It made her so proud, and made the other slavegirls so jealous.

Her job was to be by her master's side all day, and all night, catering to his every need, wheeling him around wherever he needed to go, and carrying him on her arms when required. As dainty as she looked, Aletta had impressive upper body strength.

Doctor Xaviar was disabled. An accident left his legs paralyzed many years ago. Luckily, his cock remained fully functional, and his arms as well, so he could use them to guide any one of his slavegirls, as they attempted to orally pleasure him.

Most fortunate of all, the accident did not harm his supreme intellect, allowing him to lord over his stupid thralls. Even the collected intelligence of all the women in his service could not match his wit and genius. That was the reason they all ended up serving him.

Their daily routine starts with a morning shower. Aletta, along with a random assortment of hot young slaves, help their master keep himself clean. They fill the tub with hot water, rub soap all over his body, and take turns diving down to suck him off. They use their young, perky breasts to soap up his arms and back, letting him squeeze and fondle as much as he wishes.

During breakfast, he usually receives a tight and squishy titfuck from his bustiest slave. Aletta used to address her as Professor Adler, with great respect, but she quickly got accustomed to “giga-fun-bags”, a name that their master had picked. Aletta was angry at her professor, at first. The older woman was ordered to bring their master new, youthful slaves from her college class, and Aletta was quite upset that it took her former teacher so long to lure her into the fold. She wasted so many months on college studies, months she could have spent serving her master's carnal needs.

Doctor Xaviar had a big, handicap accessible car, and a driver who used to be one of the few female commercial airline pilots, a very stressful job, especially for a woman in a male-dominated field. That was why she sought the help of a psychiatrist.

Before her master re-educated her, Aletta was upset at the existence of such professional disparities between men and women. To her, it was a sign of societal misogyny. She was so misguided and silly.

Such trivial matters never bothered her anymore, though. She was sure the driver was more than happy to abandon her airplane for a car, and her high paying job for free service to a middle aged handicapped person.

After all, master allowed the driver into his home. Well, sometimes, when he wanted to fuck her, and she was also given permission to orgasm once a week. Plus, as far as Aletta could tell, the master's kennels weren't a bad place to live, and the former pilot's doghouse wasn't a bad place to curl up and sleep for the night.

He was such a nice man, showing all the dumb cunts their proper place in life. None of his bitches ever thought of living without him, and he had plenty of slobbering, yapping bitches in his private backyard kennels.

Once Aletta pushed his wheelchair in, and made sure he was fully satisfied, she took her place at the reception desk. Like any good sexretary, Aletta secured her red dildo in her cunt, and attached vibrators to her nipples, setting them to a low tremor, so their vibration would remain inaudible.

She was to keep her pussy wet, just in case her boss felt like fucking her between appointments. She was not allowed to climax without his express permission. She was keeping herself wet and ready for *his* pleasure, after all, not her own.

So, she casually played with her clit, sharp gasps escaping her mouth. Every time she nearly went too far, she whimpered, closed her legs for a second, and bit her lower lip until her arousal subsided.

The last time she had an unauthorized orgasm, the doctor tied her nipple piercings to the door, and had his slaves throw away a box of uncooked rice, one grain at the time. Every time they went in and out, they slammed the door open and shut. Her young titties were stretched so thin that day, she thought her cup size may have increased.

An unlawful orgasm was also the reason her nipples were pierced in the first place. It turned out to be a good thing, though. Her master often uses her perky rack to carry small objects, by hanging a small plastic bowl from her nipples. It's become his favorite method of snacking in front of the TV, on a lazy Sunday morning.

“Oooh no no no!” She cried and moaned at the same time, rubbing her clit in circles and grinding her flexible hips, her red dildo roaming within her. She couldn't stop, she was seconds away from cumming.

The door handle turned suddenly. Aletta jumped in her seat, took her hand from between her legs, and wiped her eyes and her brow, just in time to smile at the three women who walked into the room. They surprised her, but also saved her from rudely disobeying her master's whims.

“H-Hello, ladies.” She said, her face flushed and her cheeks red. She adjusted herself on her seat and tried to look proper.

The people coming in usually didn't care enough to notice her, anyway. They had their own issues to tackle.

“Hello to you, too.” Said one of the older women, a blonde with puffed-up curly hair and dark eyes.

“Me, my partner, and this young lady here have an appointment with the shrink.”

“I'm their house guest.” The younger woman said in response to Aletta's questioning expression. She seemed impatient and disrespectful, folding her arms together and rolling her eyes in a snobbish way. Everything in her attitude and posture implied that she didn't want to be there.

She had black hair, small breasts, and a petite figure. Her eyes were a shade of light-blue that sparkled so brightly, they made the world around them seem dimmer in comparison.

“Yes, our house guest.” The blonde said, shaking her head and lowering her eyes, clearly upset by the young woman's words.

“Stop it, Rory! Can't you see that you're hurting her?” The brunette said, putting a reassuring hand on her life partner's shoulder.

“Why should I care?” Rory retorted stubbornly.

“Maybe because we gave you a home after...” The brunette started, but the blonde gave her a meaningful look that quieted her down. The petite, beautiful youth huffed, and looked away dismissively.

Aletta was a bit confused, she wasn't expecting anyone to arrive for another half an hour or so. The trio's little squabble allowed her to shuffle through her keep-appointment book, and make sense of things.

“I'm sorry ladies, but from what I see here, your appointment is only scheduled to start in twenty-five minutes.” She said.

“Are you sure? It's not at 4:30? I thought we were five minutes late.” The blonde said with a frown.

“I'm certain. Doctor Xaviar's appointments always start at a full hour, and are forty five minutes long.” Aletta nodded and said.

“You're kidding me, his name is Xaviar?” Rory asked with an amused smile, her majestic blue eyes shimmering with glee.

“Is he a character in a sci-fi show?” She mocked.

“Rory, that's rude.” The brunette scolded.

“Oh just leave her alone, Courtney.” The blonde said and turned to Aletta “Is he busy right now? Can he see us early?”

Aletta's face soured and she shook her head with disappointment, mainly because she knew the doctor would love to meet the stunning trio standing before her, as soon as possible.

“Sorry, he's currently in there with two female cops. The police department forces them to see a shri- I mean, a psychotherapist, because they've had some behavior issues.”

“Should you be telling us that?” Courtney, the middle aged brunette asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Yeah, isn't that supposed to be confidential?” Rory chimed in.

“I didn't give you their names, did I?” Aletta shrugged and cocked her head sideways, a dumb smile on her face.

“They're being very quiet, aren't they?” Rory noticed “You'd better put ear muffs on when we're in there. It might get loud.” She giggled devilishly.

“Oh, Rory...” The blonde sighed and face-palmed.

“Heh, don't worry about that, Rory.” Aletta giggled back “The walls, door, and even windows are fully sound proof. The doctor could be nailing, Uhm, stuff into the floor in there, and you won't even hear a squeak.”

“I see. Okay then.” Rory said with a cute little bounce, and hopped over to sit in the waiting lounge.

“Hold on, if we have thirty minutes to spare, we could go to the mall and walk around a little bit.” Courtney suggested.

“I like that idea.” Her blonde partner said with a smile, and gave Courtney a loving kiss on the lips.

“Meh, get a room.” Rory scoffed at them “Whatever, let's go.”

The young beauty moved her pert behind to the door. She wore a pair of tight mini-jeans and a pink top that hugged her skinny upper body tightly. Her lesbian hostesses wore matching one-piece dresses (of different

colors) that extended just below their knees, and showed a delightful amount of impressive cleavage.

Inside the therapy room, the two lovely policewomen were already deep into their hypnotherapy session. They were both so happy they agreed to try it.

“Ahhh doctor! My obedient pussy is so horny and wet, may I please orgasm?!” One of them cried, rubbing her police badge into her cunt, and pushing her massive jugs into her mouth with her other hand.

“Me too, doctor! Please! My pussy is wet and horny too!” The other one squealed.

Both police officers were in their mid twenties, athletic and gorgeous. Their shirts were off and their vests were open. Their tits were fully exposed, and their naked, smooth legs were spread wide. Both used their police badges to rub their pussies frantically. Their eyes crossed and their tongues lulled from their mouths, making them look like brainless bimbos. They panted breathlessly and writhed on the sofa, like a pair of bitches in heat.

The doctor smiled.

“Let's see. Which one of these pussies deserves to climax for me first.” He wondered aloud, and his two sows squealed and begged with their dim-witted eyes.

“I'll choose...” He pointed his finger to one of them, cruelly teasing her, before switching to the desperate cunt next to her.

“You!” He said, and enjoyed seeing the young woman convulse and writhe in pleasure, while her friend and colleague made a sad, disappointed face.

“And now you, too!” He exclaimed, and the saddened bitch suddenly erupted and squirted all over the floor.

“Ahhhhhh! Thank you, doctor!!” She smiled and said as she moaned.

“Oh my, you soiled my floor with your pussy juices. Get on your hands and knees, and lick it for me.” He ordered “And remember, obedience is the only thing that brings you any joy.”

The two jumped to obey with a long, high pitched “Yesss doctooooor!”

They crawled to the puddle of pussy juice, arched their necks down like an animal drinking from a lake, and began lapping the sticky puddle from the floor like kittens, their bare asses wiggling jovially.

“Good girls.” The doctor praised them.

“Thank you, doctor.” One of them said with a giggle, her firm, soft tits dangling from side to side, and her pointy nipples scraping the floor with every sway.

“Obedience is joy. Obedience is pleasure.” She added between slurpy licks.

The doctor enjoyed the view from his wheelchair. By the time the floor was shiny and clean, the doctor required a more intimate service from his compliant policewomen

“Okay, little piggies, come over and unzip me.” He could move his hands to do it himself, but liked it better when his slavegirls did it for him.

“Yes doctor.” The two chimed together and crawled to him.

His throbbing cock sprung from his pants, making the two sexy kittens moan.

“Now plant your tongues on it while I tell you about the twisted pleasure I get from humiliating you bitches. Each of you take a side, like the good sex toys you are.” He ordered with a wicked, vengeful glint in his eyes.

“Yes doctor!”

The docile policewomen followed his instructions to the letter, each pressing her tongue onto a side of his cock, and patiently waiting for the story he promised he'd tell them. They rubbed their lips and brushed their tongues back and forth along his length, alternating between looking at each other's mesmerized eyes, and up at the man who ruled their very existence.

“Ahh, that's nice. Move up and down a bit faster.” He told them.

“Yesh, thochor.” They said with their tongues broadly pressing onto his hard-on, and began moving quicker, polishing a few inches of his shaft, over and over.

“Hmm...” He closed his eyes and took the sensation in “Yeah, that's okay for now.” He patted both their heads like pets, and smirked.

After a moment of quiet reverie, the doctor started his tale of woe.

“You see, my worthless dolls, I have a complicated relationship with the police.” He said, and sighed in a reminiscing manner.

“I bet you wondered, when you got here, why a virile man like myself is stuck in this damned wheelchair. Well, it has a lot to do with ignorant,

young police officers, such as yourself.”

As he said that, a mantle of sadness shrouded their pretty faces, and they looked up at him apologetically.

“Mine was truly a terrible case of mistaken identity, and police brutality.” He continued “I wouldn't want to sour the mood by re-telling the whole sordid affair, but let's just say a SWAT team broke into my home and shot me in the back, severely damaging my spine. They were looking for a drug dealer, and invaded my home by accident. To make matters worse, after the ordeal, they had the audacity to claim that I resisted arrest.” He clenched his fists with anger.

“Of course, they later realized I was falsely accused and let me go, but as you can see, the events of that night changed my life forever.”

The young women were still listening, but much of their focus went to polishing the fleshy rod between their slobbering lips

“The cops who caused my injury emerged with barely a slap on the wrist. I did receive millions in a court settlement, but knowing that those incompetent liars returned to their jobs unscathed made me seethe with anger.”

“Mh Phua, Mmmm!” Their panting increased as the story went on. They felt so bad for the good doctor, they just had to lavish his cock with warm, wet love. They rubbed and fingered their soaking pink pussies, ready to offer their tight cunts at his command.

“I nearly fell to a deep depression, but then I found a book that taught basic hypnosis. The notion of controlling others to do my bidding always charmed me, even more so after my injury. I wasn't going to let a thing like that happen to me, ever again.”

He looked down at them as they pathetically lashed their tongues and bathed his manhood with throbbing joy.

“Mph! Ahm! Mmh!” The drooling mouths licked and kissed, oblivious to the world around them.

“Of course, that book only taught the most rudimentary knowledge. Parlor tricks, nothing more. To achieve my goals, I knew I had to study more professionally. So I went to med-school, intent on becoming a hypnotherapist. Believe it or not, I found several like-minded individuals there.”

He grasped one of them, and shoved her head down on his balls.

“Ohhh...” She whimpered, and gave his testicles a long, moist kiss.

“Hmmm, that's nice.” He said, and continued regaling them with his tale

“We researched the subject on our own, far from the prying eyes of the university staff and ethical committee. I still have fond memories of Cassandra. She was our class's valedictorian, until me and my friends perfected our method, with her help. She was reluctant, at first, but soon her devotion to our cause became so grand, that she did her own research, and came up with ways to help us control her! Oh the sweet, sweet irony!”

The policewomen grunted and snorted, one servicing the doctor's balls, and the other sucking his tip like a lolly-pop. They were so engrossed in their duties, they barely remembered to breathe.

“Casey ended up having a rather successful career, actually. For years, she was the best name in hardcore porn.” He chuckled, and held them both up by the hair, with his cock between their lips.

“We ended up making some amazing discoveries.” The two cops stretched their tongues out to lick his erection “Do you have any idea how easy it is to hypnotize women into becoming horny, submissive sex toys, with the right knowledge? Hmm?”

They looked up at him with smiling eyes, and he pushed their lips back on his cock.

“Heh, I suppose you do.” He said, patting them gently.

“This is the part of the story where you come in, my lovely cunts.” He said, pressing their heads onto his cock, mashing their tongues to their chins and their lips on his rod. They crossed their eyes, focusing on his cock, their warm breath panting on its sensitive, throbbing skin.

“The thing is, even though I've had plenty of time to get over it, I'm still harboring strong feelings of hatred and anger towards cops in general. I know it's irrational and unfair, most cops are probably good people, or at least decent enough, but I simply can't get rid of this anger burning within me.”

He began violently moving their heads on his cock, until he forced one of them down his length, choking her on it so roughly that she gagged. Even as the air was choked out of her, she looked up at him with subservient eyes, willing to die, or at least faint, in his service.

“Ohhh, yeah.” He let her gasp for air.

“I am a reasonable man, however, and not one to fall prey to my vengeful instincts. Since I engage in some, let's say, suspicious activities in my humble practice, I need the help of the local police precinct to cover it up.”

He shoved her back down forcefully.

“Hrrrm, fuck!” He growled, fucking her face so roughly that her jaw made a few pops.

“Hrrm! So I made a deal with your boss, you worthless piggies!” He said, pushing her face down mercilessly.

He pushed her down until his arm muscles gave, and lay back with a long drawn, satisfied sigh. He closed his eyes for a second, and then looked down at them, breathing heavily himself.

“It's pretty simple.” He said calmly “I make sure his female subordinates are as submissive and willing as possible, and get my cathartic release in the process. In exchange, he overlooks whatever illicit activities I may be up to.”

The two looked up at him with adoring, tearful eyes, and continued worshiping his hard-on. “I hope this answers your question regarding why you were sent to me, fuck-meats.” He said.

“Mm, yes doctor.” One of them said, cupping his balls in her lips.

“We understand, doctor.” The other said, licking his well-lubricated shaft.

“Good girls.” He said “I'll let your chief give you your daily instructions. I believe he likes new female officers to spend their mornings under his desk, patrolling his crotch, if you know what I mean.”

He tickled their chins with his forefinger.

“Heh, of course you do.” He said.

“I hear he also likes lesbian shows, so you should practice your pussy licking.”

“Yes doctor.” They both said, in turn.

Doctor Xavier reached down to their chests.

“Tits.” He said, reaching to grab both pairs of round breasts “Use your tits.”

“Yes doctor.” They said happily, squeezed their tits together, and pressed their chests with the doctor's cock in-between.

“So, to be clear, you will let your boss fuck your cute little asses, whenever he wishes. You will be the precinct cum pumps.” He explained as they hopped up and down for him.

“Of course doctor!” One of them said, purposefully pushing her hardened nipples onto his rod.

“Anything for you, doctor!” The other chimed in, before lowering her head to continuously flick his cock's tip with her tongue.

“Hrrrm, good girls!” Doctor Xaviar growled, and warm cum began to shoot from his cock, landing on their engulfing tits, glazing them with white.

“Hah! Hah! Lick it off of each other.” He ordered with a jubilant smile.

“Yes doctor.” They cooed quietly, and began licking each other's tits and nipples, making lewd slurping and kissing sounds as they did.

The doctor instructed them to tuck his flaccid cock back into his pants, and shoved them away.

“Time for your punishment, you sows.” He said in a menacing fashion “And make sure you bring your batons and shockers for our next session. You'll need them for this part.”

“Yes, doctor.” They shook their asses in anticipation, hoping to satisfy the good doctor's thirst for vengeance.

“Let's start with you biting each other's nipples hard, and pulling back till it hurts. We'll see where we go from there.” He said, and sat back on his wheelchair, ready to enjoy the show.

“Yes doctor.” “Punish us as you see fit, doctor!”

About twenty minutes later, the two lesbians came back, with Rory at their side. This time, Aletta was ready for their arrival, and made sure to compose herself about five minutes in advance.

“Welcome back.” she said with a smile “The doctor's previous appointment is still going, but I'm sure they'll be out soon.”

“Whatever...” The snippy young woman said, and parked her cute butt on one of the chairs.

Inside the sound proof therapy room, the doctor looked at his clock, and realized he might as well wrap things up.

“Okay, you can stop.” He told the busty policewoman who was busy pulverizing her partner's naked behind with forceful smacks and spansks,

making sure to give the reddened, swollen cheeks a loving kiss after every harsh strike.

“And get dressed. Pronto.”

“Yes doctor.” The two exhausted bitches said, breathing heavily.

The doctor ogled at their bruised bodies one last time, as they smiled happily and put their clothes back on. Their behinds were crimson red and would probably ache for a week whenever they sit down. Their nipples had distinct bite marks on them, and their clits were unnaturally stretched after a very feral sixty-nine-ing that the good doctor ordered.

Their body glistened with sweat, their chins were moist from shoving their faces deep in each other's muffs, and their faces were red from the physical exertion. Even fully clothed they looked like horny sluts, their skirts sticking to their moist crotches, and their nipples jutting from the fabric of their blouses. The doctor decided he will be keeping their bras for himself, as trophies.

“Okay, you know what to do once you leave, right?”

“Yes doctor.” They nodded enthusiastically.

“We'll try our best to act normally, and not like the obedient, slutty sows we really are.” One of them said.

“We'll continue our jobs as usual, but allow any man to touch and fondle our sexy bodies, as much as he wants.” The other one said “Even the criminals, but we won't let them go free, and only provide oral service if they explicitly ask for it.”

“And what about your boss. Show me what you'll do once you're alone in his office.”

The two mind-fucked young bitches looked at each other with playful eyes, nodded, and spun around, popping their asses in the doctor's direction, and hiking their skirts to reveal their well-beaten behinds once again.

“Hello, sir.” They said in unison and began shaking their booties from side to side “Your obedient cunts have finished their re-education. Thank you so much for allowing us to be a part of your police force. Please pound our owned asses to your heart's content.”

“Nice. I think he'll like it. Now get out.”

“Yes doctor.” They lowered their skirts, and shook their asses to the door. Outside, they paid the allotted fee to Aletta, telling her just how beneficial the session was, praising the doctor for his expertise. Aletta

knew, of course, that the two were now much less cops, and much more living blow up sex-dolls.

She sent the two on their way with a lewd smile, and told the doctor's next appointment they are welcome to go in.

“Come on, let's get this over with.” Rory said, and walked first into doctor Xaviar's office.

The three of them sat on the sofa before the psychiatrist, with Rory in the middle.

“Really? You're bald and wheelchair bound?” Rory smiled coyly, looking at the doctor “Do you happen to be the headmaster of a secret school for special youngsters?”

“I'm afraid not.” Said doctor Xaviar, focusing his gray eyes on her crystal blue ones. Just looking at her angelic face and those shiny blue gems she called eyes made him harden in his pants, but he couldn't afford to show it, yet.

There was an awkward silence, none of the women sitting on the sofa knowing how to start.

“Go on, introduce yourselves, ladies. I'm not a mind reader, unlike that other wheelchair bound bald man you were referencing.” He said, winking at Rory.

The blonde cleared her throat and straightened herself in her seat.

“Okay then. My name is Nina, and this is my wife, Courtney, and this...” She put her hand on Rory's shoulder, but the young woman writhed away from her touch “...is Rory. She just started college a couple of months ago.”

“I see.” Dr. Xaviar rubbed his chin “And how, if I may ask, are you related to one another?”

“I'm their house guest.” Rory said simply, appearing bored. Courtney looked a bit peeved by Rory's words, and the blonde Nina just had a dour look on her face.

The doctor chuckled. “Forgive me if I'm wrong, but I have a feeling there's more to it than that.”

The three remained silent, awkwardly looking down or glancing at each other.

“Okay, this was a great session. If you would please go and pay my secretary, Aletta, I would appreciate it.” Doctor Xaviar said.

“Great! Let's go.” Rory moved to stand up, but Courtney stopped her.

“Sit down.” She said through gritted teeth “We are here because we are worried about you.”

“Oh so you are here for a reason? I was getting worried.” The doctor jested.

“Aren't you funny.” Rory said grumpily.

Doctor Xaviar smirked again, and looked at the hot college coed.

“Since you seem to be eager to end our session, Rory, how about you tell me what this is about? The truth, that is.”

“I did tell the truth.” Rory claimed “Although I suppose I left out a few details...”

“Go on.” The doctor encouraged.

“Wait, Rory you don't have to...” Nina started, but the doctor silenced her.

“Why don't you want her to talk, Nina?” He inquired.

“It's not that.” Nina squirmed, giving Rory a concerned glance.

“She's trying to spare my precious feelings, doc.” Rory said dismissively “She's afraid I'll get all emotional and crap.”

“Interesting.” Doctor Xaviar complimented mockingly “I personally can't wait to see what happens.”

There was another moment of silence. Rory rolled her eyes again, and started talking.

“Here's the deal. About a year ago, my parents died. Nina and Courtney were their best friends, so they let me stay at their place till I was done with highschool. Now I'm a student at the local college, so I still live with them, but these two dykes are trying to act as if they're my parents, and they decided I'm acting out because I didn't process the whole grief thing properly. Which is bullshit. I'm fine. So tell them they're wrong, and let us go on our merry way.”

“That would be a convenient and easy way to settle this, for sure.” Doctor Xaviar said “But let's see if you can humor me by answering a few questions. For instance, why would your parents' friends take you in after their deaths, instead of, say, an uncle or another relative.”

“My parents were gay, and they both came from ultra religious homes. Need I say more?”

“I suppose that explains it. How do you feel about the rest of your family rejecting you, even after your parents died?” Doctor Xaviar asked.

“I never knew any of them. I literally don't feel anything about it.” Rory stated coldly.

“Excuse me, if I may chime in.” Courtney said.

“Go ahead.” Doctor Xaviar replied.

“Oh boy, here we go...” Rory face palmed.

“First of all, we took you in, so you can show a bit more gratitude, Rory. Second of all, I don't know if it has anything to do with the death of her parents, two people me and Nina loved and adored, by the way, but Rory is acting too rebellious for her own good since she started college, and that is the reason we are here talking to you, doctor.”

The doctor listened attentively and nodded.

“Things are starting to clear up.” He said.

“What do you mean by too rebellious, if I may ask?” He wondered.

“Don't bother. I've tried figuring it out for weeks.” Rory sneered.

“Well, I don't know if rebellious is the right word.” Nina said hesitantly “But, the thing is, Rory has been...Well...”

“Yes?” Doctor Xaviar pushed.

“Rory has been slacking on her studies and going to too many frat parties, where she does who knows what.” Courtney said curtly.

“Partying is the word you're looking for.” Rory said “Is this seriously what this is all about? You're worried I'm being a total slut-bag instead of focusing on my studies like a nerd?”

“I never used the S-word, but yes, I'm worried you are making very bad choices that will influence your future. For all we know, you might flunk out of college before the first year is done.

“Why would I flunk?! I'm doing fine!” Rory started getting angry.

“How are we supposed to know, Rory? You never tell us anything!” Nina complained.

“You're not my parents! You're just a couple of lesbians my parents knew when they were alive! I barely exchanged a word with you until a year ago!”

“Making sure you make the right choices is our way of honoring their memory!” Courtney shrieked.

“Ladies, please. Calm down. Take a few deep breaths, and relax.” The doctor raised his voice, but maintained a cool, serene tone. He needed his subjects calm and tranquil, if his true agenda was to succeed. He didn't care about their story and inner strife. All he saw was a couple of lesbians with impressive knockers, and a perfect eighteen-year-old treat they happened to bring with them.

“That's it. Deep, long breaths. I know the perfect way to make all your troubles go away. I know exactly how to lift your burdens. Rory, being new at college can definitely be stressful, so it's understandable that you would need to let off some steam.”

“Exactly.” Rory nodded, inhaling and exhaling deeply.

“But that doesn't mean you should go wild and destroy any future prospect.”

“Thank you.” Courtney nodded this time, breathing slowly and calming herself down.

The doctor spoke in a very paced rhythm. The attractive trio found themselves pacing their breaths according to the underlying beat of his speech.

“And as for you two, Courtney and Nina. I understand you feel like guiding Rory, through her first years of adulthood, is a cross you must bear, out of a sense of respect and duty, but you must allow Rory to make her own choices, and her own mistakes. She is a grown woman, an adult by any standard or definition. I'm sure you went a little wild in college, yourselves.”

“Yeah...” Nina smiled coyly, her voice droning on a bit.

“I suppose so.” Courtney agreed, her voice mellow and drawn.

“Hey, doc?” Rory asked, frowning sleepily.

“Yes Rory? Make sure to breathe slowly, and relax.” He reminded her

“Okay.” Rory replied “You said you knew a way to solve our problem?” She asked, a tad dazed.

“Lift your burdens.” The doctor corrected.

“Yeah. Our...Burdens.” Rory repeated.

“Erase your concerns. Eliminate your fears. Remove your sadness so that only happiness remains. Keep breathing in, and out.”

“H-How will you do that?” The gorgeous coed asked.

“I've already begun.” Doctor Xaviar replied with a wicked half-smile.

“The best way for us to get everything out in the open, to be truly honest with one another, is through my specialty. Hypnosis.” He said.

“You want...To hypnotize Rory?” Courtney asked with a yawn.

“Not just her. It's important that all three of you fall into a deep trance.”

“Us...too...?” Nina asked.

“Yes. It's the best way to help all three of you with your issues.” The doctor declared with confidence, easily making the trio agree with him.

“Do you understand?” He asked, and the three nodded together, their bodies beginning to slump on the couch.

“Wh-What if you just hypnotize her, first?” Courtney asked.

“No.” Rory protested sleepily “Then you two could tell the doctor to...program me with triggers.”

Rory started shaking her head, and the doctor knew he had to rein her in.

“Trust me, Rory. I am not going to let any of you implant any unwanted triggers. Now breathe, and relax, understood?”

“Yes sir.” Rory nodded.

The doctor stared at the petite cutie with wide eyes. She walked in with such a strong, stubborn vibe, but her last response reeked with natural submissiveness.

“Do you like being hypnotized, Rory?” He just had to ask.

“I...I just want this over with...As soon as possible.” She said slowly, clearly lying.

“Of course you do.” He said with a smirk “Breathe and relax, then. I will have the three of you under, in no time.”

“Okay...” She nodded and closed her eyes.

“Hmm? What was that?” The doctor insisted, taking a slight risk with the stunning young hottie.

“Y-Yes sir.” She corrected herself, confirming his suspicion.

“Good girl.” He said, and a smile formed on her face.

“Now, I want you to picture a twinkling ball of light, and focus on it as you breathe in, and out. I will count from five to one, and with each number, you will feel yourself floating further and further away, into a deep, relaxed state. The deepest and most relaxed state that you can imagine. You

will feel your body melting like ice cream on a hot, sunny day, and your mind dripping away like a leaky faucet.”

“Five. You already feel more relaxed than you have ever been.” He said.

“Four. Your body is pleasantly melting under the warm caress of the light in your head.” Rory slumped sideways, her legs spreading slightly, making the doctor grab his crotch with glee.

“Three.” He said, unable to hide his smile “Your mind slips away, leaving a wonderful feeling behind.”

“Two. You are ready to fall into a deep, hypnotic trance. You hear nothing but my voice.” He paused, letting them soak it all in.

“And one. The light fades away. All that remains is blissful nothingness.”

Their heads fell down on the couch cushions. The doctor gave them a few seconds to enjoy the pleasant sensation of being entranced, grinning to himself and mumbling “The hard part is done. Time for some fun.”

“Rory, Courtney, Nina, can you hear me?”

“Mm-hmm...” Courtney said.

“Yes...” Nina replied sleepily.

“Yes, sir...” Rory said in a respectful manner, so different from her previous demeanor.

“Good. I will now tell you very important facts. Very important truths. Everything I tell you, while you're in this trance, is inherently true, which clearly makes everything else, inherently false. No matter what I tell you, it will cement in your minds, and become a part of who you are. Understood?”

The trio nodded, breathing soothing sighs and uttering a dreamy “Yessss.”

“Good girls. Now, this is the most important fact I have to teach you. While you are in this trance, you must obey all my commands. If my commands stretch beyond this trance, you will still subconsciously obey them, whether I allow you to remember them or not. Remember, you can achieve this magnificent, blissful feeling only if you follow my instructions, and obey my orders. If you fail to obey, I will never allow you to return to this deep, deep state of euphoric bliss.”

“From now on, you will answer every command I give you with a 'yes master', before following it. I usually tell my new subjects to answer with a 'yes doctor', and only move to master once I've decided to add them to my harem. You should feel honored that you can call me master. It makes you happy. Do you understand?”

“Yes master.” Each of them said in her own time.

“And that makes you my slavegirls. New and happy members of my harem, eager to obey and please my every whim. Do you understand?”

“Yes master.” They answered faster, and with greater certainty.

“Good girls.” The doctor said “Now it's time to show you the kind of reward you can expect from obeying me. I want the three of you to sit straight.”

“Yes master.”

Rory was the first to lift her head and sit at attention, her eyes still closed, still in a deep state of sleep. The two married lesbians rose to the same position a second later.

“Good girls. Even though it was a miniscule command, you find yourselves feeling a tingle of pleasure between your legs, as if someone is pleasantly tickling your pussy lips. You feel better every time you call me master, and obey my orders.”

“Nnh...” The three whimpered as their legs shivered and their knees touched, their lips slightly parting as their arousal grew.

“It's all thanks to me, never forget that. Obeying even the smallest of *my* instructions will give you immeasurable pleasure.”

“Thank you...Master...” Rory whispered with a smile.

“You're very welcome, Rory. You are a very cute slave, aren't you?” The doctor blatantly rubbed his crotch through his pants, smiling lecherously at the pretty young thing before him.

“Yes master.” The happy coed said, lightly licking her sweet lips and gyrating her luscious, trim hips.

Now that he had them where he wanted them, the doctor loosened his belt, and focused on Rory.

“Rory, you need to stand up, and slowly remove your top and bottom. I want you wearing nothing but your underwear. Make it sexy, and alluring.”

“Yes master.” Rory said and shot to her feet.

The elegant young woman certainly knew how to move her body in seductive ways. She writhed her hips in long, slow circles, while running a hand under her shirt, cupping her small breasts. With her other hand, she rubbed the back of her tight mini-jeans and gently slapped her cute ass.

Still in her deep sleep, with her eyes closed shut, she peeled her shirt off and revealed the white bra under it, covering her youthful, perky tits.

“Turn around.” The doctor told her as she hooked her thumbs in her jeans.

“Yes master.” She lewdly gyrated her hips, like a belly dancer, and slowly slid her jeans off, popping her cute behind in his direction.

Under her jeans she wore a sexy white thong that matched her bra. Once her jeans slid down her long, smooth legs, she bent forward to the couch and spanked her bubbly, smooth ass cheeks. She swiftly kicked the jeans aside, and returned to an upright position, facing the horny therapist.

With her commands obeyed, and her master's whims fully fulfilled, she stood at attention and waited, like a battery operated doll switched to stand-by mode.

The doctor took a moment to look at her.

“Take the bra off, too.” He ordered.

“Yes, master.” She tore it off of her and threw it aside, leaving her firm tits to effortlessly and defiantly oppose the laws of gravity.

“Nice, nice.” The doctor mumbled as he feasted his eyes on her perfect breasts.

“And show me that ass one more time.”

“As you wish, master.” Rory cooed with a warm smile, spun around, and leaned on the wall behind the couch, wiggling her nearly bare behind for her master's viewing pleasure.

He watched her for a while, shaking her hips from side to side at varying speeds at his command.

“Okay, sit back down.” He finally told her.

“Yes master.” The graceful teen obeyed, and skipped over to the couch.

He offhandedly commanded Nina and Courtney to strip as well. The two older, and much bustier women sprung into action immediately, and were quickly down to their panties.

They stood topless before him, thrusting their bare breasts out, displaying them for their master.

“Courtney, bounce those big titties for me.” He ordered.

“Yes master. Bounce my titties.” She droned out, and began wiggling her torso side to side and up and down, making her big boobs jostle and bounce in all directions.

“Good girl.” He said after a short moment “You may stop now.”

