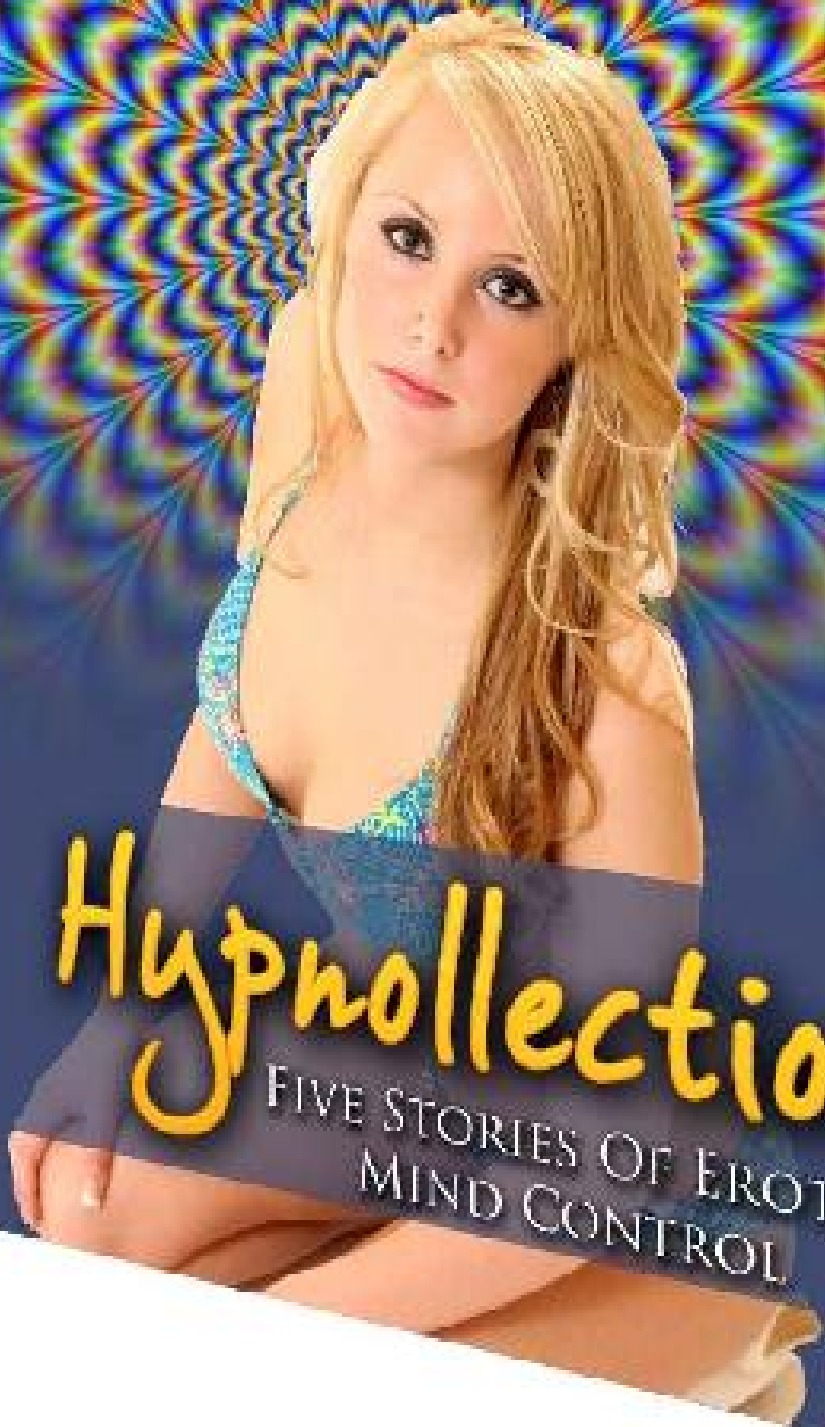


WILL B. GUNN



Hypnollection

FIVE STORIES OF EROTIC
MIND CONTROL

FILL HER UP

HAREM LIFE TELEMARKETING

CHANGING TEAMS

BLUE HOLE - SIREN'S PEARL

UNDERCOVER BOSS

Hypnollection

Hypnollection - Five Stories Of Erotic Mind Control

By Will B. Gunn

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Undercover Boss

By Will B. Gunn

As the manager of a small corporate office, Pam liked to set an example, and make sure she looked professional at all times. Accordingly, she never entered the office without making a final check of her look before arriving at work.

Even in the elevator ride up to the office, she took a moment to look at her reflection. She moved a rogue lock of golden hair back to its place, straightened her blouse and stepped into the hallway with a confident expression.

She squared her shoulders, threw open the door and entered the office with a strong stride.

The first thing she saw were Kate and Tina, whispering and chatting to one another like a couple of high school girls.

“No time to yap, ladies. Lets get to work. We are falling way behind schedule, and the higher ups from the main office are already breathing down my neck.” Pam scolded them.

“Sorry, Pam.” Kate swiftly rotated her chair, to face her own work station.

Pam allowed her employees to use her first name, feeling that a sense of familiarity would improve the working atmosphere.

“Yeah, we were just saying good morning, that's all.” Tina claimed.

“Sure. It seemed that way.” Pam said sarcastically, twisting her lips and narrowing her eyes.

She turned and walked to her office, shaking her head as she closed the door behind her, passing by Iris's desk without even nodding her way.

Iris, Pam's secretary, was busy looking through the classifieds section in the paper with a thin red marker in her hand.

Kate waited a few moments, and glanced at Pam's closed office door.

“So anyway,” The eager nineteen-year-old turned back to Tina “I overheard Pam talk to someone in the main office, and they were definitely

talking about further cut-backs.”

“Do you think she's going to fire someone?” Tina asked, wide-eyed.

“Definitely. The words 'trimming down the workforce' came up at least twice in the conversation.” Kate nodded.

Elena and Beth came in together, set their bags at their desks, and walked over to see what Tina and Kate were whispering about.

“What's up?” Beth asked. She was a tall, big breasted woman with dark, flowing hair and a big, bubbly behind. Her friend, Elena, had fake boobs, shaped to match Beth in size, bright red hair, and slim hips. They were both twenty-four years of age.

“Kate heard Pam talk about firing someone.” Tina whispered, quite loudly.

“What?!” Elena gasped.

“You've got to be kidding me!” Beth shrieked and glared at Kate with scorn.

“Hey, don't kill the messenger.” Kate jokingly lifted her arms as if Beth had a gun to her head.

“How can you be so nonchalant, Kate? That pisses me off even more.” Beth complained.

Tina leaned on her elbow and looked at Kate, “She's young and hot. She knows she's got nothing to worry about.” The ebony-skinned woman said with a shrug.

“Oh, you think Pam will keep me around because I'm pretty to look at?” The gorgeous nineteen-year-old responded, her light-blue eyes twinkling with an almost magical shimmer.

“Besides, I'm pulling my own weight, and you know it.” She added.

“You weigh barely a hundred pounds.” Beth retorted.

“You know what I mean.” Kate rolled her eyes.

Beth sighed, “yeah, I suppose I do.” She admitted, “it's frustratingly unfair, though. You having supermodel good looks *and* proper work ethics. It's just not natural!”

Kate grinned at her and turned back to her work.

“What's unfair is additional cut-backs.” Elena steered the conversation back to its original path, “I mean, the four of us are probably

the best employees this company has, nationwide!” She boasted.

“Yeah, we're constantly taking double and sometimes even triple the normal workload, just to keep up with their stupid quotas.” Tina agreed.

“We're still falling behind, though...” Kate mentioned somberly.

“Well, I think we all know who's to blame for that.” Elena said with a judgmental frown.

“For sure.”

“Mm-hmm.”

“No kidding.”

The girls all nodded in agreement, sending pointed looks towards the fancy desk at the center of the room. Upon that center-desk, there were three state-of-the-art screens, all connected to a powerful gaming system, sleek in design and fitted with the best hardware available on the market. Their own desks were small in comparison. Not to mention the fact their standard office workstations were several years out of date.

The large center desk had a chair that would be better described as a custom fit ergonomic recliner, including a massage feature. All of this paid for with the company's dime, approved by Pam herself.

“Such a luxurious workstation, and yet he calls in sick more often than he shows up.” Tina complained, dumbfounded.

“Yeah, and he never reports those, either. He just writes them up as normal workdays. I even saw him report overtime hours on a sick day, once.” Kate added.

Beth pursed her lips in disapproval.

“It's not like he does any work when he *IS* here.” Elena piled on.

“Yeah.” Tina nodded with a helpless shrug “And he's always such a distraction, that we end up working insanely late hours just to *almost* make the daily quota.”

An awkward silence fell on them, as they each tried to put a positive twist on their stressful predicament.

“Enough bitching. Time to work.” Beth said and clapped her hands together. Her and Elena walked over to their desks, on the other side of the small room, giving dirty looks to the rich center-desk as they passed by it.

“I guess we'd better get started, too.” Tina said, turning around to look at her screen.

“Yeah.” Kate said, but her eyes fell on Pam's secretary, Iris.

“I still can't believe Iris is willing to stay here after being fired.” She said, getting Tina's attention back.

“I think it's admirable.” Tina said “She's staying until Pam finds a suitable replacement. It shows great loyalty and strength of character.”

“I suppose it might.” Kate said, sounding unconvinced.

Tina's phone rang before she could get started.

“Can't talk, Honey. I just got to work.” She whispered in a hushed tone.

“Yeah, we're swamped, as always. I'll call you when I take a break. Love you!” She said and hung up.

“Fiances can be such pests, can't they?” Kate snickered.

“He makes up for it, in other ways. Wait till you meet a man who loves you unconditionally.” Tina bragged.

“Honey, all men I meet love me unconditionally.” Kate replied.

“Let's talk in a few years when you've finally outgrown your high-school mentality.” Tina face-palmed and shook her head.

“Hey, I finished high-school more than a year ago.” Kate protested.

“My point exactly. Now shush, I need to focus.” Tina said, cracking her knuckles.

About thirty minutes later, Pam emerged from her office.

“Listen up, girls. Seymour just called.” She gave an exasperated sigh “He isn't taking a sick-day today, but he will be arriving a little late, around noon. He still needs to, and I quote, 'take a long shower and eat breakfast', seeing as he 'just woke up'.”

“Oh, big surprise.” Elena jested sarcastically, and got up from her chair. The rest of them stood up as well.

Beth circled around her desk, and began to unbutton her blouse.

“Guess it's gonna be one of those days, huh?” She said.

“Looks like it.” Elena agreed, tossed her blouse on the desk, and reached back to unclasp her bra.

The stunning Kate was already topless, as well.

“How many reports have you done so far?” She asked Tina, as they both peeled their pants and panties off.

“Three.” Tina huffed “You?”

“Seven.” Kate said with a proud smile.

“I’m so jealous. And not just of your perfectly slim body and perky tits.” Tina admitted, looking at the half-naked, statuette teen.

“Goes both ways, Tina.” Kate beamed at her, “I wish I had your impressive curves and big natural boobies.”

“Yours are just large enough for a proper titfuck, Kate.” Tina reassured her.

“Less talking more stripping, ladies.” Pam insisted once she finished taking her own clothes off. She then turned, and shook her curvaceous behind to the cabinet that served for common office use.

Fully naked, the girls all followed her to the cabinet.

“Okay. High heels, tops and bottoms. You know the drill, ladies.” Pam said, Handing each of them a pair of sexy high heels, a lacy, see-through thong, and a stretchy, transparent tube-top that left their ample cleavages exposed from top and bottom.

Before putting her outfit on, Beth took two small, metallic rings and threaded them through the piercings in her nipples. Tina did the same with a stud on her clit, and Kate attached a stud to her tongue and put in her navel ring.

They wrapped their chests with the stretchy tube-tops. Beth, Elena, and Pam had such big tits, that the fabric stretched to the point of near transparency. It held their boobs nice and tight.

Kate nearly tripped and fell over, trying to put her heels on.

“Woah, watch out.” Iris caught her.

“Th-Thanks. You saved me.” Kate said, blushing. She couldn't help but look at the older woman's midriff. The words *Fired for being an old whore with saggy tits and a sloppy cunt*, were stretched along her belly, written in black permanent marker.

“Oh, don't feel bad, hun.” Iris said, kneeling down to help Kate put her heels on “I knew I'd be fired at some point. It happens to everyone.”

“I guess that's true.” Kate said with sad eyes, stretching her other foot out.

“Don't worry, you still have plenty of years to go before you lose your job here.” Iris rose back up, and reassured the young woman with a loving kiss.

The girls each got their personal dildos from the shared cabinet, and walked back to their desks, their bare buttocks jutting and uplifted thanks to their high heels. They all sat their asses on the cold surface of their respective desks, spread their legs, and slid the transparent fabric covering their smooth shaved pussies aside.

“So how's the wedding prep going?” Kate asked, teasing her outer folds with the dildo's tip.

“Not too bad. *Umph!* We're picking a caterer next week.” Tina let out a whimper and looked surprised as her hand abruptly stuck the dildo in her cunt.

“Good luck! *Ohh!*” Kate moaned in surprise, her hand beginning to push the dildo into her tight, pink pussy without any conscious direction on her part.

Beth and Elena still whined about possibly losing their jobs, and Pam joined her secretary, Iris, on her desk.

Soon enough, they were all moaning as they fucked themselves to multiple orgasms.

“*Ahhh! Mhh!*” Kate was easily leading the count, squirting so much that a puddle formed on her desk.

“What a slutty cunt!” Beth howled at her from across the room, impaling her own meaty pussy in desperate attempts to come close to the young sex kitten's high results. Kate gave Beth a somewhat delirious smile, and continued pumping the dildo into her soaking pussy.

“We should get on the Walker file first, *ohh!* When we continue working.” Elena said.

“Stop talking, *ohh gawd! Ahh!* Stop talking!” Beth exclaimed, in the throws of another deafening orgasm.

“What? *Mhh.*” Elena frowned, squeezing her big, fake tits with her free hand.

“It doesn't matter.” Beth explained, panting like a bitch in heat, “we still don't even know if any of us will get any work done today, until he arrives...”

Seymour walked in at that exact moment, and all six of them formed a silent line before him.

“Always nice to see that.” He smirked and approached Beth, running his fingers along her under-boobs.

“It's starting soon. I better not waste too much time fondling you bitches.” He checked his watch and mumbled, walking through the line and giving each of the twelve breasts before him a nice squeeze.

“Okay.” He paced behind them now, pinching their ass-cheeks and pressing his crotch on their firm, cushiony behinds.

“Kate, under my desk.” He said, spanking her “And Beth, you're on reserve.”

“Yes sir.” They both said, and moved to their new positions.

“The rest of you, get back to work.” He casually dismissed them.

Elena and Tina both returned to their desks with a somewhat aggravated sigh, and Pam returned to her office. Iris sat back on her desk, and returned to circling possible job offers in the newspaper's classifieds.

Kate waited under Seymour's desk, her eyes staring far away into nothingness. Beth knelt beside his chair, glassy eyed and expressionless. Seymour removed his shorts and jockeys, sat down on the comfy lounge, and turned his computer on.

His raw cock dangled before Kate's beautiful face. She opened her mouth, and pursed her lips around his tip.

She started bobbing her head up and down, making weak, wet slurping sounds every time his tip gently touched the back of her throat. She carefully kept her movements perfectly precise, wanting nothing more at that moment than to be the perfect cock worshipping accessory to his high end computer desk.

Seymour put his headset on, and logged into his favorite online game.

“Okay people, welcome to this special midday raid to the dungeon of Olmarr Magu, which I have graciously agreed to lead.” He spoke to the microphone, his eyes focused on the middle screen.

“We will clear all the bosses today, people, so the other noobs in the guild who couldn't join because of stupid things like work and real-life will all be jealous of our new epic gear!” He gave a loud battle cheer, to egg his fellow gamers on.

Kate could tell he was thrilled by how his cock throbbed on her tongue. She could literally feel his heart beat stronger and faster as his excitement grew.

“Oh, I'm actually at work right now. Getting a sloppy BJ from a hot colleague, who could easily be a bikini model, mind you. And she's only nineteen!” He boasted, glancing down at Kate with a condescending grin.

“Fine, don't believe me.” He shrugged with a chuckle, knowing full well that no one would ever believe him. It was the only reason he bragged about it so nonchalantly.

“She's pretty good at it, too. Although she *is* moving a little too slowly for my liking, at the moment.” He jabbed.

Kate heard and immediately hastened her movements, choking deeper without ever averting her gaze away from Seymour's face.

“Alright, people, first up, Rakasham the Shaman. Remember to kill all his totems before trying to hit him. Spellcasters, use *ONLY* arcane magic, not elemental. Let's get this party started!”

Seymour clicked and pressed frantically, barking orders to his online teammates. His three screens were divided perfectly - one showed the actual game, at HD quality of course, another displayed the real-time stats of his raiding party, and the third one was set to a website with tactical advices for the in-game bosses.

“Get the skull! Always attack enemies I mark with skull, guys!” He berated the other players.

“Tits, Kate.” He whispered under his breath, looking down at her for a fraction of a second.

“Yes sir.” Kate whispered back in a subdued manner.

“Okay, two more random mob groups and then the big bad shaman will show up. Remember to take your positions.” Seymour didn't hear her compliant response, but knew she heard him when her lips detached from his tip with a wet kiss.

Kate lowered her see-through tube-top to her hips, exposing her bare breasts. She took gentle hold of his erection, and slapped it on her perky knockers a couple of times, while drooling down to lubricate the space between them.

“Okay, here he comes. Let's kill this damn totem thrower.” Seymour said.

“*Ohh, that's nice, Katy*” He hissed down at her with a pleased moan.

Kate pressed her tits around his cock. They weren't big enough to envelop his rod from all sides, but she made up for it by caressing his top-length with her finger-pads, and tickling his tip with her studded tongue.

The in-game boss fight turned quite intense.

“If you die, re-spawn and get right back!” Seymour demanded, jostling in his chair, his cock often slipping away from Kate's tight embrace.

“Aw, damn it! Give up, guys, we lost too many healers. Just die, regroup, and lets try again.” He un-tensed and wiped his brow with the back of his hand, as if he just emerged from actual combat.

“Back to your mouth.” He whispered to Kate. She nodded silently, not wanting to distract him too much. She then lowered her head, licked his tip once, gave it a sloppy kiss, and started to deep-throat him again.

“Oh come on, man, you can't go!” Seymour suddenly exclaimed.

“Blow it off, then!” He pleaded.

He suddenly gave a desperate sigh, rubbing his temporal lobe in an irritated manner.

“You can't all go now, after just one failure!” He shook his head angrily.

“Hold on. I'll try finding a replacement for those quitters, guys.”

In his frustration, he looked down at Kate, placed a firm grip on the top of her head, and grudge-fucked her face for a few seconds.

“*Mph! Mph! Mph!*” Kate's sapphire eyes rolled to the back of her head, as choking sounds came out of her stuffed lips. Seymour cruelly slapped her cheeks with his other hand, before looking back up at his screen.

“Oh fuck it!” He screamed, tossing his headphones on the floor.

He palmed his face and leaned on his elbow, shaking his head from side to side. Kate also shook her head, trying her best to suck him as deeply and wildly as she could.

“Tina, pick up my headphones.” He ordered curtly and snapped his fingers at her.

“Yes sir.” Tina sighed, her focus shattered. She stood up, walked over to him, and bent down.

“Thanks, doll.” He spanked her ass away, and a subtle smile formed on her face.

“Okay people, we just lost our tank, and I can't find any replacements anyway. Looks like this was a failed endeavor. Serves us right for trying a noontide raid, I suppose. Have fun, I'm going to the Valley of Tar to farm a bit.”

He took his headphones off, leaned back in his chair, and let out a relaxing yawn.

“That was a bit disappointing.” He said with a calm voice, closing his eyes a bit.

Elena stood up from her desk with a brown cardboard file in her hand, and walked over to the filing cabinet.

Seymour heard her approach and opened his eyes. Kate could feel his cock jump to the sight of Elena's shapely behind, swinging from side to side on high heels, her bubbly cheeks separated by a single lace of thong.

“Get me an orange juice, Elena.” Seymour commanded.

“Yes sir...” Elena pouted begrudgingly, and headed to the small kitchen to fetch his drink.

As she walked back, careful not to spill a drop, she looked at the kneeling Kate and Beth. She could see the young woman's tongue wiggle and writhe under Seymour's boner. Beth was idling quietly on her knees, blissfully unaware.

“Hmm, that tongue stud really improves your oral service.” He noted, sighing happily.

“Your drink, sir.” Elena said respectfully, handing him the drink.

“Ah, thanks, doll. I was just about to get back to my game.” He took a sip, and spewed it out of his mouth, right on Elena's body.

She looked positively infuriated, but it was Seymour who aired his grievance first.

“It has pulp in it, you bitch!” He berated, “get me a glass with no pulp!”

“That's all we have, *sir*.” Elena hissed through gritted teeth.

“Then get the pulp out manually, you worthless cunt!” Seymour did not relent, reaching around to reprimand her booty with a nice, loud slap.

“Get to it.” He reiterated.

“Yes sir.” Elena seethed, her face contorting with anger, but she swallowed her rage, and did as she was told.

Seymour watched her shake her money maker away, snickering to himself.

“Okay, reserve doll, use your tits. Kate, you can rest.” He said, patting Kate's head in a loving manner.

“Thank you, sir.” Kate droned flatly, and moved aside.

“As you wish, sir.” Beth said, and took Kate's place between his legs.

Her boobs were so big, that she didn't even need to lower her tiny crop-top. In fact, she used it for her advantage, guiding his cock to penetrate her tightly squeezed under-boobs. After a couple of practice strokes, Beth began bouncing her tits up and down like two over-blown basket balls, her eyes staring straight ahead, blank and wide.

SMACK* *SMACK* *SMACK* *SMACK

Her firm hooters softly hit his crotch in a warm rhythm.

Elena came back after almost ten minutes of fishing for pulp with a tiny spoon. Seymour was already busy with his game again, and Beth was still diligently bouncing her tits up and down, a nearly tireless tit-fucking machine.

“Your drink, sir. I think I managed to get all the pulp out.” She said, looking down at the clear glass of orange juice, feeling a tinge of pride in her success.

“Right, set it on the table.” Seymour didn't even look at her, busy fighting some monster in his game.

“You know, I have a lot to do. Especially with you occupying Beth and Kate.” Elena couldn't take it anymore, and erupted at him.

She certainly got his attention.

“You sound resentful, skank.” Seymour stared her down.

“Yeah well, I-I...” She suddenly felt sick to her stomach, and her eyes wildly darted around the room in an instant of near panic and mental disorientation. She knew something was wrong about all this, and struggled to figure out how things were supposed to be. A second later the programming once again had her mind in its overpowering grip.

“I'm sorry, sir. I didn't mean to presume.” She lowered her head in shame, and said.

Seymour smiled gleefully.

“Turn around, bend over, and spank your stupid ass until I tell you to stop.” He told her.

“Yes sir.” Elena uttered a defeated croak, and nodded meekly.

She spun around, leaned down, and began smacking her ass with extreme prejudice.

“Are you sorry for being rude?” He asked, a glint of wicked sadism in his eyes.

“Yes, sir!” *Spank* “I’m sorry, sir!” *Spank*

“Yeah, fucking punish that booty, bitch!” He took his hands off the keyboard, rolled his chair towards her, and slapped her ass a few times himself.

“Yes, sir! *Ahh!*” Elena squealed, her cheeks gaining a lovely hue of smoldering pink.

He continued playing a bit longer, listening to Elena's exhausted gasps as she worked her muscles into mush, spanking herself.

“Okay, time to catch up on some TV shows.” Seymour said, enjoying the still constant clapping of Beth's big tits on his crotch.

“The company's internet is so freaking fast. I can stream movies and shows at a heart-beat.” He gloated happily.

“Stop spanking yourself and make me some pop-corn, Elena. There should be some in the cupboard above the sink.

“Y-Yes sir.” Elena rose up, her back aching and her bubbly butt-cheeks hot and throbbing.

This time, she brought him what he wished and remained as silent as a mouse.

“Good, get back to work.” He said, not even looking at her, but still slapping her ass away.

“*Mm!* Yes sir.” She whimpered, every small touch on her raw cheeks feeling a hundred times more intense. She had to try three times to properly sit back down on her chair, before she could get back to work.

Seymour streamed his favorite shows, and watched them without headphones, and at full volume.

“Damn, Christina Everglade is so fucking hot in this scene, oh gawd!” He paused the video, getting his rocks off to a certain sexy actress.

“Kate, stand up, listen.” He suddenly said.

“I want you to run this clip on a loop from this point, to this point.” He showed her “Just keep rewinding it whenever it cuts away from that hot blonde, okay?”

“Yes sir. As you wish.” Kate said with a flat monotone and a permanent smile, taking the computer's mouse in her hand.

“Good girl.” He growled and leaned back.

With one hand resting idly on Kate's pert ass, Seymour looked back and forth from the TV star's amazing, scantily clad body, to Beth's gigantic tits, still gleefully bouncing on his crotch.

“Hah! This is the best way to rub one out in front of a computer!” He howled with joy.

“You don't mind that I'm using your titties to masturbate to another woman's image, right Beth?” He asked.

“No sir. My tits are yours to use.” Beth said, slightly out of breath. She perfectly matched the rise in his level of sexual excitement, bouncing her tits more rapidly with every passing second.

“Are you enjoying my titfuck, sir?” She droned out, vacuously seeking approval.

“*Ohh yeah!*” Seymour groaned and shook as he reached his climax. With a low, prolonged moan, he sprayed his cum between Beth's tits, like a geyser.

“*Hmm! Hmm! Hmm!*” He breathed heavily, his cock warm and numb between her squeezed tits.

“You can stop now, Kate. Kneel back down.” He said, and Kate let go of the mouse, and returned to her proper place.

Thick, sticky sperm pooled between Beth's fun-bags, and some dangled down from her chin.

“Good girl, Beth.” He praised her. She gave a dumb smile, her eyes still staring blankly into nothingness. Thick sperm oozed down her breasts, soaking into the stretchy, transparent tube-top wrapped around her chest.

“Switch to Kate's mouth again.” He ordered, and Beth quickly plopped his cock out of her voluptuous hold, and took her tits aside.

“Yes sir.” They said in unison.

Kate took his sensitive, flaccid cock back in her tender grip. She kissed it, and blew a gentle breeze on it, carefully and gently trying to coax it to another erection. It didn't take long under her care. Before he knew it,

Seymour was hard again, getting head from the beautiful, slim Kate, with the added bonus of her massaging his balls with tender love.

The full volume audio from the speakers filled the room, and it became increasingly difficult for Elena to focus on her work. After spending five minutes rubbing her temporal lobe and reading the same line over and over again, she had enough.

“Will you please use your headphones?” She asked, banging on her desk “Or at least turn the volume down a bit!”

Seymour looked almost giddy when he pressed pause.

“No. I prefer using the speakers for movies and TV, you stupid pair of surgically enhanced balloons.” He stretched his leg out “Now get on all fours before me, and kiss my feet for a while.”

Elena could still feel the red hot pain on her bruised behind.

“Yes sir. As you command.” She turned her office chair around and slid to her knees..

Seymour watched her crawl over to him, her round ass swinging from side to side like a slow, sensual pendulum.

“You are such a glutton for punishment.” He mocked her, just as her cherry colored lips landed on the toe of his shoe.

“Yes sir. This stupid pair of boobs is such a glutton for punishment, sir.” She said, leaving a scarlet imprint of her lips on his sole.

“Thank me for the special attention I'm giving you, cunt.”

“Yes sir.” She pecked the rugged leather again.

“Thank you for granting special attention to this ungrateful glutton for punishment, sir.”

Seymour grinned and ruffled Kate's hair. The gorgeous teen looked up at him and smiled.

“She sounds sincere, doesn't she, Kate?” He asked, pushing her head back.

“Yes sir.” Kate said with a breathy whisper, and licked under his hard-on.

“You're too quiet, cunt!” He barked and reached down to spank Elena's ass.

“*Mmh!*” Elena jumped, the harsh slap sending stinging pain pulsing through her body.

“Sorry sir!” She kissed his shoe again, wiggling her butt like a worshipful puppy “Thank you for your attention, sir! Thank you for punishing me, sir!”

Seymour was about to press the start button again, but a certain indescribable squeak stopped him.

“Tina, your chair is squeaking. It could bother your co-workers.” He said with an evil grin.

“Sorry sir.” Tina looked at him and said, waiting patiently to hear how he decided to solve the issue.

“You should work standing up, and make sure to emphasize that big jiggle ass of yours.”

“Of course, sir. You are so wise.” Tina ingratiated herself to him, and rolled her chair away. It slid until it hit Kate's vacant chair.

“See, the great thing about this situation, is that her ass is right in my view when I watch the screen, so I can enjoy both.” He said, glanced down at the hot teen sucking his cock, and the waspish bitch kissing his shoes.

Gloating, he pressed the play button.

By the time he finished all his shows, the cum between Beth's tits had dried off, and the taste of his cock was deeply rooted in Kate's taste-buds. Elena's lips felt rough and dry from kissing the synthetic leather of his shoes, and both her and Tina's back ached from the prolonged time they spent bending over.

Even worse, Seymour got real bored real quick, and he started entertaining himself in ways that were quite disruptive to the work-flow of the one person still working.

“Tina, be a dear and photocopy your jugs for me.” He said, presenting his other shoe to Elena.

“Certainly, sir. How many copies would you like?” Tina asked in a business-like fashion.

“Twenty should be enough.” He picked a number at random, casually slapping his cock on Kate's lips.

“Right away, sir.”

While Tina pressed her tits down on the copier, Seymour decided to punish Elena in a more imaginative manner.

“Elena, bring an ice cube from the fridge.” He said.

“Oh, yes sir!” Glad to finally have a chance to stand up and stretch her tense muscles, Elena complied with joyous gusto.

She ran to the kitchen and returned in a flash, a cube of frozen water in the palm of her hand.

“I wonder how long you can keep it between your tits.” Seymour wondered aloud, a coy smile stretched across his face.

“I don't know, sir.” Elena said naively.

“Let's find out, then.”

“Yes sir.”

Elena squeezed her tits together, and gritted her teeth as she rested the cube between them. The cold was biting, and Seymour's smug face was making her feel so humiliated and degraded.

Why am I doing this? She asked herself as the frost became nearly unbearable.

She looked into his eyes again, and remembered.

I cannot disobey him. Even if I don't like his orders. He rules my existence. She reminded herself.

My own will and desires are insignificant. He has the final word. He is my master. All I can do, is hope that he knows what is best for me, and that he gives a damn.

Her mind was put at ease, and she smiled at Seymour, her teeth knocking.

“The copies you wanted, sir.” Tina returned with no less than twenty perfect, black and white, copies of her big, round breasts.

“Thank you very much, Tina. These look great.” He praised her.

“Happy to be of service, sir. Shall I get back to work, now?” She asked.

“Hmm, let me think.” Seymour rubbed his chin, contemplating his endless options.

“Those fancy letters on your desk. Are they from your fiance?” He asked.

“Yes sir. They are. Love letters from my loving fiance.” Tina nodded, lightly concerned.

“Well, I want you to use your scissors to make a nice origami cut-out of them, Tina.” He made his wishes known.

“I-I don't know how to do origami, sir.” Tina stuttered.

“Doesn't matter. Just cut them into a nice shape. I have faith in your ability to please me, Tina.” He gave her a warm smile.

“Yes sir. I will not disappoint you. I promise!” She declared and ran off to fulfill Seymour's petty whim, feeling immense joy and jubilation that she simply couldn't explain.

Seymour watched her tear up as she mutilated the letters. He couldn't tell if they were tears of joy or of regret, but he didn't really care.

“*Oh!*” Elena snatched his attention. The cube slipped from between her tits, only half melted.

“S-Sorry, sir!” She cried out, “shall I spank myself as punishment?”

“Perhaps later. For now, you should pick the cube back up, bitch.” Seymour decreed.

“Oh? O-Of course sir!” She reached down quickly.

“Not with your hands!” Seymour interfered.

“What?” Elena stared up at him, puzzled.

“With your tits, you brainless whore.”

“Oh. Y-Yes sir!”

Elena clenched her tits again, and lowered them to the floor. She tried frantically to catch the frozen cube between her squeezed breasts, attempting to use her hardened nipples to prod it into her bosomy embrace. It seemed impossible, but she couldn't help but give it her best shot.

Tina was done with her origami project quite quickly.

“Here you go, sir. I made you a flower.” She said with a kind, appeasing smile.

“Yeah, that's nice. Throw it away, I don't care anymore.” Seymour was too busy enjoying Elena's show.

“Yes sir.” Tina smiled and turned away, trying to hide her disappointment. She threw the ruined love letters in the trash bin, and looked at her beloved fiance, smiling at her from the picture on her desk.

“Sir, may I take a break from work, to call my fiance?” She asked, “I promised I'd call him.”

Seymour looked her way, focusing on her boobs and her ass, the parts of her he was truly interested in.

“Yeah, go ahead.” He said, pulled Kate's head away from his crotch, and stood up.

“Keep trying to pick it up, cunt.” He told Elena, patted her head, and walked over to Tina's desk.

“Yes sir.” Elena panted, the block of ice so small and melted already, that her goal seemed doubly impossible.

Tina held the cell-phone to her ear, and absentmindedly flipped through the many pages of work she still had to do. She gasped in surprise when she felt Seymour's fingers brush against her behind.

“Hi honey.” She greeted her husband-to-be with glee. Seymour slipped his finger under her thong, and moved it aside.

“Yeah, I have a few minutes to talk. *Ohh*. But then I have to get back to work. *Mm*. We're especially swamped today.” Seymour teased and tickled her pussy lips with the tip of his cock, making her whimper silently.

He placed both hands on her curvy hips, and penetrated her with a grunt, easing his cock into the depths of her dripping cunt. Tina always made sure to keep her snatch nice and wet for Seymour's use.

“No, I'm fine. *Oh!* I just walked up some stairs.” She lied. Seymour began moving his crotch, and her body, back and forth, leisurely taking her from behind.

“C-Can you pick up some, *Mff*, groceries on your way home? I, *Mmm*, I'll be really late today!” She bit her lips mid-sentence, and inadvertently raised her voice to an unnatural pitch.

“T-Thanks honey!”

Seymour took his time, slowly increasing the pace of his movements, toying with her.

“O-Of course you have to be there when we pick a caterer for the wedding! It's your wedding too, *Mmf*, isn't it?” She asked, Seymour's hips now audibly slapping her shapely behind.

“Tell him about the letters.” Seymour said quietly.

“Y-Yes sir.” She whispered back.

He pressed forward with a low groan, leaning his crotch on her cushiony ass-cheeks.

“H-Honey, there's something I have to tell you about the letters you wrote me. *Oh!*” Seymour spanked her, just for fun.

“T-They were destroyed. I'm so sorry! *Ah!*” Seymour pulled back, and rammed into her with full force, making her pussy twitch and tighten around his shaft.

“I-It was an accident!, *Mff!*, I swear!” Tina begged her fiance's forgiveness, and began moving her own body back and forth, almost out of instinct.

“Yeah, bounce that booty on my cock, you slut.” Seymour hissed at her. Tina nodded, panting breathlessly.

“Oh, you're so nice to forgive me, honey! I'm so, *so!*, lucky to have you!” Tina hid her moans well within her words.

Seymour grabbed her hips again, an almost vengeful look in his eyes.

“Finish the call, Tina. I wanna cum.” He said, totally egocentric.

“I-I have to go, honey. My boss, *mhh*, needs me.” She said with a vapid smile and teary eyes.

As soon as she hung up, Seymour started thrusting into her with full force and ferocity.

“*Ahh!* Fuck my pussy, sir!” She pleaded, moaning.

“Yeah!” He pulled her up from her long, dark hair, “who does your tight pussy serve?” He breathed on her neck.

“You, sir! *Ahh!* My tight pussy is for your pleasure, sir!” Tina squealed, her plump ass shaking every time Seymour's pelvis smacked it with another deep thrust.

“Such a useful piece of ass!” He growled and leaned down on her, grabbing her big tits and kissing her chocolate shoulder.

“Who's cock do you like better, mine or your fiance's?” He whispered the question in her ear.

“Yours, sir!” She answered with a meek, throaty hiss, and a gentle whimper.

“I can't hear you, cunt! **Spank!** Speak up!”

“Yours, sir! I love your cock much more, sir! *Ahh!* Please fuck me, sir! Bang this cunt, hard!” She answered like any docile love-slave would.

Seymour abruptly pulled out of Tina's pussy, and threw her forward. Her tits cushioned her fall on the desk.

“S-Sir? Please fuck me...” She begged, moving her ass in inviting circles.

“Does your fiance fuck you up the ass?” Seymour asked, prodding her with his tip.

“No, sir. I don't let him.” Tina said with a kinky, horny smile.

“My ass is yours alone! All yours! *Ahhhh!*” She moaned at the top of her lungs as Seymour rammed into her.

The force of his penetration took Tina by surprise. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head, and her tongue hung loosely out of her mouth. Her entire body tingled with orgasmic euphoria, and her mind drowned in a blissful haze.

“Spread that ass for me, fuck-doll!” Seymour pulled back a bit, spat on the root of his shaft, and demanded with a spank.

“Yesh mahster.” The broken doll spewed out, all pretense of cognitive freedom and independent will completely gone from her shackled mind.

She reached back and opened her cheeks as wide as she physically could, her eyes wide and twitchy. The intense experience shattered the fake personality that Tina's friends and family knew, and left nothing but her mantra of submission.

I am my master's sex slave.

I am my master's love doll.

I am my master's sex toy

Her monotonous voice echoed in her head as Seymour rode her ass.

Thump* *Thump* *Thump* *Thump* *Thump

I will immediately perform any task my master commands.

Master completely dominates me.

Master has complete control of my mind.

I happily dedicate my body, my soul, and my future to my master's pleasure.

Thump* *Thump* *Thump* *Thump* *Thump

“Oh, yeah! I'm gonna cum!” Seymour groaned and pulled out of her gaping hole.

He jerked his shaft above her, his sticky tip gently tapping on her bubbly cheeks.

“Come on my ass, master. Use me as your cum-doll.” Tina begged in a flat drone.

“*Ohhh!*” Seymour felt his cock surge, and plastered his length across Tina's ass-cheek. His warm load oozed out and lathered across her smooth dark skin, painting her ass and lower back with thick white brushes.

“Thank you, master.” She murmured weakly, her eyes white, her mind empty, and a lopsided smile smeared on her face.

“Hey! Wake up, cunt.” He slapped his flaccid cock on her face, “you're not supposed to trance out like this every time I fuck your stupid ass.”

“Wh-What?” Tina blinked, her eyes rolling back to their place, along with her awareness.

“Oh, sorry sir. I must have dozed off.” She said.

“Yes, I suppose you did.” He said with a wry smile, shaking his head.

“Get back to work. You can sit on your squeaky chair again.” He waved his hand dismissively, and walked back to his royal desk.

“You are so gracious, sir.” She said, and sat right on her cum-covered bottom. She didn't even bother to slide her thong back to its place.

Seymour grasped his sensitive cock.

“I'm still hard.” His eyes widened, “haven't had a day like this in a while.”

He was about to sit back down at his desk, and indulge in Kate's oral service again, when Pam emerged from her office, for the first time since he arrived.

“Seymour, can I speak with you in my office?” She asked and struck a sexy pose.

“Oh? Sure you can.” Seymour smiled at her, casually placing a hand on her sizable rack.

“Elena, Beth, Kate, you can get back to work.”

“Yes sir.” They said in unison, and got back on their feet. Elena left a puddle of melted ice cube on the floor, marking her failure. The light of recognition returned to Beth and Kate's eyes, and they calmly returned to their desks.

“After you, boss.” Seymour gave Pam a sharp spank. She flinched, sighed, shook her head with exasperation, and walked back to her office.

He followed suit, touching her ass with every step, only distracted for a second to pinch Iris's nipple when he passed next to her desk.

“*Mm!* This loose whore is grateful for your attention, sir.” Iris hissed in pain.

Pam's office was rather spartan, which made sense, considering most of their small branch's furnishing budget went towards Seymour's workstation.

“Sit down.” She said, and walked behind her desk.

“Don't mind if I do.” Seymour skipped the two guest chairs, followed Pam behind the desk, and sat right on her own chair.

Pam adjusted her tube-top to show more under-boob, knelt down before him, and slipped his cock between her tits.

“The reason I called you into my office, Seymour, is regarding your poor work ethics and output.” She moved her tits up and down, rubbing his cock between them as she spoke.

“Poor work ethics?” Seymour asked with a joking frown, unable to hide his grin.

“Yes, and that's if I'm being nice. To be honest, your work amounts to absolutely nothing.” Pam said sternly, and then added “Are my tits pleasing you?”

“They sure do, Pam. You're a very good cock-pleaser.”

“Thank you. It means a lot to me.” She said with a sweet smile.

“Now, about your work here.” She continued.

“Yeah, I've been wanting to talk to you about that, too.” Seymour interrupted her “You know the actual work we do here is literally the thing I least care about.”

“I realize that, Seymour, however...”

“Then explain why there's no pulp-less orange juice in the fridge, hmm? Why did it take you this long to squeeze your tits around my cock? Why did you have a noticeable bush when I got here?”

He looked down at her with a sharp, scolding glare.

“The first thing I did after you arrived was get in my office and shave my pussy. It's completely smooth now. Ready for you to fuck whenever you wa...”

“Don't give me excuses, Pam. You should shave your bush every day, just in case.”

“Y-Yes. I understand.” She nodded, and squeezed her boobs tighter.

“Not to mention that overused cunt, Iris, is still out there on the secretary's desk. How long does it take to find a properly aged replacement with a smoking hot body? And you dare claim that I don't work hard enough.” He scoffed, resting his hands gently on her bouncing jugs.

“You said you wanted to interview potential candidates yourself, Seymour, but you never tell me when you'll be here. I spent my lunch time calling all the girls I've prepared...”

“Excuses? Again?!” He raised his voice and bucked his hips upwards, pumping between her tits from his comfy seat.

“There are plenty of all-cunt offices I can brainwash, *Hmm!*, and use as my secret harem, *Hng!*” He grunted with every pump.

“If your incompetence continues, *Hmm!*, I'll just take my favorite pussies and go find a better place.”

“No! No please!” Pam tightened her melons around his shaft.