“Yes master. Thank you master.” She stopped abruptly, standing at rigid attention once more.

Doctor Xaviar looked at her panties, and noticed a small wet dot, spreading from her soaking pussy. Even though the brunette acted like an obedient robot, her body still followed his order to become aroused with every task she completed at his command.

“Now ladies, I want you to sit down next to Rory, spread your legs, and begin rubbing your pussy lips through your panties. That last one goes to you too, Rory.”

“Yes master.” The three said, and Rory added a cute giggle, her perfect legs opening so fast, she nearly hit the other two with her knees.

“And as you rub your cunts nice and slow, you realize that you can only achieve this immense pleasure by following my commands. You must get yourselves nice and hot and wet, for *my* benefit.”

“Yes *oh!* Master.” Courtney whimpered, strongly pressing her fingers between her legs.

“And while you're rubbing your cunts and getting wet for me, I want you to repeat these words. My master controls my mind and body, obedience is the greatest pleasure.”

“Yes master.” The three said, mindlessly rubbing their twats at an increased pace.

“My master controls my mind and body, obedience is the greatest pleasure.”

“My master controls my mind and body, obedience is the greatest pleasure.”

“My master controls my mind and body, obedience is the greatest pleasure.”

Sweet, moist moans of pleasure filled the room. Every time they repeated their mantra, and with every brush of their fingers across the flimsy fabric of their panties, their dependence on the doctor's commands grew.

“Good girls. Now, I want you to slide your panties aside, and use your fingers to spread your wet pussies for me.”

“Yes, master.” The three said.

“My master controls my mind and body, obedience is the greatest pleasure.” Rory added, her dainty fingers already gently opening her tight lips apart. All three women felt lost in euphoria. Their cheeks were colored light rosy pink, a lot like Rory's pristine pussy.

“Excellent. You will now rub your pussies directly. This will increase your pleasure tenfold, and bring you to the brink of orgasm. You will beg me to allow you to climax, and once I allow it, you will thank me, and have the best orgasm of your entire life. You will know that you can never live without this pleasure, and that you can never be anything other than my sex slaves. Do you understand?”

“Yes master.”

“Heh.” He gave a smirk “Very well. Begin.”

The moment the three placed their fingers on their soaking honeypots, they immediately squealed in delight, their legs flailing and shaking from the force of the renewed, magnified pleasure.

“*Aah! Master!*” Rory was the first to beg, her tight teen pussy squelching wetly as she writhed.

“Please master. Please may I orgasm? My pussy is so wet and hot! *Ahh!* Please master, I beg of you!” Her knees jerked violently as steamy moans escaped her cherry lips.

Taking their cue from the beautiful puddle of young lust sitting between them, Nina and Courtney joined in.

“Master, may I please cum!” Nina was the first of the two to plead and beg, and her spouse, Courtney, joined in almost immediately. Their massive tits bounced like balloons as they fingered and rubbed their experienced cunts.

“I'm surprised your cunts are so well groomed, and so smooth.” He told the two lesbians.

“I mean, I expected perfect tightness and smoothness from Rory, not from two dykes in their mid-thirties. On the other hand, I suppose that when

you eat pussy so much, you get in the habit of keeping your own snatch fashionable and hospitable.” The doctor surmised, and said nothing else, relishing the disappointment on their horny faces. They thought he was going to give them the go ahead.

“Okay then.” He chuckled “Remember, you cannot live without this pleasure, and you can only achieve it by obeying me. You exist to serve me, body and soul.”

He let his words sink in, and then...

“You may orgasm.” He said plainly and assertively, making sure the three of them heard.

A deafening scream followed as the three came to a wild, uninhibited orgasm. Rory's tight pink pussy quivered and flooded the sofa seat beneath her. Nina and Courtney gushed as well. Their eyes rolled to the back of their heads for a second, and they moaned out of breath. Even through their soul soaking orgasm, none of them ever stopped their hands. They kept on rubbing their numb twats, intent on stopping only when their master commanded it.

The good doctor knew his goal was accomplished. All three of them had a meek, docile smile on their faces, and any hidden or buried resistance they may have harbored was blown to smithereens, by the force of their orgasm.

“Good girls. On the count of three, you will open your eyes, but you will remain in your deep, obedient trance. You will continue rubbing your pussies, but you will not realize it. You will be sure that your pleasure and arousal stems from your obedience to me. Do you understand?”

“Yes master.”

“Great. One. Two. And three.”

Nina, Courtney, and Rory opened their eyes and focused on their master, smiling dreamily at him. Their fingers still roamed on their raw pussy lips, but their attention was fixed on him, and him alone. The doctor focused on Rory's mesmerizing blue eyes. Looking at them made the rest of the world seem as if it was in black and white.

“You have such beautiful eyes, Rory, and such an angel's face, now that you're not meanly pouting at the world.”

“Th-Thank you master. This sex slave doesn't deserve your kind words.” She said with a sweet smile, and blushed at the compliment.

“Hrrm, I need something to keep my cock busy.” He said, unzipping his fly and letting his erect rod spring up.

“Nina, bring those big tits over here, and wrap them around my cock.” He ordered.

“Yes master!” The blonde said enthusiastically, and rushed towards him without even getting her fingers out of her pussy. She knelt before him and tightened her impressive jugs around his shaft. With a horny smile and twinkling eyes, she began bouncing her mammaries up and down on his crotch.

“That's nice.” He said casually “It's a real crime that you limited these fun-bags to women alone, Nina.”

“I'm so sorry master!” The dyke looked up at him with subservient glee, giving her master the very first titfuck of her life. Nina never understood how useful her huge knockers could be, until she wrapped them around her master's cock.

“Since your hands are all busy and you can't continue rubbing your cunt, I want you to feel every bounce of your titties as if I am pounding into your pussy. Whenever your under-boobs smack against my crotch, you'll feel as though I rammed my entire length into you, okay?”

Nina looked confused at first. She wasn't really aware she'd been fiddling herself. It didn't matter. Although her entranced, yet conscious mind, failed to understand his meaning, her subconscious mind remained fully attentive to his wishes. Soon, she felt her pussy tighten and convulse every time she thrust her tits down on his cock.

“Yes master!” She moaned with a dumb smile, not even sure what she was confirming.

Doctor Xaviar squeezed one of Nina's tits, and looked back at the charming Rory.

“Rory, I noticed something as I entranced you. I have a feeling you were not averse to being hypnotized. Is it possible that under the mask of sassy stubbornness, hid a natural born submissive, my cute coed slavetoy?”

“Yes master.” Rory confirmed, her majestic eyes glinting “I always fantasized about losing control. I dreamed about a strong man taking me, and making me into his cute little fucktoy.”

“How lovely.” The doctor said joyfully, pre-cum glazing his tip. Nina happily lapped it up with her tongue, never stopping her perpetual titfuck.

“So you were interested in hypnosis before, then?” He asked.

“Yes master.” Rory answered, still rubbing her pussy without realizing it “I always wanted to try going under, but never had the nerves to actively search for someone to do it. I'm so happy I was entranced by a professional like you, master.”

Jackpot. The doctor thought. He got her just in time, before some sleazy online hypnotist mucked her up and taught her things her tiny mind shouldn't contain. Ignorance about the true powers of hypnosis was keeping Doctor Xaviar in business, after all.

“Hrrm okay, I'm done with your tits for now. Go back and sit next to Rory.” He gave Nina's tits one last squeeze, pinched her nipples, and sent her away.

“Yes master. Thank you for using my tits, master.” She rose to her feet and immediately continued finger-fucking herself. She felt her master's hand spank her behind before walking back to the sofa, and accepted his hearty smack with a docile whimper.

Nina didn't care how demeaning it was, being sent away with a sharp slap on the rear. All she thought about was how proud and glad she was, that the valley between her huge jugs now reeked with the scent of her master's cock.

“Okay, my enslaved cunts. Since I'm a professional, I suppose I should at least help you get to the bottom of your issues. Courtney, tell me exactly what's bothering you about Rory's recent activities.” The doctor demanded, a spark of wickedness flashing through his eyes.

“Yes master.” Courtney cooed and slapped her pussy lips, making a wet smacking sound.

“We've noticed Rory has been going to parties a lot, instead of studying, and she was shutting us out of her life. We were worried that she might be getting a little too loose with the boys, and...”

“You were jealous.” The doctor finished her sentence

“You want the beautiful little slut for your own.” He said.

“W-What?” Courtney asked absentmindedly “No, that's not it at all...”

“Oh but it is, Courtney-cunt. Never argue with your master.” He disciplined.

“Look at her, both of you.” He Commanded.

Nina and Courtney turned their heads to stare at the young thing spreading her shapely legs between them.

“Look at that hot, sexy teen. Eighteen years of age. Look at that pink, fresh pussy.”

“Y-Yes master.” Courtney cooed and rubbed her twat more rapidly.

“You only took her into your home because you hoped she'll become your lesbian love-muffin, didn't you?” He suggested “And she dares to go and party with college guys her own age. That is so ungrateful, isn't it?”

Nina's pupils shook in her mesmerized eyes, as she struggled to compute the conflict between what she felt thus far, and her master's contradicting and wild assertions.

“Yes master.” She finally admitted, staring at Rory with carnal lust “We want her all to ourselves.”

“Ah-haa!” Courtney moaned, fixating on Rory's perky tits “Jealous, so jealous! I want her petite body to be my sex-toy, master!”

“Good girls, doesn't it feel good to be honest?”

“Yesss master!” The dykes said, clearly approaching another orgasm.

“Why don't you each suckle on one of Rory's firm, young breasts, while I talk to her about all of this.”

“Yes master!” The salivating lesbians moaned in delight, and lunged forward to get a mouthful of the perky coed tit closest to them.

Rory barely heard their discussion, her eyes and her entire being focused on her master. She felt the two dykes nibble on her nipples and ravage her peachy breasts, and responded with a slutty, horny grin.

“Rory you've been a very bad, ungrateful house guest.” The doctor said “Your hostesses have given you a home. They probably bought the pretty clothes you've discarded around this office of mine, and all they ever wanted in return was for you to be their lesbian whore.”

Nina and Courtney giggled at the doctor's words.

“Our hot little lesbian whore! *Mm!*” Courtney said with delight and fawned over Rory's hardened nipple, licking madly.

“What do you have to say for yourself, Rory?” The doctor asked with a criticizing undertone.

“*Ahhn!* I'm so sorry! I-I didn't know!” Rory's tongue lulled from her mouth as her erogenous zones were assaulted with pleasure, all at once.

Courtney and Nina tossed Rory's hand away from her wet snatch, and started rubbing her tight teen pussy lips with their own fingers.

“I think Nina and Courtney deserve more than just a mere verbal apology, Rory. As a professional therapist, it's clear to me that you should apologize by giving the two dykes a sloppy cunnilingus.” He clapped his hands, capturing their attention.

“Sit back with your legs spread, bitches.” He ordered.

“Mmh! Yes master.” Courtney took her mouth from Rory's breast, and sat with her back straight, still panting and ferociously rubbing her wet twat.

“And take your hands from between your legs.” He smiled and said.

“Yes master.” As instantly as humanly possible, the three women plucked their hands away from their sopping pussies, even though they were all inches away from achieving a deafening orgasm.

They sat before him with their legs spread wide, their cunts fully bare for him to look at. Only their useless, slid-aside panties and thongs still adorned their fuckable naked bodies.

“Rory, kneel before Courtney.” The doctor said.

“Yes master.” Rory said and obeyed. Doctor Xavier ogled her pert behind as she knelt facing away from him, her white thong still parting her petite, bouncy cheeks.

“You do know what cunnilingus is, right Rory? It means licking and eating another woman's pussy, until she squirts all over your cute face.”

“Yes master.” Rory nodded, her eyes fixated on Courtney's sopping wet pussy lips.

“Good. Then begin showing Courtney what a grateful little coed you are.” He said, absentmindedly jerking off.

“And Nina, get your tits back here while I watch the show.”

“Yes master.” Both Rory and Nina said.

“Please allow me to express my never-dying gratitude for everything you've done for me. I'll happily become your sexy little lesbian fuck-toy.” Rory looked up from between Courtney's legs, and said, before shamelessly diving down, burying her face in another woman's soaking pussy for the first time in her young life.

Courtney smiled and moaned, her cheeks reddening while the coed cutie stuck her untrained tongue into the dyke's wet snatch, making obscene kissing, slurping, and licking sounds.

Meanwhile, Nina arrived to please her master with her big jugs. She wrapped them around his cock, but Doctor Xaviar took firm hold of her noggin, and shoved her, lips first, down his bulging erection. He didn't need to apply too much pressure, just press down slightly every second, and his lesbian love slave did the rest, gobbling his hard-on from top to bottom.

“There, now my cock is properly lubed up. You can start moving your tits around it faster.” He told her, pulled her up, and kept watching the lewd lesbian show.

“*Aah!* Yes master!” Nina gasped and squeezed her tits around his slick rod. She rapidly jerked his cock with her tits, each vertical motion making slick polishing sounds. The doctor didn't even look down at her. Instead, he focused on Rory's pert little rear wiggling.

The fresh coed shook her head from side to side, ravaging Courtney's cunt. She nibbled on Courtney's red, swollen clit, and pursed her lips on Courtney's meaty folds, nipping sweetly. Nina heard her lover moan, louder and sluttier than ever, and wondered what magic the gorgeous blue-eyed angel was working on her paramour's pussy. She didn't hang on to that thought for long, though, quickly returning her focus to pleasing her master with her tits.

“Oh wow! Okay, Nina sit back with your legs spread. Courtney bring those titties over here and wrap them around my cock. Rory, show the same gratitude to this blonde dyke's cunt. Understood?”

“Yes master!” The beautiful coed cheered, her chin, lips, and cheeks covered with glistening moist pussy juices.

In a flash, the obedient, docile women jumped to obey. Nina accepted another hearty slap on the rear as she walked away, while Courtney expressly delivered her tits for her master's carnal pleasure. Nina sat down, spread her legs wide, and waited for Rory to shove her face between them.

Rory took a few deep breaths before diving in, and Nina became too impatient. She grabbed the younger woman's head forcefully, and shoved her down on her flooding sex-pot.

“*Ohh!* lick my snatch you sopping little fuck-toy! *Ahh!* I'm going to cum! May I cum, master? Please!” Nina writhed her hips back and forth, treating Rory's head like nothing more than an interactive vibrator.

“Go ahead.” The doctor said, enjoying the tight embrace of Courtney's heavy breasts. The busty brunette drooled between her tits to

further lubricate her service, and made sure to kiss her master's tip whenever it emerged from between her bouncy mounds.

Nina erupted in orgasm, squirting her juices on Rory's precious face. That was one of the most euphoric moments of her life, and the most blissfully degrading one in all of Rory's eighteen years.

"Ohh! That was so good." Nina calmed down, and took Rory's face with both hands, lowering her own, to give the panting coed a wet, soft kiss. She could taste her and Courtney's mixed juices on Rory's tender lips.

"Such pretty eyes you have, my sweet Rory." Nina said, looking deep into Rory's shimmering blue sapphires, before licking her flawlessly smooth cheek.

"Hah! Hah! Thank you so much. I am your lesbian sex toy." Rory looked up and said with a coarse voice.

The doctor pressed Courtney's nipples into her huge fun-bags, watching the lust between Nina and Rory. It was a bit painful, but Courtney didn't mind, especially in the light of her master's next hoarse declaration.

"I'm cumming! Oh fuck I'm gonna glaze your fucking tits with spunk!" He shot his creamy load between her tits, filling up the crevice between her lubed-up jugs with sticky cum. Courtney let his sperm glue her big tits together. She wore it with pride, and stretched her tongue down in fervent attempts to lick it.

"That was amazing." He said, focusing solely on the coed, on her knees before Nina, and ignoring the cum covered pair of tits below him.

His cock was still as hard as it was before he shot his load. He was only getting started.

"You know what? I don't think it's enough for this little brat to say she's sorry and thank her lesbian owners by eating their muffs. I think her bratty, delinquent mouth needs a good cock washing. What do you bitches say?" He asked and patted Courtney's cheek with his finger, his sperm dripping all over her massive tits.

"Anything you say, master. You make all of our decisions. We are your slaves" Courtney said, blinded by the lust and pleasure her master has shown her.

"Yes master. You are so smart." Nina said and rose to her wobbly feet. She dragged the willing Rory along, bringing her to kneel before Doctor Xaviar.

The three hypnotized sluts didn't even need to be explained what a "good cock washing" was. Rory opened her mouth with a cute smile, her glassy blue eyes staring up with desire, and Courtney and Nina firmly held her head, guiding it to their master's hardened shaft.

"Ohh fuck yeah!" He groaned in delight when the two dykes forcefully shoved Rory's face down. The teen coed expertly swirled her tongue around, making small gagging whimpers as her lips were choked.

Nina and Courtney looked up at him with eager faces as they pumped Rory's face up and down his dick, spearing her throat repeatedly as if she was an object.

"Mph! Ulp! Umph! Uph!" Rory slurped and choked and slobbered thick saliva down on his crotch.

Her hands dangled limply to her sides. She didn't struggle against the fierce throat pounding, even though it tremendously gagged her. She simply complied, fully and devotedly. The only movement she made was of her limber tongue, dancing wildly for her master's pleasure.

The doctor closed his eyes and rested his head on his folded hands, enjoying himself.

"Ohh! That's! So! Fucking! Good!" He suddenly shot up, pushed Nina and Courtney aside, and moved Rory's head on his own.

After three thrusts, he let go, and allowed Rory to catch her breath.

"Mpuah!" She wetly plopped her lips from her master's cock. Thick, gooey strands of saliva stretched between his rod and her well-fucked lips.

"Thank you for washing my mouth with your cock, master." She said and kissed his tip gratefully.

"Yeah whatever. Rest a moment while Nina and Courtney take turns downing my cock." He said.

"As you wish, master." Rory bowed her head and made way for the two lesbians to do their duty. They made out with his cock as if it was their lover, as if it wasn't even between their loving lips. They essentially kissed each other, only with the doctor's cock in the middle.

"Okay. I'm bored." Doctor Xaviar said after a few moments of alternating between his lesbian cock-suckers.

"Rory, use Nina's tits to jerk me off while I decide what I want to do next."

"Yes master."

Eager to please, Rory grabbed the blonde's massive tits so hard, that Nina feared she may yank them from her chest. It was Nina's turn to be the object, having her arms limp at her side while her tits were bounced on her master's cock by the giggly, cheerful Rory.

The doctor stared at the tits around his cock, and then at Rory's sparkling eyes, and with a flick to Rory's perky nipple, he told her to stop.

“I want to see how your lesbian pussies feel on my cock. Both of you.” He pointed to Courtney and Nina “You'll take turns riding me, starting with Nina. Rory, you tend to my balls while they do that. And take those useless panties off, all three of you. Throw them in the trash for all I care.”

“Happily master!” The busty blonde said and stood up. They took their panties off in a blaze, and threw them in the rubbish bin, where they belonged.

Rory knelt back down to slurp her master's balls, and Nina took his shaft in her hand.

“Do it reverse. I want to see your hot ass bounce.” He ordered her about like a doll.

“Yes master.” Nina nodded and spun around gracefully.

She jerked his cock a few times, and guided the tip to tickle her pussy lips. Once it was properly secured, she sat down and took it all in. Just like that, Nina gave her most private slave-hole to the pleasure of her master.

Courtney stood next to the doctor, smiling as she watched her wife slide a cock into her. She rubbed her pussy, keeping it warm and wet for her master.

“*Ohh !*” Nina squealed and began bouncing up and down. The doctor grabbed a handful of her tits, and groaned in pleasure.

He felt Rory's gentle lips kiss and fondle his balls, her noggin occasionally hit by Nina's bouncing buttocks.

“*Hrrm yeah!* Switch pussies!” He emphasized his command by slapping both Nina and Courtney's shapely behinds.

“Yes master!” They jumped to obey. Nina stepped aside and stood next to the doctor, and Courtney spread her legs over his crotch. Rory looked up and helped Courtney guide the doctor's cock into her meaty cunt, never taking her slobbering lips off the doctor's balls.

“*Mmm! Ah!* Does my dyke pussy please you, master?” Courtney moaned as she bounced on his cock, desperate for her master's approval.

“It's not bad at all. Did you have many men parking their boners in your cunt, before you came out of the closet?” He asked.

“No master! Yours is the first, master! My lesbian cunt is your private boner garage! *Ahhn!*” She moaned.

“*Ohh.* That's pretty hot.” The doctor groaned and said, squeezing her round, bouncy cans.

“Okay, switch fuck-holes again, my dyke-sluts. And move your tongue more, Rory.”

The doctor continued switching between his lesbian pussies until they were both out of breath. When he finally allowed them to rest, they fell down, ass first on the floor, with an exhausted sigh and a loud thump.

“Don't get too comfy down there.” He told them “I'm still hard, and there's one more pussy in this room I still have to try.” He looked down at Rory “I saved the best for last.” He said with a broad smile.

Rory never stopped making passionate love to his balls, sloppily kissing and licking her master's testicles with blind reverence. She ravaged his balls so ferociously that his cock occasionally slapped her across the face, and yet somehow she managed to keep her oral touch tender, delicate, and ever so pleasing.

She heard what he said, and looked up. She kissed his cock, and wordlessly begged for him to fuck her. She let her tongue and weak sexy whimpers do her talking for her, almost like a begging puppy.

“How cute.” He said, holding her chin between his thumb and forefinger.

“Mount me, you submissive college slut.”

“*Ohh!* Yes master! Happily master! My pussy belongs to you, master!”

The thrilled young woman jumped to her feet and quickly spread her legs above her master's lap, holding the handles of his wheelchair for support. She holstered his tip in her tight, smooth, pink pussy, and looked deep into his eyes with sheer glee, her cheeks colored sunset red.

“That's a good girl, Rory. Courtney and Nina, since you did such a good job with her mouth, why don't you, heh,” He chuckled “give her pussy a good cock washing.”

“Yes master!” They cheered, and put their hands on Rory's slender hips, gripping tightly. Rory took a deep breath, and pressed her perky tits on her master's chest.

“*Ahhhhh ! Aah!* Thank you master! *Nyaaa!*” Rory squealed at the top of her lungs, as the two older chicks began pumping her hips up and down, all the way in with every strong thrust. In their mind, all they were doing was pleasing their master with a fuck-doll, who just happened to be named Rory.

The doctor could feel his heart pounding as he indulged in the amazingly tight pussy of the little sex bunny on top of him. Her tight cunt quivered and tightened as she wrapped her arms around him and held on for dear life, muffling her screams by nibbling on his broad shoulder.

“Do you like her tight teen pussy, master?” Courtney asked, bouncing Rory's ass on his crotch like a basketball.

“Hrrm! Hmm! Mmf fuck yeah!” He said, overwhelmed with orgasmic sensation.

As if the dick-numbing humping wasn't enough, Rory's sweet tits brushing softly against his skin drove him halfway mad with lust. When the hot coed got over the initial burst of lust, stopped her deafening squeals, and reminded herself what she was there for, she took her dainty palm, and gently patted her master's cheek.

“*Ah!* I'm here for your pleasure, master!” She gyrated her hips in circles and ruffled his hair “*Mmh!* Your pleasure alone. Fuck me, master. *Ohh!* Oh please, fuck me as much as you want!”

Rory looked at him with servile, moist eyes, her voice breaking up by the rough penetration into her pristine twat.

“Thank you so much, master.” She gently kissed his forehead with her soft, cherry lips “Thank you so much for making me yours, master.”

That was pretty much all the good doctor could handle. He violently moved his arms around, shoving his enslaved dykes out of the way, and with a feral growl, he began bouncing his teen sex-doll on his own.

“I'm cumming, you precious little slut!” He said coarsely, looking deep into her eyes with predatory lust.

She moaned, and smiled, the sweetest, prettiest smile he ever saw.

“Thank you master.” She whispered, her tight cunt numb. She bit her lip to stop herself from moaning, not wanting her squeals to bother her master during his orgasmic release. She wiggled her hips lightly as he shot

into her from his throbbing manhood. He growled and grunted with every deep, long spurt, his cock vibrating inside of her pussy like a fish out of water, painting her white from her pussy lips to her womb.

“Thank you so much.” She said again, kissed his cheek, and snuggled him.

His arms slipped to his sides, his cock still streaming into her like a river. He breathed heavily, rested his head back, and looked up with a smile.

“*Hah! Hah!*” He panted “Well, that was a nice way to end our meeting.” He said in a low whisper, looking exhausted.

“Yes master.” Rory said “I’m always available for you, master. You can cum in me whenever you wish.”

“Hmm, that’s sweet of you, my cute little cum dump.” He said and kneaded her tits, making Rory’s heart fill with pride.

“Get off me and spread your legs on the floor. I want these big breasted lesbo-sluts to clean your precious, tight cunt-lips with their mouths.” He pinched Nina and Courtney’s nipples, just in case they didn’t hear his command.

“Anything for you, master.” Rory said, kissed his forehead lovingly, and stood up on weak, wobbly legs.

Her pussy dripped white, and red. She lay on the floor, on her back, and spread her legs wide, presenting her deflowered creampie. The doctor’s eyes shot open with surprise.

“Ooh! she was a virgin, look!” Courtney gave voice to their joint befuddlement. She fell to her hands and knees, lowered her head, and shamelessly planted her lips on Rory’s barely used pussy, licking cum and virginal blood as if it was strawberry vanilla ice cream.

“I can see that!” Nina giggled and said, joining her lesbian lover in munching the cum-glazed popped cherry. Rory’s face twitched with a happy smile, as she felt the tender lips and tongues kiss and lick her nearly numb teen pussy.

“Heh, I guess you shouldn’t have been worried about her partying too much.” The doctor mocked “She kept herself nice and pure. You didn’t even need to come and see a shrink, really.”

“Mmh! Yes master. Mff! Rory kept herself nice and pure for your cock, master. Phua!” Courtney replied the only way her well fucked mind allowed her, and continued slurping the cum that kept oozing from Rory’s tight fuck-hole.

“I'm surprised you could maintain such a sweet smile while getting so roughly deflowered, Rory.” The doctor said, looking at the dark haired angel sprawled on the floor, still smiling in her servile bliss.

“I live to obey you, master. *Ohh!*” She cooed as Courtney nibbled on the pink folds of her young pussy “I was so happy to make you happy, I didn't even notice the pain.”

She looked at him with wide eyes, filled with almost casual acceptance. Meanwhile, the two dykes treated her pussy like a platter serving of creamy jism.

“Courtney, move your ass a bit to the right. I'm not getting the best view.”

“Yeth. *Mmm!* Master!” Both lesbians did their best to point their asses up in their master's direction, so he'll have something nice to look at, should his eyes stray from Rory's creampie.

He watched them work until Rory's twat was clean as a whistle, and cleared his throat to get their attention.

“Okay, you may stop. Stand up before me.”

“Yes master.” The three stood at attention, proudly thrusting their bare tits forward.

“Since I'm done with you, for now, I'll allow the two of you to take your new toy home.” He told Courtney and Nina.

“Oh thank you master!” Nina said with a smile.

“Yeah yeah. I have some things for you to put on, before you go. A proper attire for slaves like you.”

“You are so kind, master.” Courtney squeezed her big tits and said.

“And of course you'll be on call, for whenever I feel like using any of you. My secretary will give you my address.”

“Of course master.” Nina said “You can call our bouncy tits to serve you, whenever you wish.”

“We are your sex toys.” Courtney said, bouncing her knockers together.

“We live to serve you, master.” Rory said meekly, rubbing her snatch slowly.

Aletta had one foot up on the desk, and casually fucked herself with her red dildo. The door to Doctor Xaviar's office opened, and the women

that came out looked somewhat different from those that walked in less than an hour earlier.

Courtney and Nina wore short, tight black dresses that left the lower part of their curvacious asses bare. Their massive tits threatened to spill out of the barely covering décolletage, which was so generous that it left half their nipples exposed. Rory wore a tiny leather skirt that didn't even cover her pussy lips, it was more like a long leather belt. She had a collar around her neck, and her clitoris was sucked by a vacuum plastic cup, attached to a leather leash.

Nina held the other end of Rory's pussy leash, and Courtney held a second leash, attached to Rory's neck collar. They led the teen coed on two leashes, shaking their curvacious bodies seductively as they walked towards where Aletta sat.

"I see you've had a productive session." Aletta said with a smile, pinching her clit and adjusting herself on her dildo.

"Oh indeed." Nina said "Tell the nice lady what you are, Rory." She prodded the leashed young woman with a spank on her pert ass.

"Yes, ma'am." Rory answered "I am a lesbian love doll. I live to please."

"That's good to know." Aletta said "I'm glad my master could help you."

The three women spanked their butts at the mention of their master. Rory kept quiet while her owners spoke with Aletta, and stared ahead mindlessly like a meek pet.

"We need master's address, in case he wants to order us home to use our owned bodies." Courtney said, and gave her hips a sexy shake.

"Ah, of course." Aletta said, taking a slip of paper and writing on it "Your asses look very bouncy. Master likes bouncy butts riding him during commercial breaks." She added.

"I'll be so happy to do that." The staunchly lesbian Courtney said, her sexual orientation not influencing her desire to please her master, in any way she could.

"*Ohh!* My pussy gets wet just thinking about it." Nina clutched the desk and moaned, standing on her tip-toes and stretching her ass out.

"Lick my pussy, love-doll." She ordered with a giggle, wiggling her ass.

“Yes, ma'am.” Rory smiled and said.

She knelt behind Nina, and gave her cunt a passionate french kiss. Rory didn't even have to lift Nina's dress an inch, seeing as Nina's whorish dress was so short.

“Oh yeah! Wiggle that tongue in my twat!” Nina pushed the back of Rory's head, mashing Rory's mouth to her horny pussy.

“There you go – Master's address.” Aletta handed the slip of paper to Courtney.

“Thank you.” Courtney smiled courteously “Come on, Nina, let's head home. I have some delicious ideas we can try with our new sex toy.”

“Mmh, you and me both.” Nina said “Up, sex toy. Time to go home.”

“Yes ma'am.”

Courtney tucked the slip of paper between her tits, and the two lesbians strutted away, with the double leashed Rory walking two steps behind them, like a good pet.

It was the early evening, and Aletta was getting ready to close up. She figured her master will call her over to wheel him to the parking lot, as soon as he woke up from his much needed nap.

She certainly didn't expect three college aged hotties to show up wearing Catholic schoolgirl costumes that kinky sex shops often sell. Their plaid skirts were five inches long, not even remotely covering their pert asses, and their white tank-tops showed their perky under-boobs.

There were two skinny blondes with long, smooth hair, and one raven-haired beauty with twin-tails, or slut-handles as their master liked to call it. He really liked that style of hairdressing.

There was no doubt in Aletta's mind. Her master ordered these girls over. They stared at Aletta with blank eyes, and the one with the twin-tails approached the counter.

“We are master's chaste cock warmers.” She said calmly “Our slave holes exist to warm master's cock on his way home from work.”

“That's nice.” Aletta smiled “Master is taking a nap right now, though. You'll have to wait till he wakes up.”

“Yes.” The girl nodded, and returned to stand between the two blondes. The scantily clad trio stood shoulder to shoulder in mindless, unblinking, and unthinking silence.

“It could take a while.” Aletta said “Hope you didn't have any other plans.”

The dark haired one turned her head to stare at Aletta.

“Our plans are irrelevant.” She said “We belong to master.”

“Of course. Silly me.” Aletta chuckled, and returned to playing with her dildo.

Silence shrouded the whole office building. No sound was made, safe for the squelching of Aletta's dildo-banged pussy, and the sound of Doctor Xaviar's snoring, which echoed in his completely sound-proof office. The three sexy coeds didn't make a squeak, and didn't move a muscle.

“So how did master come to own you three?” Aletta asked curiously, after about ten minutes.

“Master always owned us.” One of the blondes said, clearly not even understanding the question.

“Well sure.” Aletta shrugged like it was obvious “I mean, where did you meet him?” She clarified.

This time the dark-haired one answered.

“He came to our college chastity club meeting.” She said “He told us he can help us in our quest to abstain from sex until marriage.”

“And then he hypnotized you, made you realize you were his sex toys, and fucked you?” Aletta asked, relishing the delicious irony.

The girl nodded.

“He explained that our hot asses belong to him, and that we exist to serve his sexual needs. He didn't fuck us yet, though.” She said.

“Oh? So you're still virgins?” Aletta wondered.

“Yes. We are master's chaste cock warmers. Our slave holes exist to warm master's cock on his way home from work.” She repeated the first words she said to Aletta. It was as if the words were recorded into her voice box.

“Master deserves only the freshest, most untouched holes to warm his cock.” One of the blondes added in a soft monotone. She had bright green eyes.

“Master deserves anything he decides he wants.” Aletta said, squeezing her breasts together.

“So it was only three of you in the chastity club?” She asked.

“No. There are about forty of us.” The twin-tailed one answered.

“Wow forty? I guess with thousands of students there's at least forty people in every crazy niche.” Aletta figured “And are all the rest hot girls like you? Or are there guys and uggos, too?”

“All girls.” The green-eyed blonde said “Only thirty-two are good-looking enough to serve master, however. The others are improving their bodies through surgery and exercise to match master's standards, as we speak.”

“Why only three of you here, then?” Aletta wondered.

“Master didn't want to pop us all at once, so he decided to have one of us to warm his cock, every work day.”

“But...There are three of you?” Aletta raised an eyebrow.

“Yes. In case master isn't happy with the first hole he chooses, the other two serve as master's back-up cock warmers.” The twin-tailed virgin explained.