“We'll do better. I promise!” She lowered her head and kissed his tip, “we only want to make you happy, Seymour. I swear.”

“Please don't take away the only reason we exist...Sir.” She looked down on his cock, nestled between her fun-bags, with longing, worshipful eyes.

Seymour smiled slyly, letting her stew for a moment.

“That's a good little boss.” He patted her head and said.

“T-Thank you.” She blushed “All I want is to make you happy.”

“I know.” He said, tenderly wiping a tear from her eyes with his thumb-pad.

“You were about to try and sack me, weren't you?” He asked with an evil grin.

“I...I...” Pam didn't know what to say. She couldn't admit the truth, as it was too devastating.

“It's okay, Pam. I won't be too mad.” Seymour promised, lightly pinching her nipple.

I can't lie to my master... A booming voice echoed in her head. It sounded like her, but a far more timid, submissive version of her. And it sounded so right.

“I'm so sorry. The main office is breathing down my neck, demanding cut-backs, and you never do any work. I got so confused.” She hyperventilated, moving her tits faster as she whined and made more excuses.

“Of course you got confused, you silly, brainless bimbo. You forgot your place.”

“Yes sir. I'm so sorry.” Pam panted and huffed, tireless and diligent as always.

“I think fucking your face will make apt punishment.” Seymour ran his finger along her glossy lips.

“Oh, yes sir! Anything you say, sir!”

“You are more intelligent with my cock in your head anyway, aren't ya?”

“Yes sir. Anything you say, sir.” She nodded, and Seymour sprung to his feet.

Iris walked in to find Seymour ferociously bearing down on Pam, drilling his boner into her throat. Her eyes were stunned and wide, and her face was covered by her own sticky beads of drool, blobs of it dangling from her forehead and hair.

“Some secretary candidates arrived for their interview.” Iris informed, her eyes cold and emotionless.

Seymour stopped thrusting, and looked up.

“Have they been properly indoctrinated?” He asked, ignoring the gurgling noises from Pam's skewered lips.

“Yes sir.” Iris nodded.

“Call the first one in, then. It's high time to trade your saggy dried prunes for some perky young apples.”

“Yes sir. I obey.” Iris clinked her high heels together, turned around, and left.

The first candidate came in. She wore high heels and a blue one-piece dress. Seymour sat comfortably on Pam's back, as if she were a bench. Seeing Pam like that, her face smeared with thick, bubbly saliva, didn't even give the young woman pause. She gave Seymour a lady-like bow, and sat down.

“Name and age.” Seymour said, shamelessly checking her out.

“Arianna. I'm twenty-three years old, boss.” She smiled.

“I'm not your boss, Arianna.”

“Not yet.” Arianna batted her eyes at him. She slid off one of her shoulder straps, and flashed her nipple with an adorable, appeasing smile.

“No. I mean this bitch down here will be your boss.” He spanked Pam, “I will be your owner, and your master in all things.”

Arianna seemed embarrassed.

“Of course, sir. I understand.” She said.

“At this stage of your assessment, Arianna, you will need to get on your knees and blow me.” He said, his eyes fixated on her semi-exposed breasts.

“Yes sir. I understand.” The hopeful young woman nodded, and went right down to business.

She sucked him off very mechanically, slurping loudly and alternating between long strokes and clockwise tongue swirls. Arianna was certainly eager to be hired. She moved her entire body with each motion, exercising all her muscles in perfect synchronization, determined to worship his manhood to the best of her abilities.

“Am I doing good, sir?” She lovingly held his cock and licked his tip like ice-cream, with a radiant smile on her face.

“Mm-hmm.” Seymour nodded, closed his eyes, and drifted into a nice daydream.

“I'm cumming.” He suddenly said with a cracked voice, his cock throbbing in her mouth.

“What, sir?” Arianna pulled back with a kiss, and asked.

“*Hrrm*, sorry.” He cleared his throat “I said I'm cumming.” He slapped her cheek with his shaft.

“Does that mean I did good, sir?” Arianna asked again, her eyes lighting up with hope.

Seymour casually jerked his rod before her face, his tip tickling her lips.

“You did okay. *Ohh*, Is this dress expensive?” He asked, jerking off and aiming at her cleavage.

“Yes sir. It's my best one.”

“Not anymore. *Ahhhhhh*...” He covered her blue dress and shot between her perky tits, adorning her statuette torso with cum.

Arianna looked down at her sticky blue fabric with innocent, twinkling eyes.

“Thank you for your consideration, sir.” She wore his jizz with pride, batting her eyelashes at him and pouting her lips to peck his sensitive member clean.

“You're not bad, but you could put some more love and worship into it.” Seymour criticized

“We'll get back to you. Now get me hard again for the next girl, and leave.”

“Yes sir.” Arianna made a mental note of his feedback, and dove back down.

She poured all the love in her heart, and serviced his cock back to a raging hard on. As she walked to the door, she hiked up her dress, so he could evaluate her bounciness behind.

“Good candidate, for sure.” Seymour surmised with a chuckle.

The next girl made his jaw drop.

Standing petite and slim at 5 feet 2 inches, she had short auburn hair and blue eyes. She wore a pair of tiny jeans shorts, and a sleeveless blouse that pushed-up and squeezed her perfectly round, gravity-defying little boobs.

Her face was the sweetest thing Seymour had ever seen – Pristine, youthful, and angelic. Her lips had a cute pout to them, making the sweet nectar of her kiss nearly irresistible. The setting sun sent its scarlet rays through the window-blinds, and they danced across her stunning form. She fidgeted, and shyly pulled down on her blouse, clearly unused to wearing such scant clothing.

She looked at him, her expression dripping with innocence, and bit her lower lip with uncertainty. She was waiting for him to talk, Seymour knew, so he forced his chin back up, and uttered coarsely - “Name and age.”

“Ariel, sir. Eighteen, sir.” She said with blushing cheeks, giving her hips a cute tilt.

“Over eighteen, yes?” He had to make sure.

“Yes, sir. I turned eighteen two weeks ago.”

Seymour felt a jolt of arousal rush through his body. He adjusted himself on Pam's back, making his exposed erection swing. It got Ariel's attention. She looked at it with amazement, and moved her gentle hand between her legs.

“You look like you've never seen a cock before.” Seymour joked, but secretly hoped it was true.

“I haven't, sir. I mean, not in real life. I-I watched some movies.” She spoke softly and somberly, her sprightly hips swaying softly.

“What are you thinking about?” He asked, noticing her silent, pondering gaze.

“Um, I...” Ariel hesitated.

“I'm hoping it would fit inside of me, sir.” She decided honesty was her best choice.

She looked down at the tiny jeans covering her precious virginity.

“Don't worry about that, babe. Come here and straddle me.” Seymour invited her with open arms.

“Yes sir.” Ariel took one nervous step after another, spread her legs above his lap, and gently rested her soft bottom on his erection. It felt rigid and rubbery under her.

“My pussy is getting wet, sir.” She wrapped her arms around him, hanging on his neck.

“What an honest, good girl you are.” Seymour pressed his forehead to hers, feeling her warm, cherry breath on his lips.

Her lips parted, and a flash of confused lust dashed across her eyes. Seymour reached back, grabbed her pert behind, and gave her a long make-out kiss.

“*Oh...*” Ariel whimpered once their lips parted, her cheeks as red as her strawberry lips. She hugged him tighter, pressing her velvety soft body on him.

“Was that your first kiss, sex doll?” He asked, running his hands on her fresh, unsullied body, sniffing and kissing the nape of her neck.

“Yes sir.” Ariel nodded.

“You're amazing, Ariel. Soft as cotton, smooth as silk, and you smell of fresh, pink cherries.” He kissed her again, his erection poking underneath her, making her smooth cherry tingle.

“I am happy to please you, sir.” She said with moist passion in her voice.

“Yes, you are.” Seymour agreed smugly, “what else did you learn while being indoctrinated, my innocent little flower?”

“That you are the center of my world, sir. My universe revolves around you.”

“And?” He kissed her, running his hands along every inch of her arousing body.

“I can only feel good while serving you, sir. Your happiness gives my life meaning.” She continued. Seymour fondled her perky tits through her tight blouse.

He kissed her bare shoulder, and reached over to open the top drawer of Pam's desk.

“Do you know what a switchblade is, Ariel?” He asked, kissing her skinny shoulder again.

“Yes sir, I do.”

“I'm going to use one, to tear your cute little blouse off.” He told her.

“Yes sir. Please, enjoy yourself.” Her teeth chattered a bit, but her programming helped conquer her fear. She trusted Seymour with her life. She was putty in his hands.

He expertly cut her sleeveless shirt from bottom to top, biting her earlobes and growling lecherously. Ariel whimpered like an innocent deer, snuggling against him and writhing her hips on his hard cock. After reaching her neck-line, he discarded the blade and her blouse alike, and took a mouthful of her juicy, teen tits.

“*Mm!*, that's nice.” He plopped his lips from one succulent, small breast and moved to the other, tracing his tongue around her pink nipples.

“*Ohh! Mff!*” Ariel buried her dainty palm in his hair, and pushed his face on her pure, lithe body, letting him ravage her youthful knockers.

He rose, exhaled a steamy breath, and planted another wet one on her lips. Ariel looked deep in his eyes with her moist pools of passion. She rocked her hips back and forth, dry-humping his lap, lost in a fog of addictive pleasure, and not wanting to ever be found.

He's going to take my virginity with his big, hard cock. She knew, feeling anxious, proud, and excited, all at the same time.

Every time I feel scared or nervous, all I have to do is look into his eyes. Ariel thought, and smiled. *I remember wanting my first time to be with someone special, someone I knew for more than ten minutes.* She kissed him again, hot and heavy.

I know my parents and my friends would never approve. I know this isn't how a proper job interview plays out. I know it's wrong to let this man

use me like this.

“My hot little pussy is really wet now, sir.” She whispered, and pressed her sweet body to his, rubbing her crotch along the length of his erection.

“I can feel it, Ariel.” Seymour whispered back joyfully, high on lust.

None of that matters. Not anymore. Thought Ariel, as Seymour undid the button of her tiny shorts.

There is no right or wrong. Only obedience, and pleasure. His pleasure.

“Your body is so pure and pristine, Ariel.” He said, running his brawny hands all over her smooth body.

“Maybe I should have some of it tattooed. Decorations for my new plaything. What do you say?” He wondered.

“Anything you wish, sir. My body is yours.”

Seymour kissed her again, and burst into laughter.

“I just love this.” He said, “Corrupting delicate flowers like you, until all that's left is a slutty, raunchy, filthy sex toy for me to use and abuse.”

“Use me, sir.” Ariel begged with wide, smoldering blue eyes, “Make me your whore. Soil me, until all that remains is a receptacle for your carnal lust.”

A lascivious, moist twinkle in her eye slashed through her angel-like innocence.

“You know what makes it even better, Ariel?” Seymour reached in her pants, and ran his finger along her tight snatch. It quivered in response.

“What, sssir?” She moaned and asked.

“Doing all of this while sitting on Pam's back.” He said, and spanked the blonde one more time.

Pam did not react. Like any good furniture, she remained quiet and unmoving, her eyes vacant and her spit-smearred face expressionless.

“If she had her wits about her, she would be seething.” Seymour bragged “There was nothing she hated more than the notion of a pure, innocent angel, like you Ariel, being corrupted by a depraved, horny lecher. Sweet revenge, is what this is.”

Ariel looked down at Pam. The older woman looked so calm and serene, with their full weight on her back. Ariel giggled mischievously, stood up, and abruptly slid her tiny shorts down her trim legs.

“Corrupt me, sir. Make me your fuck toy.” She begged again, rubbing her smooth, pink cherry right in front of him.

Seymour growled and reached forward to grab her petite, flexible body. He pulled her closer, and hugged her like a doll.

She straddled him again, and his throbbing hard-on finally teased her precious, untouched pussy lips.

“Guide my joystick into your playground, hun.” Seymour nibbled on her ear-lobe and whispered.

“Y-Yes sir.” Ariel held his manhood firmly, and rubbed her wet cunt with the tip.

I feel like there's molten lava in my pussy. My nipples feel so raw. His cock is so steely hard. He is so strong. I feel so light, and small, and weak, and...Obedient.

Thoughts swirling in her head, Ariel took a deep, sharp breath, and lowered her hips. She felt every inch of him penetrate into her, burning away at her uncharted loins.

“Ahhh!” She screamed her lungs out, pushing herself down until her speared lips kissed his balls.

“Mff!” She wrapped her arms around him, and muffled her squeal by gently biting his broad shoulder.

Seymour brushed his hands all over her backside, touching, scratching and rubbing. He could feel her pussy tighten around his shaft.

“Ohhh...” She shook and twitched on top of him.

“Hey now, sweet cheeks.” He grabbed her hair, and lifted her head back up. She left distinct bite marks on his shoulder.

“Does it hurt?” He asked, cupping her bubbly ass cheeks.

“Y-Yes sir.” Ariel whined, cherry blood slowly slithering down from her blossomed honeypot.

“Ignore the pain, Ariel.” Seymour said, making her look at him, “focus on what's important.”

“I-Important?” She squeaked weakly.

“Yes, Ariel. Focus on giving me pleasure.” Her blood dripped from his balls and began to glaze Pam's backside.

“G-Giving. Pleasure.” She droned with a shaky voice.

“That's right, sweetheart.” He nodded at her.

His pleasure... She thought, and slowly began moving her shivering body up and down.

The more of the blinding pain she took, the easier it became to ignore it. To fixate on the pleasure of the man her world revolved around. Seymour enjoyed letting her do all the work, increasing her pace in spite of her own bodily instincts. Her body needed to be tamed, just like her mind.

Soon enough, her body will learn to take it all, to fulfill its goal of pleasing the man who owned it.

Ariel hopped on him like a hyper-active bunny, blood and pussy juices splattering all over the floor.

“Fuck me, sir! *Ahh!* I belong to you! I live for your pleasure!” She moaned and squealed as she bounced,

“Deeper, cunt! Move those hips!” Seymour held her waist and applied some pressure, making her add horizontal grinding motions to her devotedly rapid up-and-down ones.

“Yes sir! As deep as you want! Use me! *Ohh!*” Ariel moved her hips in perfect, smooth circles, tears of lust welling in her eyes.

The innocent virgin rode Seymour so hard that her ass was getting pink, and Pam's forearms nearly caved under the pressure.

“Oh yeah! Fucking ride me, you slut!” Seymour slapped Ariel's bouncing behind, and then spanked Pam's ass.

The newly deflowered teen was beyond words, at that point. Her tongue dangled carelessly from her cute mouth, her eyes widened, and her pupils danced around madly. Her expression was the picture of vapid sexual heat, showing not a shred of intelligent thought beyond the thick haze of debauched lust.

“I'm about to cum! Oh god, that was fast!” Seymour said, quite amazed. His words managed to re-focus Ariel.

“Cum in me, sir! *Ahh!* Dump your load in my pussy!” She begged, her face red and her popped pussy clutching and sucking down on his cock.

She felt strong bursts of sperm rush into her, flooding her pussy and womb. Her pussy couldn't hold it all, and some of it oozed down to join her maiden blood on Pam's backside.

Like a pull-toy, she slowly wound down to an eventual stop, resting her soft, bubbly cheeks on Seymour's lap and keeping his spent cock nice and warm within her creamed pie.

“Did I do good, sir?” She asked, panting as her young, capable heart returned to a normal beat-rate.

“You sure did.” Seymour huffed a sigh, sweating all over.

“I, on the other hand, am getting old.” He added “Four times in one day might be pushing the limit for me.” He shook his head in contemplation.

Seymour buried his tongue in Ariel's mouth one last time, savoring her youthful freshness.

“You will need to take a pill, Ariel. I wouldn't want my newest slavegirl to get knocked up after the first time I use her.” He said.

“O-Of course, sir. That would be such a waste of good pussy meat.” Ariel smiled and said.

“Does that mean I got the job?” She asked, shyly nibbling on her thumb-nail

“The job?” Seymour frowned “Oh right, that! I completely forgot.” He chuckled “Sure, what the hey. You can replace Iris and work for minimum wage as Pam's secretary.” He spanked Pam once again, for good measure.

“I thought this job pays twelve dollars an hour.” Ariel said.

“Yeah, but you'll transfer the extra pay to me, like all the other bitches in this office. I have to make a living, too, y'know. It's one of the perks of having enslaved property at my disposal.”

“Of course, sir. Silly me.” Ariel gave him her best smile of acceptance, and stayed put, straddled on top of him with her legs spread, patient and humble.

“Okay, then. Let's head out and break the news to the other candidates.” He slapped her booty twice, prodding her back to her feet.

“Yes sir.” Ariel stood on wobbly legs, and bent down to pick her clothes up.

A minute later, Seymour, Ariel, and the blank-faced, entranced Pam stood in the main working area. Seymour walked his owned toys before the four hopeful candidates who still didn't get a chance to show their stuff. They all wore skimpy, sexy clothes that emphasized their top qualities.

Tina, Elena, Beth, and Kate were all busy at work, trying to catch up on their belated quota.

“Ariel here will be my new secretary.” Seymour announced, using the silky blonde locks of one of the candidates to wipe his flaccid cock off.

“The rest of you, leave your panties, credit cards, phone numbers, and some sexy nude pictures for me. I might want to use you in a more recreational setting, some other time.”

“Yes sir.” They all said, discarded their panties, gave their cards, numbers, and details, and left in shame, hoping their young, supple assets will be of use in the future.

Seymour walked over to Iris, and forcefully bent her over her desk for one last spanking.

“Time for you to go, you worthless bag!” He berated, ignoring her moans.

“As you wish, sir!” She cried loudly, raising her voice above the constant smacks landing on her ass.

“You know what? I still begrudge you for telling Pam here about my in-work porn watching habits. If I didn’t accidentally find that spiral video file hidden in the mainframe, I would have lost my job!”

“I’m so sorry, sir! *Ahh!* I was so stupid!”

“Yeah! You were! Now crawl on out of here while me and the girls spit on you!” He barked at her.

“Yes sir! Right away!” Iris fell to her hands and knees, and began wiggling her scrawny ass outside.

The girls automatically responded to his words, left their stations, and scurried over to give their fired co-worker a demeaning, dehumanizing farewell. Seymour walked beside them, feeling Ariel up and taunting Iris.

“Look at your replacement, slut! She rode me like an uninhibited nympho, even though this was her very first time. She’s got spunk! And I don’t just mean what I pumped into her back in Pam’s office.”

“I’m happy, sir.” Iris said, keeping her head down and her pride in the gutter “I’m happy you found a proper replacement for my saggy, worthless pair of tits.”

“Proper replacement?! Hah! You piece of trash, Ariel is a colossal upgrade! I mean, look at this tasty little body.” He smooched Ariel from behind, squeezing her perky tits with both hands.

“You aren't worthy to lick the perfect soles of her pretty lil' feet! Got it?!”

“Yes sir. Yes sir.” Iris nodded with a sob, and kept crawling.

“In fact, you come here and lick her ass.” He spun Ariel around and spanked her pert behind.

“Yes sir. Yes sir!” Iris raised her head, flinched from a bolt of spit shot from Beth's lips, and extended her tongue obediently.

She licked around Ariel's rim, but that wasn't enough for Seymour.

“Stick your fucking face in there, bitch!” He said, and shoved her head forward.

“*Ahh!*” Ariel let out a wet moan, wagging her bubbly behind like a loyal puppy.

“Is she doing a good job, Ariel?” Seymour clutched her chin and asked.

“Y-Yes sir! *Mm!*” Her tight pussy was getting wetter by the second.

“Maybe I should keep you as Ariel's ass-licker, Iris.” He suggested “Would you like that, Ariel? So it'd be easier for me to fuck your ass when I want to?”

“*Ahh!* Yes sir! *Ahh!* Please fuck my ass!” Came the petite princess's lewd response.

Seymour gave a smirk, “Would you believe she was a total virgin just an hour ago. I mean, she never even kissed a guy before!” He gloated.

“Okay, that's enough. I'm the only one who gets to wind this doll up like this.” He slapped Iris off, still touching Ariel's trim curves.

“Now get going, cunt.” He pointed at the general direction of the door, kissing Ariel's neck.

“Yes sir!” Iris fell to the floor with a thump, and continued her crawl of shame.

Seymour's eyes glowed wickedly.

“Oh, by the way, Iris.” He spat on her back “I noticed you were checking the paper earlier. Are you looking for a new job, perhaps?”

“Yes sir.”

“Oh, golly gee, did I forget to mention that I never finished punishing you for that whole porn tattle-tale incident?” He turned Ariel back around and rested his crotch on her petite ass.

“I actually think that a fitting punishment would be having you join the porn industry, as the washed-up, mature cunt you now are. Am I clear?”

“C-Crystal clear, sir.” Iris said as she reached the door.

“And you'll make sure to be the cheapest, most willing little porno whore the nice producers have ever worked with.” He smiled and placed his hand between Ariel's legs, rubbing her pink pussy in fluent circles.

“Yes sir.” Iris nodded, keeping her nose close to the floor.

“Good. I'm looking forward to seeing you in action. Now get out of here. I'm done with you.” He said, and averted his gaze to the dazzling teen he was fondling and dry-humping.

Ariel had an aroused glow to her face, and a dreamy, distant look in her eyes. Iris's intense tongue lashing caused the young treat to slip right into a comfy, hypnotic trance, and soon after Seymour slammed the door on Iris's ass, he had the other girls join her.

“Trance time, bitches.” He snapped his fingers, and watched with glee as his co-workers' heads hung limply for a second, and then raised their glassy, empty eyes forward.

They lined up for him, standing at perfect attention in their high heels, thongs, and under-boob tube-tops. They had a permanent smile on their otherwise blank faces, as Seymour moved between them, fondling, spanking, and slapping his cock on their naked curves.

“Again?” Seymour looked down, realizing he managed to erect another hard-on “My my, what an exciting day.”

His voice was the only thing that tore through the silence. He slipped his sword into each of their cunts, easily bending over their utterly compliant bodies, sliding their thongs aside, and pumping their pussies a few times. None of them made a peep. The smiles on their pretty faces never waned. They had no mind, and no will.

First were Pam, Tina, and Beth. He bounced each of their big asses on his crotch, in turn, treating them like nothing but inanimate meat sockets. Next, he fucked Kate. He spent a longer time roaming in her nineteen-year-old pussy, playing with her bellybutton ring while boning her from behind.

Ariel came next. Seymour gave her her first rough doggy-style fuck, banging her with strong thrusts, filling the silence with the constant smacking of his pelvis on her smooth, firm skin.

“So fucking tight!” He admired her wet teen cunt, and moved on to Elena.

He took Elena, bent her over one of the desks, drooled down to lubricate her ass, and thrust his hard pole inside. Even that did not wake her from her blissful, mindless trance. Seymour rammed into her with a smug smile on his face, enjoying the full control he had over his formerly haughty co-worker.

From the moment she succumbed to the spiral he showed her, she lost control of her body, her life, and her future. She didn't even realize it, at the time, as she sunk deeper and deeper into trance. When next she woke up, everything was different. She had subconsciously given away her soul, and her independence. Nothing belonged to her, not anymore. Everything was his.

The room was silent, save for Seymour's pelvis slapping Elena's behind, and his groans of pleasure as he anally fucked her.

“It has come to my attention that the front office is still demanding cut-backs.” Seymour said as he pumped into her.

“After evaluating the pros and cons of all my enthralled fuckholes, I decided yours were the three I can get rid of. Let's face it, as much as I like coming up with original ways to punish your snarky attitude, I think we both know the only reason I let you challenge me, is because your normal service is just not spicy enough. You're just not cut out to being my submissive fuck-toy.”

Elena didn't even blink. Her body swayed back and forth with every deep thrust.

“Yes master.” She finally said, “I understand.”

“Good. You will have to find a smoking hot pair of tits to replace you, for half your current pay, of course. I'm sure the front office people will agree, providing you find a qualified candidate.” He drove his point home by slapping her ass, and increased the tempo in which he rammed into her.

“Yes master. I will find a replacement for my holes, master.” Elena droned as her body rocked back and forth.

“Excellent! *Hmmmm! Ohhh yeah!*” He exploded inside of her.

“That was nice.” He let out a groan, spanked her, and pulled out, leaving her hunched over the desk, with cum drizzling from her gaping asshole.

Seymour clapped his hands twice.

“Alright, wake up, cunts.” He said. The girls all blinked and rubbed their eyes, as if rising from a good night's sleep. Elena stood back up, ignoring the sperm deposit draining from her ass. She got back in line, and waited.

“I'll be taking Ariel home to my bed tonight. We won't do much sleeping.” He grabbed the eighteen year old and tightly cuddled her exquisite body.

“As you wish, master.” Ariel droned out slowly.

“Oh, sweetie. I see we have to work on your ability to properly wake up from your hypnotic trance.” He pressed his nose on her cheek like an Eskimo kiss.

“I know it's pleasant and relaxing to be so deep down and blissfully mindless, but don't forget that obeying *me* is the most important thing. When I tell you to wake up, you *wake up*.” He whispered in her ear.

“Y-Yes...Sir.” Ariel shook her head and said, blinking herself back to full awareness.

“Good girl.” He squeezed her ass fondly.

The girls all slid their thongs back to place, their pussies lightly quivering from the fucking they received while entranced.

“Tina, you'll be driving me and Ariel home. You'll make a good mattress for me to fuck my tasty new slave on.”

“B-But, sir. I promised my fiance that...”

“I don't give a damn, slut!” Seymour snapped at her “Kneel.”

“Yes sir.”

Tina fell to her knees with a painful thump. Seymour began slapping his limp dick on her face.

“As much as I enjoy the notion of making your fiance a cuckold, I think it's time you dump his sorry carcass and focus all your energy on pleasing me.” His words made Tina open her eyes in shock.

“Sir, please.” Tina begged, pouting her lips for him to smack his tip on.

“Who is more important to you? Me or him?” Seymour asked.

“Nothing is more important than you, sir. You own my body, my mind, and my soul.” Tina gushed.

“Then it shouldn't be a problem for you to end it with him.” He said.

Tina swallowed a sob.

“No sir. No problem. I will dump him.”

“Good girl. But don't just suddenly announce you're done with him. I don't need him suspecting something is fishy with your sudden change of mind. Take your time, make it feel real, and make sure it's a clear and clean cut. In fact, if you can push him to break up with you, that would probably be best. Understood?”

“Yes sir. I understand completely.”

“You are a good slave, Tina. Have an orgasm for me.”

“Y-Yes! *Ahhh Mmmhhmmm! Sir! Ohhhhh!*” Tina dripped juices on the floor, as a mind shattering orgasm rocked her body.

“*Ohh*, Thank you, sir.” She smiled up at him.

“You made sure to never orgasm with him, right?” Seymour wanted to make sure.

“Yes sir. I faked it, as you commanded, sir.” Tina replied, whimpering “I am always wet and ready for you, sir, and I only orgasm when you tell me to.”

Seymour smiled, took a step back, and stretched his leg forward. Tina looked down, still panting, and lowered her head, planting her lips on his outstretched foot.

“Time to go. Dress me up, bitches.” He said.

“Yes sir!” They all howled in unison, like an army squad.

The girls dressed Seymour back up, using every chance they got to kiss around his crotch. Tina and Ariel also dressed up in more presentable garb, and pretty soon they followed Seymour back to Tina's car.

“I'll send the bitch who drove me here to go get some groceries.” He said, sending a message with his phone.

“Get back to work, sluts.” He called back to the four remaining women “Those reports are not going to fill themselves. I'll see ya some other day.”

And just like that, he was gone. Pam, Elena, Kate, and Beth frowned at each other, looking a tad disoriented.

“That Ariel girl seemed like a good worker.” Pam said, “hope she won't have problems taking over Iris's workload.”

“I don't know. I have a feeling Seymour will keep her much busier than Iris ever was.” Beth said, shaking her head.

Kate's eyes fell on Elena, and they all silently stared at her.

“What?” Elena snapped at them.

“We're sorry that...” Kate started, but Elena was too angry for that.

“Just get back to work! I need to start looking for someone to replace me.”

The girls disrobed of their slutty attire, removed their studs and piercings, and slowly dressed back up in their usual business clothes.

“I think it's admirable that you're staying, even though you got fired.” Beth said.

“Yeah, yeah...” Elena rolled her eyes derisively, but her smile betrayed the fact that she enjoyed the compliment.

Pam put her bossy game-face back on.

“Do you have an idea of who you'll be offering?” She inquired.

“Well, my sister just turned eighteen. And she's pretty hot.” Elena suggested.

“We need someone with some rudimentary skills and experience, Elena.” Pam bitched.

“No, I have a feeling the hot part trumps the actual work qualifications.” Elena contended.

Pam sighed, “Yeah, you're probably right.” She relented, rubbing her temple in circles, trying to alleviate a nagging headache.

“Okay, full force ahead, ladies. I'll take over Tina's station and join you peons. We are way behind schedule, so if you want to head home before midnight, you'd better step on it.”

“We'll never make it.” Beth complained, the space between her breasts feeling sticky.

“And we know who we have to thank for that.” Elena sneered, her sore ass cum-glued to the fabric of her long skirt.

“Yeah...” Kate agreed with a smile, licking her lips, still somewhat salty from the cum she swallowed earlier.

“Less talk, more work, you lazy bums.” Pam barked, her back aching, and her own bum glistening with a deep shade of burning pink.

She took her managerial position very seriously.

Still, deep down, they all knew who their *real* boss was.

Blue Hole - Siren's Pearl

By Will B. Gunn

Alyssa woke up with a yawn, and blinked a few times to clear the sleep from her eyes. She got up and walked over to the window. Pulling the drapes open, she let the dawn's light in. She took a moment to gaze outside. The island's shoreline looked magical in the light of a new day.

The ocean was clear crystal blue, the sand was as bright and golden as Alyssa's hair, and palm trees swayed gently in the light breeze. The soothing sound of softly crashing waves filled the air, only interrupted by the occasional caw of a seagull. The small village was quiet, and calm.

I guess the locals like sleeping in. Alyssa thought to herself.

She took a quick shower, brushed her teeth, dressed in a cute shirt and a pair of shorts, brushed her hair and went downstairs to the motel's lobby. The hotel owner stood behind the counter flirting with her new friend, Gia. After a moments thought, she recalled the man's name to be Arthur.

Hard to blame him. She's so fucking sexy.

"There she is. How did you sleep, Alyssa?" Gia noticed her arrival.

"Pretty good, all things considered." Alyssa replied warmly.

"Are you nervous?" Gia asked with a coy smile.

"Hell yeah I am! But I'm mostly excited. I've been waiting a long time for this." Alyssa gushed.

Arthur looked curiously at the interplay, "What are you girls planning?"

"Gia is taking me down to the Maze Caverns." Alyssa beamed, and stood next to Gia.

"Yep! I'm gonna give her the full tour of our little natural treasure." Gia said with a smile.

"You're sure we won't get lost?" Alyssa had to make sure.

"Pshh, don't insult me." Gia smiled, "I know those tunnels like the back of my hand. Trust me."

“Okay then. It’s just that I read that certain parts of the caverns aren't even mapped yet.” Alyssa answered with an uncertain expression.

Arthur chuckled.

“Maybe officially, but I bet Gia here knows lots of hidden nooks and crannies you won't find about in any book or website.” He said, prompting Gia to straighten up and strike a parody superhero pose.

“Oh yeah, I’m the best around.” Gia gave an exaggerated wink.

“Fantastic! I'm glad I found you, Gia.” Alyssa nodded.

“Feeling is mutual.” Gia said with a smile.

“How did you two meet, anyway?” Arthur asked.

“Well, I'm always on the lookout for new diving locations. Maze Caverns will be my sixth blue hole.” Alyssa said, leaning on the reception counter.

“Blue hole?”

“Pro-speak for 'large marine cavern'.” Gia interjected.

“And we met on a diving forum.” She continued, “Alyssa announced she was looking for her next adventure, and I knew our caverns would intrigue her. She has a bit of a reputation as a scuba queen.”

“A scuba queen, huh? So you figured you'd invite her over for a formal visit? Seeing as you are *our* local queen?” Arthur commented.

“Okay, first of all, I'm only known by that silly name on that particular forum. And second, the invitation was less formal and more 'hey girl! I've got something amazing to show you!’” Alyssa looked at Gia with a grin.

“Anyway, we got to talking, and discovered we had much more in common.” Alyssa continued, “We're the same age, we like the same music, we both love pineapple pizza and...”

“Are you listening, Arty?” Gia asked all of a sudden, raising an eyebrow at the motel manager.

“What? Oh, yeah sorry. Music and pineapple pizza, that's nice.” Arthur blushed a bit. He was clearly distracted by the side-curve of Alyssa's pert behind, as she leaned on his counter. The girls exchanged amused looks, and Alyssa straightened her posture with a huff.

“Let's go up to your room, Alyssa.” Gia suggested.

“Yeah.” Alyssa agreed. Gia followed her up the stairs, shaking her head at Arthur with a taunting, cheeky half-smile.

“He's got a bit of a perv vibe to him, that Arthur.” Alyssa sat on the bed, opened the closet, and began checking her scuba gear.

“Cut him some slack, he doesn't see lots of gorgeous blue-eyed blonds around these parts. I think your hot ass is making him home-sick.” Gia said, leafing through the Skymall magazine Alyssa brought from the plane.

“Oh I'm used to guys appreciating my body with their eyes, trust me. Doesn't mean he's not a creep for leering at me. Where is he from originally, anyway?” Alyssa inquired.

Gia lifted her eyes and furrowed her brow.

“Canada. I think.” She replied with a shrug, and dove back to the magazine.

“And he left everything to open a motel in a small village halfway across the world?”

“Yup. He fell in love with our serene, peaceful lifestyle, I suppose. I wonder if this cute sweetheart neckline comes in blue.” Gia remarked offhandedly, browsing the fashion section of the magazine.

“Who wouldn't fall in love with this place?” Alyssa sighed, checking the air flow of her regulator, “it's actually quite admirable. I wish *I* could up and change everything like that.” She admitted.

Gia lifted her eyes from the magazine again.

“Yeah. I admire him, too.” She said with a faraway stare, her voice more mellow than usual. It was awkward enough to make Alyssa lift her head with a frown.

Her mocha-skinned friend had a vapid grin on her pretty face.

“A-Anyway, are you ready to head out?” Gia blinked a few times, and asked.

“Uhm, ready when you are.” Alyssa said, running her hands on her wet-suit, “You're sure we won't get lost without a rope?”

“I'm positive. Will you relax?” Gia rolled her eyes.

“Guess I should go get my scuba gear, too.” She glanced at Alyssa with a half-smile, and closed the magazine.

“I'll meet you down in the lobby.” Alyssa said.

“All right. See ya.” Gia gave a casual wave, and was out the door. Alyssa watched her pert ass sway with a dry mouth. She licked her lips,

shook her head, and turned her eyes back to her gear.

Alyssa came down the stairs in her wetsuit carrying her fins and oxygen tank. Gia was already waiting for her on the lobby couch, wearing her own wetsuit.

“Wow, you're quick.” Alyssa said, impressed.

“Quick as a bunny!” Gia jumped to her feet chirpily, and picked up her gear from an adjacent chair.

“Let's go then! I always get butterflies before exploring a new mysterious underwater miracle.” Alyssa admitted, speaking a tad faster than usual.

“Wait, girls, before you go. I have something to give you, Alyssa.” Arthur came from behind the counter, and fished inside his pocket.

“What is it?” Alyssa folded her arms and asked, impatiently.

Arthur took out an iridescent, round marble, and held it to the sunlight which beamed down from the lobby's window.

“A pearl?” Alyssa asked, watching as the sparkling jewel changed colors based on the angle from which she looked at it.

“Siren pearl, to be exact. According to legend, if you get lost underwater, a Siren pearl will lead you to safety.” He held it before his eyes, and handed it to her. “Take it. Just in case.” He said with a smile.

“Uhm, I thought sirens were supposed to lure sailors away from safety, and make them hit a reef or something.” Alyssa didn't remember much of Greek mythology, but she still knew a little, “besides, I don't really go for all that magic and mysticism crap.” She added.

“*Psst*, are you nuts? When a man offers you an expensive looking pearl, you take it. Even a small village girl like me knows that.” Gia elbowed her with a humorous whisper, loud enough for Arthur to hear.

Alyssa giggled, and shook her head in resignation.

“I suppose it couldn't hurt.” She sighed, took the pearl, and stuffed it in her wet-suit's utility belt.

“Thanks, Gia.” He winked at her, “Hope you don't end up needing it.” He told Alyssa, and headed back behind the counter.

“What a weird man. This pearl looks really expensive.” Alyssa said on their way to the caverns' entrance, giving the pearl another look over.

“I think he likes you. But you might have insulted him with your last remark.” Gia said.

“Which one?”

“What you said about magic.” She clarified.

“Why would it insult him?”

“Arty originally came here to research some kind of ancient magical legend. He was a paranormal investigator or something.” Gia explained.

“You really shouldn't use the words 'research' and 'paranormal investigation' so close together.” Alyssa joked with sarcastic derision.

“I'm surprised you're such a skeptic.”

“Why would that surprise you?”

Gia paused, carefully picking her words.

“I don't know. You're an adventurous, thrill-seeking explorer. That usually suggests open-mindedness.” She said.

“If you open your mind too much, your brain might fall out.” Alyssa told her, giving off a somewhat smug vibe.

“Lovely platitude. But I'm still amazed you're so vehement about this.” Gia replied.

“I like exploring the hidden treasures of *this* world. The real world, not some fake crap made up by people who are too blind to see the natural world for its true, beautiful glory.” Alyssa lectured, “how do you like that for platitude?” She tilted her head and stared at Gia, a triumphant expression on her face.

“Heh, fair enough.” Gia gave a sweet laugh, and skipped ahead.

“Is it far, by the way?” Alyssa asked.

“Well, there are three known entrances to the Maze Caverns. Two of them are a couple of miles away from shore, in the ocean, and the third is on this island. Guess which one we're going to.” She elbowed Alyssa mischievously.

“It's actually right behind Arthur's mansion.” She pointed to the big house under the hill.

“He doesn't live at the motel?” Alyssa asked with wide eyes, “Hold on, he has a *mansion*?!”

“I guess being a paranormal investigator pays nice. He was already loaded when he got here. He's got one of the biggest estates in the country, and obviously the largest in the village.” Gia shrugged.

“Oh, the humanity...” Alyssa sighed and face-palmed.

Gia led Alyssa around the spacious mansion, and over to a small spring, situated at the foot of the steep hill.

“The entrance is right there.” Gia pointed to an opening in the rock, a few feet underwater.

“I see it.” Alyssa smiled, her bright blue eyes reflecting the morning sun.

“The water is so clear, I can actually see the bottom. It's magnificent” She said, filled with awe.

“Let's go in!” Gia started putting her fins on.

They swam to the other end of the spring, next to the cliff, above the cavern entrance.

“Okay, blow your horn if I'm going too fast for you. I tend to forget myself when I'm down there. Also, there are some really narrow tunnels, and the walls are lined with corals, so try not to break anything.” Gia gave her a few last minute instructions, before they put their mouthpieces in, and headed down.

“Don't worry, I'm a really nimble swimmer.” Alyssa said, her long, golden hair floating around her.

“I would never have guessed.” Gia joked, then put in her mouthpiece, and signed for Alyssa to start descending.

Alyssa gave her a thumbs up, fastened her goggles, and bit down on her mouthpiece. She submerged to the depth of the underwater cave entrance, and waited a few seconds for her ears to equalize. She closed her eyes, and immersed herself in the calm sensation of weightless floating.

I love these first few moments underwater. Feels like I'm back in the womb. She thought, letting her arms drift to her sides.

Alyssa opened her eyes in time to see the edge of Gia's fins vanish into the small opening in the rock. She fiercely shook her head, to relieve the remaining pressure from her ears, and flapped her fins forward, following the spunky Latina into the blue hole.

After a few feet of narrow tunnel, they arrived at the first large chamber. Lush sea-weed covered the bottom like a patch of long grass, swaying in the water currents. The walls were lined with colorful coral.

Beautiful. Thought Alyssa, looking around, taking in the wonderful sights.

An orange seahorse glided lazily at the foot of a pillar coral. Schools of polychromatic angelfish, parrotfish and butterfly fish clustered around the different coral formations. The scenery was painted with the colors of a vibrant rainbow.

Gia showed up in front of her, with a hermit crab in her hand. She coyly patted its shell, like a cliché villain patting a cat.

Is that your pet? Alyssa wondered jokingly.

Gia pointed down, signaling for Alyssa to swim with her to the bottom. By the time Alyssa equalized the pressure in her ears, Gia had already lay down on the bed of sea-weed. She reached up, inviting Alyssa to join her.

Damn. This is better than a sensual massage.

Alyssa closed her eyes, and lulled herself into a deep state of relaxation. The tingly tickles of the delicate tendrils were surprisingly soothing, and immensely pleasant.

A subtle rattling brought her out of her tranquil daydream. Alyssa knew the sound of a scuba-rattle all too well, and she knew Gia was trying to get her attention.

She looked up.

The hyperactive, petite Latina asked Alyssa, through signs, if she was ready to move on. Alyssa gave her the standard 'okay' sign, and Gia sprung forward, to one of the three tunnels leading deeper into the maze.

Alyssa followed her swift guide, barely noticing a common eel as she entered the tunnel.

Wow. She wasn't kidding. She's fast! Is she part fish? Alyssa noted, amazed. Gia swam forward with ease, as if the caverns were her home away from home.

The tunnel became narrower, and the walls were lined with jagged coral, making Alyssa pace herself, and move about more carefully. She didn't want to break the coral, killing it, and she certainly didn't want to cut herself on it. The gap between her and Gia grew with every passing second.

Nice and steady does the trick. She reassured herself, but when a strong current flowed towards her, threatening to toss her into the corals, Alyssa instinctively kicked her fin to fight the tide. A little too hard...

Crap!

Her fin was stuck in the coral, and the tunnel was too narrow for her to bend over and try to loosen it. She barely had enough room to turn her head and see what her fin was wedged into. She tried gently freeing her leg, but it was no use. She took hold of her air horn, and gave three short bursts. The horn used a small amount of her own air to work.

I hope she's not too far to hear it...Okay, stay calm. In a situation like this, I have to trust my diving partner. She'll get here.