“Well, that all makes perfect sense. Too bad master never takes me when he goes to visit the local college. It sounds like so much fun.” Aletta lamented, and got back to her dildo, leaving the trio to stare into nothingness, and wait with endless patience to fulfill their purpose.

Fifteen minutes later, Aletta started feeling bored. She looked at the three chaste coeds again, and smirked.

“They're not much of a conversationalists, but at least talking to them keeps me busy.” She mumbled.

“Hey, so how do you pick the three cock-warmers each day?” She asked.

“Master numbered us. We roll three numbers randomly.” One of them answered plainly.

“I see.”

Aletta tried to think of something else to ask the half naked coeds, but sudden white noises, coming from her master's intercom distracted her.

“Aletta-cunt, I'm ready to go.” Doctor Xavier's voice echoed from the small speaker-phone on Aletta's desk.

“Uhm master, there are three college coeds here for you. A part of your club of chaste cock-warmers, they claim.”

“Oh right! I completely forgot. Funny story, Rory happened to be virgin as well.” He sighed happily “All right, send the cute cunts in.”

“Yes master.” Aletta said perkily, and turned to the trio.

“Master will see you now.” She told them.

“Yes.” The twin-tailed one nodded, and the trio marched as a cohesive unit into the doctor's office.

The doctor smiled as they walked in, shaking their candid hips from side to side at a pleasing pace. They stood in a row before him, and lifted their tiny plaid skirts to unveil their smooth virgin pussies.

“Nice nice. I see you pierced your clits, as ordered.” He moved his gaze between their bald pussies. Each of them had a small, metallic ring pierced into their clitoris.

“Yes master. The entire chastity club did, per your command.” The one in the middle said, staring blankly into the distance.

“How about those perky tits?” He asked with a pleased half-smile.

“Yes master.” The three said together, and lifted their tiny white tank-tops, showing their perky tits off to their master. Their nipples were also pierced, with shiny silver studs.

“Looking very good, my chaste prudes. Now let's see those asses.” He leaned forward on his wheelchair.

“Yes master.” They said like loyal soldiers, and turned around. They spread their legs a foot apart, hiked the back of their plaid skirts up, and leaned forward lightly, showing doctor Xaviar their pert asses.

“That's a lovely view.” The doctor said “Did it bother you, walking around with those butt plugs all week long?” He asked.

“No master.” One of them said.

“Everything for you, master.” Another stated in a factual manner.

“And are your asses properly trained to take my cock, at my command?”

“Yes master.” They answered in unison.

“Good girls. Shake your asses for me a bit.” He said and let his cock out of his pants.

“Yes master.”

Doctor Xaviar tugged on his flaccid cock as he watched them wiggle their cute butts in perfect unison.

“Okay turn back around.” He said after a minute of viewing pleasure.

“Yes master.” They said and faced him again.

“Right. Each of you, tell me your number, your age, your first name, and your major. Let's start with you.” He pointed at the blonde with the

slightly shorter hair, and hazel eyes.

“Three. Eighteen years old. Hannah. Communications.” She said.

“Seven. Eighteen years old. Selena. Medicine.” The twin-tailed beauty said. Her eyes were as dark as her hair.

“Twenty-one. Nineteen years old. Ashley. Art.” The green eyed blonde said.

“All right, in order for you slaves to warm my cock up, I need to have a hard-on. Otherwise, it will be annoying to stick it in your holes. Thing is, I had quite an orgasm, fucking another hot little number named Rory, a short while ago. Bottom line, you three need to use your tongues to coax me into having another erection, since my hands don't seem to be enough.” He said in an almost dry, informative manner.

“Yes master.” The three virgins said, got on their hands and knees, and crawled over to him.

“That's right, my sexy prudes, come and get your first taste of cock.” The doctor closed his eyes, and braced himself with a content smile.

“Ohh yeah.” He groaned. The three coeds licked his cock like kittens, lapping at a stick of honey. They were meticulous in their effort, their eyes glazed and their faces expressionless. Slowly and steadily, their sweet ministrations awakened doctor Xaviar's cock from its slumber.

“Okay I'm hard enough now. Selena, was it?” He pointed at the dark-haired girl below him.

She nodded meekly.

“Beautiful name. Time to try your pussy. Get up here.” He told her.

“Yes master.” Selena got up on her feet, and mounted him with no delay. She robotically guided his tip into her virgin cunt, placed her hands on his shoulders, and lowered herself down all the way. Her face didn't even twitch, as her hymen tore.

Blood began to slide down her master's shaft. Selena sat quietly and calmly, waiting for her next commands.

“Bounce up and down a bit.” Doctor Xaviar said, fondling her wonderfully smooth body.

“Yes master.” Ignoring the pain completely, Selena started moving up and down at a pleasing rhythm.

“Hrrm good.” He grabbed her breast and sucked on her pierced nipple.

“Your pussy feels great.” The doctor praised. Her blood drizzled down and began glazing his balls.

“Thank you master.” She answered, her voice solid and unwavering.

“Still, I don't want to decide on the first cunt I try. Get off me.”

“Yes master.” Selena dismounted and moved aside. She stood like a statue before him, slithers of blood still oozing from her deflowered pussy. The intelligent med student was reduced to nothing but a casually discarded cock-warmer.

The two blondes remained on their knees, staring into nothingness and waiting to be of use.

“Hannah, I want to try your virgin ass now.” The doctor said in an offhanded fashion. He didn't even remember which of the blondes was Hannah.

“Yes master.” The hazel-eyed aspiring journalist answered his call, and stood up. She unplugged her butt, and let the plug drop to the floor.

As mechanically as Selena before her, Ashley mounted doctor Xavier, took tender hold of his cock, and guided it to her lightly gaping, yet still small and tight virgin ass. She held his shoulders and slowly slid down his pole, her eyes looking straight ahead, not a whimper escaping her lips.

“Oh that's tight! You trained your ass well.” The doctor moaned as Hannah took him all the way in.

“Thank you master.” She replied blankly.

“Hop on my cock.” He commanded.

“Yes master.” She obeyed, his spear deep in her ass.

“Faster.” He demanded.

“Yes master.” Hannah hastened her movements like an automatic anal fucking machine, her pert bottom smacking the doctor's thighs with every bounce.

“Hrm fuck!” He spanked her petite ass with both hands “Now stick it in your cunt!” He ordered with a horny growl.

“Yes master.” Hannah quickly plopped his cock from her ass, jerked it twice, and tickled her soft pussy lips with the tip. Less than five seconds after it left her ass, the doctor's cock plunged into Hannah's pussy, breaching through her hymen and penetrating her with its full length.

“Ohh yeah! Keep bouncing!” He moaned.

“Yes master.” Hannah held his shoulders again, and bounced up and down repeatedly, lightly gyrating her hips back and forth. She rode him with more fluent motions than Selena, grinding her hips on his crotch like a proper cow-girl.

“Faster cunt!” The doctor bellowed as Hannah's red cherry juice joined that of Selena and Rory, adorning his hardened sword.

“Yes master.”

Hannah rode him so fast that pussy juices splattered every time her pussy lips kissed his balls. The doctor pulled on her nipple piercings and licked her neck like ice cream. Hannah never slowed her movements, even as her pussy ached for reprieve, even when she started going out of breath due to physical exhaustion.

“Yeah! You stupid bitch!” The doctor gritted his teeth at her, feeling his orgasm approaching.

“You wanted to save that amazing pussy for your marriage day? Fucking idiot! Ride my cock!”

“Yes master. My chaste pussy is all yours, master. Use me, master. Use this silly little prude as you see fit.”

Her monotonous chant helped the good doctor beyond the edge of orgasm. Like a nuclear mushroom, he exploded into Hannah, without holding back an ounce of his sticky jizz.

“*Ohhhh!*” He moaned, nibbling her slender shoulder. Thick blots of semen oozed from her penetrated lips, down to his shaft and balls, mixing with hers and Selena's blood to create a pinkish hue.

“Yeah. You are definitely my cock warmer for today.” Doctor Xaviar said, kissing her shoulder and enjoying his post-orgasmic bliss.

“Thank you master. It's an honor to have my pussy picked. My holes are for warming your cock, master.” Hannah said, bowing her head submissively.

“So, you're staying on top of me till I say otherwise. Ashley and Selena, I'm taking you home with me. You're now part of my permanent harem.” He informed them.

“Yes master.” Ashley said.

“Thank you master.” Selena said, the blood on her inner thigh beginning to dry.

“Ashley, you'll warm my cock with your pussy some other day.”

“Yes master. Whenever you wish, master.” The green-eyed blonde said, her holes ready whenever her master wished it.

The doctor embraced Hannah lovingly, and ran his finger-nails along her back.

“All right. Time to wrap this day up. Ashley, insert Hannah's plug back in her ass. Selena, get two leashes from my desk's bottom drawer.” He said.

“Yes master.” The girls moved to obey.

“These master?” Selena presented the leashes she took from the bottom drawer. Ashley already replaced Hannah's butt plug, and Hannah leaned forward on her master's torso, warming her master up with her youthful body.

“Yes, Precisely.” He told Selena “Attach the hook to your clit rings, and hand me the handles.”

“Yes master.” Serena gave Ashley one of the leashes, and pulled on her clit piercing, struggling for a moment to attach the leash's hook to the relatively small ring.

The doctor pressed a button on his wheelchair.

“Aletta-cunt. Time to go. Get your hot ass in here.”

“Gladly master!” Aletta's voice cheered through the intercom.

Aletta shut off the computer, turned off the lights, and covered Hannah and the doctor with a blanket. Doctor Xavier allowed Hannah to lay her head on his shoulder and rest, his flaccid cock resting idly in her pussy.

Aletta wheeled him out of the office, through the waiting room, and out to the floor's hallway. Doctor Xavier held Selena's and Ashley's pussy leashes in his hands, pulling them after him by their clits. Sometimes, just for fun, he would yank on those leashes just to see their steps hasten for a second, before returning to their zombie-like pace.

“How was your day, master?” Aletta asked, her nipples tingling with a desire to please.

“I have a newly deflowered pussy warming me up, the third virgin cunt I plowed today, mind you. I've got two new lesbian love-dolls on call, ready and waiting twenty-four seven. Oh, and Ashley over there is still waiting to have her cherry popped.” He said, and with a grin, added “I had a fantastic day.”

“I'm glad master.” Aletta said, and felt compelled to add “My body is your sex toy.”

“I know.” The doctor said dismissively.

“Did you have a good day, Hannah?” He asked the eighteen-year-old coed on top of him, patting her blonde hair with long brushes.

“That's not for me to decide, master. I live and breathe for you, master. Whatever you say is truth.” She droned out.

“Well I say you had a very good day serving me, and that makes you happy.” The doctor said.

“Thank you master. I had a good day. I am happy.” Hannah repeated.

“That's sweet. Now clench your pussy around my cock. I feel another erection coming.”

“Yes master.” Hannah said, tightening her cock-warming hole with repeated clenches.

Doctor Xaviar could feel himself harden inside Hannah again. He knew that soon enough he will deposit another load into her. He once again contemplated that, if not for his crippling accident, he would never have had his own harem of beautiful submissive women.

“I realized something. I no longer pity myself for losing my legs. I guess I have too many servile cunts under my yoke to waste time on self pity. Life served me lemons, and I made delicious lemonade.”

“You helped so many women find their true purpose, master.” Aletta said as they reached the elevator.

“Indeed. I guess the true lesson here is that with enough ambition, anything is possible.” The doctor kissed Hannah's hair, exhaled slowly, and nodded off to sleep. He knew he could count on Aletta to get him back home, even if he slumbered.

His trust made Aletta so proud. She had immense ambitions as well, as the daughter of immigrants. Her ambitions simply conflicted with her master's desire to rule her existence. She was happy her ambitions were gone, and replaced with adoration and eternal subservience.

The tall blonde of Scandinavian descent wouldn't have it any other way.

###

Steve's New Harem – Meeting The BFF

By Will B. Gunn

Sadie sat behind the wheel of her car, shuffling through her purse. She fished her make-up kit, and pulled out her eyeliner. With an exasperated sigh, she looked up, and checked her reflection in the rear view mirror.

“Why don't I ever learn?” She asked herself, gently applying a dash of delicate turquoise under her stylish long lashes. Her green eyes sparkled in the mirror, and her long, light-brown hair shimmered under the nearby streetlight.

Her friend was late, so she figured she might as well see if her make-up could use some sprucing.

“Perfect.” She smacked her lips together, and put her eyeliner away.

“Now where the hell is she?” Sadie was getting angry, and started honking the car's horn like a road raged trucker.

Skyler, a tall, thin blonde wearing a cream-colored trench-coat, walked over on insanely high heels and banged on Sadie's passenger's side window.

“Sadie, what gives? I have neighbors, you know.” She opened the door and sat down, glaring at Sadie with her amazing light-blue eyes.

“Maybe you should apologize to *them* for being late, then.” Sadie berated, started the car, and pulled away.

“Put your seat-belt on.” She looked at Skyler and rolled her eyes.

Skyler chuckled, and did as she was told, shaking her head in a bemused manner.

“What's up with the full-body trench coat?” Sadie asked her friend, raising an eyebrow.

“I was...cold.” Skyler shrugged, looking out the window and twirling her golden locks around her finger.

“Cold huh?” Sadie asked with a coy half-smile, “No seriously, what are you hiding under there?”

“Nothing. So how's your mum?” Skyler tried changing the subject.

“Nice try. Smooth.” Sadie mocked sarcastically, “so you dressed in something slutty for your new boyfriend? Oh, I'm sorry, the love of your life, your handsome fairytale prince, your knight in shiny...”

“Okay, I got the idea, Sadie.” Skyler cut Sadie's mockery short.

“Hey I'm just repeating what you said.” Sadie looked at Skyler and gave a chuckle, before turning her eyes back to the road.

“I'm pretty sure that when *I* said it, I didn't sound so, what's the word?” Skyler scratched her head.

“Pathetic?” Sadie suggested.

“Hey, you said it.” Skyler retorted with a smirk.

“Well, I, for one, am anxious to meet the new guy in your life.” Sadie said, “I can't believe it took you so long to introduce us. I was starting to consider giving back my half of our best friends forever necklace.”

“Best friend necklace? What are you...?” Skyler frowned, “Oh right, I remember that. You seriously kept it?”

“You didn't?!” Sadie sounded insulted.

“Uhm...” Skyler fidgeted in her seat, “I'm sorry.” She looked at her friend and apologized.

“Meh, I broke mine two years ago.” Sadie shrugged and laughed. Skyler narrowed her eyes and twisted her lip.

“You're mean, Sadie.” She said.

“Thank you.” Sadie took it as a compliment.

A song Sadie simply adored played on the radio, so she turned it up, and the friendly banter abated. The two good friends embarked on a wild joint sing-along, for about four consecutive songs, until Sadie unilaterally decided to turn the music off.

“Bah, I hate that band, their lyrics are so misogynistic.” She huffed in disdain, “so, who's idea was it to go play pool?” She asked Skyler.

“Steve's. He really likes it, and he's pretty good, too.” Skyler replied.

“Hope he's better than you. I'd like to have a real challenge.” Sadie said.

“Oh come on, I beat you plenty of times.” Skyler claimed.

“And I beat you plenty more, what's your point?” Sadie retorted.

“Right...” Skyler seemed to hesitate a bit, “about that. Uhm, could you maybe, just for tonight, not be, you know, uhm well...You.”

“Who do you want me to be?” Sadie raised an eyebrow.

“Maybe someone who isn't insanely competitive. You know, seeing as I'd like my boyfriend and my best friend to get along and all.”

Sadie's jaw dropped.

“Okay, first of all, I'm not *that* competitive.” She claimed.

“*Puh-lease!*” Skyler protested, “You made your uncle cry playing Pictionary when we were nine!”

“My uncle didn't cry, he just had a minor asthma episode.” Sadie said in her defense.

“Brought about by an episode of breathless sobbing. I was there, you broke the guy. Why do you think I never showed up to your family's game nights after that?” Skyler said.

“I thought the vanilla scented candles my mum used freaked you out.” Sadie recalled, “although now that I think about it, that was a pretty lame excuse.”

“No, that was actually also true. Vanilla just smells strange, like an unholy cross between chocolate and dung.” Skyler twisted her nose.

“You have some issues, Skyler.” Sadie told her friend, “and besides, first of all, my mom always said her older brother was a bit of a wuss, and second of all, that was like eleven years ago, I'd like to think I've grown up since then.”

“Sorry to burst your bubble, Sadie.” Skyler said with fake, mocking pity, “so what do you say, can I trust you to tone down your, how shall I put this gently, crazy deranged side for a couple of hours of fun gaming?”

They reached the pool parlor's parking lot. It was nearly empty.

“Fine.” Sadie relented and turned the engine off, “But I'm getting a vanilla scented air freshener for my car, and I'm totally hanging it up, next time you're late!” She declared.

“Heh, deal.” Skyler giggled and opened her door.

“Oh...” She suddenly uttered, one foot already on the parking lot's pavement.

“What is it?” Sadie asked.

“I...forgot to do something.” Skyler said, her voice calm, and a little sleepy.

“Oh, don't tell me we need to head back.” Sadie whined.

“No. Nothing like that.” Skyler intoned, her voice rapidly becoming a droned monotone, “I was supposed to forget, until now.”

“What?” Sadie raised an eyebrow.

“Here. I will remind you, Sadie.” Skyler said, and put her hand on Sadie's forehead.

“Sleep.” She said.

“W-Wha'? *Oooh* ” Sadie's eyes lost focus. “Sleeeeeeep...” She repeated, and slumped down on the driver's seat, sinking into a deep state of utter relaxation.

“Good girl, Sadie. I need to make sure you are ready to meet him.” Skyler said, her blue eyes empty, and her expression blank.

“Listen carefully.”

“Listen...Carefully...” Sadie repeated drowsily, feeling calm, focused, and suggestible.

* * * *

Steve sat on a bar stool, sipping beer and chatting up the buxom, red-haired bartender, Sandra. She wore an unbuttoned white vest, which barley covered her nipples. Every sway gave Steve a nice peek of her shapely hooters.

“I still can't believe these are real?” He shamelessly reached down and fondled her gigantic balloons through her flimsy vest.

“They sure are, sir. One hundred percent natural titties.” She gave a bimbo-like giggle, and bounced her jugs for him.

“Boy, am I glad I found you.” He said and pinched her jutting nipples through her fabric. On the counter behind Sandra, there was a picture of her, from her first day on the job. She was much more conservatively dressed, back then.

“*Mmm* , I'm glad too, sir.” She turned her head as the front door slid open. “I think your date is here.” She informed him.

“Ah finally. Let's hide these puppies for now.” He gave one side of her vest an inward pull, and got up to greet Skyler and her friend.

“Ah my beautiful Sky, so good to see you.” He gave the tall blonde a hug. She looked like a gorgeous runway model, only with bigger tits.

Steve held her tight and squeezed her ass, whispering a question in her ear.

“Is it done?” He asked.

“Mm-hmm.” Skyler nodded, “went without a hitch.”

“Good girl.” He tapped her bubbly butt and pulled back.

“And you must be Sadie, I've heard a lot about you.” He extended a friendly hand.

“Same. But I doubt the information I got on you is accurate, Steve.” Sadie shook his hand.

“What do you mean?” Steve wondered.

“Let's say the way Skyler talks of you is a bit,” she paused, “unrealistic. I mean, no offense, but no one is *that* perfect.”

“No offense taken. You have every right to be wrong.” Steve said. Sadie laughed, mainly because she wanted to be nice.

“Come on, Sandra will get you a beer.” He invited.

“All right.” Sadie followed him and passed by Skyler, “wicked sense of humor.” she muttered with an eye-roll.

“Be nice.” Skyler pleaded with a hiss.

While Sadie met the incredibly improperly dressed barmaid, Skyler untied her trench coat's belt, and slid it off her shoulders, letting it drop to the floor like a rag. She walked over to the bar, her ass shaking vibrantly, thanks to her extremely high heels.

“I don't think they dress like that in Europe, no.” Sadie narrowed her eyes at the dumb barkeep and said, unable to look away from her shamelessly revealing cleavage.

“Maybe they should!” Sandra exclaimed with a small, enthusiastic hop, which jostled her unsupported tits around.

“Yeah maybe.” Sadie rolled her eyes and shook her head at the inexplicably perky bartender.

“So what do you want to do, Steve?” Skyler pressed herself onto him, and cooed.

“I say let's start playing.” Steve said, looking down Skyler's blouse without even trying to hide it. Sadie would usually make a sanctimonious, judgmental remark about disrespecting women, but her full focus went to Skyler's shocking get-up.

“Skyler! What the hell are you wearing?” She asked, aghast.

“Do you like it? I bought it for my Stevey.” Skyler said, striking a sexy pose. Sadie thought Sandra was dressed inappropriately, but her open vest, with nothing underneath, was nothing compared to the whorish attire Skyler was sporting.

The fetching blonde wore a tiny mini-skirt around her trim waist, barely low enough to cover her nether lips. As a top, she wore a see-through fish-net blouse, leaving her practically nude from the waist up. Sadie was speechless, and more than a little perplexed. She just stared at Skyler with a gaping mouth, and wide, flabbergasted eyes.

“Let's play on this one.” Steve fondled Skyler's buttock and pointed to one of the tables. He pretended not to notice anything was out of the ordinary, but his sly half-smile betrayed the joy he got from Sadie's reaction.

“Okay!” Skyler bounced perkily and scurried after Steve, shaking her booty like a wanton streetwalker.

Sadie looked back and forth from Skyler to Sandra, and back to Skyler.

“Am I in the twilight zone?” She mumbled to herself, and cautiously walked after Skyler and her boyfriend. Skyler somehow seemed uncharacteristically giddy, in addition to her out-of-place attire and weird willingness to be fondled in public.

“So...” Sadie looked at Skyler and said, “How do we decide who goes first?” She asked, deciding against making a scene. She was sure Skyler will explain everything properly, later, when they can speak in private.

“How about me and Skyler play together?” Steve suggested, applying chalk to the tip of his cue-stick.

“That's an awesome idea, Steve!” Skyler exclaimed with a high-pitched giggle, lifting her leg to rub Steve's thigh. She pressed herself on him like a ditzy piece of arm-candy.

“O-kaaaay.” Sadie said, looking around the room in desperate attempts to avert her eyes from Skyler. At the angle her friend's thigh was bent, it was impossible to avoid seeing her pussy peek from between her buttocks.

They were best friends, sure, but Sadie still liked some information to remain private, like the fact Skyler shaved down there, and how wet she got from simply grinding herself on her new boyfriend.

“Never knew you were such a whore...” She muttered, looking around the room.

“What?” Skyler asked, drawing invisible circles on Steve's chest with her fingernail.

“I, umm, I never saw this place so empty before.” Sadie improvised.

“I rented it for the night, just for us.” Steve said.

“Wow, seriously? Impressive.” Sadie said.

“Heh, glad you approve.” Steve chuckled as he set up the ball triangle, “since it's two against one, why don't you break?” He offered Sadie the cue-ball.

“Eight ball, huh? Don't mind if I do.” Sadie took the cue-ball from him, and put it in place.

Sadie may have been a little rusty, but she still managed to pocket two balls with her breaking shot - One striped and one solid.

“I'll take the solids.” She said after a short canvassing of the ball positions.

“Hoho, she knows how to play, I'm surprised.” Steve said, his hand suspiciously vanishing behind Skyler.

“Why would you be surprised?” Sadie got defensive. Skyler cleared her throat meaningfully, reminding Sadie of her promise, to go easy on the confrontation.

“Oh, no reason. I just never met a woman who was good at shooting pool, before.” Steve said.

“This day is just full of surprises, isn't it?” Sadie cocked her head, and continued her streak.

She got two more solids in, but missed on the third, marking the start of Steve and Skyler's turn.

“You go first, Steve, I'll cheer!” Skyler said with glee, her pink nipples visibly erect.

“All righty then.” Steve said, chose a ball, and aimed. He slid the cue-stick back and forth a couple of times, and on the third pull, he struck the cue-ball like a sling-shot. It flew at laser speed and hit one of the stripes

with a strong wooden clank. The striped ball continued to the pocket in a split second, sliding into it in the blink of an eye.

It happened so quickly, and with so much power, that even Sadie had to blink and flinch. She felt a jolt running down her spine, and then a faint feeling of goosebumps.

“Are you okay, Sadie? You look a bit rattled.” Steve asked smugly, faking concern.

“Oh I'm fine, Steve.” Sadie smiled back with piercing eyes. She so wanted to embark on some soul crushing trash talk, but knew her friend would not approve.

“I just thought I'd try impressing you again.” Steve said, and shot another laser beam straight into the same pocket, in the exact same way. Two pulls and a forceful strike on the third, very methodical.

Sadie thought she was ready this time, but once again she found herself flinching and closing her eyes. Her cheeks were getting a tad warm, which she presumed was because of how embarrassing her awfully girly reaction was.

Like Sadie, Steve also missed on the third ball, giving her the stage and returning to his lewd make-out-fondle session with Skyler.

Sadie's style was the direct opposite of Steve's. She preferred to slowly roll the ball in the right direction. That way, if she missed, at least she had one of her balls closer to a pocket, possibly blocking the way for her opponent.

She lobbed one solid ball into the middle pocket, and narrowly fell short on the second one. Skyler's constant giggling served as quite an annoying distraction.

“Your turn, honey-buns.” Steve said, handing his stick to Skyler, and prodding her forward with a light slap on the rear. Skyler gave another inane giggle, and marched forward, her high heels clipping and clopping on the floor with every graceful step.

She bent down, holding the stick in her hand like a fist. Sadie frowned at her friend again, raising an eyebrow suspiciously.

“Oh my, that is not how you hold a cue-stick. Although it works wonders with other kinds of sticks.” Steve jested, “want me to help you, Sky-sky?”

“Oh yes please. I'm so useless with these things.” Skyler said, wiggling her butt at him, her exposed pussy moistness sparkling in the neon light.

“What?” Sadie let out, shaking her head.

“Anything wrong Sadie?” Steve asked as he leaned down behind Skyler.

“Uhm...” Sadie looked at him, incredulously, “no, nothing.” She finally said, once again choosing to avoid an awkward scene.

It became harder for Sadie to remain quiet, when Steve clearly and shamelessly pressed his crotch on Skyler's backside, as he supposedly taught her how to hit the cue-ball.

“You see, you put your hand flat on the table, and put the cue-stick on the space between your thumb and your index finger.” He said, his crotch leaning on her ass and his hands guiding her own.

“Ah-ha.” Skyler said, accepting his obscene probing with a smile on her face.

“Then, you aim at the center of the white ball.” He whispered in her ear, his warm breath tickling her lobe.

“And then,” He grabbed her hips with one hand, “you strike!” he said, and thrust his pelvis forward on her backside, practically dry humping her. Unsurprisingly, Skyler completely missed her shot, hitting the cue-ball at a useless angle and sending it to hit a random striped ball, before stopping in its tracks.

Steve looked at the results of his training, “well, at least you hit one of our balls, so no foul.” He said, his hand still resting on Skyler's trim hips. Skyler giggled and bounced her hips with a cute shoulder shrug. It was obvious her head couldn't be farther away from the game.

Speechless, Sadie took advantage of the situation, and potted two more of her solid colored balls, before missing out and relinquishing her turn back to Steve.

This time, as Steve stood above the table and chose where to strike, Sadie slowly edged over to Skyler. She had to get an explanation about her friend's weird behavior. Before she finished her journey around the table, however, Steve shot another one of his decisive speedy bullets to a corner pocket. Sadie found herself grasping her stick tightly, leaning on it and feeling a vague, ticklish vibration travel within her.

He pocketed another striped ball, and another, in the exact same way, pulling back twice, and striking hard on the third pull. Sadie felt the vibrations from his strikes radiate across her body, each time Steve potted a ball.

Her cheeks got so hot, she was afraid they might be flushed red. The tingling quivers seemed to focus on the area between her legs, and the tingles were definitely of the pleasant, somewhat embarrassing variety.

“Oh come on, Sadie, don't put silly ideas in your head.” She murmured to herself, under her breath, “Sure, it's been a while, but that doesn't mean tha-*mm*. ”

Her private mumblings were cut short as Steve successfully potted the last of the striped balls, causing Sadie to whimper ever-so-lightly.

“Okay, just the black ball now.” Steve bragged.

“Oh you're so amazing!” Skyler gushed with excitement.

The cue-ball was perfectly positioned in relation to the black ball, and Steve gently and easily fired it into the nearest corner pocket. Sadie closed her eyes and whimpered again. She felt another electrifying jolt, closer to her honeypot, and a lingering tickle remained, even after the initial charge subsided.

“Yay! My hero!” Skyler cheered and jumped on Steve, straddling him at an upright position, wrapping her legs around his waist, and her arms around his neck.

“*Hrmm!*” Steve grabbed her ass with both hands and shoved his head in her chest, growling as he wiggled his face between her bouncy tits. Skyler let out some very indecent moans, her pussy clearly squelching as its lips rubbed against the bulge in Steve's pants. Sadie looked at them with wide eyes, her pupils trembling from left to right.

“Uhm Skyler, may we speak in private for a moment?” Sadie decided enough was enough. She had to find out what was going on.

“Hmm?” Skyler looked at Sadie with uncomprehending eyes. She looked back at Steve without even saying a word. Her eyes shimmered with adoration and love.

“Yeah, go ahead and talk,” Steve dropped Skyler and she landed on her heels, “I'll get a beer from Sandra.”

“I'll get you a beer, mast, I-I mean, Steve!” Skyler said and hopped around.

“Wait, Skyler, you're supposed to talk to Sadie in private, remember?” Steve spoke to her as if she was mentally challenged.

Skyler looked at Sadie again, and Sadie looked right back, her puzzlement growing by the second.

“Yeah okay...But I still want to serve you that beer! Oh please, wait for me to come back so I can serve you!” Skyler groveled pathetically.

“Sure.” Steve smiled at her, patting her cheek with his big manly hand, “I'll just do some practice shots, till you come back. Wouldn't want Sadie to think she can tie things up, do I?” He slapped Skyler's ass away in an almost dismissive manner, and took some balls out of the side pockets.

Skyler clearly wanted nothing more than to stay by his side, and she didn't seem able to compute the whole 'moving away to speak in private with her best friend' notion. Sadie had to literally grab her by the hand, and drag her away to the far end of the parlor.

“Okay, what the fuck is going on here?” She demanded.

“What do you mean?” Skyler asked, looking past Sadie, and focusing on her one and only.

“What do I mean? Your clothes? Your behavior? How you keep grovelling for his attention like some needy dumb bimbo!” Sadie hissed.

“Yeah.” Skyler said with a wide grin, followed by a long sigh, “I just want to make him happy.”

Sadie blinked at her friend a few times, incredulous.

“Okay, what about you pretending you don't know how to play?” Sadie pressed, “We always played pool together, and you actually beat me sometimes! Are you that desperate to have this mediocre-looking man touch you?” Sadie asked.

A flash of true anger flared in Skyler's eyes, but it was soothed by Steve's image almost immediately.

“Don't call him that.” Skyler requested in a very meek tone.

“Fine, then answer my damn question.” Sadie demanded.

Skyler made eye contact with Sadie, for the first time since arriving at the parlor.

“He likes feeling superior. He likes knowing that I depend on him, in everything.” Skyler said, her eyes twinkling with moist.

“So fucking what? That doesn't mean you have to...”

“But I want to make him happy.” Skyler interrupted Sadie before she could finish, “look at him, Sadie. Doesn't your pussy just quiver at the sight of him holding that pool cue, and *ramming* his balls into those holes.” She said.

“Skyler!” Sadie gasped. She was about to protest, but lost her train of thought when Steve loudly hit one of the balls into the middle pocket. It resonated throughout the empty billiard parlor, and made Sadie inhale a hurried breath, as a sharp spike of arousal pierced between her shapely legs.

“See what I mean?” Skyler asked her friend with a sly smile.

“No, no. I-I don't know what you're talking about.” Sadie lied, her lower lips still prickling pleasantly.

“I'm going to get his beer now.” Skyler said, and slipped away.

“No wait, hold on!” Sadie tried, but Skyler was already beyond hearing her whispers.

“How can she walk so fast on those damn heels...”

Sadie glared at Steve with intense green eyes.

“Time to teach this jerk a lesson in humility. I'll show him, having my best friend act like some pre-emancipation harlot, just to ingratiate his massive ego.” She decided, and marched back, filled with resolve. Resolve that was shaken, just a tiny bit, by the throbbing rush she got when Steve fired another practice round into a middle pocket.

As he sipped the beer Skyler fetched for him (she held the tray before him, waiting patiently for him to finish, and lay the glass back down), Sadie opened her purse and took out a pair of black gloves.

“S-Sadie, what are you doing?” Skyler asked, concerned.

“I decided to play seriously this time. Show your Steve how real winners conduct themselves.” She took her cue-stick, and applied some chalk to its tip, trying to look as menacing as possible. Although, by the way Steve looked at her, he clearly interpreted her pose as more sexy than frightening.

“But you promised...” Skyler tried to protest.

“I guess you were right, Skyler. I am too competitive.” Sadie looked at her friend with piercing green eyes.

“Heh, that's cute. And those gloves are adorable.” Steve said, clearly not taking her seriously.

“They're special friction gloves. Some players lather chalk between their thumb and finger, and some have more professional gear.” Sadie said, “Now, are you ready to even things out, or are you one of those chickens who prefer to quit while they're ahead.”

“Hoho. Fighting words from the hot piece in the sexy tight jeans.” Steve said, laying his beer back on the tray, and sending Skyler to return it without uttering a word, or even looking in her direction.

“Watch your tongue, buddy. *I* am not your girlfriend.” Sadie glared at him, the same way professional wrestlers look at their opponents, before a title match.