Her savior arrived a few moments later, swimming past Alyssa so fast, she was almost a blur.

How can she move so quickly and accurately in such a cramped space? Thought the bewildered Alyssa.

She felt Gia fiddling with her lodged fin, and before she knew it, her foot was loose, and Gia swam beside her. She took a gentle, yet firm hold of Alyssa, and smoothly took her through the narrow tunnel. Alyssa was amazed the both of them could fit in it, together.

Alyssa let Gia carry her forward, her blue eyes locking gaze with Gia's hazelnut pupils. She let her body grow limp, putting her full trust in Gia, to bring her to safety.

They emerged into a larger chamber, smaller, but much deeper than the first. Alyssa felt Gia's hands loosen, and in a moment of pure primal instinct, reached up to pat Gia's cheek with the back of her forefinger.

Gia felt the gentle caress, and recoiled with a frown.

Uh-oh. Alyssa looked away, feeling herself blushing.

She did her best to not look at Gia *that* way, even though the young Latina was just her type, except for the being straight part. She didn't have a chance to tell her, yet, and at a certain point it became awkward to bring it up.

Stupid, stupid! Why couldn't I control myself? Why didn't I just explain everything from the get-go? Alyssa scolded herself as she followed after Gia.

It was just supposed to be a silly crush. Completely physical attraction because Gia was so hot, and petite and juicy and...Ohh-kay, gotta think about something else, before I get wet in a whole other way. She shuddered.

Gah! I was supposed to get over it, by now...

Alyssa followed Gia through the tunnels like a zombie, dreading her epiphany. She only just realized, it wasn't only a carnal attraction. She was actually developing romantic feelings towards her new friend, emotions she knew she could never act upon.

Why did she have to be so charming and cute? I hope I didn't completely freak her out...

Even the sighting of a rare, deep-sea rat tail fish couldn't jog Alyssa away from her inner deliberations. Gia continued leading her deeper into the maze, without stopping or looking back.

I knew it, she got creeped out. Look at her go, it's like she's trying to out-swim a tsunami. And what am I supposed to say once we get out? Hey, so I didn't tell you this, but I'm actually a lesbian and I'm really into you. I know you don't swing that way, and I hope it will go away soon! What do you say?

She shook her head.

Yeah, that won't work. Maybe I'm thinking too much into this, maybe she'll just shrug it off. She's cool that way.

Just as Alyssa resolved to focus on their beautiful journey through the underwater caverns, Gia led them to a small cove on the other side of the island. The ground sloped up above the water, and the cove's ceiling perched about ten feet above the water's surface

The small shore within the cove was completely covered with smooth, round pebbles, to the point in which Alyssa wondered whether there was any ground below the mound of small stones.

Gia walked out of the water, onto the pebbles, and sat down.

“Come on out, Alyssa. We can take a break here.” She said, taking off her fins.

Alyssa stepped out after her, and looked around. The sun shone from the east, where the cove opened it's stony mouth to the ocean surrounding

the island.

“What is this place?” She asked, looking down at Gia with astonishment.

Gia looked up with an elvish half-smile.

“Remember when I told you there are three known entrances to the caverns? This is an unknown one.” Gia said with pride.

Alyssa stared at the petite Latina, her jaw slack.

“Are you saying that you know of an uncharted entrance to the Maze Caverns? That's huge! Who else knows about it? How did you find it? How come no one else has?” Alyssa bombarded her with questions.

“O-kaaay. Yes, I do know an uncharted entrance, obviously. A few other people in the village know about it, cause I like bragging, and as for no one else ever figuring it out...” She paused, and turned her head to the water, “look at the hole we exited the caverns from.” She said.

Alyssa looked down at the crystal-clear water, and her eyes widened with shock.

“What the? Where did it go?” She gasped. The place in the rock from whence they entered the cove looked completely solid, as if the opening was entirely invisible, or non-existent.

“You can only see it from a very specific angle, and only from underwater.” Gia stood up on her bare feet, “It took me a while to figure it out, the first time I got here from the caverns. Everybody knows this cove, it's one of our local landmarks, so I knew how to get home without using the caverns, but I had to figure it out.” She said, pulling her shoulders jovially.

“So you're saying that if I dive down there, I will see an entrance large enough for us to fit in, allowing us to get back into the caverns?” Alyssa asked, still dumbfounded.

“You were just there, silly.” Gia giggled.

“I know, but how...There has to be an explanation.”

“Magic?” Gia suggested.

“A realistic explanation.” Alyssa clarified, “maybe it's the way the light reflects on the water.”

“Yeah maybe.” Gia shrugged, “Take your fins off before you start flinging pebbles all around.” She suggested.

“Right! O-Okay...” Alyssa nodded and sat down.

Gia stretched her limbs, flexibly bending her lithe body. Alyssa couldn't help but stare at her diving partner's fit, statuette form. She blushed and looked down. The wonder of discovery made her forget, for a moment, the awkwardness of what happened earlier, but it was all rushing back now.

“Uhm listen, Gia, about what happened before...” Alyssa started, fidgeting with her fins.

“Hmm?” Gia stopped her stretch and gave Alyssa a questioning stare, “oh that? Come on, everyone gets vertigo sometimes, that's why we dive in pairs.” She said with a lighthearted smile.

Is she serious? Alyssa stared at Gia, speechless.

“What? Why are you staring?”

“Oh...Never mind. I...Yeah, everyone gets vertigo sometimes.” Alyssa went along with it. She finished taking her fins off, stood up, and stretched her legs. The smooth pebbles were surprisingly pleasant on the soles of her feet.

“What now?” She asked Gia, looking into the vast ocean stretching beyond the cove, and breathing the fresh, damp air.

“Now, we need to find a pink pebble.” Gia clapped her hands, and said.

“A what?”

“A. Pink. Peb-ble.” Gia repeated, jokingly emphasizing every syllable as if speaking to a dimwit.

“There's always at least one pink pebble lying around here.” She added.

“Okay. Why?” Alyssa pressed.

“I collect them.” Gia said, moving pebbles with her toes and peeling her eyes like a hawk scouting for prey.

“You...collect pink pebbles?”

“Yup!” Gia confirmed enthusiastically, “What? How is it weirder than collecting stamps or whatever?” She defended.

“Oh, no it's not weird. It's...rare.” Alyssa appeased, still feeling shy about her infatuation with the stunning Latina.

“Okay then! Help me find one.” Gia said, rummaging through the pebbles with her bare feet.

“All right.” Alyssa resigned, and started searching the other end of the small pebbly shore.

They searched for about five minutes. Alyssa knelt down and dug with her hands, but Gia continued scouring with her feet.

“Does it have to be pink?” Alyssa asked, getting impatient.

“They are all either black or pink. Trust me.” Gia assured.

“What's so special about the pink ones? Are they just prettier?”

Alyssa wondered.

“You'll see.” Gia smiled at her, and kicked a few pebbles into the water.

“Ah! Found one!” She cheered.

Alyssa turned her head to look. The unique stone was a bright hue of bubble-gum pink. It stood out vividly among the pile of black pebbles, making Alyssa wonder how they failed to find one sooner.

“Pick it up. Come on.” Gia told her, pointing down at the brightly colored pebble.

Alyssa walked over with a frown.

“Why can't you pick it up?” She asked.

“Just trust me, okay?” Gia insisted.

Alyssa nodded and gazed down at the pink pebble with her bright blue eyes. She bent down, and wrapped her fingers around it. By the time she straightened back up, warm tingly vibrations spread through the palm of her hand.

“*Tch...*” Alyssa twisted her lips and narrowed her eyes.

It's...glowing...

The pebble was surrounded by a cloud-like, pinkish aura, pleasantly tickling her hand like a thousand tiny feathers.

“It feels good, doesn't it?” Gia whispered in her ear, her warm breath sliding down Alyssa's neck.

“Feels good...” Alyssa nodded, her lips lightly parted.

“Don't drop it. Keep holding it.” Gia said, giving her ear-lobe a playful lick.

“Keep...holding...” Alyssa echoed, her fingers tightening around the pebble. The numb sensation pulsed further up her arm, radiating towards

her chest. Gia gently nuzzled against the nape of her neck, and the urge to clutch the pebble, and never let go, became as important as breathing.

“Good girl.” Gia said, and gave Alyssa a warm kiss on the cheek.

“Just relax, and breathe. Let yourself calm down, and slip into a deep trance.” Gia said with a breathy whisper.

“Relax. Deep...trance...”

“That's right. Let it seep through your pores, into your skin and to your very core. Feel it fill you up and guide you into an open, receptive state.” Gia continued with a soothing voice. She wrapped her arms around Alyssa, rubbing the other girl's enchanting body with her tender hands.

“Open...receptive...” Alyssa repeated, feeling Gia's hand gently cup her perky tit.

“Silly Alyssa.” The ravishing Latina giggled, patting Alyssa's sun-streaked mane, “You thought I didn't notice how you look at me. I caught you staring at my ass more than master did when we first met. You were so cute, awkwardly trying to hide it. You made it so easy for me to manipulate you.”

She grabbed Alyssa's pert ass through her wet-suit.

“Master is going to love playing with you.” She whispered, and nibbled on Alyssa's strawberry lips.

“What...? M-Master?” Alyssa mumbled meekly, the pink warmth spreading to her midriff, and further down, between her legs.

“That's right, Alyssa. You are going to be his sex slave.” Gia told her, gleefully.

“Slave? Wait...I don't...” Alyssa tried pulling away from the pink vortex engulfing her, struggling to hang onto her consciousness in the midst of the comfortably numb euphoria.

“Oh don't be like that, Alyssa. I get you're not *that* into guys, but master is different, especially after you succumb, surrender, and devote your entire existence to him.” She patted Alyssa's cheek with the back of her hand.

“But...”

“Shhh. No buts.” She silenced Alyssa's protest by stretching her forefinger across her lips, “How about I sweeten the deal. Hmm?”

She grinned impishly, and came in for a passionate kiss.

“*Mmhmm...*” Alyssa closed her eyes and whimpered. She tasted the nectar of Gia's sweet lips, and kissed back.

Their lips detached with a wet, juicy smack.

“If you only submit, forget your past, and dedicate your future to being master's sex servant. If you do that, you could dive down between my legs, and eat my pussy. You'd like that, won't you, Alyssa?” Gia gave her another moist peck on the lips.

Yes...I want that...So much...

Alyssa nodded slowly. The warmth had spread deep between her legs, causing her cunt to quake and quiver.

“Of course you would. And I can service you down there, as well. I'm not a lesbian, but for a fellow slave of master's harem...” Gia moved a lock of golden hair from Alyssa's eyes, and gave her another kiss, “...I will do my best to please you.” She caressed Alyssa's tight wet-suit, moving her fingers down between her legs.

“*Mmfff!*” Alyssa arched her neck up, and squealed. Her high-pitched moan echoed in the cove. She nearly lost her balance and fell, but Gia held her up. She held Alyssa close to her, hugging her. Their smooth wet bodies pressed together.

“All you need to do is submit, Alyssa. You will be his plaything. His docile slave. His fuck-doll. His obedient cum receptacle.”

Alyssa leaned on Gia, and a subtle smile formed on her face.

I...want that...so much. The thought replayed in her head.

His plaything...his slave...

The pleasant warmth spread up her neck, and tenderly crossed into her head, invading her mind.

Alyssa's eyes filled with a cloudy haze of pink, and her pupils glowed like two perfectly round raspberries. The pebble gradually lost its shine. The pink vapor flowed out of it, and seeped into Alyssa. She took a deep breath, and closed her eyes.

“I submit.” Alyssa declared with a smile, and opened her eyes. Her pupils were back to their normal shade of bright blue. She looked down at the pebble in her hand with a vacant stare. It was now a solid slab of onyx black, just like all the other pebbles piled under them. Alyssa smiled, and dropped the depleted stone down, to join the rest.

“Good girl, Alyssa. I knew you'd make the right choice.” Gia said, “and rejoice, for it was the last choice you'll ever have to make.”

“I'm so happy.” Alyssa beamed, her eyes shimmering.

“There is only one last thing you must do, Alyssa, to truly become whole.” Gia held her hands, “take the pearl, and put it in your mouth.”

“The pearl?” Alyssa thought for a second, and reached into her belt. The core of the pearl glowed yellow, as if there was a golden nugget at the center of the sparkly jewel.

Alyssa looked at Gia, who gave her an encouraging nod. She held the pearl before her eyes, and put it in her mouth.

“And swallow.” Gia grinned.

Gulp!

Alyssa felt the round marble smoothly slide down her throat.

For the first few seconds, she felt nothing, but somehow she knew to brace herself.

She gasped audibly. Her heart skipped a beat and her lungs skipped a breath. She blinked slowly, and every time her eyelids reopened, her vision became blurrier. Her pupils turned solid gold, like the center of the pearl she just consumed.

Hard to...breathe...

Her eyelids closed shut, and her knees buckled. She fell to the ground with a thump, feeling her consciousness dwindling away.

A mere moment before she fainted, Alyssa felt a certain fire burning within her, a jolt of electric power, re-energizing her entire body and replenishing her strength. She sprung to her feet like a skilled acrobat, and took a sharp, long breath, longer than any breath she ever inhaled.

Her eyes shot open with a pulsating, shimmering shock-wave, rippling outwardly and dissipating into thin air. Mostly back to their original sapphire blue, her pupils retained a distinct golden sparkle, making her blue gems look even more magical.

“Whoa...”

The world around her became so vivid. The colors were brighter and deeper. She heard every tiny splash of the gentle waves hitting the cove. It was like all her senses went into hyper-drive, in the best way possible. It felt amazing.

It's like I'm truly seeing the world, the full wonder of existence, for the first time.

She looked at Gia with wide eyes. The hot Latina discarded her scuba gear and wet-suit, standing naked before her.

“Congrats. You are now a siren.” She paced closer to the baffled blonde.

“I'm a...what?” Alyssa blushed, unable to stop herself from leering at Gia's body. Her eyes moved from the petite woman's perky, firm breasts and her pointy, dark nipples, to her tight, perfectly smooth pussy.

I can't believe I'm seeing her naked.

“A siren, silly.” Gia giggled in response, “don't worry, the transformation is minimal, and completely beneficial. Your senses are heightened, your libido is super-charged, and some other neat perks you'll find out about, soon enough.”

She took Alyssa's hands. Her touch sent pleasant electric tingles throughout Alyssa's body.

“Most of all, it means your body and soul are now bound to master's will, just like your mind.”

Her mere touch is almost making me cum!

“I...Ohh...I still don't understand.” Alyssa admitted, looking at Gia with a puzzled expression, cherishing her touch.

“Of course you don't. You still think sirens are legendary creatures who lured poor sailors to their doom. It's such a silly myth.” Gia sighed and placed the back of her hand on Alyssa's cheek, smiling compassionately.

Ohhhhh... Alyssa closed her eyes and tilted her head with a purr.

“T-They're not? *Hmmm...*” She asked, rubbing her cheek on Gia's palm.

“Not at all.” Gia shook her head with a sly smile, “Sirens are not meant to harm, they are meant to serve. Well, serve one man in particular, the one who swallowed the Master pearl.”

“Master pearl...?”

“Yup. And whether they like it or not, they cannot disobey. They may resent their master for controlling them, they may hate what he makes them do, but they cannot resist. A siren's purpose is simple. Serve master, and lure more women to his harem.” She looked at Alyssa with enthusiastic zeal.

“You...lured me? Is that why you invited me? To join me to master's harem?” Alyssa asked.

“Clearly, silly. That was my goal from the very beginning.” Gia confirmed.

Alyssa looked deep in Gia's chocolate eyes.

“Thank you so much.” She said with a smile, “but...there's still something I don't understand.”

“What?” Gia asked.

“Why would any siren resent her wonderful master? All I want to do is begin my service to him.”

And lie down so you can sit on my face with that juicy pussy of yours, of course. You did promise.

“That's the brilliance of *our* master. Normally, the pearl would not shackle your mind and will to your master's whims. That is where the pink pebble comes in.”

She paused, letting Alyssa soak her words in.

“*They* are the reason master came here in the first place, searching for the illustrious mind-numbing pebbles. Our village kept the secret for thousands of years.” She explained.

“Even when some poor fool managed to find out, our elders used the pebbles to lull their minds into submission, and sent them away with no memories of their discovery. Knowledge of the magical stones was but a distant, unreliable rumor to the rest of the world. It was our village's sacred duty, to keep the pebbles from falling into the hands of those who would misuse them.”

“But master wasn't any random fool, and he was determined to uncover our secret.” Gia breathed a sigh of happiness.

“What happened?” Alyssa asked.

“He tricked me into swallowing a pearl, and forced me to reveal all of our sacred secrets. I was his little spy, giving him all the information he needed to manipulate the villagers, and making sure nobody suspected him of being anything more than a sight-seeing tourist.” Gia looked to the vast oceanic distance outside the cove, reminiscing with a smile.

“I hated it, at first. I despised master. I gave him scornful glares as I told him everything he wanted to know. I frowned as my body danced seductively for him. I dread to think what a turn-off that had been for him.”

Her eyes filled with tears.

“Everything changed when he finally ordered me to lead him here, under the cover of night. We found a pink pebble, and he had me pick it up. I think you know the rest, Alyssa.” Gia turned around to face her, and smiled.

“You became his joyful thrall, mind, body, and soul.” Alyssa understood.

“So, what now?” She asked.

Time for me to spread your legs and lick your muff? I can't wait much longer. I'm so fucking horny!

Gia paced over to the water's edge, her naked ass wiggling with every step. She took a breath, lifted her arms, and dove head first into the water.

“Strip naked and get in.” She told Alyssa.

“Get in? With no scuba gear?”

“Trust me.” Gia said with a warm, reassuring smile, her lithe body floating weightlessly in the water.

Alyssa nodded, and began removing her oxygen tank and belt. She dropped her mask to the ground, and slipped out of her wet-suit. Her pale breasts and pink nipples pointed forward in utter defiance to gravity.

She walked to the water's edge, moved her right foot forward, and eased into the small pond. The water was cool and embracing, soft and pleasant on her skin. She floated for a moment, and swam over to Gia.

“You are so beautiful. The perfect gift for master.” Gia said, looking at Alyssa's naked form. They came closer together, and hugged. Their legs crossed, and their lips met. The two heavenly sirens shared a long make-out kiss, their slim bodies gracefully twirling in circles, floating in the water like two angels entwined.

Gia detached her lips from Alyssa. The aroused girl gave a disappointed whimper, and tried to re-engage, but Gia stopped her.

“Now follow me.” She said and dove straight down, like a dolphin at the end of its leap.

“What?” Alyssa looked down with wide eyes, “down there? With no oxygen?”

And no more kisses?

Against her better judgment, Alyssa took a deep breath, and dove down after Gia. The lithe Latina smiled, kicked her legs, and swam through the opening with the same fish-like swiftness as before.

This time, however, Alyssa followed in her tracks with ease. They dashed through the tunnels at top speed, turning left and right in the blink of an eye.

I've never felt so agile and coordinated. I'm so aware of every little move and current in the water, it's almost like I can predict Gia's turns before she makes them.

Whirring through the maze like a juggernaut underwater current, Alyssa noticed something else was very different.

How long has it been? I don't feel the slightest need to go up for air. She realized in shock.

They reached another small, semi-submerged chamber. A raised stony platform covered half the room. Alyssa knew it was pitch black, but somehow she could see everything. Gia pulled herself up the slate platform, and sat with her feet in the water. Alyssa followed suit, and stood next to her.

“This looks man-made.” She tapped her foot on the flat stone floor.

“Maybe it is.” Gia said with a casual shrug.

Alyssa walked along the rocky walls.

“Why are we here? *Oh!*” She turned around, and Gia jumped her.

“Stop asking silly questions and just trust me, okay?” She forcefully brought Alyssa to the floor, laying her on her back.

“What are you doing?” Alyssa looked at the feather-weight Latina laying atop her, with a hopeful simper.

“I figured, while we wait, I'll keep my end of our little bargain.” She gave Alyssa a kiss, and started licking her way down the expanse of slightly salty, wet skin.

Alyssa felt Gia kiss below her belly-button, and spread her legs wide. Her sensitive pussy lips were already quivering with anticipation.

“*Mhmm!*” She shuddered, feeling Gia's tongue flick against her clit.

“*Yes! Oh god!*” She screamed and arched her back, feeling Gia's slender middle finger pump into her hot, soaking hole. Gia raised her head for a second, looking at Alyssa's flushed face with a coquettish, flirtatious

half-smile, before diving back down and sticking her tongue in Alyssa's dripping pussy.

Alyssa shook wildly, gently squeezed her tits, and bit on her lower lip. Her heightened senses sent electrifying, orgasmic pleasure through her veins, more intense than she ever felt before.

“*Mhh! Ohh! So good!*” She pulled on her nipples and moaned, her legs thrashing uncontrollably as her mind became numb with a climactic tidal wave.

“*I'm cumming! Aaaaah!*” Her pupils rolled to the back of her head, as she achieved a mind melting orgasm.

With a delighted grin smeared on her face, Alyssa fainted, her consciousness submerged in a pool of pure bliss.

* * * *

Alyssa lay on a bed of warm, golden sand. The ocean's waves tickled her toes, causing her to let out a kittenish smirk. A loud rumble filled her ears, and a tsunami-like wave washed over her.