“Duly noted.” Steve said, already setting up the triangle, “I'll break this time, seeing as I won the last game.”

“Go ahead.” Sadie said, brimming with confidence.

Her confidence grew when his breaking shot failed to give her those pleasant, yet embarrassing sensations in her special spot. And to make matters even better, Steve failed to pot any of the balls in his breaking shot, leaving Sadie in the perfect position to clinch a speedy victory.

“I'll take the stripes this time, then.” She announced, and casually rolled the nearest ball into the left corner pocket.

She lobbed them in with perfect grace and accuracy, potting one striped ball after the other, until only two were left. She leaned down, planning on rolling the next one into the far corner pocket, to put her in a good position to end the game, when something disrupted her focus.

“Mm mm mm, what a lovely view.” Steve stood behind her, checking out her perfect ass in its tight denim casing. He distracted Sadie just as she was about to hit the cue-ball, making her fumble the shot, and miss by a land mile.

“You creep!” She turned around and stomped the butt of her cue-stick on the floor.

“Don't talk to him like that!” Skyler defended her man determinately, “he was just checking your ass, he wasn't lying or anything, you've got a really hot ass.” She winked at Sadie suggestively.

“Agreed.” Steve said, taking the last sip of his beer bottle.

“Yeah well, there are things you don't say to a woman you just met.” Sadie berated the two, “and besides, you made me lose focus and miss the shot.”

“Hah!” Steve laughed, “sore loser, much?” He said, infuriating Sadie.

“Hey, if you want to go again, go ahead.” He waved his hand nonchalantly, “I mean, if that's how you want to win.”

If there was anything Sadie hated, it was people implying she was a cheater.

“Fine. Go ahead and have your turn. I'll beat you anyway. I'll mop the floor with you!” She declared.

“We'll see who mops the floor with whom, won't we?” Steve said, and whispered something in Skyler's ear, causing her to giggle.

He applied some chalk to his own tip, and aimed it at the cue-ball. Sadie focused on the table with an arrogant grin, holding her cue-stick next to her like a dance partner.

Steve potted the first ball with force, and Sadie suddenly felt the same jolt of lightning throbbing in her pussy, even deeper and stronger than before.

“*Ahh...*” She fidgeted, her cheeks becoming red again.

“What? Why?” She asked herself with a weak voice. Steve smiled at her, and continued. He couldn't shoot the next one in with the same sling-shot power, and instead chose a slow and measured approach. Sadie thought that meant she won't feel the vibrating shock-wave, and she was very wrong.

“*Mmh!*” She gave a small squeal of surprise. The slow ball caused her pussy to quiver just as vibrantly as the laser beams Steve usually fired off his cue-tip. Her mind was foggy for a short moment, but she still managed to deduce a new conclusion.

“Wait... When he broke... I didn't feel anything, and now...” Her eyes widened with shock, and she swallowed nervously.

“It only happens when he pockets a ball.” She finally figured it out, “what's wrong with me?” She asked herself, absentmindedly grinding her crotch on her cue-stick.

She didn't have much time to answer her question, because Steve was on fire. He shot one ball in, and another, and a third, and a fourth.

“*Nyaaa!*” Sadie gave a loud squeal. Her pussy quivered and flooded with wetness, her nipples tingled with electrifying sensations, and her mind felt numb inside. She could no longer hide it. She writhed and ground her

crotch back and forth on her cue-stick, pressing her soaking, squelching pussy on it.

She looked at Steve with wide, needy, tearful eyes. Her mind was filled with visions of sex, and depraved acts of utter submission. The images in her mind were obscene and debauched, and at the same time, so alluring and beckoning. Every ball Steve potted brought her closer to a quaking orgasm, and the visions were far more appealing than she'd like to admit.

Steve looked at her and smirked. Her face was flushed red, and her hips gyrated shamelessly. The cue-stick was buried in her blouse, between her tits, stretching the fabric and accentuating the shape of her fun-bags. Sadie caught his eyes, which showed horny lust and indecent desire. Instead of telling him off, she gave a kittenish whimper, and looked away in shame.

He potted the last of the solid balls, and Sadie nearly lost her footing, holding her cue-stick like branch in the middle of a raging river. Her dazed, glassy green eyes lay on Skyler. The blue-eyed blonde seemed to have a similar reaction to Steve's resounding success, only she shamelessly and wildly fingered her raw pussy, right there and then, without any reservation of inhibition.

Sadie saw pussy juices squirt and splash every time Skyler's fingers penetrated her shaven honeypot. She tried feeling disdain or revulsion, but the only emotion she managed to muster up was pure, scalding envy.

“Mmmm!” The silky-haired brunette desperately humped the stick wrapped in her embrace, her tongue dangling lightly from her mouth, wetly slapping against the hard wood.

“Only the black ball left.” Steve announced. Sadie whimpered, and began to pant, leaning her entire weight on her cue-stick, her emerald eyes incredibly glossy and moist. When the black ball hit the pocket lining and slumped inside, Sadie fell to her knees, her legs spread widely apart.

“Nyaa! Mm! Ahh!”

She rocked her limber hips back and forth. She felt like she was an inch away from orgasm, but gyrating her hips wasn't enough. She stuck her hand between her legs, and tried rubbing vigorously, but it didn't do anything for her.

Her pussy quivered with arousal, but Sadie couldn't manage to bring herself beyond that point, she couldn't break the dam she so desperately

wanted to shatter.

Steve emerged from around the table's corner, and looked down at her.

“Is everything all right, Sadie?” He asked with a conceited smile, “you seem bothered.”

Sadie looked up at him with a mix of scorn and carnal desire.

“Y-Yeah. I'm fine.” She said, regaining some of her composure. Even with the numb throbbing in her pussy, she still tried to maintain a semblance of dignity. She pulled herself up with the help of her trusty cue-stick, and tried to give Steve a look of spiteful determination.

“I'll win the next one. You'll see.” She promised, her voice shaking.

Skyler showed up as well, juices running down her inner thighs.

“Before you play another game, Steve, want to come and help me in the ladies' room? I could really use some, *mm*, assistance.” She plopped her fingers from her tight snatch, walked up to Steve, and said with her best come hither smile she had, batting her eyes at him.

“Hmm, assistance huh?” Steve reached forward to tweak her exposed nipple.

“Mm-hmm.” Skyler nodded. She grabbed the bulge in his trousers, not even trying to hide her true meaning, “only if you feel like it, *master*.” she whispered the last word with a sexy hiss.

“Let's go.” Steve said with glee, spanked Skyler hard, and carried her away like a feather-light doll.

Sadie watched them recede into the bathroom hallway, and breathed a sigh of relief.

“Phew. At least now I can, *ngh*, recoup a little bit.” She mumbled, trying to think of anything that might reduce the warm tingling which made her so horny.

“*Ohh...*” She gave a gentle moan, “fuck, I can't help it!” She exclaimed, and started grinding her crotch on her cue-stick again, whimpering and moaning and biting her lip.

“Maybe I can finish before they come back.” She hoped, and hastened the pace of her fervent gyrations. She was just fine and down the road to the orgasm she so needed to have, till she looked around and saw the big-

boobed, ginger bartender, Sandra, staring at her with wide doe-like eyes, while wiping the counter.

Sandra gave her a somewhat creepy half smile, and Sadie suddenly felt like she was putting on some kind of lewd masturbation show. She stopped and tried standing up straight, but her arousal would not subside. It was as though she had a raging vibrator glued to her clit.

“Where are they?” She got impatient.

She had a pretty good idea what the two lovebirds were doing, but she simply couldn't stay still next to their table. So she left her cue-stick on the green surface, and moved towards the hallway, to see if she could prod Steve and Skyler out of there.

She nearly made the turn into the hallway, when she heard a loud, wet slurp that stopped her in her tracks. She peeked beyond the wall, and what she saw took her breath away.

Skyler and Steve didn't even venture forth into the ladies' room. Steve leaned on the hallway wall behind him, his fly open and his throbbing hard-on dangling stiffly. Skyler knelt before him, her knees spread apart, and her head bobbing back and forth like a cock sucking machine.

“*Mph! Mph! Mm! Mph!*” She choked and gagged as she gobbled his cock, brushing her lips back and forth at a steady pace. Her movements were fluid and tireless. Her lips slid perfectly from his tip, all the way down to his base, where they softly met his balls. A thick river of saliva ran down Skyler's chin, and dangled sloppily onto the floor in sticky blots.

“*Ohhh wow...*” Sadie uttered in awe, watching her best friend's golden hair sway back and forth, her blue eyes fixated on Steve's face as if magnetized. Sadie wanted to look away, but she was too horny to detach herself from the scene.

“*Ohh, you got so good at this, cunt.*” Steve groaned and said, laying his hand on Skyler's head and patting her like a pet.

“*Mm! Phua!* Thank you so much, master. I live to serve.” Skyler pulled back and said, before lifting his shaft up and planting her warm lips on his balls.

“*Ohh fuck yeah!* Lick my fucking balls, slave!” He closed his eyes and pressed the back of his head on the wall, relishing the pleasant sensations Skyler's expert tongue gave him.

“M-Master?” Sadie repeated, her fingers pressing into the soaking furnace between her legs. She looked at Skyler, lapping Steve's balls like ice cream, with twinkling blue eyes. It was the hottest thing she had ever seen, steamier and more passionate than any porno she ever laid eyes on.

“*Mmh!*” Sadie unbuttoned her pants and leaned her shoulder on the wall, watching Skyler slowly lick up from his balls to his tip, wiggling her tongue from side to side along his underside.

“*Hrrm!* Suck it, bitch!” Steve grabbed her by the hair and shoved her face down on his steely blade, fucking Skyler's face. The hot blonde let her arms dangle to her sides, and tightened her red hot lips around his hard wood, grunting and slurping every time his tip hit the back of her throat.

“*Phff! Mph! Phua!* Do you like using my throat, master?” She asked the moment he let go of her head, flicking her tongue in circles around his tip as she spoke.

“*Ohh* you're the best head I've had in a long time, cunt.” Steve smiled down at her and said. Skyler gave him a radiating grin, cupped his balls in her tender palm, and took him deep in her throat again.

Sadie was in a pleasure-induced hallucinogenic trance. She didn't care anymore, about anything. She shoved all concerns of dignity and proper behavior out of her mind, and lowered her jeans and thong down to her knees. All so she could fiddle with her raw pussy lips, while watching her best friend worship cock.

She stuffed her tight cunt with two fingers, and squeezed her perky breasts with her other hand. She even opened her mouth and extended her tongue out, pretending to be twirling it around Steve's rod like Skyler was.

“*Nyaa!*” Sadie moaned out of breath, jilling herself off, desperate to achieve orgasm. Steve's head jerked in her direction at the sound of her long squeal. He spotted her and smiled at her. Sadie's eyes widened in shock, and she quickly hid behind the corner again, but she knew she had already been made.

“Hehe, we have an audience.” Steve chuckled, “get up, sweet tits, I wanna fuck that wet twat of yours.”

He pulled Skyler up from her knees and gently shoved her to the wall behind her.

“Anything you wish, master. My body is your sex toy. *Mmm!*” Skyler looked in his eyes and said, lifting her leg and wrapping it around his waist.

He barely needed to tease her tight pussy, before slipping in.

“*Mmh!* Fuck me, master! My pussy is yours!” Sadie heard her friend moan at the top of her lungs, and peeked around the corner again, still ardently thrusting her fingers in and out of her own sopping honeypot.

She watched as Steve pinned Skyler to the wall with the big nail between his legs. He clutched her raised thigh with one hand, and leaned on the wall behind her with the other. His pelvis moved back and forth, plowing into Skyler like a piston.

“*Hrrm! Hah! Hrrm!*” He rammed into her a few times, and slowed down to a near halt, reaching down to tease her clit and open her pussy with his fingers.

“So pink and tight.” He said and smiled at her.

“And all yours, master. I'm your docile, obedient cum-dump.” Skyler said, tightening her squelching cunt around his shaft.

“Master...? Obedient...Cum dump? *Mm! Mmh!*” Sadie repeated what she heard and squealed, tossed around between confusion, jealousy, and the wet heat building up between her thighs.

Steve thrust into Skyler once more, before grabbing her head with both hands and pressing his forehead to hers.

“Turn around.” He growled with a randy, predacious smile, “Turn around so I can fuck your pussy from behind like the bitch you are!” He ordered again, and let go of her leg.

“Yes master!” Skyler cheered and spun around.

She bent over and down so deep, that her long blonde hair touched the marble floor tiles. She presented her bubbly ass for him, wiggling her petite behind from side to side, eager to entice.

“Oh yeah.” Steve cheered and playfully smacked her ass, making the bubbly thing shake like jello.

“*Mm!* Spank me, master!” Skyler begged with a mischievous smile, shaking her booty like a Brazilian carnival belly dancer.

Steve slapped her ass with his throbbing girth, aimed at her tight, wet lips, and hammered into her with one strong thrust.

“Oh yeah! Fucking take it! *Hrrm!*” He pumped into her and grunted, his pelvis smacking her soft, bubbly buns at a speedy, consistent rhythm.

Sadie watched her friend get fucked from behind, drool running down from her salivating mouth. Her fingers worked overtime, drilling in and out

of her horny pussy. She pressed herself on the wall's corner, so hard, her nipple started to throb in pain. The blinding pleasure her masturbation brought was stronger and more profound than anything else, however, and the stunning brunette couldn't help but smile vapidly.

It wasn't long before she joined Skyler's pleas for Steve to cum, and cum hard, whispering her true desires under her breath, while her blonde friend screamed them as loud as she could.

“*Ahh! Yes master! Mm! Use my pussy to cum, master! Please give me more! Ahh! I live to serve!*” Skyler moaned as he rammed into her with full force and speed, her body rocking back and forth faster than a ping-pong ball during a championship match.

“*Oh! I'm gonna cum! Hah! You fucking, mhh , bitch! I'm gonna cum! Hah !*” Steve panted as if he ran a mini-marathon, but kept drilling deep into Skyler at super speed, until his throbbing manhood was positively teeming with cum.

Steve quickly pulled his slick sword out of her.

“*Ahhh! Hrrm! Hrrm!*” He jerked his cock over her bent over ass, painting it with sticky jizz.

“*Nyaaa! Mmmm! Ahhhh!*” Sadie gyrated her hips in circles, juices flying from her pussy, past her fingers, and down to the floor. It was the first squirting orgasm she had ever had. Her legs buckled under, and she slumped to the floor while leaning on the wall.

Her face felt hot, and she panted heavily, but she had a giddy, somewhat dumb smile on her face. Her pussy felt comfortably numb, and yet still somehow she could tell it was begging for more.

Steve slapped his cock on Skyler's cream-covered ass, and flipped her tiny mini-skirt back down, causing the fabric to glue to her skin, his sperm acting as a perfect adhesive. He walked down the hallway with a spring in his step, and stopped next to Sadie.

Whistling casually, he wiped his cock on her shiny brunette hair. Sadie simply looked up at him calmly, not lifting a finger against the humiliating act. She even thought of trying to kiss it.

“How sweet.” Steve said, flicking her forehead with his tip, making her flinch.

“You should probably take those silly gloves off.” He said and turned away, walking back to their table.

Sadie drowsily lifted her arms up, to look at her hands. Steve was right, her black gloves were all drenched with her pussy juices.

“Yeah...” She nodded meekly, peeled her gloves off, and discarded them on the floor. She got back up on wobbly feet, just in time to meet Skyler at the hallway's exit.

“My butt is all sticky with cum!” She said proudly, spinning her hips happily.

“Yeah, I saw.” Sadie smiled at her blonde friend, blushing.

“Come on, ladies. I want another game.” Steve said, holding another beer, which he just got from Sandra. He had already set the balls back in their starting position.

“Coming!” Skyler said, and with a giggle, added “master!”

“Master...” Sadie mumbled to herself, the word sounding better and better, every time she repeated it. She slowly paced back, picking her jeans and thong up from her knees as she walked. Her pussy still tingled in the aftermath of her frenzied finger-banging.

She looked at Steve shyly, not sure what she ought to say. She didn't know what the proper etiquette was, after letting a guy she barely met wipe his manhood in her hair, not to mention after jilling off to the live show of him fucking her best friend.

“I'll break again, seeing as I won the last one.” Steve said, as if nothing happened.

“Y-Yeah...Okay...” Sadie agreed, picking her cue-stick back up. Her cheeks were still burning with lust.

Steve broke and managed to slip a striped ball into the corner pocket. Sadie, as if she hadn't just had the most powerful climax of her young life, felt a strong, knee-buckling tremor in her cunt.

“*Mmm!*” She grabbed her cue-stick for support again.

“I see you put your jeans back on.” Steve noticed, looking at Sadie, “I liked it better off.” He added.

“Uhm. R-Really?” Sadie asked shyly.

“Yeah, really. Mind taking it off?” He asked with a smile, rubbing Skyler's lean waist. The blonde still glued her lithe body to him, silently trying to arouse.

“I, uhm, I do. That would be, uhm, totally inappropriate.” Sadie thought for a moment, and said with a questioning frown, as if she wasn't

completely sure about what she was saying.

“Meh, suit yourself.” Steve said, and leaned down to aim at the next striped ball. Sadie found herself hoping he'll pot it, even if it meant he'll win again. What she felt every time his powerful strikes landed, it was simply too good to ignore.

He pulled back once, twice, and hit the ball after the third pull.

“Oh bother, it seems I missed.” He said with a mischievous smile, looking at Sadie with impish eyes. He missed the mark by a significant, almost unreasonable distance.

“Oh no...” Sadie uttered, blushing. She fidgeted and squirmed on the spot, like a junky anxious for her next fix, her next dose of orgasmic sensations.

“Are you upset?” He asked her coyly.

“Uhm...” Sadie hesitated for a second, and then slowly nodded.

“Funny, I thought you liked winning.” He mocked, “truth is, I'm distracted by your jeans.” He said, “I think my aim will be much better if you take them off.”

Sadie stared at him, her eyes wide like a deer in headlights, and just like that, she bolted to the nearest chair, scurrying to remove her shoes. Once those were off, she peeled her tight jeans off her pristine, smooth legs, and returned to the table in a flash.

It didn't matter that his line of reasoning made little to no sense, or how clear it was that he was being coy, missing the shot on purpose. Sadie had to appease him, so he would give her the pleasure she craved.

“Your top is pretty distracting, too.” He said, and Sadie grabbed her blouse and threw it off her, in a split second.

“And your bra.” He said, and she yanked her bra off without even unclasping it, tossing it on the floor with her shirt. Sadie was left naked except for her black lace thong.

Steve spent a moment staring at her round, gravity defying tits.

“Like two firm, bouncy apples. A perfect ten.” He appraised gleefully.

“Th-thank you.” Sadie said, not even trying to cover her shapely knockers with her hands.

“Now show me those panties. Let me see them on you.” He made a blatant, lascivious request.

“Okay.” Sadie nodded, took a step back, and began twirling around, curving her hips and striking some poses that accentuated her pert ass.

“Looks great. I love thongs. You can keep it on.” He said, and leaned down to make his next shot.

“W-Wait...” Sadie suddenly blurted, “Is...Isn't it my turn?” She squeaked.

Steve straightened himself back up, and looked at her with a mix of intrigue and bemusement.

“Oh my, is it? I do apologize, Sadie. Please, go ahead.” He courteously invited her, a sly smile on his face.

“Thank you.” She looked down and nodded, almost bowing her head to him.

She bent down and aimed her stick at the cue-ball, when she felt Steve's hand squeeze her ass.

“*Mm!*” She jumped in surprise.

“Does it bother you?” Steve asked with another squeeze, and slid his index finger between her bubbly cheeks, stroking her labia through the flimsy fabric of her thong.

“*Nn Ngh!*” Sadie whimpered. “N-No. It doesn't bother me.” She said, “it's okay.”

“You're really wet down here. Your thong's material is all soaked.” He told her.

“Yeah...” Sadie nodded, a slutty smile on her face, “I'm really horny.” She said.

“What an honest young woman.” Steve complimented, and gave her ass another squeeze.

Sadie took a deep breath in, and tried to aim while Steve fiddled and fondled her rear. He pushed a finger on the fabric of her thong, pressing on her wet pussy lips, just as she struck the cue-ball.

“*Mm!*” She moaned, missing all other balls and sending the cue-ball straight into one of the pockets.

SPANK!

“*Nya!*” Sadie squealed as Steve landed a slap on her pert behind.

“That was quite a big miss, and a foul, to boot!” He reprimanded, spanking her again, for good measure.

“And here I thought you were trying to challenge me.” He mocked.

“I-I'm sorry.” Sadie said, straightening back up, and rubbing her butt.

“Guess I'll have to teach you how it's done.” He said, fishing for the white ball, and quickly choosing an apt location for it.

“Yes please.” Sadie said with a warm smile, pulling on her thong and wedging it in her pussy lips, her eyes watery with anticipation.

Steve smirked, and leaned down to aim his shot. He pulled back twice. Sadie stretched her thong harder, further wedging it into her pussy.

“*Ngh!*” She whimpered in anticipation.

He struck, aiming flawlessly with the explosive force of a shot-gun.

“*Nyaa!*” Sadie squealed, her thong's front so wet it had started to tear.

“You see? That's how it's done.” Steve bragged, and Sadie nodded at him speechlessly, absentmindedly writhing her hips in circles.

He chose his next ball. Sadie watched, wiggling her ass and fidgeting in place.

He pulled back once, and Sadie let out a moan.

“*Mm!*”

He pulled back a second time, and she bit her lips, eager to feel the next burst of pleasure resonate between her legs.

He pulled back a third time, and Sadie held her breath, but instead of hitting the cue-ball, this time, he stopped his cue-stick an inch from it.

“*Mmmh!*” She whined with desperation, and begged “please!”

“What was that, Sadie?” He asked with a devilish grin.

“P-Please put the ball in. P-Please pot it.” She begged, tears in her eyes.

“Oh, I don't know.” Steve straightened up, teasing her.

“Please...” She croaked like a famished animal, “I need it so badly.”

“Hmm, I might consider it. If...” He said, rubbing his chin, “you get on all fours, and crawl around the table like a dog.”

Sadie didn't need him to tell her twice. She was willing to do anything, to have the next explosion of pleasure ravish her body.

“Okay!” She exclaimed, and got on her hands and knees almost immediately. She crawled as fast as she could, wagging her pert butt from side to side without shame.

“Does this please you?” She asked as she passed by him, “will you do it now?”

SPANK

“What was that, Sadie? Do dogs talk?” He scolded her with a spank on her wiggling behind.

“*Mhh! S-sorry s, I-I mean...Arf! Arf! Arf arf arf!*” She started barking like an energetic poodle, and began her second lap around the table.

“*Arf! Arf!*” She gave two more barks as she passed by him again, and received another spank on her bubbly ass. She took it with a playful moan, and continued her circular journey around the table.

Steve aimed his stick again, and made his shot. Sadie heard it, saw the ball slide into the pocket from her place on the floor, and writhed in a small, tantalizing orgasm.

“*Mmm! Arf! Mmhh! Arf! Ahhh!*” She moaned, but kept to her character, her pussy lips convulsing as she continued crawling around like an obedient puppy. He let her do two more laps, and then potted another ball, enjoying her shameful gyrations.

“Hold it.” Steve stopped her with another smack on her bouncy ass cheek.

“Heel.” He commanded, and Sadie stood on her knees with her hands raised like paws. Her tongue dangled from her mouth, and she panted like a dog.

“Good girl.” Steve fed her his thumb, and she wrapped her lips around it, licking it.

“You may stop now.” He told her, gently slapping her cheek.

“Th-thank you.” Sadie said, looking up at him with docile green eyes.

He smiled and let her suck his thumb a bit more, letting her rest from her little workout.

“Now, what shall you do to convince me to continue potting my balls. I wonder.” He asked himself, rubbing his chin.

“Anything.” She kissed his hand, “Please...” She begged again.

“Hmm, why don't you get your face on the floor, keep your ass up, and kiss my feet.” He told her.

“Yes sir!” Sadie said respectfully, with a rather enthusiastic smile. Steve slipped out of his sandals, and watched her work.

“*Mmph! Phua! Lha! Lha! Phua!*” She kissed the top of his foot, and licked between his toes.

“Good girl.” Steve reached down and grabbed her ass.

“Thank you, sir. *Mph Lha Lph Lph*” Sadie smiled and continued licking.

Steve kept on potting his balls, announcing his success, so Sadie could feel the pleasure erupt within her. He walked around the table, and she followed him like a literal lap-dog, in the sense that she crawled around after his feet, and lapped them up with devoted kisses and licks.

“What a pathetic view.” He looked down at her, licking and slurping.

“Remind me, who was supposed to wipe the floor with whom? Hmm?” He asked, jeering at her with a cocky snicker. Sadie didn't mind the mocking. She kept her head down, her ass up, and her fingers in her pussy. She rubbed back and forth, waiting for another ball to slide down one of the leathery pockets.

“Not very talkative now, are ya?” He continued mocking, “I guess I just needed to give your mouth something better to do. Heh.”

He hit the cue-ball again, and Sadie could already feel a tidal wave rise within her.

“Oopsy, seems I've missed again.” He said, looking down at her with a cruel smile.

“*Mm!* Oh no!” Sadie looked up at him and moaned. Her eyes shook for a second, and with a hurried huff, she arched her neck back down, to continue licking his feet.

“Hmph, I believe it's your turn now, Sadie.” Steve said with a half-smile and a wicked glint in his eyes.

“Wha'?” Sadie slurred out, her tongue on his big toe.

“It's your turn.” He repeated.

“No.” She shook her head desperately, “please try again. I don't mind.” She said and dove right back down.

“Hehe, you are forfeiting your turn? You don't care about winning anymore?” He asked.

“*Phua!* No, sir. I just want the pleasure. Please!” She begged, and planted her lips on the top of his foot again.

“What a pathetic loser.” Steve debased her with a joyous smile.

“Yes. *Mph Lha Phh!* I'm a pathetic loser.” Sadie agreed, willing to say anything to make Steve keep playing.

“Well, if you're skipping your turn, you may as well forfeit the entire game, wouldn't you say? I mean, can't really call this a match, if I can

commit any foul I want, and you'll just keep begging me to ignore it, like a grovelling little whore, right?"

Sadie didn't even need to think about her response.

"Yeah." She nodded in agreement, "I don't need to win, sir."

"I guess it makes sense. After all, you *are* inferior to me, in each and every way. Wouldn't you agree?" He pushed.

Sadie kissed his feet and raised her head.

"Yes sir. I am inferior to you, sir." She said with a smile, a rush of pleasure coursing through her veins. It felt so liberating to admit her proper place.

"Please, sir, keep hitting the balls into the pockets. My pussy is so wet." She pleaded again.

Steve reached down to grab her ass, and then took firm hold of her hair, pulling her up.

"Seeing as the game is irrelevant now, you might as well suck my cock." He said, shoving her face on his raw member, which still dangled from his trousers, and was already semi-erect.

"Yes sir." Sadie nodded and opened her mouth, wrapping her soft lips around his tip.

"*Hrrm yeah.*" He closed his eyes and enjoyed the moment, brushing his fingers in her hair.

"Start sucking, go on." He looked down at her and said. Sadie nodded with his tip in her mouth, and started bobbing her head back and forth.

"*Mm. Mm. Mm.*" She let a subtle whimper out every time she switched directions. It felt so natural, and right, and the warm tingling in her pussy seemed to magnify exponentially.

Steve leaned down and prepared to make his next shot, while Sadie blew him off at a pleasant pace. He pocketed a solid ball, which wasn't actually his, but that didn't matter anymore.

"*Mff!*" Sadie responded with a muffled moan of delight, rubbing her pussy and tightening her lips around his rocky bulge.

"*Hmm.* Use more tongue, cunt." He groaned and ordered with a tap on her head. Ignoring his blatant disrespect, Sadie complied instantly, flapping and coiling her tongue around his throbbing shaft in hastening circles.

“Umph! Mph! Ulp! Mphh!” She gulped and slurped, taking him deep in her throat.

He walked around the table, playing some more on his own, and Sadie followed him on her knees, never taking his cock out of the warm, tender hold of her soft lips. She looked up at him with wide, glazed eyes, obliviously stroking her own pussy, and focusing on his facial responses.

Sadie was eager to please, even desperate, and all her other silly, bothersome personality quirks seemed to melt away and vanish. Pleasing him brought her joy she never knew existed, and the only thing upsetting her was that she tried to fight it for so long.

“Does it please you, sir? Mph! Mph! I want to please you.” She proclaimed submissively, her emerald eyes shimmering.

“Ohh, it sure does, sweet-tits.” He said, reaching down to fondle her perky fun-bags, with his free hand.

He breathed heavily, groaned, grunted, and moaned in ecstasy. He aimed his cue-stick at the white ball again, but instead of hitting it, he just lay it down on the table's frame.

“Screw it. I'm bored with this game.” He said, and pulled Sadie's head off his cock. She plopped her lips off with a wet slurp.

“Get up on the table, babe, and spread those hot legs of yours.” He tapped on the oak frame of the table, and said.

“Yes sir!” Sadie did as she was told, with glee. She sat on the table, and opened her legs wide for him.

“Hmm, that's a nice pussy.” Steve slid her panties aside, and tickled her exposed labia.

“I'm going to fuck it.” He told her, smacking the tip of his dick on her pink lips.

“Mmhh! Okay.” She whimpered and nodded, her cheeks red hot, and her pussy gushing with youthful lust.

Steve penetrated her tight lips, and Sadie's wet cunt erupted in a mind numbing orgasm.

“Nyaaa! Mmmm! Ahhhh!” Her eyes rolled to the back of her head, as pure euphoria encircled her like a dense, almost tangible aura. She moaned so hard, and for so long, that her mouth was dry by the time she came down from her climax.

Steve pushed his rod all the way into her, pinched both her nipples, and pulled her up to him by her tits.

“Did that feel good, cunt?” He asked, supporting her back with one hand, and pleasantly pumping his pelvis in and out of her quivering pussy.

“Y-Yesss, *mmmh*, oh it felt so good.” Sadie said, struggling to focus her eyes on his face, lost in a nirvana-like delirium.

“*Hrrm! Ahh yeah! Ohh!* Oh yeah!” Steve moaned and increased the pace of his thrusts. Sadie's pussy tightened around him, every time he hit her depths, as if begging him to never come out.

“*Mmh!* I never felt, *ohh*, this good in my life!” She told him, wrapped her hand around him, and held on for dear life.

Steve pulled her closer and pressed his forehead to hers.

“Wanna feel like this forever? For the rest of your life?” He asked with a breathy growl, drilling his shaft into her like a jackhammer.

Sadie couldn't believe her ears. She stared at him, lost for words, whimpering and moaning and smiling without control.

“Answer me, cunt!” He demanded, plunging his boner into her snatch, faster and deeper.

“*Mmh!* Of course! *Mm!* I-I want nothing more! I don't want this feeling to ever end! *Ahhh!*” Sadie moaned at the top of her lungs.

“I can make that happen, Sadie. Look at Skyler.” He slowed his movements down, and told her.

“Wha'?” Sadie slurred, and tilted her head to look at her blonde friend. Skyler was pumping three fingers deep in her pussy. She looked at Sadie and Steve with salivating lips and a pinkish hue to her cheeks. She writhed in ecstasy as she watched, clearly in a state of blissful euphoria.

Sadie didn't think such a pleasure existed, and now the man fucking her offered to make it permanent.

“Wh-what do I have to do?” She asked, ready to follow whatever he may say. Little did she know, that simple resolution was, in fact, her answer. Steve chuckled, thrust deep into her, and whispered in her ear.

“Be my slave.” He told her, “Be my fuck toy, my sex doll, my eternally obedient whore. Relinquish your independence and submit yourself to me, heart, body, and soul.”

He finished, and pulled back, waiting for her response.

Sadie looked at him with wide green eyes, her pink pussy trembling, begging for him to dive his cock back in again. Everything suddenly made perfect sense. Why Skyler acted like such a dumb bimbo, why she seemed so giddy all the time, and why she called him master.

Sadie stared at his smug, smiling face, opened her mouth, and huffed breathlessly.

“Yes master. Anything.” She nodded slowly, “I’ll give up my independence, master. I will give you my body, my soul, and my heart.”

Steve started moving again, thrusting his cock in and out of her at a slow, casual pace, fondling and groping her smooth body as he boned her.

“*Mm!* I will be your fuck toy, master, your sex doll, and your whore! *Ahh!*” She wrapped her arms around him tightly, and wrapped her legs around his waist.

“I am your sex slave, master! *Ahh!* Forever and ever! *Ahh!* I will never disobey, master! *Mmhh Ahhh!* Own me, master!” Sadie continued moaning degrading declarations, each one bringing her to a new level of titillating pleasure, proving to her how right her choice had been.

“That’s a good slave.” Steve said, and plopped his cock out of her.

He took a step back, and stared at her with piercing, lust-filled eyes.

“Lie on the table, flat on your back, and spread your legs for me.” He commanded.

“Yes master.” Sadie nodded and hurried to obey, moving some balls out of the way.

She lay on the green surface of the billiard table, and spread her legs open as wide as she could. Steve climbed after her, and positioned himself straight on top of her.

He aimed his cock.

“*Ohhhhhhhh!*” He crashed down on her like a tidal wave, and groaned.

“*Mm! Hrmm! Yeah! Fuck!*” He plowed into her. Sadie hugged him and buried her fingernails in his burly back, scratching, moaning, smiling, and begging for more. Even she wouldn’t have recognized herself, with that depraved grin on her face.

“*Ohh!* I love fucking new slave-pussies!” Steve grunted, nailing her to the table’s surface with all his might.

“*Nyaa! Ahh!*” Sadie moaned, “I love you so much, masteeerr!”

“I'm cumming! I'm gonna fill you up, Sadie!” He announced.

“*Ahh!* Yes master! I'm your cum-dump, master! Please shoot your cum deep in me! *Nyaaaaa!*”

They reached a simultaneous orgasm. Steve's pelvis jerked into her with every hot spurt of man-milk, and Sadie moaned out of breath as her tight, juicy cunt squirted and trembled. Amazing sparks of electrifying pleasure spread throughout her body.

Steve relaxed his muscles once he finished cumming, and shuddered on top of her, sighing in bliss.

“That was fun, slave.” He told her, flicking her nose.

“Thank you master.” Sadie whispered, looking up at him with a twinkle in her stunning green eyes. Steve smiled at her, pulled out, and rolled off the table.

Sticky white liquid oozed from Sadie's muff, slowly sliding down to the green carpet below her.

“Lick my cum from her honeypot, Skyler.” He ordered the blonde with a polite smack on her ass.

“Happily, master.” Skyler said and crawled up the table like a prowling kitten. She ran her hands on Sadie's thighs, back and forth, took a breath, and dove down like a contestant in a pie eating contest.

“*Mm...*” Sadie gave a subtle moan and stretched her arms, as Skyler clasped her red lips on her sensitive folds, kissing, slurping, and licking.

Steve stood on the sidelines with folded arms, and enjoyed the show.

“Now that's what I call best friends forever.” He said, and walked off to get himself another beer from Sandra.

* * * *

The clock ticked midnight. Sandra still tended the bar, topless, and Steve sat in the corner with Skyler and Sadie. The two twenty-year-old BFFs worshiped their master's cock together, kissing his shaft and licking his balls with smiles on their enthralled faces.

“I'm so happy you introduced me to master, Skyler.” Sadie said, kissing his tip like a passionate lover.

“Me too.” Skyler met Sadie's eyes and said, brushing his length with her tongue.

“Me three.” Steve said, his hands resting on their pert little asses.

“Ohh wow, you're so good at this, such brilliant teamwork.” He praised them.

“Thank you, master.” The two cooed in unison.

“Did you two ever do this before, with any other guy?” He asked.

“Uhm, not at the same time.” Sadie said with a giggle, and leaned down to slurp his balls.

“Heh, could have fooled me.” Steve ran his fingernails up along their smooth backs, and ruffled their silky blonde and brunette manes.

“We would never fool you, master.” Skyler said, and took his cock deep in her throat, till she gagged.

“*Ohhh*, I know you won't.” Steve clenched his muscles and pushed her head down with a low groan. When he let her go up for air, Skyler took one breath, and immediately dove back down, taking his full length in, all on her own. Spit bubbles formed in the corners of her lips, as she deep throated his throbbing manhood.

“I'm really happy I didn't leave, too.” Sadie said, flicking her tongue along his lower girth and balls.

“*Phua! Hng!* Whath dho you mean?” Skyler came up with a gasp, and asked in a slurred manner.

“Well, when I saw what you were wearing, a part of me considered making a big scene, and maybe even marching out in anger. I was so silly.” Sadie lamented her past mistakes, and gave Steve's underside a moist, suctioning kiss.

“You can thank Skyler for that.” Steve said, “she's been training you for me, for about two weeks or so.”

“Training me?” Sadie asked.

“Mm-hmm!” Skyler nodded with thrill, “master taught me how to entrance a person. I've been putting you under and preparing you for tonight, almost every night over the last couple of weeks.”

“The billiard ball trigger was my idea.” Steve bragged, “it was a lot of fun. Every time I pocketed a ball, you came a little closer to being mine.”

Sadie looked at her master with adoring eyes.

“Yes master. It was so much fun. You are so smart, master.” She said, “I am so fortunate to be your slave.”

She meant every word she said. Her master could, at a whim, bring her to the peak of human pleasure. And she knew he could take it away, just

as easily. She was so grateful to be exactly where she was, on her knees, worshipping him with love and unwavering loyalty.

“Skyler was also supposed to condition you to not notice her unorthodox attire, but it sounds like that didn't take as well as I'd have hoped.” Steve said.

“Yes master.” Skyler said, ashamed, “She was pestering me about my clothes at like two separate occasions. I am so sorry.”

“Don't worry. You'll do better next time.” Steve said.

“Next time?” Sadie asked.

“Well yeah. Three slaves is technically a harem, I suppose, but I've always set my sights a little higher.” Steve said, “I had like thirty at one time, back at my old place.”

“Master moved to the city recently.” Skyler told her best friend, “I was working on his flight. That's how we met.” She looked up at him, and gave his tip a kittenish lick.

Steve sighed.

“Yeah, I left my home, and my harem, and embarked on a new journey, here in this city that never sleeps. And that means building a brand new harem, filled with cute local babes like you two.” He smiled, patting both their heads.

“Speaking of your work, Skyler, I'm sure you have hot stewardess friends I can enjoy. Tell me about them later, okay?”

“Of course, master.”

“Good girl. Now stop flapping those gums and get busy sucking.” He gently directed her lips to his tip, and she took it in without speaking a single extra syllable.

“I have a feeling I'm going to really love living in the city.” He closed his eyes, folded his hands behind his head, leaned back, and inhaled a long, relaxing breath.

###

Charming Shield – Officer Candy

By Will B. Gunn

Candice stood before the precinct's doors, and checked her reflection in the glass.

“Perfect.” She smiled, her shiny brunette hair waving in the morning breeze. Her brand new police uniform sat perfectly on her fit, well-toned body, the light-blue color matching the clear sky above her.

“Couldn't have asked for a more beautiful first day at work.” Candice looked up at the sky with shimmering eyes, her gray pupils getting a silvery twinkle to them.

She took a deep breath, and stepped inside, into the police headquarters' lobby.

The large hall was filled with law abiding civilians, some handcuffed ruffians waiting to be processed, and of course, her fellow police officers. She saw the police chief walk by, and one thought crossed her mind. If she worked hard, played her cards right, and with some good luck, that could be her some day. She was so excited.

Candice walked over to the front desk. The clerk was busy typing something on her computer, so Candice patiently waited to get her attention.

“Yes?” The bespectacled clerk raised her eyes and asked.

“Hi, I was told to meet officer Barbara Murphy here. Uhm, for assignment.” Candice said with slight hesitation.

“Oh hey!” A shrill feminine voice. Candice turned around to see who it was.

“You're Candice? I'm Barbie! Ohh, you're so pretty and young.” The blonde policewoman cheered. She walked over to Candice, shaking her curvaceous ass on extremely high heels. She stood before Candice and looked her up and down, making the younger woman blush.

“Oh he is going to love you! You'll have so much fun here.” Barbara clapped her hands jovially.

Apart from her police uniform, nothing in the blonde's appearance, or demeanor, implied she was a custodian of the law.

She was ditzy and bubbly like a dimwitted bimbo. Her make-up was over-done and slutty by any standard of feminine decency, complete with dark-blue eyeliner, bright cherry-red lipstick, and a whorish flush to her cheeks, which made her look permanently aroused.

Her outfit was a size or two too small, barely snuggling her gigantic breasts. She clearly had her boobs and lips modified, to look bigger and fuller, respectively.

“Well come on! The sooner I introduce you to him, the sooner I can start my retirement.” The ditzy blonde took Candice by the hand and pulled her into the hallway.

“You're retiring?”

“Yep! Right after I introduce you to your new partner.” Barbara responded.

“How old are you?” Candice asked, befuddled. Barbara was older than her, but still decades away from retirement age.

“Thirty-three.” The blonde replied, her booty shaking lewdly from side to side. Candice could see Barbara's buttocks peek from under her incredibly short skirt. She wasn't wearing any panties.

“I just feel like I've done what I was meant to do, as a police officer. It's time for me to find a new career.”

“Like what, a stripper?” Candice sneered, frowning at the woman dragging her forward.

“I mean, umm, sorry. That was out of line.” Candice quickly apologized, Barbara was still a senior officer, after all.

“Nah, it's fine. I was actually thinking of working the streets at night, if you know what I mean.” She came closer and whispered to Candice, “but don't tell anyone, people in here can be such sticklers.” She winked, and continued onwards.

Candice chuckled, hoping it was a joke, and that officer Murphy didn't just imply she'll be working as a hooker, once she retires.

They passed next to a felon, being led through the hall in handcuffs. He looked at Barbara, and whistled disrespectfully.

“That is one juicy trunk you're hauling, babe! Can she be the one to interrogate me?” The criminal asked, shamelessly staring at Barbara's ass.

Barbara turned around, and instead of berating him, she winked and giggled. Even worse, the blonde seductively shook her ass at the soon-to-be inmate, in a clear attempt to entice him.

“How can you do that?” Candice asked after letting out an audible gasp.

“What? Just because he's a criminal doesn't mean he's not a man. Besides, if he ends up in prison, he could use a nice tail-wag from a hot

woman, to feed his kinky fantasies.” Barbara shrugged, and walked on.

“What an attention whore...” Candice muttered under her breath, and followed the vacuous blonde.

Barbara brought Candice into the main staff room, where the detectives and senior officers worked. She led her to a desk, belonging to a lieutenant Jack Masters.

“Your new partner just arrived, sir.” Barbara said respectfully, “isn't she adorable!”

Jack stood up and looked Candice up and down, in the same lecherous way that made her blush earlier.

“Yes, she's very cute.” He said in an approving tone.

“And Candice, this is Jack Masters, your new superior. *Mmh.* ” Barbara introduced the man with a gentle whimper, as if saying his name sent a shiver of joy down her spine.

“Thank you, Barbie. I'll take it from here.” Jack said, and in a moment that made Candice gasp, sent Barbara away with a sharp spank on her curvy behind. The blonde took it with a perverted smile and a slutty giggle.

“Thank you sir! Have fun.” She wished Officer Masters, and shook her ass away.

“Wait in the usual place.” Jack called out to her.

“Yes sir!” Barbara turned back for a moment, squeezing her tits for him. There was no mistaking it, those massive double-E balloons hanging on her chest were not natural.

Candice stared at the bizarre sight with wide eyes, until her new superior and partner cleared his throat.

“Follow me, Candy. The sooner we're done with your orientation, the sooner we can start our first patrol together.” He said and started walking.

“It's Candice, sir.” She corrected him, walking a step behind him.

“Sure, whatever.” He waved his hand dismissively. Candice frowned at his derision, but kept her mouth shut. They had to get along, seeing as they were supposed to be partners. So she decided to give him the benefit of the doubt, for the time being.

“Here. We can use this interrogation room.” He said and opened the door for her.

“Uhm, okay.” Candice said and walked inside. She sat down at the table in the middle of the room, and looked at her reflection in the one-sided mirror.

Jack took off his jacket and put it on the other chair, but remained standing.

“Now, let's talk about your duties and responsibilities, as my partner.” He said, “Barbara is not an easy pair of boobs to replace, but looking at your lovely knockers, I'm sure you'll do fine.” He grabbed his crotch and gave it a gentle tug, clearly sporting an erection under his trousers.

“What?!” Candice's chin dropped.

“Then again, I can't really see them well enough for proper assessment. Go ahead and open your top's zipper.”

“*No!*” Candice shrieked and jumped to her feet, “is this a joke?!” She certainly hoped it was.

“Not at all, Candy. Didn't you see my last partner? She showed ample cleavage. It's an essential requirement for any cunt that wants to be my subordinate.” Jack said, still shamelessly tugging at his crotch.

“Well let me nip this in the bud. I am not your last partner, and I will not abide by your sleazy requirements! Your last partner is a fucking bimbo! I can't believe she even became a cop. I am a woman, not some eye-candy for you to objectify. And my name is Candice!” She demanded. She wasn't going to let this man treat her the same way his “Barbie” allowed.

“I don't know what kind of partnership you and that blonde floozie had, but I'm *this* close to going to the chief, and filing a complaint against you! So you'd better change your attitude.” She warned.

Jack chuckled.

“You remind me so much of Barbie, when she first got here.” He said.

“Yeah right!” Candice wouldn't believe that for a second, “stop with the bullshit and let's continue with the orientation. I'll give you one more chance!”

“You're not being very respectful towards your superior, Candy. Maybe *you* ought to have your attitude adjusted.” Jack said, cool as a cucumber.

“Okay, that's it!” Candice banged on the table, stood on her feet, and started making for the door.

“Before you leave, I'd like you to look at my badge, see if it reminds you of the proper chain of command, officer Candy.” Jack said and whipped out his lieutenant's shield. It wasn't any standard lieutenant badge, however.

“I don't care if you're the fucking president, I...I...uhm...”

He held the golden shield before her eyes, and suddenly Candice felt a bit disoriented. The glorious glow of the golden badge took the words right out of her mouth, rendering her speechless.

“You see? I knew you'll come around. It's important for a subordinate to be quiet and attentive to her superior's orders, after all. Wouldn't you agree, Candy?” He smiled and asked her.

“Yes. Important to be...attentive.” Candice said slowly, and then added “my name is C-Candice, sir.”

“Still on that, huh? I will call you Candy, because I like it better. Understood?”

Candice's jaw was slacked. She tried to sift through her mind for an answer, but the more she tried thinking, the more it alluded her.

“Yes sir, is what you're supposed to say, in response to an order from me.” Jack reminded her.

“Y-Yes sir. S-Sorry, I feel a bit woozy.” She admitted.

“Yeah, that's a side-effect of my special shield, which is why I keep it in my pocket, instead of wearing it on my chest like most people.” He told her.

Candice's eyes shimmered gold. She felt so good and relaxed, as if engulfed by a thick, warm fog. It was as if she was cuddled by fluffy clouds of pure bliss.

“Side-effect...?” She repeated.

“Yes. Keep looking at it.” Jack instructed her.

“Keep looking.” Candice nodded, a smile blooming on her pretty face.

“I come from a long line of mystics and occult experts, though nobody in my family practiced such things in generations. “ He said, “I found this charm in my grandfather's attic, and when I realized how powerful it was, I fashioned it to look like a police shield. It was just an inscribed golden ingot, originally. Want to know what it does?” He asked with a slyly wicked grin.

“Yes.” Candice droned out and nodded slowly, her pupils like smooth, golden jewels.

“It makes women like you very open to suggestion.” He said.

“Open...to suggestion...” Candice echoed.

“Indeed. It makes you submissive, and docile.” He told her as the golden badge flashed in her eyes.

“Submissive and docile.” She repeated.

“It makes you obey everything I say.” He said.

“But...I...” Candice tilted her head, wrecking her brain to try and figure something out.

It felt like she was missing something. Something she couldn't quite compute. Something just beyond her reach.

“No buts.” Jack hijacked her train of thought, “You obey everything I say, without question. The charm helps you relinquish control over your body and mind, so you can do what's right, and give it to me.” He said, his voice assertive and commanding.

Of course, Candice thought, that makes perfect sense.

She breathed a relaxing sigh, and knew exactly what to say.

“Yes. I obey everything you say.” She nodded.

“Good girl. The charm cleans you out, makes your mind blank.”

“Mind. Blank.” Candice droned after him.

“It wipes away your memories and dreams. It washes away your misguided moral code, and misconceptions about your proper place in life.” He said. Candice could feel it all slip away, into the void. She couldn't remember what she had lost, but she figured it wasn't so important, if it vanished from her mind so easily.

“It allows you to focus on your one and only duty.” He told her.

“My duty?” She asked with a soft, mellow whisper.

“Yes. Your duty is to obey me. Your purpose is to please me.” Jack said, his deep voice seeping into every corner of her mind.

“Obey you. Please you.” Candice repeated, engraving his words permanently into her mind.

“Serve me, in whatever role I wish.” He continued.

“Whatever you wish.”

“Serve as my love doll.”

“Your love doll.”

“My fuck toy.”

“Your fuck toy.”

“My sex slave.”

“Your sex slave.”

Everything he said, Candice obediently parroted back, reshaping her whole outlook on life, according to his views.

“Your sexy mouth's primary use, is to suck my cock.” He said, reaching forward to touch her lips.

“My mouth is for sucking your cock.” She agreed instantly, her voice almost back to its normal speed and tone.

“Your tits, pussy, and ass are for pleasing me.”

“Yes sir. Understood. My tits, pussy, and ass are for your pleasure.” She perkily pulled her shoulders up, and said.

“Good girl. Now you are being properly respectful, Candy.” Jack praised her.

“Thank you, sir. Candy is your sex slave.” She smiled at the golden light, her eyes practically sparkling.

“Very good. And do you know what the best thing about this charm is?” He took the shield away from her eyes, and placed it back in his pocket.

“What, sir?” Candy asked, looking forward at nothing in particular, her mind still quite foggy.

“The process is permanent, and everlasting.” He said with joy, and reached for her top's zipper, lowering it to reveal the valley between her bouncy boobies.

“Hrmm, nice and soft.” He reached into her vest and cupped them. Candy helped by grabbing her vest from both sides, increasing the opening.

“What size cup are they?” He asked, grabbing and fondling with both hands.

“C-cups, sir.” She answered immediately, still clutching the sides of her top.

Her eyes still had a golden glimmer to them, and she still felt a bit disoriented, so Jack decided to go easy on her.

“How about, just until you fully come back to earth, you grab my dick and jerk me off while repeating what I taught you.” He offered, whipping out his raw hard-on.

“Yes sir. As you wish.” Candy obeyed, reaching her dainty hand forward.

“Moisten it up with your saliva, first.” Jack instructed, grabbing her ass through her uniform.

“Yes sir.” Candy drooled on her hand, and lathered it on Jack's fleshy baton.

“I am your love doll, sir.”

Once his cock was nice and slick, Candy tenderly grabbed it, and started rubbing back and forth.

“I am your fuck toy, sir.”

She jerked him off very methodically, at a monotonous pace, which matched her speech.

“I am your sex slave, sir.”

She continued her robotic chant, her hand sliding fluently, back and forth along his slippery length.

“Ohh yeah!” Jack slightly pumped his pelvis forward.

“*Hrrm!*” He gave a grunt, and began running his hands all over Candy's slim body, groping her tits, grabbing her ass, and shamelessly probing anywhere in between.

“My purpose in life is to give you pleasure, sir.” Candy continued filling the void in her head, while her superior reached inside her bra, and pinched her nipples.

“*Hrr!*” He growled and tore her bra off, tossing it on the floor.

“My tits are yours, sir.” She said. Jack started kneading her breasts like dough, massaging her wonderful, natural fun-bags.

“I am a docile, submissive slave.” She professed.

Pre-cum encrusted Jack's tip. Candy pressed her thumb-pad on the sticky substance, making Jack groan with pleasure.

“*Ohh fuck!*” Jack let out a breathy moan, and Candy continued her slick handjob, rubbing even faster now.

“I live to serve you, sir. You are my superior in every way.” She said, a pleasant smile of acceptance on her face.

“My ass is yours, sir.” She said, just as Jack began to playfully slap her behind.

Spank

Slap

Smack

“*Hrrm*, fuck you're hot! You're going to make me cum with a fucking hand-job! You're so fucking great!” Jack gave a grunt and suddenly pressed closer to her. He moved her hand away, and plastered his erection on her thigh. Then, he wrapped his hands tightly around her, and started humping her like a sex-crazed mutt, hungrily kissing her neck and cheek.

“Yes sir. I love being your cum target. Please cum on me.” Candy shamelessly declared. Jack gave another bestial grunt, and lecherously licked her cheek.

“*Ohh yeah!*” He clenched his jaw and uttered, grabbing her hips and sticking his hard-on against her petite, firm ass.

It wasn't long before he started roughly dry-humping her from behind, bouncing his cock on her bubbly buns while squeezing her tits like stress-relief toys.

“My body is your sex object, sir. Please, use me.” Candy begged, happy to have her ass used like a hump-cushion.

“*Hrr! Haa!* Cumming!” Jack announced. His cock felt like an overloaded lightning rod, pulsating and throbbing madly. Jets of sticky cum shot out from his tip, spraying the bottoms of Candy's police uniform.

Once he finished soiling her uniform with his load, Jack took a couple of steps back to admire his work. Candy pressed her face on the table, bending over and putting her cum-covered ass on display for him.

She reached back and used her fingers to rub the thick substance into the fabric of her pants, ingraining it into the material and creating a difficult-to-remove stain. She hoped her actions would convey the depths of her loyalty and devotion.

“Scoop some of it into your mouth, Candy.” Jack told her, massaging his softening staff.

“Yes sir. I love your cum, sir. It's what my mouth is for.” Candy gathered some of the sticky liquid into her hand, and brought it, dripping, to her mouth. She lapped it up and gulped as if it was her favorite food, and once all was licked clean, she reached back to scoop some more.

Jack watched Candy eat his creamy load while wiggling her ass, for a few moments. Then, he walked over to the one-sided mirror, and tapped on it twice. A short moment later, the door opened, and in came Barbie the big-breasted blonde, his ex partner.

She removed her tight uniform with some hardship, since it was so small on her, and stood before him.

Her nipples were pierced with rings, and so was her clit. A dildo was lodged in her well-fucked snatch, vibrating it's battery's life away with a nearly inaudible buzz. A similar plastic cock corked her anal entry.

Degrading tattoos emblazoned her tits, ass, and inner thighs. Words that begged for her holes to be fucked extra-hard, pleas for her to be filled with cum, and declarations of pathetic inferiority, dubbing her a “fuck-pig”, a “bitch”, and a “worthless cunt”. All written on her skin, with permanent ink.

“How may I serve, sir? My body is yours to use.” She stood before Jack and offered, her enormous tits bouncing like two yoga balls.

“I don't like these chairs. Be one for me, doll.” Jack said with a kinky half-smile.

“Happily sir!” Barbie hopped over and got on her hands and knees, keeping her back perfectly flat.

“*Ooph!*” She let out a high-pitched grunt, and tensed her arm and thigh muscles, to support Jack's weight on her back. Once she achieved proper balance, she gave a joyous giggle, and stared forward mindlessly, fully accepting the role of a non-thinking piece of furniture.

“Candy, kneel on the floor before me, and work that pretty mouth of yours on my dick. Get me hard again so I can fuck you.” Jack gave his loyal subordinate a new mission.

“Yes sir!” Candy exclaimed gleefully, her pussy quivering at the notion.

She took her top off completely, so her superior could have an unobstructed view of her gravity-defying knockers, and got on her knees between his legs. She took hold of his rubbery snake, and rubbed the tip on the soft skin of her shapely hooters.

Candy slapped his dick on her tits with a smile, and extended her tongue down to give it a lick. She then lowered her head, and began to sensually lick and kiss every inch of his still flaccid manhood.

“*Ohhhh...*” Jack closed his eyes and moaned, while Candy gave his sensitive cock a passionate lip massage.

Feeling mischievous, Jack reached for the dildo rummaging in Barbie's ass, and started pumping it back and forth, anally fucking his blonde chair.

“*Mmh. Mm hmm.*” Barbie whimpered and bit her lips, her eyes twinkling with happiness. Jack violated her ass with a fake cock, and all she felt was blissful happiness. She was a sex toy, being penetrated by another sex toy, for the sadistic joy of the man who owned her.

“Do you know how defiant this plaything used to be? She actually used to think we were rivals.” Jack reminisced, letting go of the dildo for a second, to spank Barbie's ass. The blonde barely gave a reaction, her butt cheeks well accustomed to being slapped around.

“She wanted to bet me on who will make sergeant first.” He said, “of course, she never rose above the rank of officer. And you spent most of your time below my desk, sucking me off, didn't you, cunt?” He spanked her again, demanding an answer.

“Yes sir.” Barbie answered with giddy pride.

Whether it was due to the physical and verbal humiliation of his long time fuck-toy, or the oral worship of his new, young slave, Jack's cock was hard in less than two minutes.

He casually face-fucked Candy, treating her mouth like a wet cunt.

“*Ungh! Umph! Ulp!*” Her lips gently smacked against his balls, with every deep motion.

“*Ulp! Hng! Mm! Mph!*” She gagged and choked on his cock.

Eager to please, she made sure to twirl her tongue around, and suck wildly. It was the first time her throat was used so roughly, but the resilient policewoman braved through it, courageously slurping and licking.

He often let go of her head, to playfully dildo-fuck Barbie's holes. When he did, Candy took but a momentary pause, and continued bobbing her head up and down at the same ferocious pace, all on her own.

“Use your tits now, Cunt.” Jack pulled her head back and dick-slapped her face.

“Yes sir.” She said coarsely, a thick strand of saliva drooling from her lips.

She let his cock rest between her soft, cuddly cushions, wrapped them tightly around, and started bouncing her perfectly formed melons up and down.

“*Ohh yeah! Titty-fuck me, bitch!*” Jack cheered, his pelvis muscles tensing with every welcoming thrust.

“Yes sir. It's what my tits are for.” Candy hissed passionately, drool slobbering down from her chin and lubricating the space between her jugs, making her titty-fuck nice and slippery.

“Do you like how I serve you with my tits, sir?” She panted, seeking his approval.

“It's not bad, cunt.” Jack said, breathing heavily, his cock vibrating between her cushiony pillows.

Candy took his words as a challenge. Determined to better wax his cock with her fun-bags, she tightened her grip around his cock, and increased the pace and depth of her movements. Her firm, soft boobs smacked against his crotch at the rhythm of an automatic weapon.

Aroused and full of energy, Jack jumped up to his feet with no warning, pushing Candy back.

“Take your pants off and bend over.” He ordered, rubbing his cock over her precious face, “I'm going to fuck you now.” He added, just in case it wasn't obvious.

“Yes sir!” Candy hopped to her feet after him, unbuckled her belt and slid her pants and panties right off. She pressed her tits on the table, and shook her ass invitingly from side to side.

Jack was too horny and hard for foreplay. He placed a domineering hand on her ass, halting her seductive wiggling, aimed his warm pistol into her pink pussy, secured his tip inside, and rammed forward with full force.

“*Ahh!*” Candy squealed, her pussy quivering around his shaft.

“*Hrrm!*” Jack pressed his crotch on her bubbly behind, and moaned. He pulled back slowly, and then forcefully thrust his cock back into her, pushing her entire body forward.

“*Ahh!*”

He grabbed her hips with both hands, took a deep breath, and started pumping into her like a jackhammer.

“*Ahh! Fuckmeh! Mm! S-Siiyaaaahhh!*” Candy cried lustfully.

Jack banged her so hard and fast, the table under her rocked with the motion, its four legs scraping and squeaking against the floor.

“I waj nebwer fucked like jhis befowe, shir! I'm sho happy to bhee your toy!” Candy proclaimed, trying to sound coherent. Jack responded with a feral grunt, and with a wicked smile, he tightened his grip of her hips and fucked her even harder.

Candy didn't complain, she just moaned and tried her best to beg for more. After all, as a young sex toy in her early twenties, it was her duty to take it all, and be thankful for it.

"Nyaa! Mmmh! Ahhh!" She squealed and moaned, her cheeks red and her lips contorted in the shape of an obscenely slutty smile. All she could think of was how much pleasure her superior derived from her young, fit body.

Jack took hold of her silky hair and pulled on it, using it like reins as he rode her from behind, bouncing her pert buttocks on his rock-hard pelvis. Candy flexibly arched her neck and backside up, properly accommodating his hair-pulling desires. He used her strong hair as leverage, to fuck her even harder, and deeper.

"You fucking sex doll!" He grunted and spanked her with his free hand, making her butt-cheek jiggle.

"You worthless cunt!" He spanked her once again, and continued smacking her ass with his palm on a regular basis.

Candy's eyes rolled halfway up to the back of her head. Deliriously mindfucked and roughly banged, she still made sure to tighten her fresh pussy around Jack's cock, inviting it to make a home of her womb.

Jack fucked her from behind, spanking her ass and pulling her hair, until muscle fatigue got to him. He yanked his cock out of her tight twat, and let her fall face first on the desk.

He sat down on one of the real chairs, and looked at her.

"I don't know why I'm working so hard. Come here and ride my cock, slave." He ordered calmly.

"Yesh shir." Her tongue dangled from her mouth and her eyes were a bit unfocused, but she wasn't too fucked-up to hear, and obey.

She shook her naked hips slowly in his direction, regaining her composure with every step, so that by the time she straddled his lap, she could focus her eyes right on him with a coy, cheeky smile.

"I am happy to work for your pleasure, sir. My pussy is yours." She said, and sat on his cock, taking it all the way into her soaking pussy, in one go. She put her hands on his shoulders, and started riding up and down, like clockwork. Jack put his hands on her hopping ass, relaxing and enjoying himself.

“That's right, babe. Grind your hips on my cock.” Jack said and nibbled on her nipples with his teeth.

“Yes sir! Fuck me, sir! I live to serve!” Candy bounced even harder, euphoric pleasure coursing from her nipples and cunt, spreading throughout her entire body. She writhed, ground, and gyrated her hips back and forth, letting Jack's cock roam freely in her tight, wet cunt.

“*Haaa! Haa!* I'm cumming!” He grabbed her ass with one hand, and the back of her neck with the other, shoving her down on his cock with all his might.

“*Hrrrm! Mm! Ahhh! Ohh yeah!*” His pelvic muscles contorted, and his throbbing shaft erupted like a volcano into her, filling her womb with his seed.

Candy felt his warm load settle in her tight, pink pussy. She hugged him warmly, kissing his shoulder-blade and latching her legs around him like a koala bear hanging on a tree.

“You are the first man to ever cum inside of me, sir.” She whispered cutely, her innocent eyes sparkling.

“Your first creampie, huh?” He hummed back at her, his deep, godly voice resonating between her ears, echoing in her simple, empty mind.

“And what do you think about it?” He asked, gently running his fingernails from her petite, plump ass to her upper back.

“I am happy to serve, sir, as always.” She replied.

“My pussy is your cum dump, sir.” She continued.

“All my holes are for you to jerk your cock in. My body exists to help you unleash your orgasms, sir.” Candy finished, her cream-pied cunt squelching gently.

“That was almost poetic, Candy.” Jack said, his cock growing soft, deep in her pussy.

“Thank you, sir. My pussy is a sleeve for your cock. You can fuck me whenever you wish. It is my duty to obey, and serve.” She said with a warm smile, thick white sperm beginning to drip down from her thin, pristine lips. Semen overflowed her insides, and what remained ran out to glaze Jack's base and balls.

Barbie crawled over and knelt next to the chair, salivating at the cream oozing down from Candy's pussy. The sexually obsessed blonde started whining vocally, just like a dog begging for a treat.

“Why is she doing that?” Candy asked curiously.

“She knows I like it when bitches beg.” Jack said plainly, and then looked at Barbie.

“Go ahead, whore, lick my cum clean.” He ordered, and Barbie gave a kittenish, joyous squeal.

Barbie lapped Jack's jizz up from his balls, and continued up towards the source – Candy's cum-filled muff.

“*Mhh!*” Feeling Barbie's tongue tickle and tease her well-fucked pussy lips, Candy gave a soft, shivery squeal, and hugged Jack tighter, burying her tender fingers in his skin.

“Do you want to orgasm, Candy?” Her superior asked, relishing the desperate look on her face, as she shyly nodded at him.

“Yes sir. Please.” She pleaded, and added some whines, mimicking Barbie.

“Okay then. Go ahead and orgasm for me.” He said. It was as if her body was just waiting for permission. Arousal built up within her like a rising tide, becoming exponentially more euphoric with every passing second.

“*Nyaaaa! Ahhhh! Ahhhh!*” She moaned out of breath, arching her head back and closing her eyes. Her pussy lips trembled and quaked, splashing and squirting juices down on Barbie's face. More cum overflowed and ran out, along with her juices. Barbie jumped into action with a starving snort, cupping Jack's balls with her lips and slurping loudly.

Jack sighed and slowly patted Candy's long, silky hair, closing his eyes and lulling both of them into a relaxing state of post-orgasmic meditation. Candy never thought she'd feel so comfy with a man's cock nestled deep in her pussy.

She was so happy to be Jack's new partner.

* * * *

Officer Candy shook her ass down the hallway, a few steps before Jack, so he could watch and enjoy. The cum stain on her pants buttock was still vividly visible, and Candy could feel people noticing it, knowing exactly what it is. Whenever she noticed someone gasp and ogle at her, she gave a slutty, oblivious giggle, and shook her hips onwards.

She followed Barbi to the women's locker room, where the blonde tramp gave Candy some finishing touches. After all, to serve at Jack's feet,

Candy had to be presentable.

Barbie gave her a new uniform, two sizes too small, allowing her boobs, and her other gentle curves, to pop and dazzle. She gave Candy her make-up kit. Candy decided to keep her make-up subtle, happy to rely on her natural beauty. She did apply the slutty red lipstick, though, making her lips look scrumptious like ripe strawberries.

Candy came out of the locker room and posed for her superior, showing him how sexy and beautiful she truly was. He touched her all over, through her brand new clothes, and then stretched his thumb across her lips.

“I love your new lipstick. Can't wait to see it wrapped around my cock.” He said.

“I can't wait to wrap my lips around your cock, either, sir. My mouth is your obedient cock-pump.” Candy said, blowing him a passionate kiss.

Barbie stood beside them, absentmindedly bouncing her tits, and patiently waiting for Jack's attention.

“I guess it's time to officially send you away, cunt. I kinda wanted to fuck your ass one last time.” He turned to Barbie and said.

“You can fuck my ass any time you wish, sir.” The blonde said happily.

“I know, but now that you'll be whoring yourself out for a nickle at the subway station, I'll have to use a condom. Oh well...” He shrugged.

“Speaking of which, take your anal dildo out for a second.” He said.

“Yes sir.” Barbie obeyed instantly, reaching back and plopping the dildo out of her ass, presenting it to Jack.

“Feed it to Candy.” He told the blonde, and turned to Candy, “suck it, babe.” He told her.