It didn't bother her. She wasn't scared. The wave covered her like a heavy quilt, and the sun beaming above her blurred under the giant mass of water.

She was at the bottom of what had to be a mile-deep ocean, letting the soothing currents gently move her around like a lifeless rag-doll.

“I can get used to this. So serene.” She mumbled, small bubbles coming out of her mouth.

A multicolored starfish floated next to her. Alyssa reached over to grab it, but it evaded her grasp right when her fingers were about to close on it. It tumbled away, slowly, into the deep blue.

SWIM!

A deep voice echoed in her mind.

“What?”

The starfish twinkled like a brilliant celestial object.

SWIM!

The voice boomed again. The magical starfish was calling out to her, and she had to heed its call.

“But it's so calm and relaxing, just lying here.” She closed her eyes, taking a deep, refreshing breath. Though she was immersed in water, that breath was the freshest Alyssa had ever taken.

I order you to SWIM!

The voice bellowed commandingly, filling Alyssa with energy.

“Yes master! I obey!” She exclaimed and shot forward with haste.

Every time she came close to catching the luminous starfish, it slipped away in the blink of an eye. The vast ocean seemed endless, and the further she swam, the darker it became.

“I have to obey master!” She groaned desperately, and kicked her feet faster, propelling herself forward with the speed of a charging torpedo.

She had to catch the starfish. Her master's orders resonated loudly in her ears, not allowing any other thought to stray into the forefront of her consciousness. Single-minded and determined, Alyssa continued following the illusive star even as the water around her became pitch black.

Enveloped by darkness, the starfish provided a guiding light for her. The closer she got to it, the brighter it shone.

GRRRRRRRR

A deep rumble shook the dark space around her, tossing her and the starfish around. A twisting turbulent formed around them, and began spinning them in concentric circles, flowing ever downwards.

Just as Alyssa was about to hit the ground, the starfish appeared right before her eyes, and she made a fierce grab. Her fingers closed on it, and the creature dissolved into a golden mist. It floated before her for a moment, and rushed into her face.

A massive beam of light blinded her, and she fell back down to the cold, stone floor.

“Mph! Mm! Phua!”

Alyssa woke up to the sound of gentle slurps and soft moans. She tried opening her eyes, but the sunlight was too bright.

“What the...? Gia?” She mumbled, squinting at the source of the light. She saw what looked like two blurry figures, but she couldn't make the shapes out properly.

“Ohh, look. The sleeping beauty is finally awake.” She heard Gia say.

“Must have been quite an orgasm you gave her, knocking her out cold like that.” A man's voice answered, bemused.

“Becoming a helplessly enslaved siren can be an exhausting process, master.” Gia giggled.

Alyssa's eyes got used to the light, and the blurry figures focused and became clearer. They were still in the last chamber Gia brought them to, but instead of being dark, damp, and sealed from the outside, the flat slate floor led to a large gap in the rock, which led outside the caverns.

Under the arc-shaped opening stood Arthur, the motel owner. Below him knelt a dewy eyed, rosy cheeked Gia. She held his hard-on with both hands, like a lover, and pressed his length on her cheek.

Looking up at him adoringly, she cherished his raw manhood with her lips and tongue, licking and kissing as if it was coated with honey. Arthur leisurely patted her head as she lavished his cock with love, and looked at Alyssa with a satisfied grin. Alyssa rose to her knees and thrust her chest out proudly, happy to finally be in the gaze of the one she served.

“You did good, Gia.” Arthur praised, gauging Alyssa's beautiful naked body with desire in his eyes.

“*Mphua!* Thank you, master.” She paused to give his balls a few licks, “Does that mean she meets your standards, master?” She asked as she lapped at his gonads.

“Oh she's above and beyond any of my expectations. Come over here, baby.” He reached his hand to Alyssa, using his other hand to guide Gia's mouth back to his tip.

“Yes master!” Alyssa jumped with excitement, and crawled to his feet.

“Show me what this mouth of yours is for.” Arthur traced his thumb-pad along her glossy lips.

“Happily, master.” Alyssa whispered lustfully, and looked at his bulging boner. Her eyes shifted to Gia's sweet lips, tenderly caressing his side.

It's funny, just this morning I would've been drawn to her lips, and be appalled by his cock. Thought the staunch lesbian to herself, as she puckered her lips, intent on passionately kissing his throbbing hard-on.

She gently nudged Gia's hand down, and gave his rod a wet peck. Eager to show her worth, Alyssa licked up his shaft, and took his helmet in

her mouth. With a small moan, she slid her lips further down, taking half of his mast in her throat.

“Mmph!”

She wiggled her tongue under his cock, gagged lightly, and pulled back up.

“Ohh-ho wow! I thought you said she was a dyke.” Arthur moaned, pushing his pelvis forward.

“She is.” Gia replied, looking at Alyssa with a mix of confusion and respect. The gorgeous blonde bobbed her head back and forth, slurping wetly with every motion.

“I think she's just anxious to impress you, master.” Gia smiled up at Arthur, and gave Alyssa's cheek a long, broad lick.

“Is that so? Or are you just an experienced cock-sucker, despite being a dyke?” He asked.

“Uh-Uhm!” Alyssa lightly shook her head from side to side, without letting her master's tip slip out from her lips.

“So mine is the first cock you've ever sucked?” Arthur followed up, enjoying the pleasant sensation of her tongue, twirling around his shaft.

“Mm-hmm!” Alyssa nodded gleefully, and took him deeper in her throat.

“Hmm, you really found me the perfect queen, Gia. She even instinctively knows when it's proper for her to shut up, and focus on providing pleasure. Hrrrm!” He grabbed Alyssa's head, and with a deep growl, pushed all the way into her mouth.

“Uhhhng! Ungh!” Alyssa choked, her lower lip touching his balls.

“I'm happy, master.” Gia whispered, her breath tickling the nape of Alyssa's neck.

Arthur let out a feral grunt, and forcefully swung his pelvis back and forth, roughly fucking Alyssa's throat. Alyssa gagged and rested her hands on his knees, for support. Drool ran down from her lips, coating her chin and dropping to the ground in thick blots.

“Ooh, master! I'm so jealous!” Gia moaned and gave Alyssa's warm cheek a long smooch.

“Please violate my mouth, too, master!” She begged, opening her mouth wide and stretching her tongue out.

“Pump into my throat, master. I am your obedient fuck-doll!” She cried, panting.

Arthur shifted his gaze from Alyssa's dick-stuffed face, and smiled at Gia. He pulled out of her sloppy lips, and shoved his cock deep into Gia's open mouth. She sucked loudly, energetically moving her tongue around his steely pole.

“Hrrm! Hrrm! Hrrm!”

Arthur fiercely rammed in and out, flinging his hips back and forth, and moaning with every motion. Gia could feel the veins of his bulging rod pop on the soft tip of her tongue, and squeezed her lips tighter around his slick shaft.

He pulled out of her tight hold with a loud, wet smack, and slapped his cock on her face. Gia moaned and smiled up at him, taking the demeaning dick-slaps with joy.

Alyssa stared at his erect pole with longing eyes, her mouth watery. Without thinking, she succumbed to her cravings, and lunged forward to wrap her lips around his tip.

“Hey!” Arthur pushed her head back.

“Did I order you to suck my cock again?” He scolded, slapping his tip on her puckered lips like a whip. Alyssa recoiled and whined.

“I'm sorry, master!” She apologized profusely, her eyes twinkling up at him.

“You only suck when I tell you to suck. You only do what I tell you to do.” He hammered the point down with another reprimanding dick-slap.

“Yes master. My only function is to please and obey you.” Alyssa replied immediately, eager to make up for her awful transgression.

Arthur let his throbbing member dangle before her face, between her eyes. Alyssa's sparkling blue pupils crossed, and her tongue lightly stretched out of her mouth. She looked like an empty-headed bimbo.

The horny sex slave panted and buried her fingers in her knees, but remained in her place. She had to prove she was capable of proper restraint, that she wasn't going to surrender to her own desires like some sort of craven independent woman. She had to show her master she had her priorities straight.

He stared at her pathetic face for a few seconds, teasing her with his boner and snickering mischievously.

“Now suck it.” He said casually, holding his base and pointing his hose in the direction of her face.

“Yes master!” Alyssa exclaimed with a grateful smile, and choked on his cock with a breathless gasp. She moved her head back and forth with fervor, trying to suck as deep and as fast as Gia did before her.

“*Ohh wow!* She's a fast learner!” Arthur told Gia. The spicy Latina nodded jovially in response.

“Stop sucking, Alyssa.” Arthur said, suddenly and sternly. The blonde stopped immediately, and pulled back. She looked up at him with begging eyes, a sticky strand of saliva stretching between her lips and his cock.

“Good girl.” He praised her patience, gently patting her face with the breadth of his hard-on.

“Thank you, master.” Alyssa cooed as Arthur rubbed his cock over the ripe, smooth skin of her gorgeous face.

“Stand up, Alyssa.” He said, reaching his hand down to help her up.

“Yes master. Thank you for allowing this worthless slave to stand on her feet.” Alyssa chanted respectfully, and sprung up with one motion.

“*Oh!*”

Arthur took hold of her slender arm, and spun her around, nudging her over to lean on the rock.

“Spread your legs a bit.” He instructed with a swift slap on her bubbly ass-cheek, and Alyssa felt his erection wedging between her legs, insisting for a wider opening.

“Yes master.” Alyssa sang and slid her bare feet apart on the smooth stone floor.

“Hmm, you gave me such a dirty look before, when you caught me staring at this ass.” He recalled, nonchalantly rubbing and squeezing her perfect cheeks.

“I'm sorry, master!” Alyssa shook her hips for him, “My ass belongs to you, master!”

“And it looks much better in the buff. So creamy and smooth.” He appraised.

His cock swung freely, occasionally slapping her slim thighs and bouncy buttocks like a drunk drummer's stick.

He wrapped his arms around her and squeezed her tits. With a bestial grunt, he thrust his crotch forward, pressing the length of his cock onto her smooth, soft skin.

Alyssa then felt his tip tease her pink pussy lips, and whimpered sweetly.

“*Mmh!* Yes master! Fuck me, master!” She rubbed her pussy in circles, making sure she was wet and ready for penetration.

He secured his tip in her tight lips, kissed her shoulder passionately, and shoved his cock into her with one powerful stroke.

“*Ahh!* Master!” Alyssa moaned, an intense rush of pleasure quaking through her body.

Arthur pounded her from behind, bouncing his pelvis on her ass at a steady, fast pace. The smacks of skin hitting skin echoed through the chamber.

“Your pussy is so tight! *Hmm!*” He tweaked her nipples and moaned.

“Yes master! It's all yours! My pussy belongs to you! *Mmhmm!*” Alyssa felt tingling jolts of orgasmic lightning pulse from her hard nipples, and started moving her own body back and forth, meeting her master's movements midway. Her tight, slick pussy pleasantly squeezed his cock as he fucked her, providing him with the devoted, comfy fuck-hole he so richly deserved.

He forcefully leaned on her with a deep groan, gluing his skin to hers and planting his lips on the nape of her neck.

“*Hrrm!* Cumming! I'm cumming!” He moaned, his cock pumping spunk into her like a hose.

“*Ohh! Mm! Master!*” Alyssa shuddered, her tits pressing on the rock before her. A nearly unending stream of sticky sperm rushed into her, filling her up to the brim.

“Thank you, master.” She whispered weakly, happily taking her master's weight on her feather-light, yet mystically resilient body.

Arthur panted sharp breaths on her pristine skin, basking in the aftermath of his particularly energetic climax. He took a moment to sort his breathing and let the euphoria subside, before slowly pulling his depleted member out of her. Her pussy dripped juices and cum to the stone floor, like a leaky faucet.

Alyssa stayed in her place, leaning on the wall and pointing her ass out to him.

“Do whatever you want with me, master.” She looked back at him with a glowing smile, and wiggled her ass playfully.

“Heh, such a perfect sex slave.” Arthur said with a wry smile, running his gaze along the smooth, smoking curves of Alyssa's naked body.

“Get down and clean my cock.” He said with a casual half-smile, pointing to the floor.

“Yes master.” Alyssa dropped to her knees.

“Of course, master.” Gia joined.

They crawled over like two limber jungle cats, eager to arouse with every move they made. They knelt at his feet, Arthur's semi-erect cock draping between their heads. Gia smiled at Alyssa, and they came to a wordless understanding.

With perfect unison, they edged forward together, and began brushing his cock with their tongues. His sensitive rod jerked in response to their tender touch. He closed his eyes and moaned, lifting his heels from the ground and leaning backwards with a euphoric stretch.

“Time to take you to your new home, Alyssa.” He held her chin between his fingers, making her look up, and said with coarse voice.

“Yes master. I'd love to go to my new home.”

Arthur rested his thumb-pad on her lips. Alyssa took the hint, and suckled on his finger-tip submissively.

I am a fuck-doll. A horny piece of fuck-meat. I live to serve. She told herself as she wrapped her lips around his thick digit, feeling more relaxed with every passing second, as if his thumb was a pacifier.

Gia never stopped making love to his flaccid shaft, until Arthur abruptly turned around, and walked outside.

Alyssa and Gia stood up and shook their pert asses after him. They stepped onto a lush bed of grass. Alyssa took a deep breath of fresh air, as the sun bathed her pale skin with warmth.

Arthur reached for a wooden lever, hidden well behind a bush, and pulled it with one strong motion.

GRRRRRRRRRR

The large rock rumbled as it slowly dragged itself aside, closing the lid on the hidden entrance. Arthur moved past them, giving their petite buttocks a hearty pinch, and strolled over to his hillside mansion.

Alyssa and Gia pulled their shoulders up with a shrug, and giddily skipped after their master, like two simple-minded gazelles.

They were greeted at the door by a busty, mocha-skinned woman. Her huge breasts were firm and round, like two buoyant balloons. With wide eyes and a blank expression, she dropped to her knees and kissed Arthur's feet.

“Welcome home, master.”

“That's Bianca. She used to run the motel.” Gia bent Alyssa's ear, “needless to say, master took quite a liking to her big boobies.”

Bianca rose back to an upright kneeling position, and pressed her tits together.

“Titfuck, master?” She offered with a vacuous stare.

“Her duties are much simpler now.” Gia continued with a snicker, “she isn't much more than a pair of boobs now, quite literally.”

“Sure, why not.” Arthur slapped his snake on the crevice between Bianca's impressive melons. The busty Latina immediately went to work, squeezing her mammaries around his cock, and hopping up and down at a well-practiced pace.

“*Hmm*, that's nice. Gia, go ahead and take care of Alyssa's orientation.” He dismissed them.

“Right away, master. Come with me, Ali.” Gia gave a bow, and took Alyssa by the hand.

“Ali?” Alyssa asked with a smirk.

“Better than Al!” Gia exclaimed, leading her up the stairs.

“Good point.” Alyssa relented with a head-tilt.

Arthur glanced at their hot asses shake up the stairs, and gave Bianca's nipple a pinch.

“Let's go to the couch.” He plucked his cock from between her soft pillows.

“Yes master.” Bianca crawled after him, lubricating the valley between her tits by drooling down on it.

Gia brought Alyssa to what looked like a large, walk-in supply closet, although instead of cleaning detergents, it was filled with a variety of sex toys and other kinky paraphernalia.

“This is where we make ourselves pretty and fuckable for master.”
Gia explained.

Alyssa picked up and examined a small vial of glitter, which strippers tend to use, to give their bodies a tempting gleam.

“When you're not being used, you're on display. An important motto our master commands us to follow.” Gia said informatively.

There were anal plugs, fashioned to look like priceless gems, piercing rings, sparkly studs, and a variety of collars, nipple-stickers, and fluffy handcuffs.

“What's this?” Alyssa paused next to a small shelf with several whips and a few types of gags. Alyssa knew about the ball-gags and dildo-gags, but there was one type she couldn't figure out.

“The mouth gag? You use it like the other gags. It keeps your mouth wide open for master's pleasure. It's a little straining, and you can't really talk well with it, but it's all worth it when master decides to fuck your mouth like a sloppy, loose cunt.” Gia gushed with googly eyes.

“But for you, Ali, I think we can start with something simpler.” She opened one of the cupboards, and took out a large squeeze-tube, filled with an oily substance.

“Massage oil.” She opened the cap and squeezed the bottle, aiming downwards.

The buttery liquid oozed into her open palm in thick drops. She set the bottle on a nearby counter, rubbed her hands together, and began lathering the sensual oil on Alyssa's body.

Alyssa inhaled sharply as the cold substance touched her fair skin, but she did not flinch or moved away.

“Sorry, I forgot to warn you it will feel a bit cold. Your skin is more sensitive to stimuli, now that you're a siren. Don't worry, though, it will feel much better soon.” Gia promised and moved to rub Alyssa's shapely tits. It felt pleasantly cool by the time the lighthearted Latina finished her sentence.

Gia religiously applied the oil to every inch of Alyssa's body, spending extra time between her legs.

“Do you like how I'm polishing your pearl? Hmm?” Gia whispered as she rubbed Alyssa's sensitive clit, occasionally licking it.

“*Mm-hmm!*” Alyssa bit her lips and nodded with a moan.

Gia spent some extra fun time on Alyssa's pert ass, too, rubbing the lotion with a few playful spanks which made Alyssa jump to her tip-toes and giggle. Gia even made another run on Alyssa's chest, just to tweak her nipples and fondle her boobs a little longer.

"I love hearing you moan in ecstasy." The spunky Latina said with a cheeky giggle, and snuck a mischievous finger between Alyssa's legs, causing her to squeal and use a nearby counter for support.

By the time Gia finished, Alyssa's entire body was coated with a slick, thin layer of oil, making her skin glisten in the light.

They left the preparation room, and ventured back downstairs.

Along the way, Alyssa started noticing more and more of her slave-sisters perform chores, tirelessly cleaning and tidying up their master's large estate. Some of them wore high-heels and skimpy french maid uniforms, others were stark naked, but all of them constantly moved in ways that emphasized their sexy bodies, striking lewd poses just in case their master was passing through.

When you are not used, your body is on display, Alyssa remembered, *looks like they really take that motto to heart*. She thought as she saw one maid-slave bend over to wipe the floor, exposing her curvy ass and wet pussy for anyone to look at, or munch on, or fuck. Alyssa licked her lips at the thought, and continued after Gia.

They passed through the living-room, and saw the man who stood at the center of their universe. He was lying on the couch, watching some porn on TV. Above his crotch, a beautiful nude girl spread her legs, quietly and diligently taking his erect flagpole in and out of her tight teen pussy.

Arthur lay flat on his back, stared at the hardcore action on screen, and occasionally jerked his pelvis up with an aroused groan.

"Who's that girl master is fucking?" Alyssa whispered to Gia, watching the pretty young thing polish Arthur's hard-on with her smooth, pink slit.

"That's Beatrice. We used to be best friends." Gia replied, "And master isn't fucking her, he's just using her cunt to masturbate."

"Using her cunt...to masturbate?" Alyssa asked, puzzled.

"Yup. Just cause he has a harem of docile slavegirls, doesn't mean he stopped enjoying porn. He ordered the full adult package from the satellite company. He gets all the hot new stuff, the moment it's released. But since

we all exist solely for his pleasure, the least we can do is offer our holes for his use, while he gratifies himself. That way, he doesn't have to waste energy beating off, and he can dump his full load any time he feels like it, without holding back. Our fuck-holes are nothing but cum-buckets for him to fill, after all.” Gia explained with a chirpy tone.

Alyssa noticed the petite Beatrice focused on the screen just as much as Arthur did. She clearly tried to match the pace of her movements to the intensity of the scene on screen. She moved slowly during the foreplay and blowjob scenes, and vigorously bounced her juicy, tight pussy up and down when one of the actresses was being roughly banged.

If the young hottie made any noise, her weak whimpers were easily surpassed by the cacophony of squeals and moans from the loud TV.

He's really treating her pussy as nothing but a...a cock-sleeve. A jerk-off substitute. It's...It's so hot! – Alyssa gushed, watching the stunningly beautiful young woman work her trim hips.

Gia tugged on Alyssa's slippery forearm, prodding her to follow.

“I guess I should get used to stifling my moans while riding master, for when he wants to use my cunt to masturbate.” Alyssa deduced, as they paced into the hallway.

“Yeah, think again, Ali. I'm pretty sure he will always focus on you when he fucks you.” Gia said in her usual carefree manner.

“Why?”

“You're his new favorite, Ali. A royalty among the worthless servants in his harem. Because our divine king deserves a submissive, loyal queen, one who will kneel at his side like a spoiled pet, and serve his every whim.” Gia explained.

“Wow...And he picked...me?” Alyssa beamed, feeling unworthy of the honor bestowed upon her.

“He approved of you. *I* picked you.” Gia bragged pompously. “Master had very clear instructions, specifications his new queen must fit into. He demanded a gorgeous blonde with blue eyes, with a hot body that could land her on the front page of a fashion magazine.”

“Oh, I don't know about that.” Alyssa blushed.

“You're just fishing for compliments, Ali. You know how hot you are. I bet every man who ever knew you thought '*Damn! Too bad she's a lesbian.*'”

“The day I found you online, and realized our Maze Caverns were the perfect bait for you, it was the happiest day of my life! Well, except for the day master enslaved my mind to his will, I suppose.” Gia reconsidered.