“Yes sir.” Candy nodded with a merry smile.

Candy parted her lips, and let the blonde stuff her face with the plastic cock. She pursed her mouth on it and moved her face back and forth, slowly sucking it.

“You don't care it was just in her ass?” Jack asked with a wicked smile.

“*Mm Mph.* ” Candy shook her head, still smiling even with her mouth muffled.

“Good girl. Stick it back in your ass, Barbie.” Jack ordered.

“Yes sir.” Barbie took the dildo back from Candy's lips, planted it back in her ass, and covered it with her skimpy, tiny clothes.

“Good, now go. I'm done with you.” Jack gave her one last spank, and sent her away, just like that, not even thanking her for her years of devoted service.

“Yes sir. Thank you for letting me serve you for so long, sir. It was an honor this worthless cunt never truly deserved.” Barbie knelt down, kissed his feet, turned around, and crawled away. She only got back on her feet when she reached the end of the hallway, and only because other people might become suspicious of her superior, if they saw her crawling on her hands and knees like that.

Candy watched the unappreciated, worthless, overused fuck-toy crawl away, and only one thought crossed her mind.

If she worked hard, played her cards right, and with some good luck, that will be her one day. She was so excited.

###

Charming Shield – Tag!

By Will B. Gunn

Lieutenant Jack Masters and his new junior partner, Officer Candy, drove around the neighborhood in their patrol car. Jack was on the wheel, and Candy's face was in his lap. She leaned down from the passenger's seat, and kept her wet mouth busy, blowing him.

“You finally got the pace of your road-head right, Candy. Took you long enough.” Jack gave her a lukewarm compliment, one hand on the wheel and the other resting gently on her ass.

“*Phua!* Thank you, sir.” Candy pulled up and said, her lips tickling his tip, “it's all thanks to your disciplinary spanking motivating me, sir.”

“No better way to educate a subordinate slave-bitch like you, Candy.” Jack said and gave her a light spank.

“Yes sir.” Candy agreed, and dove back down to resume her duty.

“Hmm. Yeah that's good.” Jack said, “you finally understand that giving road-head is different from your average morning mouth-fuck and lunchtime hummer.”

“*Mph! Mph!* Yes sir. I do.” Candy said proudly, “I have to move my head and tongue intensely enough to entertain and bring you to orgasm, but slow and tenderly enough to keep you focused on the road.”

“Yeah yeah, keep sucking.” He pushed her head back down, “as much as I enjoy hearing your sweet voice parrot what I taught you, I'm more interested in your mouth's primary function right now, namely choking on my cock.”

“*Mm! Mph! Mph!*” Candy kept her head down and quietly continued sucking, like any good subordinate ought to.

Jack circled the block one more time, and decided to park in a deserted alley, to pump Candy's mouth with his pipe a little more roughly.

“Yeah! Take it all, slut!” He moaned as he pushed her head down with all his might, choking her on his hard-on.

“*Ungghh! Hng! Mmh! Mhg!*” She gagged, struggling to breathe through her nose while Jack mouth-fucked her. She moved her tongue in circles, wanting nothing more than to increase her superior's pleasure.

“You know, I don't have to go on patrols, being a senior lieutenant and all. I can just leave it to lowly grunts like you.” He said, casually nudging her head up and down, dictating the pace of her oral service.

“I do it for the community. For the people. Not to mention, *you* actually do need to log some patrol hours, if you want to stay on the force, so why not spend them with my cock down your throat, huh?” He continued his patronizing monologue, still polishing his manhood with his charmed partner's cherry-red lips.

Candy's throat was almost always sore, since she joined the force. It wasn't just the morning mouth-fucks, lunchtime hummers, patrol road-heads, and after-dinner throat banging. Jack would often randomly push her to her knees and ram his pelvis in her face, when he felt too impatient to wait for her to lubricate her other holes.

She hoped soon Jack would trust her enough, to bend her over or spread her legs with the same spontaneity. Candy was getting better at keeping her pussy constantly wet and ready, so he could plow into her whenever his mood struck.

Not that he neglected plowing into her other holes, but he reserved those mainly for his bed, shower, and interrogation room 3. He had the only key, so it was a good place for fuck breaks with his submissive sluts.

“Aah! Hrrm! Hmm!” Jack moaned and Candy felt his cock throbbing. She knew what was coming, and lowered her head all the way down.

“Hmm! Haa! Hmm!”

Thick spurts shot into her throat, with every deep grunt Jack gave. Candy's cheeks bloated and her eyes filled with tears, but she stayed down and let her superior's creamy deposit wash into her mouth and throat.

Jack closed his eyes and sighed, resting his head back with a satisfied smile. He didn't even need to tell her it was time for his morning nap. Candy stayed down with his cock, where she belonged, gulping his cum clean and keeping his crotch area warm and pleasant. Her superior got to take as many breaks as he wanted, but Candy never stopped working for his pleasure.

While absentmindedly lavishing his semi-erect cock with love, a call on the dispatch frequency got her attention.

“We got a report of a code 594 on 32nd Palmer street. Calling any nearby units to check it out.” The operator said.

That's near here. Candy thought, planting a wet kiss on her superior's cock. She looked up at him, wondering if she should wake him up. Her hesitation caused her to momentarily stop her oral ministrations.

“Relax, I'm just resting, I'm never truly asleep while on the job.” Jack assured her and opened his eyes, taking the radio in his hand.

“This is Lieutenant Jack Masters, answering the 594. Me and Candy will be there in a minute.” He said calmly, and put the car into reverse.

“Do you remember what 594 is, cunt?” He asked Candy in a condescending manner.

“Yes sir. Vandalism.” Candy responded, holding his snake in her hand and sliding her tongue along the side.

“Good girl.” He said, put the car into drive, and made a turn back into Palmer street.

“Thank you, sir.” Candy smiled, and got back to her road-head duties.

The car slowed down, and Jack's rubbery cock began to harden in Candy's mouth again.

“My my. Would you look at that.” He said and grabbed Candy by the hair, lifting her head up from his crotch level, for the first time since he put the key in the ignition.

She immediately spotted the thing that got her superior's attention. A young woman with brilliant red hair and hipster get-up was busy defacing a wall with the spray can in her hand.

“Mm mm! Look at that ass!” Jack cheered happily, “come on, let's bust this hottie.”

“Yes sir.” Candy said, and they exited the car together.

Jack pulled out his gun, and aimed it at the spray-painting woman. Candy looked around to make sure nobody was near.

“Freeze! Drop the spray-can or I shoot!” Jack barked at her with his booming voice, startling the beautiful young woman into losing her grip. The spray-can made a metallic clink as it hit the ground, and the gorgeous redhead turned around in a flash.

Seeing his gun in her face, she quickly raised her hands in the air, her eyes wide with shock.

“What the fuck, man?! It's a spray-can, not a glock! I'm just a graffiti artist, why the hell are you pointing a gun at me for?” She protested assertively.

“Pretty feisty for an artist.” Jack smirked and lowered his gun back to its holster.

“I'm a street artist, you trigger-happy maniac.” She lashed back, lowering her hands.

“Funny, according to my state-issued handbook, you're a vandal.” Jack told her.

“Man, screw your handbook. If you're going to arrest me, just—Holy shit! Why's your cock out! Are you fucking kidding me?!” With the gun put away and her heart rate returning to normal, she finally noticed Jack's zipper was open. His hard-on poked out of his pants like an arrow.

“Well you're a foxy babe. Makes me hard.” He shrugged as if it was obvious, and reached into his pocket.

“You fucking creep! You think I'll blow you to avoid arrest or something?”

“Nah, I'll still arrest you. Can't have some wannabe artist mar the buildings of our fair city, regardless of how hot they may be.” He shoved his golden lieutenant's shield in her face, and her protests ceased instantly.

Her eyes focused on the shimmering glow, which seemed to intensify with every passing second, and her hands hung limply to her sides. The shield shone brighter than the sun, and the bright light entered through her pupils, and pierced straight to her soul.

“Neat trick, huh?” Jack said with another casual shrug, “if only this was standard issue, criminals would have had no chance!” He chuckled to himself.

“It's a magical charm.” He explained, “I found it in my grandpa's attic, and fashioned it to look exactly like a police shield. It works wonders on making women suggestible and docile.”

“Suggestible...and docile?” The redhead echoed.

“Exactly. You will answer all my questions instantly, and truthfully.” He told her.

“Instantly and truthfully.” She nodded, her eyes vacant, her pupils reflecting a distant glimmer of gold.

“Good girl. What's your name?” He asked.

“Casey.”

“And how old are you?” He continued.

“Nineteen.”

“Lovely. And why is a stunning nineteen-year-old wasting time on graffiti? What were you drawing anyway?” Jack asked, casually feeling her up through her blouse. She didn't mind.

“My signature. I was tagging this wall.” Casey droned out.

“Ohh, you were 'Tagging' it.” Jack repeated, amused.

“Yes. It's what street artists like me do, to show our presence.” She explained.

“Yeah, I know. Not my first time patrolling the mean streets, y'know.” Jack smirked, his eyes drifting over to the spray-can on the floor.

“Well, since you're so brazen about destroying city property with your so-called tags, maybe I should teach you a lesson.” He took her chin between his thumb and forefinger, “yes, I think I should. And you think so, too, of course.”

“Of course. I do. You should teach me a lesson.” She agreed with a flat monotone, her eyes staring forward blankly.

“Don't worry. I think we can make a fun game out of it. I assume you have other spray cans, in all sorts of different colors?” He asked.

“I do.” She confirmed.

“Hmm, how about something to shield your eyes?” He inquired further.

“I have a pair of scuba goggles. I sometimes need them, to protect against paint splatter.” She droned.

“Perfect! Let's go get another one, then, so my partner can play as well.” He motioned his head in Candy's direction. She just stood there, passive and patient.

“I assume you know of a nearby place where we, well actually you, can buy these goggles?” He wondered.

“I do.” The exquisite redhead nodded.

“Great. Let's head to the car, then.”

“Yes.” Casey said, and sent one leg forward, ready to walk after him.

“Oh, before I forget.” Jack said as if he offhandedly remembered something, “the sound of my voice makes you horny. You are my sex slave. You love and adore me. You want nothing more than to be a good sex toy for me, and the only way you can feel loved and appreciated, is by getting my cum on you, or in you. Oh, and call me master.” He rambled nonchalantly.

“All clear?”

“Yes master. Everything is absolutely clear.” She took a few seconds to process his words, and replied with a meek smile.

“Fantastic! Let's go then.” Jack placed his Lieutenant's shield back in his pocket, and led Candy and Casey back to his patrol car, groping their asses as they walked.

“Yes master!” Casey cheered with a dreamy smile, the sound of his voice making her pussy tingle. She leaned her head on him, and happily let him lead her with a firm hand on her pert behind.

* * * *

After getting an extra pair of goggles, using Casey's credit card of course, Jack took them to a nearby skateboard park, complete with a few U-shaped ramps of different sizes, and a couple of big concrete bowls.

There were a few people there, but Jack knew how to get rid of them.

“Watch this.” He bragged to his two dolls, took his badge, whispered something to it, and placed it on the ground. In an instant, all the other people began shuffling away, as if they all just remembered they had something important to do.

“Area effect suggestion. Has to be something simple, like 'get away and stay out of this area', but it works, well, like a charm.” He chuckled, “took me a while to figure out how to use this capability, but it's definitely worth it. I can keep an area of a hundred yards clear and private, just like that.” He snapped his fingers as he finished his sentence.

“Now, put your goggles on and get ready to play.” He commanded with an excited grin.

“Yes sir.” Candy said.

“Yes master.” Casey chanted after her.

Candy and Casey secured the goggles around their eyes, and held a spray can in each hand, one red, and one blue.

“Okay, sluts, get in position.” Jack instructed, unzipping his pants. His hard pole sprang out, poking straight forward from his pelvis.

“Yes sir.”

“Yes master.”

The enthralled cuties shook their hips over to him, and turned to face away from one another. Back to back, they pressed their firm, pert asses together, with Jack's cock in the middle.

“Oh yeah. My salami feels awesome snuggled between your soft buns, ladies. Hmm.” Jack said with a sigh, enjoying the feel of their silky fabrics pressing on both sides of his manhood.

“I'm happy, master.” Casey said, her cheeks flushed with lust. Her pussy got wetter every time Jack opened his mouth to speak.

“All right, I'll tell you the rules one last time.” He said, speaking slowly so as to relish the pleasant sensation.

“When you hit your opponent's clothing with the red spray, you get to remove that item of clothing from your own body. Every time you hit your opponent's naked skin with the blue paint, you get to service my cock with that body part. Your legs and thighs count as your pussy, and it probably goes without saying, but your ass-cheeks count as anal. Your goal is to tag as much of your opponent's naked body, to strip and serve me, as much as

possible. The loser gets to watch with envy. Any questions?" He gripped their hips, and moved his cock back and forth between their bubbly buns.

"Yes master." Casey said with a frown, "why are we playing this game? I don't like sports, and it's really hot."

"Hah! Look at that, the little bitch's brain is still trying to exercise free will." Jack sneered with derision, and spanked the young redhead.

"*Nh!* N-No, master. I don't have any free will, I promise!" She jumped in surprise, in response to the smack on her butt.

"I only want you to be happy, master." She continued, "I was just wondering if..."

Jack cut her off, "you are going to play this game for my entertainment. If I don't find it entertaining enough, I'll find more fun ways to use you. Understood?" He said, giving her bubbly rear another degrading swat, making her flinch with a kittenish whimper.

"Yes master. Sorry, master. I'll be happy to entertain you, master." Casey said with blushing cheeks and a giddy smile.

"Hmm, I'm starting to wonder if you just asked the question to get spanked. What a bratty, mischievous punk you are." Jack growled in her ear, and slapped her ass again. Casey giggled and wiggled her hips for him.

"Do you have any other questions, you naughty cunt, you." Jack asked, tapping her nose with the pad of his fore-finger.

"Yes master. What happens if we hit the opponent's clothes with the blue paint?" Casey wondered.

"Hmm. Let's call it a penalty." Jack made it up as he went, "The opponent gets to spank you!" He decided.

"Yes master! You're so smart!" Casey said gleefully, shaking her butt from side to side like a thrilled puppy.

"But if it looks like you did it on purpose, just to get spanked, your opponent gets fucked and spanked, while you put all your clothes back on." He told her.

"Oh..." Casey slumped her shoulders and looked down, disappointed.

"Heh, what a playful toy. I love artists." Jack said, helping himself to a squeeze of Casey's perky tits. Being touched by him cheered her right up.

"Okay then. Ready to begin?" He asked.

"Yes sir!" "Yes master." The two enthralled beauties exclaimed, and pressed their asses tighter against each other, with jack's fleshy sword in-between.

“Remember, take a few steps forward first, and don't hit me with the spray.” He said, and started counting down.

“Three.”

Casey and Candy flexed their grips of the spray cans, resting their fingers on the caps like two gunslingers before a duel.

“Two.”

They lowered their torsos slightly, ready to leap forward.

“Hmm...” Jack moaned as their bubbly buns pressed even tighter around his member.

“One!” He barked, and the two rushed forward like a couple of cheetahs hunting for prey.

Candy got on one of the skateboards, left there by the bystanders in their hurry to leave, thinking the extra mobility will be an advantage. Casey noticed her actions quickly, though, and found a skateboard of her own.

They skated around one of the big concrete bowls a few times, getting themselves used to their new rides.

“Hoho, I didn't know my Candy could skate. Nice!” Jack cheered.

Casey and Candy stopped on opposite ends of the bowl, and stared at each other with a determined glint in their eyes. They struck a menacing fighting pose, holding the spray cans as if they were melee weapons, and prepared for their charge.

Casey was the first to hop on her board and jump into the bowl. Candy took a second to try and calculate her trajectory, took a bracing breath, and dove down as well. They rushed towards each other, like two jousting knights, ready to paint their opponent red and blue.

A colorful cloud engulfed their momentary meeting place, and when they both emerged from it, they settled back on the rim of the pool to check the results of their encounter.

“Yay!” Candy cheered when she saw Casey's blouse was painted red, “my rigorous police training paid off.” She bragged, turned to face Jack, and popped her top off, letting her gravity-defying C-cup breasts bounce freely in the noontide breeze.

“Now now, Candy, you're getting ahead of yourself. Look at your arm and your shirt.” Jack pointed to the crop-top Candy just tossed on the floor. It, too, had a red blotch on it, and the skin of her forearm had some blue on it.

“Oh...” She said, her smile turning upside down.

“Your police training is nothing compared to my accuracy with the spray-can.” Casey taunted and peeled her top off, pacing slowly towards Jack, her trim hips swinging from side to side with every graceful stride. By spray-painting Candy's arm blue, she won the honor of giving Jack a handjob.

The teen beauty stood before Jack in her topless glory, her perky breasts nice and round. Jack gave her nipple a pinch, and watched her elegantly slump to her knees.

“May I, master?” She offered up her tender hands, hovering her fingers below his erection.

“Go ahead, slave.” Jack permitted with a nod, his cock giving a slight jolt of excitement.

Casey drooled on her hands, rubbed them together, and took a caring, yet firm grip of Jack's staff. She bit her lower lip, looked up with a cheeky smile, and began jerking him off with both hands.

“*Ohh yeah!*” Jack moaned and pushed his pelvis forward.

She continued increasing the pace of her motions, and reapplied her spit directly on his cock whenever it was needed, stretching her tongue out and drooling right on his sensitive shaft. She focused on his dick with craving eyes and lightly parted lips, her mouth dry with the aching need to reach forward and give it a kiss.

She wasn't the only one staring with insatiable yearning. Candy knelt a few feet away, rubbing her hands on her thighs and watching her opponent with a jealous heart. She felt an electrifying jolt in her exposed nipples, every time she thought of raising her voice in a desperate plea to serve. But she kept her mouth shut. Casey won the honor, fair and square, and all Candy could do was bide her time and watch with envy.

Casey massaged his balls with one hand, her wet, tender fingers devotedly providing him with euphoric pleasure. Her other hand jerked him off so fast, it was almost a blur. Jack stood there with his hands on his hips, enjoying himself immensely.

“Okay, you can stop now.” He suddenly said, to Casey's dismay and Candy's cheer.

“Yes master.” Casey said with sadness in her voice. She gave him one final tug, and let go of her grip.

“Get ready for another round!” He called out.

They got on their boards, and at the end of Jack's countdown, continued their competitive dance on wheels. They zoomed across the concrete park, their fair skin glistening in the sun, and their exposed tits jostling freely.

Candy chased Casey at full speed, trying to corner the athletic nineteen-year-old.

Anxious to score a win, the pressure got to the young officer, and she made another crucial mistake, losing sight of Casey altogether.

Candy slowed down, looking around to find the young scoundrel. She didn't notice she was standing right below one of the larger ramps.

Determined to continue her winning streak, and with skating finesse she didn't even know she had, Casey jumped off the ramp, soaring right above Candy's head.

A moment was all she needed, and before Candy knew it, her hair was hit with a torrent of blue paint.

“Oh no!” Candy whined, realizing her opponent just secured the incredible honor of giving her superior a wet, sloppy blowjob.

Casey barely landed, and already sprinted over to where Jack stood. She dropped to her knees, raised her hands up, and begged like an obedient puppy.

“Please may I suck your cock now, master?” She never forgot her manners, even in the joy of victory.

Jack patted her silky crimson hair, and she began to pant like a dog, letting her tongue dangle limply from her mouth.

“Sure thing, you adorable little bitch.” Jack said, and before he even finished his sentence, the fiery redhead had already wrapped her glossy, strawberry lips around his tip.

“*Mm! Mph! Mph! Mmm!*” Casey started moving her head immediately, shamelessly taking his cock deep in her throat.

“*Hrrm fuck!*” Jack moaned, grabbing her goggles and ripping them off her face. Casey looked up at him and gagged on his cock, moving her tongue under it like a paint-brush.

Officer Candy knelt exactly where she did before, and stared ahead without blinking.

She was so jealous. Her eyes stung, and her mouth felt dry. She started licking her fingers, sucking on them, fantasizing about kneeling before her superior and taking his cock in her mouth, just like Casey.

“Mmm!” She whimpered with need, slurping as her lips tightly pursed around her knuckles.

Jack put his hands on Casey's head, trying to move it on his own, but no matter how rapidly he tried fucking her face, the vibrant young woman managed to suck him off faster. She roughly speared her face on his cock, grunting and slurping with every strong thrust, treating her throat more like a deep, nicely lubricated pussy for Jack's cock, and less like the orifice through which she speaks.

Even when he playfully blocked her nose, shutting off her only opening for air, the submissive babe continued serving relentlessly.

“Ulp! Hmph! Mph! Hnph!” She gagged till her face turned red, sloppy saliva coating her chin, oozing down to the cement below her.

“Ooh! Hrrm! Ahh!” Jack forcefully grabbed her head, and powerfully thrust his hips forward with every satisfied groan. Casey's throat was sore and hot, but she could feel the steely pole in her mouth throb and well-up.

“Hrrm! Bring me her goggles, Candy!” Jack ordered as cum began to shoot from his tip. He pulled out of Casey's mouth in the midst of his ejaculation, gripped her forehead, and aimed his hose directly on her eyes.

“Better close your eyes, honey. I'm gonna tag your face with my special, white spray! Hah!” He bellowed, his cock stretching across Casey's pretty mug.

“Yes master.” She said and shut her eyes tight, tasting the small amount of spunk that managed to slip out of his tip, while it was still in her mouth.

“Hrrm! Haa! Hmm! Ohh!” He shot his full, thick load on her face, hitting her eyes, forehead, and hair.

“Ohh yeah.” He gave another content sigh as his climax ended, and slapped his tip on her lips.

Her eyes glued shut, Casey blindly found Jack's dangling carrot, and proceeded to lick and suck it clean.

“Thank you for showing me what love truly is, master.” The charmed hottie said, semen glazing her gorgeous face and oozing down her cheeks.

“Put the goggles on her.” Jack told Candy, and pulled back from Casey's wet lips, leaving the hot teen drooling.

“Yes sir.” Candy obeyed, quickly fastening the goggles on her rival's sticky face, the cum acting as a gooey adhesive.

“The first two rounds were a little one-sided. Maybe having my sperm swim in Casey's visor will even things out a bit.” He suggested, grinning at Casey, who only now managed to barely open her eyes, just a crack. Her left eyelid was almost glued shut, and a pool of thick white goo gathered at the base of the inside of her goggles.

“Go on then. Get ready for the next round.” He ordered.

“Yes sir.” Candy said and skipped to her skateboard, feeling more confident, if a little ashamed that she needed a handicap in order to even the playing field.

In no time, the two of them stood before each other, spray-cans in their hands, and awaited Jack's countdown. The inside of Casey's goggles was murky to look at and quite sticky, but she was determined to weather through and successfully submit more of her body to the man she served.

Jack counted from three to one, and the third round began.

Candy quickly assumed the role of the chaser again, charging after Casey like a bull on wheels. The swift nineteen-year-old was still faster than her, and managed to allude her for a short while.

When Candy finally caught up to the speedy redhead, she managed to hit her pants with a torrent of red paint, but not without getting her own skirt sprayed the same way.

They gyrated their hips in circles like belly dancers, slowly sliding their bottoms down their long legs. Forgetting their competition, they came closer to one another, working together to better amuse and entertain their spectator.

They bumped butt-cheeks while bending forward at the hips, and wiggled their asses invitingly, their bubbly cheeks slapping together at a steady pendulum-like rhythm. It was enough to make Jack ready for another round of plowing into their fuck-holes.

Candy was left completely naked, since she wasn't wearing any panties. Casey still wore her sexy pink thong, but it was meaningless to the game, as it covered nearly no skin.

Jack casually rubbed his cock as he looked at Casey's perfectly petite ass, her pert, pale cheeks parted by a thin pink line of fabric. She put her left foot back on the skateboard, lifted her right knee up, and kicked the ground, bolting forward.

The next round was short and sweet, at least for Candy. She landed a direct, blue hit on Casey's flaming red hair, and even managed to strike her perky tits with the same torrent.

“Yay!” Candy cheered, feeling redeemed. She ran up to her superior officer, flapping her shapely tits up and down in an accentuated manner.

“Heh, let's start with your head, Candy.” Jack said, and walked over to a nearby bench, “lie down here.” He kicked the bench and said.

“Yes sir!” Candy jumped to obey, knowing exactly what he meant for her.

She lay flat on her back, and let her head dangle down from the edge of the bench. Jack crouched down and fed his tip to Candy's cherry lips. He grabbed the back of her head, for leverage, and weighed his pelvis down, thrusting his cock deep into her throat.

It was Casey's turn to watch with envy, her eyes wide and her mouth watering. Jack pile-drove into Candy's mouth, fucking her face like a supercharged jackhammer.

“*Hmph! Mph! Mph! Hmph!*” Candy clutched the edges of the wooden bench, and let Jack violate her throat like the docile subordinate she was. Casey watched with longing eyes, fucking her own mouth with two fingers, tears welling in her eyes. She desperately wiggled her hips from side to side, her tight teen pussy squelching with need.

Jack glanced her way, and saw how soaked her pink crotch-line was. It was so wet, it practically changed to a darker color.

“*Hrmm!* Let's move on.” He pulled himself up.

“Get off. Let me sit on the bench.”

“Yes sir.” Candy replied with a coarse voice. She scurried off the bench, got on her knees, and drooled down to lubricate the ample valley between her knockers.

Titfuck time! She thought with glee.

“Go ahead.” Jack sat down and pointed to his swelling shaft

“Gladly, sir.” Candy tightly wrapped her jugs around his cock, and proceeded to bounce them up and down wildly. Jack enjoyed her spirited

service, but his attention focused on Casey.

The lithe cutie looked at the bigger breasted woman with unblinking eyes, imagining how it would feel to have her master pump his cock between her firm, perky tits. She squeezed her small boobs and moved them in circles, pinching and occasionally flicking her nipples.

She ground her hips back and forth, humping the thin air between her legs. Her soft whimpers were drowned by the loud smacks of Candy's jugs, constantly hitting Jack's crotch.

“Hmm, as always, Candy. Your titfucks are fantastic.” He took his eyes off Casey, and gave some attention to the junior officer kneeling before him, laboring strenuously for his satisfaction.

“Thank you so much, sir!” Candy panted and huffed.

“Will be even better when they're D-cups, though.” He mentioned in an offhanded fashion.

“Anything you wish, sir. My body is yours to alter and modify as you see fit.” Candy said with a dreamy smile, breathing heavily and not slowing down.

“Aces. Now stop. Time for you and Casey to finish your match.” Jack decided and pushed her away. Candy pulled back with a disappointed moan.

“Yes sir.” She nodded, catching her breath.

Standing before one another for the final round, Casey and Candy got rid of the red spray-cans. Jack had them return to their initial position, with their bare asses pressing on either side of his cock, counted to three, and sent them on their way.

Candy was ready to pulverize her young opponent. She had a plan, or rather, a dirty trick up her sleeve. With a wicked grin, she rushed to Casey's skateboard first, and rolled it down the big cement bowl. Then, without pausing her dash, she continued to her own skateboard and got on it.

She had a clear advantage in mobility, rendering Casey a sitting duck. The petite redhead was clearly stumped, looking between her fallen skateboard and the charging Candy, trying to make a split-second decision.

“Watch me, master. I'm gonna make you proud!” Candy muttered to herself as she kicked the ground and hastened her advance.

She glanced in her master's direction, and made a sad face.

He's not even looking my way. She realized, noticing her master's gaze was fixated on the charming Casey, admiring the beauty of her glistening

naked body.

What am I doing? Master doesn't want me to win. He fucked me plenty, twice this morning. He can fuck me whenever he wants, day and night, for as long as I live. He wants to fuck the new girl. That's the real point of this game...

Candy felt like she was moving in slow motion, as her mind raced. A few feet away from victory against her wavering opponent, Candy halted herself, and stumbled off the skateboard, onto to the ground. Casey's eyes lit up and she jumped into action, not wasting a second in snatching the opportunity Candy gave her.

She swiftly swooped forward and tagged her fallen opponent's pussy and ass, in quick succession.

“*Ooh!*”, Candy writhed as she felt the torrent of paint hit her between the legs.

“Tsk tsk tsk. How embarrassing.” Jack chuckled at Candy's pathetic state.

Casey discarded her panties, walked a few steps forward, while shaking her body like an exotic dancer, and then got on her knees.

“Master will use my pussy and ass. I'm so happy.” She mumbled to herself, crawling over to Jack like a limber cat, her soaking pussy dripping juices down her thighs. Candy lay sprawled on the cement, and smiled to herself. “Have fun, master.” She whispered and watched Casey crawl away from her.

Jack sat on the bench and watched Casey approach. Her flexible, trim hips slowly wiggled with every small step forward. She crawled between his legs, and gave his tip a warm, wet kiss. She looked up at him with adoring eyes, and continued to slide her tongue along his shaft.

Once she gave Jack and his cock the respect they deserved, and after one more gluttonous kiss to his balls, Casey straightened her posture, and smiled at him.

“Please fuck me, master.” She begged meekly, “My pussy and ass belong to you. I love you. I want to be a good sex toy.”

“How sweet.” He patted her silky, fiery mane.

Casey fidgeted and squirmed on her knees, eager to pounce to her feet and mount the man who's approval she so craved. Every word he uttered drove her insane with lust.

“Oh right. I gave you *that* suggestion. I com-ple-te-ly for-got.” He spoke slowly, watching as her desperation grew with every syllable.

“*Mhh!*” Casey shuddered, her body shivering with intense desire.

“Go ahead, slave.” He finally said, holding his cock before the salivating young woman.

“Yes master!” She shot to her feet, every nerve in her body tingling with anticipation, and spread her legs above his hard-on.

“Thank you, master.” She beamed at him, gripped his cock tenderly, and rubbed his tip across her velvety pussy lips.

With no hint of hesitation, the aroused redhead pushed down, taking Jack's cock deep into her hot cunt.

“*Ohh!*” Casey arched her neck and moaned.

She wrapped her arms around him, her pert buns sitting gently on his crotch.

“Please enjoy my pussy service, master.” She said with pleading eyes, her pussy tightening and quivering around his shaft.

Trembling in the grips of euphoria, she pulled herself up, and slid down again, her ass bouncing on Jack's pelvis with a soft smack.

“*Mhh!*” She whimpered again, panting breathlessly.

Feeling Jack's hands grab her ass and squeeze, she took a deep breath, and started hopping up and down, massaging his cock with her tight, juicy cunt.

“*Ohh fuck! S o tight and soft!*” Jack looked at Casey's flushed face and praised, “that's why teen pussies are the best! This is heaven!”

“*Mm!* I'm so happy to hear that, master! Everything I do is to please you and empty your balls!” Casey declared, grinding her hips back and forth, letting Jack's shaft pierce her young pussy, like an empty-headed sex-doll.

“Keep this up and I'll be tagging your womb with my white spray, babe!” Jack announced with a low grunt, clutched her trim thighs, and began ferociously moving Casey's hips back and forth, at his desired pace.

“*Ahh! Yes mastee~r! Paint my pussy with your cum, master!*”

Meanwhile, officer Candy mounted the bench's armrest. Panting and blushing, she humped the metallic railing and watched as Casey rode her

superior, dreaming of being bent over and used like a cheap piece of fuck-meat.

“Hrmm!” Jack grabbed Casey's legs and stood up with a growl, easily lifting the slim cutie up with him. He held her thighs on his muscular arms, and impaled her soaking pussy on his cock.

“Ahh! Mmh! Fuck me, master! Ram your cock into me!” Casey wrapped her legs around his waist and squealed, her pussy making wet squelches every time Jack rammed into her.

Jack gave another bestial grunt, tightened his grip of her thighs, and thrust faster into her. He drove into her pussy and relished in her passionate moans and breathless squeals. Every deep plunge pushed her deeper into mindless submission, and edged him closer to a massive climax.

“Ohh! Here I come!” Jack announced, pressing Casey to him and nipping the nape of her neck.

“Yes master! Fill me up!” Casey cried, gently ruffling his bushy hair with her tender fingers. She felt his cock throb in her pussy, and along with his coarse, low groan came a thick, strong jet of sticky liquid, shooting deep into her.

“My pussy is your cum receptacle, master.” Casey whispered in his ear, her pink pussy lips welcoming his load with dainty, orgasmic tremors. Every spurt he pushed into her drowned her consciousness further in bliss. She happily let go of any notion of personal freedom, forgetting any aspect of her life that didn't have to do with her devoted service to her master.

“Ahh!” Jack let go of her and let her fall, ass first, to the cement ground. Her butt hurt, but she didn't even think of complaining. Instead, she opened her legs wide, eagerly displaying her well-fucked creampie.

“Mm! Nn! Mmh!” Officer Candy whined and wiggled her rear like a begging puppy.

Jack looked her way, *“Heh. Go ahead, bitch, lick the cum from Casey's muff.”*

“Thank you, sir!” Candy said with a giddy jump, and crawled over to bury her face between Casey's open legs. She kept her ass pointing up as she munched on the nineteen-year-old's cunt, and continued frantically fingering her own sopping pussy.

“I'll take you home with me, Casey. Still have to tap that hot ass of yours. You've earned it.” Jack stood up and said.

“*Mm!* I'm so happy master! I'm your little anal whore.” Casey giggled, playfully mashing Candy's face on her snatch.

“Of course you are.” Jack picked up his golden badge, and started walking away.

“Come with me, cunts, we're done here. Pick up your uniform, Candy.” He said, not even looking their way. After cumming a third time in such a short span, he had no immediate use for them.

Candy and the hipster punk picked up their clothes and scurried after him. They crawled buck naked into the police car, Candy in the front and Casey in the back seat. By the time they rolled back into the populated streets of the city, both girls had their tops on, so as to not draw undue attention to their superior, and master.

“This is Lieutenant Jack Masters. I'm done for the day. Over.” He announced over the police frequency.

“Of course, Lieutenant Masters. Anything you wish.” The female dispatcher said with a breathy whisper.

* * * *

They were on the lift up to Jack's penthouse apartment. Casey knelt before him, and meaningfully kissed the bulge in his pants.

The elevator stopped, and a busty woman walked in with a storm. She was immersed in a particularly heated phone conversation.

“I don't care if you have to pull an all-nighter. I need that file ready by--” She noticed Jack, and shut her trap immediately.”

Click

She hung up the phone, opened her jacket, lowered her blouse, and exposed her large breasts.

“Hello master. I am your obedient, silent pair of boobies.” She said with a smile and stood at attention, her gravity defying fun-bags completely on display.

“This is Beverly Fields. A businesswoman who lives two floors under me. She was always so loud and rude, I decided to teach her an important lesson about her place in the world.” Jack told Casey, who was still on her knees before him, still making out with his crotch.

“This is Casey, a punk hipster I caught defacing our fair city.” He introduced his newest acquisition.

“I guess you're still quite busy at work?” He asked.

“Yes master.” Beverly replied, “I need to present a big project tomorrow. I just came back here to pick up some papers I forgot.”

“What happens if you miss your deadline tomorrow?” Jack asked.

“I will probably be fired.” Beverly told him, still smiling.

“Harsh. I kinda feel like fucking your tits, though.” Jack reached forward and squeezed her heavy melons.

“Anything you want, master. I am your obedient pair of bouncy boobies. Your happiness is my first priority.” Beverly replied, her voice completely void of the venom it had when she walked in.

“Great. Let's go then.”

They reached the top floor, and entered Jack's luxurious accommodations.

“Get me a beer, Candy. Casey, follow me. Beverly, jump up and down till I tell you to stop. Exercise those tits.” He ordered, and the three enthralled ladies nodded and obeyed.

Casey followed her master down the hallway, occasionally glancing over to the businesswoman that joined them on the way up. She was casually jumping up and down, her big tits jostling freely and vibrantly.

Jack led Casey to a nearly empty room.

“Strip and get in the cage. Come on.” He gave her a light spank on the rear, and pointed to a relatively small cage on the floor.

“Yes master.” Casey purred, and moved to obey, slowly stripping.

Fully naked, she got on her hands and knees, and crawled into the cage. It was just barely tall, wide, and long enough to contain her.

Jack closed the door behind her and locked her up.

“Lift your ass up and spread your cheeks.” He ordered, and reached for one of the butt plugs hanging on the hooks on the wall.

“Yes master.” Casey understood what he wanted to do. Completely undeterred, she lowered her head and flexibly reached to her back, spreading her ass cheeks as wide as she could.

“*Mmf! Mm!*” She whimpered as Jack began pushing the toy into her, not even lubricating her hole beforehand.

“That should teach you a lesson about vandalizing the city with your silly spray cans. You tag our walls, your ass gets screwed. Doesn't really rhyme, but still it pushes the message through, I think.”

“Yes...Master.” Casey said, biting her lips with an agonized whimper.

“After I'm done fucking your holes, I'll have Candy drive you around, and you'll show her every place you soiled with your so-called 'art'. You'll take a soap and bucket, and clean it all, and I don't care how long it takes. Understood?”

“Yes master. Thank you for teaching me this lesson.” Casey nodded, her ass barely getting used to the deep penetration.

“After that, I'll properly read you your rights and arrest you. I am a cop, after all.” Jack said and walked back into the hallway, laughing maniacally.

Back in the living room, Candy was waiting with his ice-cold beer. Jack sat down on his couch, and turned the TV screen on. Candy opened the bottle, handed it to him, and got on her hands and knees before the couch.

Jack accepted his beer with a dismissive nod, waited for her to get into position, and rested his legs on her back, using her like an ottoman.

Beverly still silently hopped up and down, bouncing her titties for him.

“It might take a while before I fuck your tits.” He informed the bouncing pair of fun-bags without even looking her way, focusing on the TV instead.

“Take your time, master. My tits are yours.” The businesswoman said with a calm voice, all her stress gone.

Officer Candy looked at the mesmerized Beverly, hopping up and down without a care in the world. She smiled, knowing exactly how the normally stern businesswoman felt. Life was so simple under Jack's command.

With no choice, there were no doubts.

With no will, there was no stress.

With no freedom, there was no fear.

It was the perfect, charmed life, for any woman Jack Masters desired.

###

Just What The Doctor Ordered – The Clinic

By **Will B. Gunn**

Waiting rooms are always so awkward and silent. Complete strangers sitting shoulder to shoulder, browsing through old, boring magazines they would never even glance at, under any other circumstance. What they're really doing is stealing awkward peeks at the other patients, wondering why they're there and how long will they occupy the doctor for. Nobody wants to stay at the doctor's office for too long, after all.

It was just another mundane morning in Doctor Powell's clinic. Two women sat in that very same awkward silence, waiting to be seen by their general physician.

“I really hope the doctor won't be late...” One of them muttered to herself, impatiently tapping the tip of her high heels on the floor. She wore a conservative business suit and a stern scowl on her smoothly sculpted face.

The young go-getter looked at her watch often, shaking her head and fidgeting in her seat. Clearly, she was a busy, industrious woman, working hard to climb that corporate ladder. It wasn't easy, especially in a man's world where a twenty-five-year-old who looked like her was seen as a treat for the eyes, long before she was perceived as an equal, accomplished colleague.

“He'd better not be late...” She muttered again, fighting the urge to chew on her silky red-brown hair.

The other waiting woman was doing her best to focus on her speed-boat magazine, pretending she heard nothing, while wondering if whatever the stressed young woman had was contagious. She wanted to tell the fidgeting woman to relax. The doctor was only due at eight a.m., and he's hardly ever late, but making small talk at the doctor's office was not her favorite thing in the world.

She had other things on her mind, being six month pregnant and all. Rolling her eyes and leafing through the boring boat magazine, the young, knocked-up chick knew she had nothing in common with the impatient businesswoman. After all, she chose to be a stay-at-home mother, and be a good wife to her husband. She had plenty of experience with career women her age, feeling high and mighty and telling her off, just because she dared to choose a different path.

The receptionist, a tall woman with dark hair and hazel eyes, absentmindedly filled out the morning crossword puzzle, clicking her pen back and forth while trying to come up with the answers she lacked.

“Can you please stop that?” The fidgety businesswoman asked impolitely, a stern and disciplinary frown on her face. Her hair was shoulder length, and was dyed platinum blonde. Her eyes were bright green emeralds, her face smooth and angelic, and her lips a tame, reddish plum. She wore a standard business attire, complete with a creamy skirt extending down below her knees, and a mundane white blouse which showed just enough of her ample cleavage.

The receptionist looked up.

“Oh, sorry, is it bothering you?” She asked with a rosy voice, but her spiteful eyes betrayed her true feelings.

“What tipped you off?” The stern woman answered meanly.

“I’m terribly sorry, ma’am. I’ll stop now.” The receptionist said, trying to hide the acid bitterness she felt towards the rude young woman. She had to bite the bullet. After all, being courteous and respectful towards the patients, regardless of how obnoxious they were, was a part of her job description.

The impatient woman started tapping on her thigh, looking sour and unhappy.

“I assume you are the eight o’clock appointment?” She asked the pregnant woman.

“No, eight fifteen. You?” The pregnant woman answered, barely looking up from her magazine.

“Oh, great, there are two people ahead of me? Bloody fantastic...” The impatient woman seethed “Mine’s the eight thirty.”

“If the eight o’clock doesn’t get here in time, we’ll move up the line, right?” She asked the receptionist, not even bothering with an “excuse me”.

Just then, three people walked through the door – Two men and a blonde, nineteen-year-old coed. One of the men walked straight to the young pregnant woman, and kissed her on the lips.

“I finally found a spot. Parking in this part of town is just horrid.” He shook his head, lovingly patting his wife’s bulging belly.

“Well you could have parked in the parking lot, honey...”

“Nope, I don’t do that.” He asserted “Parking for free is a freedom I do not intend to relinquish.”

“Let the revolution begin...” The woman sitting next to them sneered in an openly sarcastic tone.

“Right on.” The man said and gave her a thumbs up, intentionally feigning ignorance to her mocking.

Meanwhile, the middle aged man and his nineteen-year-old daughter finished speaking with the receptionist, and took a seat.

“So I guess you're the eight o'clock, then?” The humorless businesswoman asked.

The young blonde nodded, staring awkwardly at the other woman, her stern and direct lash quite uncomfortable to the young, bubbly coed. She swiftly looked away from the unhappy businesswoman, hoping she won't try and address her again.

The coed had silky smooth golden hair, cascading down to the middle of her graceful, flexible torso. She wore a blue jacket over a tight white crop-top, leaving her perfectly lean belly exposed. Her top was cut considerably high, but it was built to squeeze her perfect, perky tits together, showing a cleavage that was somehow demure and enticing at the same time. Her bouncy, soft, C-cup breasts easily made even the most dignified of men steal a glance, and caused those with less restraint to stare and salivate.

Her lips were cherry red, and her eyes deep dark blue. Her long legs were nearly fully exposed, covered only by a denim mini-skirt. She was sex on legs, and still had the innocence of a young-adult college-girl on her flawless face. The pregnant woman's husband was clearly struggling not to stare at the blonde teen crossing her smooth, creamy, shiny legs a couple of seats away from him.

The coed's father was distracted as well, by the tall receptionist sucking on the butt of her pen, wrecking her brain to come up with the two missing blanks in her crossroad puzzle. She noticed him, adjusted her stylish glasses on her nose, and winked coyly in his direction.

The blonde coed noticed and angrily elbowed her embarrassing father in the ribs. She was about to berate him, but the no-nonsense woman in the swanky business dress spoke again.

“I'll be honest with you, I'm in a hurry.” She said “I was actually hoping you'll skip on your appointment.”

“O-Oh...” The girl looked at the older lady nervously, not sure how to react to the bold proposition.

“Uhm, don't worry. I'm sure the doctor will sort me out quickly.” She finally said, and forced herself to smile kindly.

“Trust me, girly, me and my daughter don't want to stay a second longer than necessary.” The middle aged man said, to his daughter's ire.

“Dad...” The coed pressed her palm to her face, clearly embarrassed.

“Who are you calling 'girly'?” The young businesswoman hissed angrily.

“Oh, I didn't mean to offend, miss. I apologize.” The older man smiled and said “It's my bias, being as old as I am, and you as *ahem* young as you are.”

The woman made a severe face.

“No problem, *Old* man.” She snapped at him, emphasizing the word old.

“Oh, you're feisty.” He chuckled, and she glared at him “W-With respect, if I may say so.” He corrected himself, a tad too jokingly for her taste.

She stared at him for a few seconds, and huffed. The blonde coed's cheeks were rosy red, not that anyone could see, since she buried her face in her hands.

“I suppose you're right.” The stern woman said, letting it go “Nobody ever really wants to go to the doctor, I suppose.” She skillfully steered the conversation back to its original course.

“It's not that simple.” The man said “My daughter has been coming here almost once a week, for months now, and her condition persists.”

“Oh?” The businesswoman asked, her curiosity piqued. The young blonde pouted with pursed lips. She didn't want her dad to talk about her like that, especially with a woman he just met. A woman who's just a few years older than her.

“Yeah, this time I want to talk to the doctor myself.” He said.

“No dad! I'm a grown woman, and the receptionist already told you that you can't! Will you just go downstairs and have some coffee, please?”

“It's okay, sweetie. I just want to exchange a few words with the doctor.”

“That's what you said last time, and the time before that, and you never learn!”

He seemed to fluster for a few seconds, as if he was mulling it over, but then shook his head slowly. “This time,” He said “I'll go in with you,

just in case. I want to make sure the doctor is doing what he should. Maybe you're portraying your condition too lightly.”

“That's so condescending! You think I can't handle expressing the severity of my issues to a doctor?” She fumed.

“Oh, don't be silly. Of course I trust you, but doctors sometimes take things too lightly if you don't push it a bit. He probably sees dozens of patients each day, and most have nothing wrong with them.” The middle aged man tried to explain his approach, but all he met was a brick wall in his independent, head-strong daughter.

“You are not getting in with me, period.” She put her foot down.

He stared at her for a few seconds, and sighed.

“Okay, okay.”” He relented “I'll just talk with the doctor for a few seconds and then let you...”

“No!” She shrieked.

“I won't be in there for the checkup, I just want to ask him something and I'll leave, scout's honors!”

“Argh!” She let out a desperate groan, and gave up.

Doctor Kevin Powell arrived with his cream colored briefcase, nodded at his patients, and entered his office. He moved briskly, not wanting the patients to get the idea that they could approach him before he settled down in his office.

Two minutes later, the doctor, clad in his white coat, opened the door.

“Okay, who's first?” He asked with a smile.

The young blonde stood on her feet, and her father rose after her.

“Daddy, please...” She begged.

“I just want to ask him something.” The man insisted.

“Is there a problem?” The doctor asked with a questioning frown.

“There's no problem. It's just that my daughter has been coming to see you quite often lately...”

“Oh geez.” The pretty coed sighed and walked into the examination room, hoping only the doctor will follow.

The tall, sexy receptionist left her post by the desk, and took the middle aged man's hand in her dainty, gentle grip.

“Sir, please allow the doctor to do his job.” She said with a rosy voice, patting the palm of his hand slowly, and giving him suggestive looks.

“I intend to...I just wanted to...Ask...” His eyes unfocused and his speech slowed. He looked at the young brunette and blushed.

“The doctor knows what he's doing, sir. Come now, leave your daughter in his capable hands. She's in college, and she doesn't need your sheltering anymore. You can finally take the time to have some fun. Come with me.”

“Have...fun. Come...with you...” He mumbled, and allowed the bespectacled receptionist to lead him by the arm as if he was a blind elderly person.

“D...Dad? Are you okay?” The blonde peeked through the examination room's door with a concerned frown. Her father ignored her, and quietly followed behind the shaking, skirt-clad ass of the sexy receptionist.

The doctor looked at his receptionist with nothing short of pride, and walked into the examination room, closing and locking the door behind him.

“So, what seems to be the problem today?” He rubbed his hands together with a big smile, looking up and down her gorgeous body.

“Same as always, doc.” She said “My throat hurts a lot, almost all the time.”

“Yes, I remember you. A constant throat ache, yes?” He rubbed his chin, his eyes popping at her in a way that almost made her feel uncomfortable.

“I'm not surprised you remember.” She said “I've been coming every week for a checkup, but it only gets worse.”

“All we can do is continue with the special medication and wait till it passes, I'm afraid.” He said, folding his arms and shaking his head.

“But shouldn't I get something to take at home? At least something to alleviate the pain when it's worst.”

“Shhh, it's okay.” He placed his index finger on her precious lips, and took a small flashlight from his coat's pocket.

“Let's just get on with the checkup, and once we're done, I promise to answer all your questions, okay?”

She nodded, somewhat befuddled by how he quieted her down, stretching a bare finger across her lips – It would have seemed romantic if it wasn't so odd in this setting. He turned the flashlight on, and her pupils immediately and instinctively followed it. She never understood why he

always checked her eyes first. What does her eyes have to do with her sore throat?

He moved the beam of light from side to side, slowly, and she followed it. She squinted, at first, but soon stared straight at the light with large, unblinking eyes. Her expression became blank and emotionless, and her breathing slowed to a serene pace.

“You are in a safe, relaxed place.” He said in a soothing tone.

“Yes doctor.” She droned, nodded, and repeated “Safe, relaxed place.”

“And in this place, you must do everything your doctor says, no matter how uncomfortable it may be.”

“Yes doctor. Everything you say. For my own good.” She said, her eyes becoming glassy, reflecting the light he shone in them.

“Good girl. Heh.” He said with a nefarious cackle. He reached over and shamelessly squeezed her breasts through her top, making sure she was ready.

“Now, be a good patient, and go to your deepest, most obedient place.”

“Deepest...Most obedient...” She echoed after him, her beautiful face blank, and her eyes moving after the light.

“That's right. You've been there for me before, plenty of times. Go ahead and submit your mind to the light.”

“Yes...Doctor...” She said, and her pupils slowly rolled up, nearly vanishing and leaving her eyes all white.

The doctor chuckled, turned his flashlight off, and placed it back in his pocket.

“Yeah, so lovely.” He reached under her shirt to fondle her bare tits, moving and swaying her upper body from side to side, as if she was his doll. The white-eyed coed let him do what he wanted, her long legs dangling in mid-air as her torso was fondled and her perky knockers were squeezed like dough.

“Let's get this jacket off of you.” He said and helped her slide the jacket off her smooth shoulders, and down her arms.

“Stand up for me.” He ordered, and his obedient patient got off the bed and onto her feet, wobbling sluggishly in her nearly mindless state.

“And take off that shirt.” He said, placing his open palm on the back of her mini skirt, and making a grab.

“Yes...” She groaned and clutched her crop-top with both hands.

“Yes, what?” He insisted and lightly slapped her behind.

“Yes doctor. I happily obey.” The stunning, youthful coed complied and peeled her shirt off, revealing her perfectly smooth, radiant upper body in all of its naked glory.

The doctor circled his finger around her nipples, before growling with unbridled lust and pouncing on her.

“Hrrm yeah!” He kissed her neck, slid his hand down her thigh, and lifted her leg to lewdly coil around his waist. He squeezed her slender thigh again, and moved his hand up till it was under her jeans skirt. The entranced coed allowed the good doctor to play with her gorgeous body in any way he pleased, her eyes rolled to the back of her head, and her mouth half open. Her head tilted sideways to allow him the leisure of kissing her graceful neck.

“Oh, you're such a treat!” He crammed his nose on her cheek, and whispered “I wish all my patients went down as deep as you.”

“Thank. You. Doctor.” She said, her words slow and measured.

He grunted again, and spun her around, lifting her skirt with one hand, and letting the bulge in his pants free with the other.

“I see you came with no underwear today, just like I told you to. Good girl.” He praised his willing patient and pressed his cock against her bubbly ass-cheek. Reaching around her with both hands, he squeezed her tits while he dry humped her pert ass.

“Thank. You. Doctor.” She said again, not minding his manhood directly touching her soft skin. Her mostly absent mind noted that it felt very stiff and hot against her cool cheeks.

With his hands roaming all over her lithe body, the good doctor occasionally pushed his crotch onto hers, enjoying the soft pressure of her buttocks on his junk. Finally, he guided his cock to nestle between her cheeks, grabbed her petite waist, and pumped back and forth a few times, arching his head back in pleasure.

Like a good sex toy, the hot blonde supported her body and kept herself stable, so he could do his thing uninterrupted. His thing being shamelessly fucking between her sexy ass-cheeks, like a sex-crazed monkey.

Kissing her shoulder lasciviously once more, he moved his fingers to her smoothly shaven pussy lips, and began rubbing in a circular motion.

“Before we start your oral treatment, I think it would be wise to give your pussy a little check-up.” He said, and was hardly surprised by her docile response.

“Yes. Doctor.”

“I assume you've been keeping your pussy away from your male classmates, like I instructed?” He inquired, nibbling on her ear, and teasing her pink pussy with the bulging tip of his cock. Her snatch lubricated nicely, in pure mindless anticipation.

“Of course. Doctor.” She confirmed, nodding robotically.

“Good girl. Hehe, poor college boys, they must be aching to fuck such a sweet little thing like you. You could be a glamor model with this body of yours. Not to mention your hot, perfect face.” He squished her cheeks with his hand “Ohh fuck! I can't hold back anymore!”

The doctor grunted bestially, and shoved his cock in her wet cunt.

“Hmm! I forgot to tell you, this may sting a bit! Hah!” He said, grabbed her slender hips with both hands, and rode her hard at a steady pace. The hot blonde whimpered weakly, her eyes white and her cheeks red. It didn't sting too much. At least not as much as it did the first time the doctor checked her pussy, back when he popped her cherry and blood dripped from her torn hymen down to the floor. Her tight pussy was very much used to taking a banging from the good doctor, by now.

He grabbed her long hair like reins, and alternated between ramming slowly and forcefully into his tamed fuck-puppet, and sliding his cock in and out at a brisk, fast pace. His crotch always hit her bubbly backside and made a spanking sound, and the dazzling coed took it like the obedient patient she was.

“Hrrrrm! No better way to start my morning!” He said as the constant smacking of their skins echoed in the room. The roughly fucked blonde was so willing and entranced, that she didn't even moan in response.

“Fuck yeah, just bareback grinding into a hot college coed. Do you like being a part of my morning grind, slut?” He asked, getting her attention with a slap on her shapely behind.

“Yes. Hng! Doctor.” She replied instantly, her body moving back and forth to the pace of his rabid ramming.

The good doctor wrapped his arms around her, licking the nape of her neck and sucking her cheek like a ripe peach. He tightly pressed himself

onto her, fucking her harder and harder with each passing second, drooling on her shoulder and ramming his fleshy sword in and out of her slick, tight twat.

Her eyes remained pure and white, but her face showed something else, a mix of lust and bewilderment, and most of all, acceptance.

“Oh, yeah! Fuck! I can ride your petite little ass as much as I want!” He declared jovially, and kept on banging.

“Y-Yes. Nng! Doctor.” She whimpered, panting.

“Yeah, that's right. Hrrm! Yeah! Hah! Hmm!” He breathed heavily and slowed down, lightly leaning on her. She supported him with her perfect, youthful, slightly bent-over posture.

“Say.” He pushed into her, hard.

“That.” He rammed into her tight teen pussy again.

“Again.” He kept going with another short, but strong penetration.

“Bitch!”

“Yes. Doctor.” She obeyed.

“Again! Harrgh!” He growled and resumed his fervent crotch pumping.

“Yes. Doctor.”

Every time she uttered a word, his crotch smacked her ass and his shaft drove deep into her. This went on for a couple of minutes, before he abruptly pulled out of her, smacked her ass loudly, and sat on his chair, out of breath.

“*Hah *Pant* Hah* . Such a pretty sight.” He said, rubbing his still hard cock, and looking at her.

The hot blonde remained bent over the bed, her cute ass popping out and her legs slightly spread apart. Her skirt was hiked up so her bare ass and smooth pussy were fully exposed for the doctor to feast his eyes on. She leaned on the bed with all her weight, and waited for the perverted checkup to continue.

“Let's see if Alice did her job properly.” He said, and turned his computer on.

The good doctor had a camera installed in his storage room, not only to ward off thieves, but also so he could see his receptionist perform one of her most important duties. The blonde coed's father sat on a chair, his eyes vacant as he focused on the perfectly round tits bouncing before him. The

brunette receptionist rode him at a constant and unchanging pace, patting his gray mane and whispering sweet nothings in his ear.

“Just focus on my big, round tits, sir.” She said with a smile

“Big...Round...Ohh, yeah...”

“Watch them bounce up and down, and enjoy my tight pussy. Think of nothing but the pleasure my pussy gives you. Nothing matters. Not your daughter, not your wife, not your job. Only pleasure matters. Let everything drain out of your brain, and into your big, hard cock.”

“Nothing...Everything...” He mumbled, his cheeks flushed and his eyes barely blinking, focusing on the constant rise and fall of her perfect breasts.

“Gooooood.” She cooed, and pushed his head between her jugs
“Now relax, and enjoy. And remember, when you cum inside of me, you'll fall asleep, and only I will be able to wake you up.”

He nodded into her breasts, sighed, and sunk to the blissful trance she expertly coaxed him into. Once she saw he was down for the count, she allowed herself to look up to the camera and wink, just in case her boss was watching.

“Heh, she's gotten quite good at that, I must say. Let's hope she doesn't get too arrogant.”

The doctor turned his gaze back to his beautiful blonde subject, waiting patiently at a most sexually vulnerable position, bent over, skirt hiked up, and legs spread.

“Okay,” He clapped his hands “time to start your weekly oral treatment, you fuckable little twat.”

“Yes doctor.”

The entranced hottie rose to her feet and swiftly fell to her knees before the doctor, parting her cherry lips and gazing up at him with mostly white in her eyes, her blue pupils peeking from just below her upper eyelids. Her upper body swayed drunkenly from side to side, unstable in her highly mesmerized state.

“Heh, how cute.” The doctor lorded over her, slapping her cheeks and her full lips with his erection.

He gently used his fingers to take her tongue out, so it lulled an inch out of her mouth.

“So pretty.” He patted her golden hair with one hand, and dicks slapped her outstretched tongue with the other.

“Ready for your throat medication, doll?” He asked, clutching her silky hair with his hand, and bracing himself with anticipation.

“Yes doct-uhm! *Ulp! Umph! Ulp! Umph! Ulp!* ”

She couldn't even finish those two words before he shoved his full rod into her welcoming mouth, pushing all the way to the back of her throat with one strong motion.

“Hmmm...” He groaned happily, choking her so deep that her nose mashed against his crotch. He looked down on her, his sensitive erection feeling warm and pleasant deep in her mouth.

Barely pausing, the good doctor began wildly hammering into her pretty face.

“Mm, Mm, Mm, Mm...” Mundane, muffled slurping sounds escaped her lips with every harsh thrust. She did not gag or showed any sign of discomfort. It was as if the doctor was fucking a stationary fuck-toy in the shape of a gorgeous nineteen-year-old blonde.

He forcefully speared her already sore throat, and yet she remained as docile as she was before, her arms dangling at her sides, her nipples occasionally scraping his thighs, and her head moving back and forth mechanically.

“Ahh yeah! What a good little sex doll.” He looked down at her and said. With the full force of his muscles, he pushed her face on his crotch, squeezing her soft lips on the root of his cock, her lower lips acting as cushions for his balls. He flexed his arm muscles and pressed her down with his full force. So powerfully, that his belly blocked her nose completely. When she started making genuine choking sounds, he lightly relented and let her rest for a second, with half his mast still between her lips.

“It's important that you don't move too much, and let me fuck that hot face of yours – The only way to alleviate your soreness is if we get you used to the roughest, most brutal throat-fucking.” He said and continued pumping into her mouth.

“Yeth. Mm,Mm,Mm,Mm.” She tried giving her usual response.

“I mean, truth is, you're only sore because of how roughly I fuck your face to begin with.”

He pushed his tip into her cheek, fish-hooking her, and slapped it from the outside with the palm of his hand.

“But it's highly important for a beautiful young woman, especially an empty sex-toy husk such as yourself, to have a throat that's ready for a rough banging at any time. Your oral cavity needs to be trained and ready to be used and abused every which way!” He pushed his dick in her cheek a few times, loving the way her face looked with a cock-bulge.

He moved back a bit, adjusted her face so he won't run into her cheek again, and rammed deep inside her throat once more.

“Ohh yeah! You're so lucky you found a doctor that can use his cum to calm your soreness down.” He said, reinforcing her mental dependance on him.

“Ohh! And here it comes now! Don't swallow it!” He pushed her face onto his crotch a few times, and blew up deep inside of her throat.

His first few spurts slid down her throat almost instantly, because of how deep it was, but as he slowly pulled out of her, he continued unloading sticky spurts of his morning spunk, the last ones comfortably sitting on her lovely tongue.

He plopped his dick out of her mouth, and it detached from her lips with a moist kiss.

“Now sit on the bed.” He said, sitting back on his chair. She nodded, unable to speak without letting his load drizzle out of her lips.

“Put your clothes back on.” He ordered, and the entranced coed slowly and sluggishly found her crop-top and jacket, and put them on.

“Let's see how your dad is doing.” He turned back to his computer monitor, and saw his receptionist leaning on the door in front of a fully clothed middle aged man, who was fast asleep on a chair.

“Seems like my dirty little helper is done.” He commented, and noted that the receptionist was also fully clothed in her normal, less than decent get-up.

He reached to the back of his desk to find a small wireless buzzer, and gave it a long press. In the store room, the receptionist felt the vibrator attached to her clitoris tremble and shake. The same type of small, oval, pink, vibrating machine was taped to her nipples, and she clutched her knockers with a big smile when she felt it, her knees buckling slightly.

The doctor watched her as she reached orgasm, and let go of the button. The tall brunette thanked him by hiking her skirt and spanking herself for his enjoyment, posing lewdly for a few seconds, before starting

to awaken the middle aged man who blew his creamy load into her, mere moments earlier.

“Okay, let's wrap this up.” The good doctor approached the blonde coed again, ran his fingers on the smooth skin of her cheek, and gave her gravity defying titties a final fondle.

“You will not remember any of what happened in here, except that you are grateful for the treatment. You will keep my cum in your mouth for an hour, and only then swallow. You will feel a relief in your throat for a couple of days, but then it will strengthen again. You will return here next week, same time, same day. Understood?”

The pretty, white-eyed coed nodded slowly.

“Good girl. When I snap my fingers, you will wake up.” He ran his hand up her leg, felt her up a little longer, and snapped.

The charming chickadee jerked her head lightly, and blinked her eyes back to proper focus and awareness. She gave the good doctor a pleasant smile. She wanted to thank him, but she couldn't talk because of the sticky medical cream in her mouth.

“You should already be feeling some relief.” He said and scribbled some meaningless dribble on a chart. The sexy coed nodded eagerly, happily noticing that the pain in her throat subsided significantly.

“I hope you won't have to, but with your severe condition, I think you'll need to come here a few more times, at least.” He added, and she shrugged her shoulders in a resigned manner.

She got up and walked to the door, trying to mumble a “thank you” without opening her mouth. He smiled at her, and stared at her shapely, petite behind as she unlocked the door, and marched outside.

“Yeah, not having enough cock in your mouth is quite a serious condition for a hot college teen. She's so lucky to have a physician as devoted as me. And damn her pussy's tight, just the way it was when I deflowered her.” He chuckled wickedly, already feeling ready for his next appointment.

By the time she got out to the waiting room, her father was already back there, his fun time with the skinny, four-eyed receptionist completely forgotten from his mind. He stood on his feet when he saw his daughter.

“How did it go, honey?” He asked. She responded by pointing to her mouth, and then shaking her finger and her head from side to side.

“Oh, can't talk? Well, I hope that drug he's giving you works this time. Are you feeling better?”

“Mm hmm!” She smiled and nodded enthusiastically.

“Great.” He said with a broad smile “Let's go then. You know what? I'll buy some ice-cream for you to eat after you swallow that medicine.”

“Mm! (Dad!)” She stomped her foot on the ground “Uhm an am-hmm! Nm mm Khmm! (I'm an adult! Not a kid!)”

“What?” He asked dumbly as the two left the clinic.

Doctor Powell's first appointment lasted two minutes shy of the allotted fifteen, but the doctor took another five to rest up and get himself ready for his next patient.

“Maybe you should just knock on the door and see if he's waiting for you.” The stressed up businesswoman told the pregnant chick and her husband.

“I think I'll wait for the doctor to call me, miss.” The pregnant lady said curtly, making it clear she didn't like the other woman's tone.

The young, soon-to-be MILF just had her twenty second birthday a month earlier. She had brown eyes, and long, flowing dark hair. Her breasts were massive double D's, grown from a large C-cup due to her pregnancy. Needless to say, her belly was showing, but it was clear she had an athletic, skinny physique, before she got knocked up. Her lipstick was bright pink, which fit well on her full, luscious lips.

The door to the doctor's office opened, and the agitated businesswoman let out an audible sigh of relief. The doctor smiled warmly, and invited his next patient into his office.

“Are you sure you don't want me to come in with you?” Her devoted husband stood up and asked.

“Oh, she'll be fine, lad.” The good doctor assured him “I only bite pregnant men!” He jested awkwardly.

“*Giggle* It's okay, honey. It's just a regular checkup.” She raised her heavy body up and walked over to the door. For some reason, her pupils shook in her eyes with every step, and she felt a little queasy as she came closer and closer to the examination room.

“Heh, yeah, I wouldn't want to get dragged to the storage room like that old man.” The young man sat back down and tried to make small talk with the other woman waiting there.

“I wonder what she did to him.” He whispered so the receptionist wouldn't hear.

“Oh, cork it. I hope your wife gets done quickly.” She snapped at him, and he rolled his eyes and picked a random magazine from the pile. A flight magazine, because apparently patients couldn't wait to hear about the highlights of the recent airshow.

“What a bitch...” He muttered under his breath.

The doctor locked the door behind him, and sighed.

“So, how are we today?” He asked.

“I feel a little weird right now, actually.” She turned around and told him with a frown “Oh, and my breasts are getting very sore lately.”

“You are pregnant, after all. It's natural. If it gets too painful to handle there are some things you can do, but as long as it's just a bit sore.”

She nodded, and seemed a little disoriented.

“Now tell me, what do you mean 'feeling weird'?” He asked with a knowing grin.

“Like...” She hesitated “Like I should be doing something.” She turned around to stare at the doctor's chair, and furrowed her brow.

“Really? Well, let's see.” The doctor crept behind her, and covered her eyes with one hand.

“Uh, doctor?” She said, startled “Shouldn't I sit...on the...bed...?”

“Tsk, tsk, tsk. No need for that.” He casually placed his other hand on her shapely behind, a shameless act that she ignored completely, her eyes already losing focus and closing.

“You just need to relax, and fall into your usual hypnotic trance.”

“Usual hypnotic trance?” She asked, and suddenly smiled, her eyes glazing over “Yes, doctor. As you wish.” She said giddily, a content smile plastered on her face.

The doctor spanked her curvacious ass, and walked over to sit on his chair. His pregnant patient's eyes were glinting with servile joy. Her breathing was slow and serene, and her smile sincere and happy.

“Shall I begin doing my duty, doctor?” She asked with eagerness and gusto.