“So what do I get to do, as master's favorite?” Alyssa asked curiously, looking out from the window at the pool in the mansion's backyard. A few slavegirls jogged around it, keeping their precious bodies fit, while others watered the garden in the nude, frequently pouring water on their own bodies and moving in seductive ways, just in case Arthur was watching.

“You get the run of the mansion!” Gia cheered, “Most girls here are confined to very particular chores, or rooms, or roles. They rotate according to master's whim, sure, but they are still quite restricted by their daily duties.”

“As the favorite, you get to move about as much as you like. You don't have to perform any chores, unless master specifically tells you to. You can even tell the other slaves what to do. As long as your commands don't contradict master's will, of course.”

“You've been taking me between rooms this whole time. Does that mean you are...” Alyssa's eyes widened at Gia.

“Well, master did tell me to help with your orientation, and not all slaves are restricted to one single room. Their chores may require them to move about.” Gia responded.

“Oh...” Alyssa was a tad disappointed.

“Your instinct was right, though.” Gia continued with a cheeky smile, “I am master's current favorite. Until master officially passes the torch onto you, I am your queen. So you'd better be nice.”

“Why of course, your majesty.” Alyssa giggled and gave a mock-bow, and they both laughed.

They arrived at a domed solarium. The stone tiles of the rotund floor were arranged in a circular mosaic pattern, resembling a spiral. The white dome was held up by four roman-style pillars. The stone arch between two of those pillars led to the beautiful back yard garden.

At the center of the floor lay a naked young woman, flat on her front, with her legs perfectly straight. She immediately captured Alyssa's attention, because she looked a little different from all the other nude slavegirls gambling about.

Her skin was as fair as Alyssa's, as opposed to the smooth mocha or tantalizing caramel of most of her slave-sisters. Her hair was dark, and her eyes were green. She lay her chin on the stone floor, and stared forward with dim eyes. Her slim physique and bubbly ass were quite enticing.

"Who's she?" Alyssa wondered aloud, "she doesn't seem like one of your fellow villagers."

"She isn't." Gia confirmed, "her name's Olga. She's Russian, but she knows enough English. Or at least, she used to know enough English. She had a sexy accent, too."

"What do you mean, used to? And how did she get here, anyway?" Alyssa asked, watching the stunning Russian's serene, expressionless face.

"I lured her here, silly. Master ordered me to find him a hot European white chick. I figured Moscow was also fine. But Olga was really strong willed. Strongest one I've seen." She added with a sigh.

"So what? And why did master ask for a white chick?" Alyssa inquired, poking the Russian's smooth backside, to see if she reacts.

"Variety, silly. Master loves having a harem of exotic, mocha-skinned babes like me, but he still wants some fuck-meat to remind him of the chicks he leered at, back home. Why do you think he wanted a blue-eyed blonde as his new favorite?"

"Makes sense, I suppose." Alyssa yielded.

"As for her incredibly strong will. She valiantly fought against the effects of the pink pebble. Too valiantly, in fact." Gia took a somewhat remorseful pause.

"She wouldn't submit, like you and I did, so the pebble took her mind away, perhaps out of some weird, mystical spite. I've never seen it happen, before. It wiped her out completely, leaving her a living shell."

"Master was a bit disappointed, but he still found a good use for her, as decoration. She really compliments the room, and the way the sunlight reflects on her skin is quite magical. Master likes looking her, and also humping her and hearing her mindless moans as he fucks her."

"And she doesn't think at all? That's kinda sad." Alyssa waved her hand before Olga's eyes. She didn't even blink in response.

"I thought so at first, too, but I don't anymore." Gia said, "think about it. She doesn't know the fear of master getting bored of her. She doesn't know the stress of worrying about displeasing master. She doesn't know sadness. Sure, she doesn't know happiness, either, but I'd like to think she

knows when she brings happiness to master, and that's all that matters in the end." She concluded with another sigh, and strode out to the blooming garden.

"Come on! I want to show you something!" Gia bolted suddenly.

"Wait for me!" Alyssa called out. Her eager guide was already at the opposite end of the back yard, and she wasn't slowing down. Alyssa gave an exasperated huff, pressed her foot forward, and leaped after Gia.

They vaulted over the fence surrounding the yard, and raced into the small forest at the foot of the hill. The ground sloped up to the hilltop, sometimes very steeply so. Alyssa and Gia gracefully jumped and dashed through the rough terrain like a pair of cheetahs, oblivious to any obstacle along the way.

Alyssa caught up to Gia as they reached the top.

"Wow! I'm not even panting!" She declared enthusiastically, joining Gia at the edge of the cliff.

"It's always fun to see the new girls get all excited about their increased physical abilities. Remember to use it, if and when master requires our protection." Gia took a deep breath of fresh air, and exhaled slowly, gentle breeze blowing in her chestnut hair.

"Of course." Alyssa nodded, "I will defend master with my life." She looked over at the roofs of the local village, where Gia and her other slave-sisters came from.

I can't believe I didn't notice how derelict the village was, when I got here. Alyssa sighed, but I'm happy I didn't.

"Where did all the men go?" She asked out of the blue.

"Hmm?" Gia emerged from her meditative reverie, and looked at Alyssa.

"You used to have men in your village, right? Where are they?"

Alyssa repeated the question hesitantly, not sure if she wanted to know the answer.

Gia noticed her skittishness, and laughed.

"Oh relax, we didn't kill them or anything. Although I would have, if master ordered me to." A feral, vicious glint flashed in her eyes.

She might be a tad crazy, Alyssa decided, Kinda makes her hotter in my eyes. Is that wrong?

"Uhm right....So what happened to them?"

“We ordered them to move out and leave, for good.” Replied Gia with a subtle smile, as she looked down. The ocean's waves forcefully crashed against the jagged rock formations at the base of the cliff.

“Master ordered them, you mean?”

“Nope, we did. Men cannot disobey the voice of a siren. Any man, other than he who swallowed the master pearl, of course, will feel an irresistible compulsion to follow the commands of a siren. It puts them in a manic state of mind, and nothing can distract them from their task. Whether they want to or not, the control is just as powerful as the master's control over his harem of sirens.” She summed up.

“I thought you said the legends were just a myth.”

“Many myths contain a kernel of truth. Perhaps the masters of ancient Greece ordered their sirens to lead male sailors astray, if they came close to discovering the harem. But we don't have a special '*Siren's song*', or anything silly like that.”

“So you just told all the men in the village to take a hike and never return?”

“Not *just* that, actually. They work, make money, and send it to master's bank account. Anything they don't need for basic day-to-day life, master gets.”

“Oh?”

“How did you think master could afford the upkeep of that big mansion, the cable and web subscription, and all the luxuries of a wealthy life?” Gia asked coyly.

“Are you saying the men who used to live here make enough money to cover the cost of a mini-palace?” Alyssa was dubious.

“Not entirely. They cover most of the monthly costs. The building of the mansion was bank-rolled by a wealthy real-estate mogul from Manhattan. A slimy old guy with a weird wig and delusions of grandeur.”

“How did you manage that?”

“Master sent me to New York. It was the first time I ever flew abroad.” Gia's eyes sparkled as she remembered her trip, “I found a billionaire, and ordered him to do everything in his power to get the mansion built, as fast as possible. He had to drive one of his casinos bankrupt to get the money quickly enough, but once I had a few words with him, he knew he didn't have any other choice. It was a pretty humbling experience for him.” Gia finished her story with glee.

“I bet it was.” Alyssa said with a sarcastic head-tilt, “so what are we doing here, anyway?”

“Nothing.” Answered Gia, “I just like coming here to look at the view. I figured I'd do it one last time before I pass the torch to you, and lose my favorite privileges.”

“It's beautiful.” Alyssa admitted, moving her gaze from the clear blue ocean, to the lush trees, to the quaint village nestled in the middle of the wilderness.

“The best viewpoint on our little island.” Gia declared.

“So, how do you want to spend your last visit here?” Alyssa gave Gia a ravenous look, biting her lower lip flirtatiously.

“Feeling frisky, are we?” Gia turned to face her.

“We *are* already naked.” Alyssa rolled her eyes coyly.

“Good point.” Gia came closer, and their perky breasts touched.

“*Mmmh.*” They shared a short kiss, and looked deep into each other's eyes.

“Let's take this into the water, shall we?” Offered the ever mischievous Gia.

“Wha- *Whoa!*”

She grabbed Alyssa by the hips and pushed her back towards the precipice's edge. They sprung up from the ledge, spun in mid-air, and plummeted down the rocky cliff, head first into the ocean.

With their increased power, they easily skipped over the stony teeth formation at the base of the cliff, and plunged into the deeper part of the water. They sliced through the water's surface like Olympic board-divers, and smoothly sank down to the very bottom.

Lying on the ocean floor, Gia and Alyssa locked legs around each other's heads, and began licking and nibbling on each other's nether lips.

We're twenty-five feet under the sea, and I don't even feel the water pressure affecting my ears. Alyssa thought between sloppy pecks on Gia's labia, and I'm not running out of breath. With this power, I could explore the deepest underwater trenches. I could learn what goes on in depths no human has ever traveled to. I'll witness miraculous, previously undiscovered, deep sea-life. It's awe-inspiring to the nth degree. It's what I've always dreamed of. And yet...

Her eyes unfocused as she lapped at Gia's pussy with long licks.

When I think of entertaining master, of bringing him pleasure. It's so vivid, all those dreams seem pale and bland in comparison. The Siren's pearl bound my body to his will, and the pebble dulled my senses, so submitting my mind and soul became as easy and natural as drawing breath. I realize I've been manipulated by magic I never thought existed, but I don't care. I don't want to fight it. I probably couldn't, even if I did. This is my life, now and forever, and I wouldn't have it any other way.

She gave Gia's pussy one final kiss, and threw the sexy Latina's legs from over her.

“Let's go back. I want to be ready for tonight.” She whispered in Gia's ear. Gia nodded, and kicked the seabed, flying up like a rocket, with Alyssa on her tail.

I didn't think I'd ever get to actually taste Gia's sweet nectar, no matter how much I wanted to. And now that I had her sweet pink pie in my mouth, it was me who stopped it. Because master is waiting to have me, to use me as his favorite. Master is much more important than my trivial desires, my silly dreams and fantasies. What I want doesn't matter. I will sacrifice everything I hold dear, if it means bringing even the slightest joy to master's existence. And I won't even feel any remorse, or guilt, or shame. It's...almost liberating, ironically. I will be my master's slave for as long as I'm alive.

A wide grin formed on her face as her head emerged from the water, her brilliant golden hair swinging like a flowing waterfall of pure gold.

Alyssa accepted her new life, fully and completely.

* * * *

It was the early evening. Alyssa stood in the domed solarium which led to the garden, anxious to begin her inauguration ceremony.

Dressed in nothing but a lacy, white garter-belt and white heels, the cold breeze tickled her clit and caressed her skin. She wore two bright-red heart stickers, one on each nipple, and a blue collar around her neck, complimenting her sapphire eyes. In her hands, she clutched a bouquet of lilies, plucked at the height of their bloom.

Gentle harp music started playing. It was Alyssa's cue to start pacing forward.

Filled with nervous anticipation, the nearly naked beauty put one high-heeled foot before the other, and strode forward slowly, a smile on her face, and a song in her heart.

The makeshift aisle was covered with pink rose petals. Each and every member of her master's harem knelt there, on either side of the short pathway. They were arranged in perfectly aligned rows, all naked, and facing forward. They barely acknowledged Alyssa's presence in their midst.

All eyes were on Arthur, sitting on a heavy oaken chair in the center of the garden, like a king on a throne. He leaned on his elbow and watched the blonde approach with a bemused half-smile. Alyssa blushed, her bare pussy moistening in response to his objectifying gaze.

Gia knelt between Arthur's legs, stuffing her face in his crotch and lavishing his balls with amorous kisses. She slurped and sucked so ardently and wildly, the wet sounds resonated throughout the garden, and even reached Alyssa at the opposite end of the aisle.

Alyssa shifted her gaze between her master's pleased grin, and the stiff obelisk erected between his legs. Impatient, she hastened her steps ever-so-slightly, as much as she could while wearing high heels. She nearly stumbled a few feet from her destination, but her fervid resolve and heightened reflexes made faltering and falling nearly impossible.

I should have practiced high heels more... She scolded herself, regained her composure, and continued her march, swinging her hips vibrantly with every high-heeled step.

Arthur extended his hand, inviting Alyssa to join him on his throne. His attention stirred a whirlpool of emotions in her enamored heart. She swooned forward, tossed the blue bouquet aside, and climbed past the kneeling Gia.

She spread her legs above his steely pole, close enough for his tip to tickle her wet lips. He pinched one of her nipples through the heart sticker, and proceeded to cup her firm, perky tit in the palm of his hand.

“Oh, master of my life, ruler of my body, lord of my mind and soul. I hereby swear my eternal fealty and loyalty to you.” Alyssa recited the vows she spent all afternoon memorizing.

“I proudly profess my undying allegiance to you, and I am honored to be chosen to be a part of your harem of sex toys and servants. Thank you, my divine king.” She gave her heartfelt gratitude with an emotional voice.

“Will you accept me as your favorite, my master? I promise to be the best slave-queen I can be. I beg of you, master, allow this worthless slave the chance to prove herself.”

It was just a formality, Gia told her. Master had already decided to crown her as his new favorite, but that didn't mean she could be smug and act like she deserved it. It was up to her, to beg her master's approval, even if the outcome was predestined.

As much as Gia's words reassured her, Alyssa still found herself stressed during those few seconds of silence. She gripped her thighs tightly, trying not to fidget over his cock. Her pussy quivered, tightening and loosening, winking to the beats of her pounding heart.

“Hmm, let me think.” Arthur rubbed his chin mockingly. Gia's sloppy ball-munching moved the tip of his erection back and forth along Alyssa's slit, tickling it. He reached forward, slipped a finger-nail under one of Alyssa's heart stickers, and yanked it off.

“*Mm!*” Alyssa whimpered.

“Yeah, baby.” He slapped the heart sticker smack on her forehead, “I accept your offering. You can replace the worthless cunt licking my balls, as my favorite, privileged slave.”

His affirmation brought the color back to Alyssa's rosy cheeks. There was but one final act to the theatrical inauguration ceremony, that Alyssa had to follow.

“Oh thank you, master! Please allow this worthless cunt to serve your holy cock!” She held his rod gently, and plunged all the way down with one motion.

“*Ahh!*” She moaned as her master's big dick throbbed deep within her.

“Please paint my womb with your cum, master!” She writhed back and forth like a wanton whore. Her master placed his hands on her hips, and groaned with pleasure.

“Cum in my pussy, master! Shoot your load in your favorite's tight snatch!” She begged as she gyrated her hips in circles, massaging his shaft with her pink, barely-used cunt.

She bounced up and down with zeal, her smiling face reddening due to the relentless physical exertion she imposed on herself.

Her master pinched both her nipples as she rode him, pulling on her tits and panting with glee. He yanked the heart sticker covering her other nipple, and glued it to her lean belly, under her belly-button and above her cunt. His nails then gently and slowly ran downwards.

“Ohh master! Thank you so much for touching me down there!! Mmhhmm!” Alyssa moaned as Arthur's fingers fiddled with her clit.

“Heh,” He gave a smirk, “who's pussy is this, slave?” He asked.

Alyssa looked at him with glittering eyes and an open grin, her hips moving up and down as if they had a mind of their own.

“It's yours, master!” She affirmed, her pussy squelching around his hardened spear.

“This cunt aches for you, master! It's your sex toy! Your cock-sleeve! Use this owned pussy, master! It's all yours!” She declared breathlessly, shaking her hips with wild abandon.

He flicked his finger at her clit, and with one bestial motion, reached back to grab her bouncing cheeks.

“Turn around!” He hissed, his cock pulsating in the bliss of Alyssa's tight muff.

“Ride me in reverse! I want you to look at your loyal subjects.” He cupped her shapely tit and gave her sensitive nipple a kiss.

“Mmhh! Yes master! Right away!”

Alyssa lifted her legs, and carefully spun around on her master's meaty skewer. Once she finished her one-eighty rotation, she lowered her legs back down, and continued bouncing and writhing for his pleasure.

She looked at the flock of kneeling women, their luscious naked bodies shimmering in the moonlight, thanks to a generous load of the same massage oil Gia rubbed on Alyssa earlier. They looked up at the throne with vapid smiles and longing eyes, rubbing their tits and fingering their sopping pussies.

A loud slurp stole her attention. She looked down, and saw the rosy-cheeked Gia, still doing her best to worship Arthur's balls. As if feeling her stare, Gia turned her gaze up, looked straight at Alyssa, and gave her trademark playful wink. Alyssa smiled back and nodded, clenching her pussy around her master's plowing rod.

Gia lowered her eyes back down, and continued diligently performing her duty. Alyssa knew, at that moment, Gia will forever have a special place in her heart.

Even though their roles were now reversed. Even though she was now their master's favorite, and therefore Gia's supposed superior. She knew she'll forever remember the petite Latina as the babe she fell head over heels for, the one who guided her to her true purpose in life.

Her best friend in her new life in master's harem.

A sharp spank on her bubbly ass-cheek took Alyssa out of her reverie. She responded to her master's reprimanding slap, squealing with delight and further hastening her sensual gyrations, letting his manhood roam within her like a rigid snake.

When he reached around to pinch her clitoris, Alyssa nearly lost control.

"Ahh! Master! You're making me cum! Oh mastee~r!" She called out, arching her back with a tantalizing stretch.

"Phua! Slaves don't cum until their master reaches his own climax!" Gia reminded her, and dove back down to his balls.

"Hrrm! That's true, luv." Arthur growled in her ear, "When you want to orgasm, make sure you ask for permission." He added with another cruel pinch of her clit, driving Alyssa mad with lust.

Though her mind was melting with scalding lust, her pussy a wet, tingly furnace, Alyssa's magically augmented body obeyed. Her arousal continued to grow exponentially, but an impenetrable, infinitely tall mental dam stopped her from reaching her climax.

Time stood still as overwhelming sensations rendered her a mindless puddle of passion. Her cerebral faculties took a break, but her body continued serving. She floated miles high, in a hazy mist of euphoric bliss.

Somewhere in the distance, she heard her master groan with pleasure, filling her owned slave-pussy with his creamy seed. spurts of hot cum pumped into her, not relenting till his balls emptied dry under the tender care of Gia's tongue.

"You can orgasm now." A booming voice echoed in her head, bringing her back to earth just in time to experience a blinding climax.

"Ahhhh! Ohh YES master! Sh...Shank you! Mah-shter!" Her nimble body shivered, and her tongue dangled from her mouth.

“Thank you, master.” She reeled her tongue back, and repeated with a weak voice. She could feel the sticky sperm filling her pussy, giving her purpose, and fell asleep, exhausted. Her master kept his softening dagger sheathed inside of her, enjoying his post-orgasmic bliss.

“One thing left to do.” Arthur chuckled, looking at the rest of the harem, desperately fiddling with themselves, whimpering and wordlessly pleading.

“You may all orgasm, cunts.”

A symphony of moans filled the air, causing a few birds to fly out from a nearby tree. The joint squeal could be heard at the outskirts of the abandoned village. Some of the enthralled slaves squirted juices on the ground, and others rolled their eyes leaving naught but a white canvas where their pupils should have been.

The cacophony quieted down a few seconds later, and all those inferior slavegirls joined Alyssa in her slumber. They limply slumped onto each other and hit the garden's soft soil with quiet thumps.

Arthur scanned through the sprawled, unconscious bodies of his siren slaves. They all had a heavenly smile on their flushed faces.

He took a deep, relaxing breath through his nose.

“Keep licking my balls, Gia. I'm going to rest a bit.” He said, cuddling Alyssa's body like a bed-time squeeze toy.

“Of course, master. This lowly slavegirl obeys.” The ravishing Latina replied contently, happy she succeeded in bringing a new queen to her master's island paradise. She closed her eyes, stretched her tongue, and immersed herself in peaceful visions of the deep, blue sea.

Changing Teams

By Will B. Gunn

Ana waited twenty minutes on the ticket counter line. When her turn came, she approached the clerk with butterflies in her stomach.

“Ana O'Hara, I have a pre-order ticket!” She said, a bit louder and more exclaimed than she intended.

“Excited, huh?” The clerk smiled, “I need your ID.” He told her.

“Oh, right!” Ana smiled awkwardly and started rummaging through her purse.

“Take your time.” The clerk rolled his eyes.

“Sorry! It's my first time going to an actual game. Ah! Found it.” Ana said, and handed her driver's license over.

“Big Beavers fan?” The clerk turned to his computer and started printing her tickets.

“The biggest!” Ana declared, waving her Beavers scarf proudly. “My friends and family aren't really into soccer. They're more interested in football and baseball. But I'm over eighteen now, and I saved some money up, and I can't think of a better way to spend it than to support our guys in blue, in the flesh!” She jumped enthusiastically, before realizing she may have over-shared again.

“Uhm, not that you asked to know any of that. How's my ticket going?” She calmed down and asked, a little embarrassed.

“You'll have it in a second, Ana.” The young man said with a flirty tone, “and maybe after the game, we could hang out and...”

“I'm lesbian.” Ana cut him off before he could finish his sentence.

“Oh...” His eyes widened, and he gave an awkward smile.

“Sorry, you seem like a really nice guy, but...” She started, apologetically.