“That would be great, silly slut. Let's begin with those sore titties of yours.” He said, letting his cock spring out of his pants, already fully erect and revived, ready for more fun.

The black haired, knocked-up chick slid the straps of her shirt from her shoulders, and exposed her gigantic mammaries. She also took her pants and panties down to her ankles, just in case the good doctor had a hankering for fucking her pussy. She was a good, co-operative patient, after all.

And as the good patient she always strove to be, the young woman fell heavily to her knees, and began the short, slow crawl towards him, ignoring her aching back and sore, jostling hooters. When she finally reached him, the obedient woman immediately lowered her head further, and cupped the doctor's balls in her bright pink lips.

“Mm-phua! Thank you so much for allowing me to do this, doctor.” She looked up at him with her big, dark-brown eyes, and traced her tongue up along his shaft, kissing his tip passionately like a lover.

She continued wetting his rod with long, meaningful licks, from balls to tip, occasionally jerking his tip while tenderly kissing the side of his manhood. She made obscenely lewd kissing sounds that filled the room with an almost romantic ambiance. The young woman worshiped the doctor's cock with devotion she never showed her husband, and never will, unless the doctor commanded it.

The doctor groaned in delight and arched his head back. Her lips were tightly wrapped around his tip, and her tongue twirled violently. She felt a nudge on the back of her head, gently pushing her down. She took the hint, and dove down deep, gagging on the doctor's cock with a gentle, feminine moan.

“Oh, so good!” He moaned, and moved her head up and down a few times, an act she accommodated perfectly, allowing him to use her like his own personal fuck puppet.

Smiling wickedly, the doctor pushed her head down with all his might, making her choke and gag before letting her go back up again, and gasp for air. She smiled sheepishly at him, and once she caught her breath, she gently grasped his cock, and gave the tip a moist peck.

“Is your manhood sufficiently lubricated, doctor? Should I move on? Or are you not done with my mouth?” She asked, eager to please.

“Move on, my lovely little toy.” He said, caressing her cheek with the back of his index finger “But that doesn't mean I'm done with your mouth.”

“Of course, doctor. Silly me.” She squeezed her big jugs with both hands, and held them up for him, serving him the next item of sexual pleasure. An item she was more than glad to offer.

She tightly wrapped his hard-on with her voluptuous boobs. With a sexy whimper, she began moving her soft, bouncy tits back and forth, moving her heavy, pregnant upper body up and down at an increasing pace.

The doctor looked down at the devoted young woman. She gazed up at him as if he was a god.

“Feels like two silky smooth, soft cotton bags wrapping my cock.” He said, pinching her nipples and turning them like knobs.

“I’m glad you like it, doctor. My big pregnancy tits are for your pleasure.” She smiled up at him. Her lips twitched slightly as she felt the sting of his pinching on her sore titty-tips.

“So how’s the baby, anyway?” The doctor asked “What did the OB-GYN say?”

“Everything is perfectly normal, doctor.” Said the pair of pleasing tits “She said everything seems to be advancing normally. Thank you for asking, doctor.”

She thanked him courteously, as if she was sitting and drinking coffee with him, rather than kneeling before him and giving him a submissive titfuck.

“No need to thank me, slut. It *is* my baby, after all.” He said, placing a full palm on one of her big boobs, and squeezing it like a stress ball.

“Does your husband suspect anything?” He inquired curiously.

“Not at all, doctor.” She said, tightening her squishy hold of his throbbing member “My husband has no idea it was you who planted this baby in my tight cunt, doctor. You can fuck me whenever you wish.”

“I know that, cum-doll. Hmm, I know that all too well.” He said and patted her head compassionately, making the brain-addled pregnant lady beam with joy

The doctor decided to be a bit more hands on, and so he pushed her hands aside, and grabbed both her tits. He gripped them so forcefully, that his pinky was nearly invisible within the mass of cushiony flesh.

“Drop your arms.” He told her.

“Hnn. As you wish, doctor.” She complied with another moist whimper, and let her arms dangle limply.

The doctor didn’t start moving his own crotch up and down (that would require a level of physical exertion he didn’t feel like putting in). Instead, he bounced her jugs up and down like two overblown volleyballs.

She was still doing most of the work, holding her body up and doing her best to adhere to the pace he dictated.

The devoted pair of tits tried her best to make him think it was him doing most of the moving, even though he would probably get muscle cramps after a minute, if he were to really try and move her heavy body like that, using his hands alone. Fortunately for her, she was fit enough to be the perfect, big breasted sex toy for him – She was so happy to please him sexually, and make him feel stronger and more virile at the same time.

As smart as the good doctor was, the lust and arousal dimmed his senses. He didn't notice at all that most of his force went to squeezing her tits hard, and that his slave was still the one in charge of the vertical motions.

“Are your fun-bags still sore?” He asked wickedly.

“Yes, doctor. Your pair of fuck-toy boobies are very sore.” She said, her arms still dangling at her sides, not making a single move to make him loosen the fierce hold, which served to enhance the burning pain she felt.

“Really? Because I find this exercise extremely pleasurable.” The doctor said egoistically.

“That's all that matters, doctor.” She said meekly “I am so happy I can donate my body to medicine while still being alive. I'm glad my body can be of use to you, doctor.”

She inadvertently reminded the good doctor of the method he used to take charge of her body and mind. It was one of his regular M.O's, and his all-time favorite to be frank.

“You do realize I'm using your body solely for selfish sexual pleasure, yes?” He asked devilishly.

“I do, doctor.” She nodded agreeably “Once donated, my body became one of your belongings, doctor. No one can stop you from using your property, in any way you see fit, especially not a nearly useless object, like myself.”

“A sex object, you mean.” He corrected her, still squeezing her tits around his hard dick.

“I will serve any function you wish me to, doctor. My body is yours, to do with as you please.” Said the young woman he impregnated.

“That's a good girl. I'm going to use your body for a long, long time.” He informed her.

“Your words give my life meaning, doctor.” She leaned her head down to kiss his tip, before it was submerged between her tits once more.

The doctor spent a couple of minutes pumping between her tits with his eyes closed. Suddenly, he felt weird moistness on his junk. At first he thought she was drooling on it, to give it some extra lubrication, but he soon realized the liquid felt too thin, and watery.

“Would you look at that.” He opened his eyes and looked down “My pregnant slut is lactating. How sweet.”

White liquid flowed from her nipples, glazing her round jugs with thin strands of milk.

“You know, cunt, women lactate when they feel an emotional affection of a maternal magnitude. It's interesting this activity made your body react like that. Although maybe it's the fact I was squeezing your tits so hard.” He contemplated.

“I love serving your cock, doctor.” She cooed, lashing her tongue to lick whatever parts of his cock she could.

“I would always treat your cock with more affection than anyone else, doctor. I promise!” She swore solemnly.

“That's so lovely of you, cum-doll.” He let go of her tits and used his thumbs to press her nipples in.

Ignoring the new source of discomfort, the obedient, owned young woman brought her own hands to squeeze her jugs around his cock as tightly as she could, and kept the titfucking going for the doctor's pleasure, her motions making her squirt her mother's milk like a fountain.

“Ohh, I'm gonna cum! Keep doing that!” He groaned.

“Yes doctor!” She smiled and sensed a new surge of energy building within her, feeling her slutty efforts coming to fruition.

A moment later, the good doctor began shooting a nearly constant stream of thick, sticky sperm. He grunted and moaned with every heavy spurt, unleashing the full brunt of his arousal on her neck and tits, squirting her alabaster skin like a water gun. His cum drizzled down and gathered between her tightly held jugs, which she proudly held before him.

“Hah!” He sighed and slumped in his chair “That was amazing, as always.”

“Thank you doctor.” She bowed her head respectfully, and extended her tongue down to lick the sticky white puddle that gathered in her

cleavage.

“My crotch could use some cleaning.” He mentioned offhandedly, noting the milk residue smeared where her boobs bounced.

“Right away, doctor.” Without letting go of her tits, she leaned forward to lick his crotch clean, before diligently licking her breasts clean, and wiping both areas with wet wipes the doctor provided. He lounged in his chair, yawning as he watched her toil away in her nearly nude state. Her big milk-jugs swayed from side to side as she wiped the floor on her hands and knees, and her bubbly ass shook and wiggled.

With her pants and panties still wrapped around her ankles, her pussy was fully exposed between her bare ass cheeks, and as he watched her bend over to lick a speck of cum with her tongue, her big belly touching the floor, the doctor couldn't help but sport a revitalized erection.

“Stay where you are, cunt.” He ordered, and got to his knees behind her.

“Yes doctor.” She kept wiping the floor with her hands, but her knees stayed rooted in place.

He teased her pussy for a second, and penetrated her with a low grunt “Hrrm!”.

Bouncing her big ass on his crotch for a minute or so, was all the doctor needed to cum. He pressed his crotch to her meaty buttocks, arched his neck up, and deposited his load deep in her pussy.

“Get back to cleaning.” He pulled out and told her with a prodding spank, wiping his flaccid cock on her curvacious behind.

“Yes doctor.” She nodded and complied. The doctor returned to his seat casually, and watched as his creamy load oozed from her fuck-hole. It put a nostalgic smile on his face, reminding him of the time he knocked her up.

Once she was done cleaning, he told her to get up and get dressed, and before long there was no trace of the servile debauchery she participated in, on her graceful, if somewhat heavy form.

“When I spank your hot piece of ass, you'll wake up from your trance and return to the pretense of your normal life.”

“Yes doctor.” She nodded.

He smacked her ass so hard, that she was still rubbing her sore behind in the waiting room.

“So what did he say?” The young man asked.

“Not much. Everything seems normal.” She replied, and the two left.

“Wait till you see the parking spot I snatched.” The young man bragged to his pregnant wife as the door closed behind them.

The agitated businesswoman was the only one left in the waiting room, and she looked positively pissed.

“For fuck's sake! It's already 8:35! I should have been out of here by now!” She muttered angrily.

The doctor made her wait for ten more minutes, and she was not having it. She stood up and rushed to his door.

“Ma'am, you must wait for the doctor to...” The receptionist tried calling out to her.

“Oh, bite me!” The angry woman snapped at her with piercing eyes. She charged into the doctor's office, fuming.

“Is this what you're doing while people are waiting for you outside?! Reading the paper?!” She screamed and slammed the door behind her.

“It's almost nine already! I'm half an hour late because of you! What kind of business do you think you're running here? Do doctors think appointments are nothing but helpful suggestions?! Is it because you went to med school?! You think you're above everyone?! Gosh!!” She spat venom in his direction, her eyes flaring.

“And what are you smiling at?!” The doctor's calmness pissed her off even more.

He chuckled, folded his newspaper, and stood up.

“Miss, if you don't like it, you are welcome to leave. However, I do believe you are here for a good reason. Otherwise, why even come to see me?”

“So that's it?” She asked angrily, while he walked over to make sure the door was shut “People are depending on you, so you can do what you want? No wonder there always seems to be just a handful of other patients in your waiting room.” She tried to insult him, but he clearly did not mind.

He locked the door and took the key out of it, placing it on his desk.

“Well, I'll be brief, then.” She said “And next time I'll go to another doctor.”

“I'm having some discomfort in my *ahem* private areas.” She said, fighting her embarrassment “So I guess I'll need a gynecologist referral. So why don't you just check whatever you need to check, and get on with it.”

She walked over to the bed, acting haughtily.

“As you wish, little slut.” He said with a mocking tone.

***SLAP ***

A forceful spank landed on her behind, making her jump and gasp.

“Let's see the little bitch change her tune.” The doctor mumbled under his breath, smiling devilishly.

“Holy sh--What the fuck do you think you're doing?!” She turned around furiously.

“How dare you?!” She roared.

“Oh, fuck.”, The doctor said with shocked wide eyes, “That was wrong.”

“You damn right it was wrong! I'm going to sue you for everything you've got! And then I'll make sure you're put in jail and have your license revoked, and then I'll...*Gasp* What the fuck are you doing?!”

She made another shocked shrill, as the doctor shamelessly and maliciously squeezed her tits through her blouse.

“Who do you think...you...are...” She raised her arm to slap him, but suddenly a weird calm took over her. Her eyes glazed over, looking empty and blank. She blinked a few times, breathing slowly, and looked down at her body, confused.

“Oh.” She absentmindedly moved the same arm she intended to slap him with, down to her skirt. She unzipped the side, and let her skirt fall to the floor and reveal the sexy (and quite transparent) black pantyhose she was wearing.

She kicked her skirt away, still looking somewhat dazed. She felt confused, until her entranced gaze lay on the man before her. His smile broadened, as he tightened his grip of her breasts, before letting go.

“I think we both know who I am, bitch, and what you are.” He said confidently.

“Y-Yes doctor! I-I'm so sorry!”

In a flash, the young woman dropped to her hands and knees before him, leaned her head down, and began to kiss his shoes like a groveling, pathetic slave.

“Mphua! I'm so sorry! Mm! Mph! Phua! For being so rude, doctor!” She begged like a peasant before a powerful monarch, lavishing his feet with loud kisses, licks, and pecks.

“You may rise to your knees, trash.” He said, and let his already hardened cock out of his pants.

“Ohh thank you, doctor.” She kissed his shoe one last time “Thank you! This bitchy cunt is not worthy of your kindness!”

The respectable businesswoman rose to her knees and looked up at the man before her. Her eyes conveyed adoration, and endless reverence. He offhandedly lay his hard member to rest on her flushed face.

“That's it, cunt. Your face is just a stupid, pretty pedestal for me to rest my cock on.” The doctor looked down at her with superiority and arrogance.

He crossed his arms and looked down at her, letting his cock lay on her face as if that was how it was always meant to be. She was quiet, and patient - A furniture for the comfort of the doctor's erect member.

“Hmph, I always said I should write these things down.” He chuckled “I spank a bitch instead of squeezing her tits, and I may get a headache that will last longer than any grudge fuck.”

“Yes, doctor.” The face supporting the heavenly weight of his cock said dumbly “Write it down, doctor.”

“Heh, I'm glad you agree, trash.”

“Thank you so much for putting your cock on such a rude piece of bitchy trash, doctor.” She said slowly and sexily, her plum-colored lips tickling his underside. The fire burning within her completely doused and subdued.

The doctor took her by the hair, and flicked his tip on her lips. She responded by parting her lips, opening her mouth wide.

“That's right, you bitch!” He started fucking her face “Bitches like you should be quiet and suck cock!”

“Yeth 'octor!” She tried saying through the fierce throat pounding, looking up at him with her bright, green eyes.

“I said don't talk bitch!” He said and rammed harder into her. She slurped and choked on his cock, drooling thick blobs of saliva down to the floor. By the time the doctor had enough with fucking her face, her chin and neck were drenched with the bubbling stickiness of her own drooling, well-banged lips.

He smirked and gave her a reprieve, laying his lubricated length across her face once more.

“Now,” He looked straight down on the happy face under his cock “let's discuss what your problem really is. You remember now, don't you?”

“Oh, yes doctor! It was so silly of me to forget.” She said, her lips tickling his underside again.

“I see your everyday self is still a hard-ass bitch who's got her panties in a bunch, and thinks she can boss people around.”

“Yes doctor. I'm so sorry for her behavior, doctor.”

“That's okay.” He smiled down at her “That's precisely why you started my special bitch humiliation therapy.”

“Yes, doctor.” She agreed “I need to be degraded and treated as the trash I am. That's the only cure for my bitchiness.”

He slapped her across the face with his dick, making her eye close shut.

“Get up.” He told her “And show me how well you've trained your fuck holes.”

“Whatever you command, doctor.” The obedient young woman stood up, bent over the bed, and tore a big hole in her brand new pantyhose.

Firmly lodged in her pussy was a medium sized pink dildo, and in her ass was a rigid chain of purple anal beads.

“It's no wonder these made you feel so uncomfortable, seeing as you're such a fucking tight-ass.” The doctor mocked, and spanked her willing behind.

“Ah! Yes doctor! My holes still require training!”

He smirked, and yanked the dildo from her soaking pussy with one quick stroke, tossing it to the floor.

“Ohh.” She whimpered.

Without warning, the doctor rammed his shaft into her pussy, and started pumping. He played with the beads lodged in her ass, slowly pulling them out, inch by inch.

“Ohh, yes doctor! Ahh~n! Fuck this cunt, teach me a lesson!” Cried the prim and proper businesswoman, as she spread her ass cheeks wide for him.

“I'm just a fuck machine, doctor!” She screamed as his crotch repeatedly hit her bubbly behind “Fuck this worthless bitch that you own!”

He plopped the final bead from her tight ass, and gave her a barrage of disrespecting spansks.

“Ahh! Ahn! Yes doctor! Tenderize my uptight ass till I learn my place! Thank you so much for treating me like the piece of trash I was always meant to be!”

“Well, well.” He pulled out of her, to her horny moan of disappointment “Now, what should I do with this tight ass?” He asked, and spanked her hard, making her buttocks jiggle.

“Fuck it, doctor. Please...” Her pleading, begging answer came immediately “I’m so lucky to have such a smart man treat my bitchy stubbornness. Please fuck my bitchy, bad, control-freak ways away. I need to become the submissive bitch I was born to be!”

Salty beads of tears rolled from her eyes as she emotionally proclaimed her most deepest wishes to the good doctor. He smiled, proud at the amazing progress the former serious, stern, and powerful woman has made, and with a grin on his face, he began sticking his tip in her gaping asshole.

“You are becoming quite the successful hypno-whore, aren’t you?” He leaned down and whispered in her ear.

“Y-Yes, doctor.” She hissed back lewdly “I’m your obedient little hypno-whore. I’ll bend over for you whenever you wish, doctor.”

“Yes you will. And what happens when I squeeze your breasts?” He shoved his cock deep into her ass with one quick motion, and spanked her again. Her butt cheeks already had an alluring, rosy shade of pink to them.

“Ahh! Oh my god! I-I become your trashy bitch that lives to be humiliated in every way you can conceive, doctor!”

“Hrrm! That’s right!” He growled “Make sure you remember that, because I clearly can’t keep track of all my fuck-sluts and their triggers! Hah!” He laughed at himself.

As doctor Powell diligently tenderized her bitchy ass, making her properly docile and subservient, he just happened to glance at the clock.

“Fuck! It’s already ten past nine!” He said with disappointment, and pulled out of her.

“What’s wrong doctor? Did this worthless slave displease you?” She moped.

“No, your ass was fine.” He reassured her “I have to fill my latent paperwork. I promised myself I’ll start today at nine a.m. sharp, after fucking my morning pussies. I always postpone it, so I have hours of backlog to fill.”

He held his erection in hand, remorseful about the postponed pleasure, and sighed.

“I've got to do it now, thought. Can't postpone it any longer, or people might get suspicious.” He determined.

“On your hands and knees, bitch. It's time for your office chair humiliation. You remember that one, yes?”

“Yes doc--”

“No, no. Chairs don't talk.” He reminded her. She nodded wordlessly, and silently crawled on the floor till she reached the front of his work desk.

The formerly confident businesswoman straightened her back horizontally, slightly arching it down so it would be more comfortable for her master to sit on. Her tits were exposed thanks to the rough handling she received while being fucked up the ass, and her fuck-holes lay bare thanks to her torn pantyhose.

The doctor poured himself some coffee, and parked himself squarely on her back, wiggling back and forth a bit till he felt comfortable. The young woman took the abuse with meek joy – It was all a part of her extremely important “bitch humiliation therapy”, after all.

The doctor began filling out his paperwork, a backlog of a few weeks.

“Fuck. There's no way I'll be able to concentrate like this.” He realized, tugging on his hard-on.

He found his little receptionist buzzer, and clicked it a few times, until he heard a very audible, horny squeal coming from the waiting room. The lock turned, and the door opened seconds later. Into the room walked the tall, bespectacled receptionist, with a broad smile on her face. She was the only person the doctor trusted with his spare key.

“You called, doctor?” She asked with a mischievous smile, exposing her gravity defying tits for him immediately.

“How was your day, fun-bags?” He took a sip of his coffee and asked.

“It was amazing, doctor.” She cooed and walked towards him, gyrating her hips like a limber sex kitten.

“Oh, and look at the cute little chair.” She mocked the haughty businesswoman.

Crouching down before her face, the kinky receptionist grabbed the human chair by the chin, and brushed her cheek with her tongue.

“Not such a bitch anymore, are we?” The receptionist continued mocking, hiked her skirt up, slid her panties aside, opened her pussy with two fingers, and thrust her hips forward, towards the smiling businesswoman's spaced out face.

The short haired blonde responded accordingly. She stretched her head forward like a tamed toy, and started eating the receptionist's pussy out, her bright green eyes moist and unfocused.

“Ohh!” The receptionist squealed “Such a naughty, dirty chair! I'll have to clean you up later.”

“Don't interfere with the patient while she's being, heh, treated.” The doctor said, almost with a straight face.

The receptionist curled her lip and looked down like a scolded brat. She backed away a step, circled around, and hugged the doctor from behind, pushing her soft knockers on his back.

“Did you see how I rode that old man before?” She asked, seeking approval.

“I did. You got really good at handling my loose ends. I'm glad I taught you some of my hypnosis tricks.”

“Me too.” She agreed, and kissed his neck.

“But of course, when two like minded people like us meet.” She ruffled his hair, and got closer to whisper in his ear “An exchange of some pervy tricks is always great.”

The doctor chuckled along with her, but then sighed.

“I have so much damn paperwork to fill here...” He complained.

“Good luck with that! I think I'll go find some lovely ladies to satisfy my lewd bi-curious nature!” She licked her lips lasciviously “There aren't any appointments till the afternoon, anyway.”

She turned to go, but the doctor took a firm hold of her hand.

“Ooh! getting frisky, are we doctor? Wanna have some fun?” She pounced on him and straddled his raw hard-on, making the businesswoman whimper and tremble under the extra weight.

“I do, but I'm afraid I have to finish this paperwork. I just need you to slowly blow me while I work. You know, just to keep my cock warm and occupied.”

“Meh, that sounds boring. I'm your employee, and in many ways, your partner, not one of your 'patients'” She informed him with a coy,

cheeky smile.

“Have fun dreaming about it, though.” She winked and moved to stand up, but he stopped her, enveloping her face with an open palm.

That action alone was enough to make her stop in her tracks. Her pupils shook in her eyes and her body felt petrified. She seemed a little confused, but the doctor knew how to fix that.

“Obey me, you spoiled bratty cunt.” He said with a deep, commanding voice. Her eyes immediately glazed over. Her body became relaxed and somewhat limp, and a meek smile formed on her face. Her wicked playfulness vanished, and gave way to pure docile submission.

“Yes, my master.” She said with a small nod “I will obey whatever you say.”

The doctor gave her pert behind a squeeze, her fun-bags a hearty fondle, and nudged her off of him, to the relieved sigh of the woman serving as his chair.

“Get under the desk, my lovely slave.” He said, pushing her head down where it belonged.

“And make sure to suck me nice and slow. I want to have constant pleasure while I work on this excruciatingly boring paperwork.” He added.

“Anything you say, master. I live to be your sex doll.” The young receptionist took her glasses off and placed them on the floor. She puckered her soft lips and kissed her master's bulging erection. She felt comfy and content in her proper place beneath his desk.

She pursed her lips around his trunk, and started bobbing her head back and forth, slowly and steadily. She gently patted his underside with her tongue, and with each slow heave, she dove down till her lips tickled his balls. She remained down till she gagged, and then rose back up at the same slow and measured pace. Her eyes were blank, staring into nothingness, and her face lacked any and all expression.

The doctor looked down at her with a smile.

“Hmph.” He smirked “My partner? Don't make me laugh. I still cherish the memory of meeting you: A med-school first year student, in a class I was forced to teach. You acted so strong, so defensive of women's rights and equality. You were so prissy and prim and proper and prudish! Heck, you made this conceited bitch I'm sitting on look like a brainless, slutty bimbo.”

He made a low moan and a drop of pre-cum escaped the tip of his cock, and mixed with her saliva.

“It took me two hours to turn you into my bisexual slave, and another week to make you think it was your idea to drop out and come work for me, as my sexy receptionist and willing accomplice. I still prefer you as my submissively enthralled slave, though.”

The hot brunette moved her head back and mashed her lips on his tip.

“I am happy to be your slave, master.” She said, her voice a bit muffled “Thank you for making a good and proper woman out of me.”

“Hehe, you're welcome, fuck-slave.” He chuckled and pushed her head down “Hmm, I sometimes wonder why I created that other personality of yours. Ahh, that feels fucking great.”

“I'm happy to please, master.” She said and dove back down.

“That's nice. Shut up now, I've got some work to do.”

“Yes master.”

The doctor stretched his fingers, picked up his pen, and continued writing.

“Oh, fantastic. Out of ink. Maybe the universe doesn't want me to do my paperwork.”

He looked around for his trash bin, but realized it was out of sight, behind his desk's side.

“Well I'm not going to get up just to toss this fucking pen in the bin.” He said, too busy sitting and enjoying his blowjob..

“I'll do this instead, heh.” He chuckled playfully, spanked the platinum blonde businesswoman, and stuck the pen in her ass.

“Ngh...” She whimpered, and was rewarded with another powerful spank.

“Problem?” The doctor asked, and got no response. The formerly arrogant businesswoman stared ahead with a timid smile on her face. Furniture don't talk, she reminded herself, and passed the doctor's test with flying colors.

“Good girl.” He rewarded her with a third smack on her butt, and her pussy tingled with excitement.

He had many spare pens on the desk. So many, in fact, that he decided to have some fun with his eager-to-be-humiliated patient. Before the hour was up, the doctor found that he can fit about three pens in her ass, and

placed his stapler in her pussy, with a couple of other pens. She was so happy he found so many uses for the holes in her body.

Him ejaculating into his receptionist's welcoming mouth was another thing that happened before the hour was up.

“Keep my dick in your mouth and keep sucking if I get hard again.” He told her after finishing his climax.

“ *Gulp* Yeth mashter.” The docile receptionist swallowed and said, keeping his cock warm and cozy between her lips, next to her servile tongue.

It took the doctor over four hours to finish his entire backlog of paperwork. Seeing he was done, he stretched his arms up and smiled triumphantly, and as he lowered his hand he showered another halo of spanks, smacks, and slaps on the well beaten behind of his willing patient.

He fed his obedient receptionist with three more creamy meals during those hours, filling her stomach up with nutrients that were important for a sex slave like her. The thrill of finishing what he set out to do rejuvenated his erection, and he stood up to give himself a just reward.

“Go get me something to drink, bratty cunt.” He told his receptionist, who looked up at him with puppy eyes from under the desk, a single strand of white drizzling from her gluttonous lips.

“Yes master, right away.” She said and crawled away, seeing no reason to stand up until she reached the door.

The doctor circled around his previously angry, impatient patient, still on her hands and knees with a wide smile plastered on her pretty face. Her tits dangled from her opened blouse, her pantyhose was torn, and her bubbly ass cheeks were red and shiny. Her back was arched downwards, but still firm and strong, ready to accept the weight of the good doctor again, whenever he pleased.

And best of all, she was as quiet as a mouse.

“You know, I think I like you like this.” He said, and reached down to yank the three pens out of her ass.

“Here, open your mouth a bit.” Wanting to use her ass for something else, he used her mouth as his pen holder instead. She still smiled, the pens held between her teeth like a dog's bone.

He went to one knee, took his cock in his hand, and guided it into her gaping asshole.

“Hrrm yeah! That's nice.” He groaned and penetrated her. Before long, he was pumping in and out of her, moving her entire body back and forth with his perpetual motion.

Her head swung back and forth as well, but she did her best to remain quiet, as any good furniture in her position would. It's not like she was unused to having the good doctor anally bang her, and even though her ass was already numb from all the spanking, the devoted office bench maintained her posture and remained in her place, while the doctor had his fun.

The smile never left her face as the doctor grunted and moaned behind her, spitting on the place where his rod penetrated her, to further lubricate her anal fuck-hole.

“Your treatment is going quite well, bitch, your ass is much more fuckable and less tight than when we started.” He said, not really expecting a response from the feminine furniture he was anally boning.

“Ohh yeah, that's what I like. Quiet, accommodating, obedient – No awkward questions, no complaints. You're not trying to compete with anyone, and you don't think you're better than anyone.”

He kept ramming into her, slow and deep.

“You don't *want* to be better than anyone. You are content with being of use to me, and adhere to my masculine authority, and you love it, don't you?”

The doctor began increasing the pace, his own speech arousing him, and making his cock throb in her ass.

“Answer me, cunt!” He spanked her “You love it, don't you?”

“Ahhhn! Yes doctor.” She obeyed, the pens dropping from her mouth and falling down to the floor

“I love it very much! Nyaaa!” She moaned, a cute smile on her blushing mug.

“That's a good girl! Oh I'm gonna cum! Oh fuck!”

He pumped his load deep into her, gluing his crotch to her sore behind with a loud smack.

Her tongue dangled from her mouth, and her eyes crossed, as she felt his load fill her ass up.

“Hah...Hah...” He panted, wiped his brow with his forearm, and got back on his feet.

After spending a few moments watching the cum draining out of her well fucked behind, and down to her pussy lips, the doctor decided it was time to end her rather long appointment. Plus, he realized a bit too late that his stapler was being soiled with cum as well, along with her cunt lips.

“Okay, stand up. I'm done with you.” He said dismissively.

“Yes doctor.” She stood on her feet obediently, and the stapler and pens still lodged in her pussy fell to the ground.

“Look at this mess.” He complained “Pick it all up, and lick your cum from the stapler, and the floor.”

“Yes doctor. Sorry, doctor.” She nodded.

She bent over a few times, once for each pen, actually, as the doctor specifically requested. She kept her legs straight, and thanked the doctor for each and every spank he awarded her bent over behind.

“Okay, good.” He said once she was all done “Now find your beads and your dildo, re-plug your holes, and put your skirt back on.”

“Right away, doctor.” She nodded, and went to work.

She was quite utilitarian in her actions, finding the sex toys thrown on the floor and sticking them in her pussy and asshole. She lodged them in her holes as casually as she would put away a bottle of milk. She zipped her long skirt back on, and stood before the doctor with blank eyes, awaiting his will.

“Good girl. Now, come over here.” He pulled her to the door, got behind her, and nailed her ass to it, dry humping her.

“Hmm, feels good even though I just came.” He said, pushing his crotch onto her.

He placed his hand over her eyes, and squeezed her tits hard, putting her in an open, suggestible trance.

“When you leave this room, you will forget all that had happened here. You'll only remember that you received an important treatment for your condition, for which you are eternally grateful. You'll remember that you accidentally tore your pantyhose. You will still feel the dildo and the anal beads, and they will make you horny and bothered, but none of your other senses will be able to perceive their existence. All clear?”

“I understand, doctor.”

“Excellent.” He gave her one final spank, and sent her on her way.

“Thank you for treating me like trash, doctor.” She said and opened the door, sighing to herself before stepping outside.

The blonde businesswoman got out of the room and almost immediately the big, slutty smile was gone from her face, replaced by her usual, overly serious mug. She rubbed her behind with a frown, wondering why it felt so sore and sticky between her buns, but her mind quickly gathered that it must be the result of the treatment she had just received.

The receptionist only now walked across the waiting room, holding a cup filled with some alcoholic beverage for her boss. She was still in her tamed and thoroughly entranced state.

“What's in the cup?” The blonde asked her as they passed next to one another. She stopped her zombie-like stride forward, and answered without even turning her head.

“The doctor's favorite whiskey. I had to go downstairs to find it, and put two ice cubes in it, just the way he likes.” Her voice was soft, flat, and monotonously paced.

“Are you all right?” The stern blonde asked the receptionist “You look...Different.” She said with a frown.

“I do?” The receptionist asked mindlessly, her gaze fixed on the door to her master's office.

“Yeah. Didn't you wear glasses before?” The patient raised a wondering eyebrow.

“Yes.” The receptionist answered “I dropped my glasses under the doctor's desk.” she said in a casual, if somewhat drone-like tone.

“Okaa~y.” The blonde said, rolling her eyes.

“Holy shit, is that the time?” Her eyes fell on a clock that was hung on the wall “I can't believe the stupid treatment took four and a half hours!” She shook her head “My boss is going to kill me!”

“Just give him a blowjob.” The receptionist said in her emotionless monotone.

“Eww! No way!” The young businesswoman said, making a disgusted facial expression.

“My mouth tastes funny.” She suddenly noticed, smacking her lips together.

“It's probably the medicine.” The receptionist droned on.

“I guess.” The blonde accepted the receptionist's suggestion “It tastes like ass.” She frowned in disgust again.

“Well, I have to hurry on out of here. Tell the doctor I look forward to my next bitch humiliation therapy session. I will make sure the door hits my stupid ass on my way out.”

“Will do, miss. Good luck.” The receptionist said flatly and continued walking towards the door to her boss's office, with the glass of ice-cool whiskey in her hand.

“W-Wait...” The blonde scratched her head “What did I just say?”

The receptionist stopped in her tracks, and slowly turned her head to look at the blonde with her glassy, empty eyes.

“Is there a problem?” She asked in an eerily robotic way.

The businesswoman couldn't hide her startle from the somewhat creepy response of the receptionist – She acted like one of those emotionless vampires in all those old horror movies, after a character gets a little too inquisitive.

She swallowed nervously, and tried to remember what bothered her, but came up completely blank.

“N-No. I guess not. I have to get to work.” She determined, and rushed outside.

In complete silence, the receptionist turned her head back to the doctor's office, and walked towards it. Her master was waiting, and he must have been famished after such a long morning of paperwork, not to mention all the entranced hotties he fucked.

Maybe, if she's lucky, he'll let her spend some more time under his desk, before he reawakens her fake, coy, playful self. If she's really fortunate, he might even leave her in her current state for good, this time.

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