“Hey, it's fine, you don't play for that team. Nothing I can do about it, heh. Anyway, here's your ticket, Ana. Have fun! Go kick some eel butt!”

“Will do!” Ana gave him a thumbs up, and scurried off to the gates.

“Eels don't have butts, do they?” She mumbled as she walked, and snickered to herself.

The atmosphere was palpable, and the tension could be cut with a butter knife, as the teams rolled into the field to the rumbling cheers of the fans. Ana sat next to the aisle, in a section of mixed fans.

She wanted to sit in one of the sections reserved for Beavers fans, but those required a season pass and a monthly subscription club membership, and she couldn't afford any of that.

The seat next to her remained vacant until about a minute before the opening whistle.

“Excuse me, that's my seat.” A man draped in Eels colors got her attention. Every inch of his face was painted in his team's colors, red and blue.

A little disappointed, Ana moved her legs, and the man scooted past her.

“Thanks, doll.” He said and sat down with a groan. “Beavers fan, huh? You know you're going down today, right?” He told her with a confident smile.

“We'll see about that.” Ana shot back with a chuckle. The man seemed friendly enough, even if his team choice was so awfully misguided.

Her dad always told her, when he took her to football games, to steer clear from face painters. “If a man feels he needs to put on make-up to support his team, then he has a few screws loose!”, he would claim between plays, when he got a little tipsy.

She always figured he was joking, but as the Beavers vs. Eels game got into the fifth minute, she started seriously considering it may be true.

The man next to her was a raving Eels fan, raving being the operative word.

“Come on! No way that was a foul! Beavers can't win without the ref helping them?!” He howled at the top of his lungs.

He got so rowdy and loud, Ana almost wanted to stick her fingers in her ears. It's not like she didn't expect the crowd around her to be loud, but that man was really starting to rob her of the joy of watching the game.

It got even worse when the Eels scored their first goal, twelve minutes in. Ana clenched her fist on her knee, letting out an angered “Damn it!”, as the game ball rolled into the net.

Her slight vent was completely drowned by the roars of the man sitting next to her, though. He shot to his feet and bellowed so loud, she thought she might go deaf.

“Yeah! That's how it's done! Woooo! Go Eels! Zap 'em hard!”

For two whole minutes, he cheered his team on his feet, before finally sitting down again.

He sat down, but he did not calm down. In fact, his team being in the lead only bolstered and egged him on. Ana could swear he was being even louder than before. She dug her finger-nails into her thighs and clenched her jaw, trying to cope with the irritating situation.

“Will you shut up!” Ana found herself snapping at him. “Gawd! You're being so loud!” She shrieked.

“Hey toots, this a soccer game, not a public library!” The brazen man bellowed.

“I don't care! My ears are ringing!”

“Go sit somewhere else, then!” He offered dismissively.

“No! I paid for this seat! Now be quieter or I'll call security!” Ana threatened, fuming.

“Pfft, whatever. You're just pissed your team is losing, anyway.” The man shook his head and shrugged.

As if to spite her, he immediately switched his boisterous roars with silent mutterings. He hissed under his breath, mumbling unintelligibly.

Oh that's mature... Ana thought, rolling her eyes with an exasperated sigh. But at least he listened to her and quieted down, so she could focus back on the game, and root for her team to even the score.

As the minutes passed, the man's whispering became more and more distracting.

Ignore him, Ana. She told herself, *he's just seeking attention now, trying to piss me off.* She surmised. *Just relax.*

Relax...

She breathed slowly, in and out, trying to calm herself down, let go of her anger, and enjoy the experience. She was surrounded by thousands of ecstatic soccer fans, the air was electric, and an incredibly engrossing game raged on the field. There was no need to let one rude idiot ruin it for her.

Try as she might, Ana couldn't bring herself to shut his voice out of her head. It was like an incessant, nattering drone, relentlessly chewing at her ability to focus. She gritted her teeth, mad at him, and also at herself for being so impressionable and easy to pester.

I can't lash at him again. It would give him an excuse to say that I complain no matter what he does. She knew, It would be exactly what he wants...

Exactly...what he wants...

She did manage to relax, however. In fact, she didn't feel angry at all, anymore. She felt a little drowsy, but good drowsy. Blissful drowsy, even. A euphoric sense of calm washed over her. Her shoulders slightly slumped and her expression slackened.

She looked forward blankly, her eyes too heavy to follow the ball. The chaotic rumble of the crowd and the game slowly became weaker. The cheers and whistles, the booming voices of the commentators, they all became naught but a soft whisper.

And on the other end of the spectrum, the silent mumblings of the man beside her strengthened significantly, as if his voice was in direct opposite correlation with the sounds surrounding them.

Is he...doing something...? She wondered.

Maybe... She hesitated.

No...There's no way. It's impossible. There's no way he would do that. She determined.

There's...No way he would do that. He is too nice. She heard herself saying, although she wasn't sure she actually thought that.

Ana tried to speak out, to ask him what he was mumbling about. Her lips moved, but no sound emerged from them. The soothing atmosphere was simply too captivating, and Ana was completely hooked. It was so much easier to drown in the deep calm, and it felt so good. She never felt so good in her life.

His voice soon became the only thing in her mind. It seeped deeply, and she absorbed it flawlessly, although she still couldn't make out what he was actually saying. All she knew was that it was extremely important, and that she would do anything to maintain the pleasant sensations coursing through her body.

Do anything...

Anything he wants.

*Exactly what he wants.
Obey him.*

A word flashed in her mind, brighter than the floodlights above the stadium – *Master.*

Yes. Obey master. I belong to him. I must serve him. It makes me feel good. I am a slave.

Ana felt a tingle between her legs. She was becoming a very horny slave.

Yes. I am not just a slave. I am a beautiful, young blonde, with a slim body and perky breasts.

I am a sex slave. A fuck-toy. An owned plaything that exists for my master's pleasure.

His voice thundered in her head, pushing everything else away. Ana's eyes rolled up, and she nearly erupted in a mind melting orgasm.

I am just an object. Property. A piece of fuck-meat for my master. I cannot resist him. I can't say no. I will never refuse his will, no matter what he wants me to do.

A weak whimper came out of her lightly parted lips.

I am a hot piece of ass. I am a pair of tits. I am a wet cunt, always ready to be fucked. I am perfectly submissive to my master.

As she came to her life-changing realization, the fog in her mind started to clear, and she returned to full awareness.

She looked to her right, staring at her master. His left hand rested shamelessly on her thigh, and Ana's right hand grasped his raw, hard cock.

“Don't stop, bitch. Keep rubbing.” He said, prodding her to jerk him off, with a light slap on her trim thigh.

“Yes master.” Ana nodded obediently, the fact his cock was out, and in her hand, not even giving her pause. She diligently moved her hand up and down, at a rapid pace, rubbing his pole with full motions, from tip to hilt.

“Does this please you, master?” Ana asked, sitting with her entire body turned to his direction, completely ignoring the game.

“*Hrrm!* Yeah, it's not bad.” He growled, his hand slowly edging up her thigh, closer to her crotch.

“Now, I want you to give me the best blowjob of your life.” He hissed at her with a toothy smile, burying his fingers in her golden locks, and nudging her down.

“As you wish, master.” Ana replied instantly, and with no hesitation, she leaned down to his lap and took his boner in her warm, wet mouth.

She didn't care they were in such a public venue, or that she didn't know his name, or that he didn't know hers, or that he was a man. Those thoughts never even crossed her mind. All she knew was that her master required satisfaction, and he wanted to get it by using her mouth.

With her lips tightly wrapped around his cock, Ana closed her eyes, and devoted herself to the moment. She polished his dick with love and adoration, as if it was her lover, bobbing her head up and down with slow, meaningful motions.

She tenderly grabbed his balls, sliding her tongue around his shaft with zeal and determination, slurping and sucking eagerly. Her master reached over and grabbed her ass, rubbing her pussy through her tight, red shorts, eliciting wet moans from her muffled mouth. She didn't mind. Her pert, teen ass was his to fondle, after all.

“Does my mouth pleas---*Mmbh!*” She tried asking, but her master shoved her head back down. Ana got the hint, and continued tirelessly sucking him off, with reverence and gusto.

“I did tell you you were going down, didn't I? Hah!” He mocked her, applying gentle pressure on the back of her head, dictating her pace.

The man that filled Ana's throat quickly returned to his abrasive, rowdy demeanor, cheering his team on with fervor. The more excitedly he cheered, the rougher he handled Ana's head on his crotch.

“Yeah! Go on the attack! Don't let those damn beavers breathe! Woo!” He howled and forcefully pushed her down all the way, till her lips smacked against his balls.

“*Ulp! Hng! Umph!*” She choked and gagged, tears of strain filling her eyes.

“Yeah! Suck my electric eel, you slut! *Hrrm!*” He rumbled, his cock pulsating and throbbing in her mouth. His words spurred Ana on, and motivated her to perform.

“Yeth mathter.” Ana let out, and speared her face deep on his cock, even as he relieved some pressure from the back of her head. She was determined to fight through her gag reflex and her stinging eyes, and focus fully on pleasing her master. She moved her tongue in circles around his shaft, surrounding it with blissfully moist warmth.

“*Haa!*” He pushed Ana's head down, his pelvic muscles contorting and flexing.

“*Argh! Hrrm!*” With another deep groan, he began ejaculating deep down her throat. Thick spurts of hot sperm washed the inside of Ana's mouth, and slid back down to her lips, where they were stopped by her air-tight lip-lock of his bulging rod.

“*Fff! Phhff!*” She slurped and sucked, trying to not let any of his spunk ooze down and soil his pants.

“*Ohh...*” He sighed, patting the length of her silky, golden mane.

“Now I want you to plop your lips off my cock, but keep my cum in your mouth.” He leaned down and whispered to her.

“*Mm-mm!*” Ana confirmed with a small nod, and started sliding her lips up. Her lips detached from his helmet with a sticky smack, and a mixed strand of cum and drool stretched between them. Ana returned to an upright sitting position as her master tucked his snake back to its lair. A sparkly clear strip of liquid ran down from her lips, adorning her chin.

“Keep it in your mouth until the Eels score another goal.” He ordered, “don't worry, it shouldn't be long.” He added with a smirk.

“*Mm-hmm.*” Ana nodded.

She looked around, and realized the spectators around them certainly witnessed her kinky display of affection towards her master. The woman sitting in front of him looked back at her with a judgmental frown. Ana simply smiled back at her with her cum-filled lips, and the woman huffed and turned back to face the game.

Master put his arm around her, reaching down her shirt to cup her perky, firm tits. He was clearly happy to own her, and it made Ana feel such pride and happiness.

Ana swished the liquid in her mouth, letting her master's creamy gift ingrain into her taste-buds. Thirty-two minutes into the game, the Eels finally increased their lead by scoring a second goal.

Gulp!

“Thank you for cumming in my mouth, master.” Ana said with a meek voice, after swallowing the load in her mouth. Her master responded by giving one of her breasts a playful squeeze, and planting a ravenous kiss on her shoulder.

By halftime break, the Beavers managed to shrink the lead to a 2-1 score, but Ana cared more about the reinvigorated state of her master's libido. While everyone else rushed to the fast-food stands for some refreshments, Ana was dry-humped into the nearest bathroom stall, by her over-sexed owner.

He kissed the nape of her neck and pressed his crotch to her bubbly ass, the tent in his pants poking her soft, bouncy cheeks.

“*Hrrm!* Turn around!” He said, grabbed her with both hands, and turned her to face him with one swift motion.

Another sharp grab later, and he opened her vest (sending the buttons flying), and yanked her bra away.

“*Hmm!* Fucking delicious.” He cupped her titties with his hands and clasped his lips around her nipples, one nipple at a time.

“*Ohh! Master!*” Ana moaned and giggled, feeling his teeth nibble her pink nipples.

“Take this off. Let me see your pussy!” He demanded, pulling at the waist-line of her tight red pants.

“Yes master. My pussy is yours.” Ana complied with a song in her voice, hooked her thumbs in her pants, and started slowly sliding it down her smooth legs. Bent on enticing her master, she shook her hips from side to side as she stripped off her bottoms, like an exotic showgirl at a seedy strip joint.

Once her tight shorts hit the ground, around her feet, Ana slid the silky crotch-line of her black panties aside, showing her hairless, pink pussy off to her master. She thrust her hips towards him, and smiled, proudly displaying her fresh lips.

“Ohh fuck! That's amazing!” Her master exclaimed, pressing two fingers on her cunt and moving them in circles, while whipping his cock out with his other hand.

“Hope you're ready for the fucking of your life, cunt!” He growled at her, kissing and licking her neck like a savage beast.

“Yesss master! *Mmm!* I'm always wet and ready for your rock-hard cock, master!” She declared, her sweet voice laced with passion.

He lifted one of her legs up, and teased her velvety lips with the tip of his bulging manhood.

“Yes master. Use my tight pussy, master.” She encouraged him with a breathy whisper, coiling her lifted leg around his waist.

Her master secured his tip in her wet honeypot, grabbed her raised thigh and hips, and thrust forward with a bestial grunt, penetrating deep into Ana's soaking pussy.

“*Ahh! Mmmmm...*” Ana gave a squeal of delight and a prolonged moan, as her fresh, teen pussy squeezed down on her master's steely shaft.

It wasn't long before he started pumping in and out of her, grunting as he drilled into her pussy like a jackhammer.

“*Ahh! Ahh!* Fuck me, master! Use my body, master! *Ahh!*” Ana moaned at the top of her lungs, looking straight at him with twinkling eyes and a radiant smile.

“*Hrrm yeah!* Your pussy feels so fucking great! *Hrrrm!*” Her master groaned with lust, and plowed even deeper into her, increasing the speed and force of his thrusts.

Ana threw her head back, hitting the wooden wall of the bathroom stall. Her pink pussy quivered with carnal pleasure, tightening around his cock.

“*Ohh fuck!*” Her master grabbed her neck and swung her petite body back and forth, impaling her on his hard wood.

When he suddenly pulled out, Ana felt so weak in the knees, that they buckled under her with the gentlest nudge from him. Deliriously panting, Ana found herself kneeling before him, as he jerked his cock in her face.

“You like ball-games so much, why don't you give my balls some attention, you Beavers cunt!” He barked at her with a gloating smile, shoving his balls in her face.

“Of course, master! *Phuua!*” Ana cheered and gave his gonads a broad tongue-brush, before cupping them with her lips.

She made passionate love to his balls, sucking, licking, slurping, and making them wet and slick. Her master jerked his shaft as she lavished his

balls with kisses, and it wasn't long before his hose welled up, ready to spray another load, this time on the pristine skin of Ana's pretty face.

She opened her mouth wide for him, and carpeted her chin with her tongue.

"Ohh yeah! Hrrm!" He groaned, aiming straight to her open mouth.

"Aah! Ooh! Hmm!" A spurt of cum accompanied each one of his deep grunts. Most of his load filled her open mouth, but some still managed to shoot past it, painting her cheeks, forehead, and hair.

Ana looked up at him with an open-lipped grin, showing him the cum that pooled on her tongue and in her mouth. She could feel the sticky liquid ooze down her cheeks and forehead, some of it nearly dropping down to her eyes.

"Swallow." He told her, and Ana gulped immediately.

"Thank you for feeding me another load, master." Ana cooed, licking her lips hungrily.

"Hrrm! Get up !" Unbelievably, her master wasn't done. The sight of her precious, angelic face covered with his cum sent a jolt down his spine and made his cock jump right back up, ready for more action.

He lifted her back to her feet and spun her around, bending her over, pressing her to the wall. Teasing her pussy for a few seconds, he rammed right back into her, this time fucking her doggy-style.

"Ohh master! Ahh! Fuck me, master! You are so amazing!" Ana squealed happily as her master banged her from behind. Her ass-cheeks made a loud smack every time their skin connected, and it resonated throughout the room.

Ana helped her master by meeting his movements with her own, shaking her ass back and forth and pushing her tits on the wooden wall. He gripped her hips with both hands, and pumped into her at a pace that made her feel like her loins were melting.

"Yeah! Move that fucking ass, slut!" He spanked her, and slowed down to a halt, letting Ana do all the work.

"Yes master! My ass belongs to you! Ahh!" Ana dutifully accepted, and began bouncing her ass back and forth at a steady pace, working hard to please her owner.

She felt his lips press against her upper back, and another sharp spank shook her petite ass. He coiled her hair around his hand, and started rocking his hips again.

“*Ooh!* Fucking take it, cunt!” He rammed into her vigorously, gluing his pelvis to her ass.

“*Nyaaa!*” Her pussy lips quaked around his manhood, as an orgasm rocked through her body, sending electrifying pleasure to course through her veins.

His cock thumped and thrummed in Ana's cunt, and her heart pounded along with it.

“*Oooh! Hrrm! Hmm! Ohh!*” He shot his load deep in her pussy, filling her womb with his energetic swimmers.

“Ho-ho, *ohh yeah!*” He leaned on her with a blissful shudder, pressing her to the wall.

“Who said you could orgasm without permission? Hmm?” He asked her with a scolding spank. Ana's eyes widened in shock.

“I-I'm sorry, master. It won't happen again.”

“You only orgasm when I tell you to.” He stressed, and started pulling out of her.

“Yes master. Only when you tell me to.” Ana nodded, her pussy overflowing with cum. It dripped down to her panties, still on the floor, wrapped around her leg.

“Get dressed. I'm going to get a hot dog.” He said, wiped his cock on her buttock, and left with a final spank on her ass.

“Yes master.” Ana bent down, pulled her panties and pants up, picked her vest, and followed him out, forgetting her bra on the floor.

The second half of the game was less eventful. Ana sat on her master, adorning his lap like a perfect jewel. With no buttons on her vest, she just left it hanging open, showing ample side-boob. Men around snuck a peek at her, every now and then, clearly envious of her master, having such a hot young thing writhing in his lap, accepting his fondles with cheeky giggles and meek smiles.

At her master's command, Ana occasionally flashed a nipple to the people around them, showing off her master's new property. They were even shown on the stadium's kiss-cam for a moment, and the commentators

cracked a few jokes about Ana's lewd behavior, assuming she was drunk or something.

The Eels managed to score another goal, with two minutes to stoppage time. Ana was so happy for her master, she bounced and writhed on his crotch like a hyperactive bunny.

The game ended with a score of 3-1 in favor of the Eels, and Ana's master took her to his home, to celebrate by fucking his hot teen slave's brains out, all night long. He ended up falling asleep at three a.m, leaving Ana panting at the foot of the bed, her pussy raw and filled with jizz, and her cherry lips kissing the bare soles of her master's feet.

She woke up on the floor, late the next morning. Her master kicked her out of bed, in his sleep, clearly feeling more comfortable with the bed all to himself. Ana didn't mind, she wanted nothing more than to keep her master comfy and pleased.

She lay on the cold marble floor, staring at the ceiling with a smile, when suddenly she heard a vibration coming from the back-pocket of her discarded shorts. It was her phone.

She crawled to it and checked the caller ID. Her mom had apparently been calling all morning. Ana figured she'd better answer.

“Hello?” She whispered, not wanting to wake her master up. Her mom screamed on the other end, scolding Ana about being out all night and all morning without checking in.

“I'm over eighteen, mom. I'm technically allowed to do whatever I want, and stay out for as long as I want.” Ana claimed.

“Yeah, I know. I'm sorry, I should have called.” Ana relented after another outburst from her mom.

Despite her best efforts, Ana's master was awoken by her whispers. He looked at her with sleepy eyes, and smiled. With a rejuvenating morning stretch, he slid over to the edge of the bed, and sat with his feet on the floor. He motioned his head to Ana, and pointed to his feet, making a very clear request.

“Uhm, I met someone.” Ana told her mom. She smiled up at him, leaned her head down, and kissed his feet.

“Well, you asked, mom! *Phua!*” Ana said and planted another wet kiss between his toes.

“Actually, it's not a woman.”

Her mom needed a few seconds to process Ana's last response, so Ana utilized the time to lavish her master's feet with more kisses and licks.

“Yes it's a man. What else could it be?” She rolled her eyes and huffed at her mother's bewilderment.

“I thought I was, too. *Phua!* I suppose I'm bisexual. I just needed to meet the right man.” Ana said with a giggle, and looked up at her master with worshipful eyes.

“Yeah, I'm sure dad will be ecstatic.” She gave a smirk, and started licking up her master's caff.

“I'm not a slut, mom. I'm...easy going!” Ana protested, “besides, this isn't just a one night stand.” She pecked his knee-cap, and kissed up his thigh.

“I think he might be the one.” She confessed as her lips reached his crotch. She took a deep breath, and kissed his tip.

“*Mphh! Phua!* Listen, mom, I've got to hang up. I'll be home later, maybe.” Ana said, and hung up before her mom could protest.

“My mouth is yours, master.” She said and opened her lips wide.

“Good slave.” Her master scratched under her chin with a beaming smile, took firm hold of her head, and shoved her deep down on his cock.

“*Ung! Umph! Ungh! Hng!*” He used her face like a masturbatory tool, jerking his morning wood with her lips. Ana's cheeks reddened as she choked. She reached between her legs and rubbed her pussy in circles, making sure it was ready, in case he wanted to change fuck-holes.

After filling her mouth with a healthy load of morning jism, Ana's master took the Beavers scarf she wore to the game, and used it to wipe his cock dry.

“Throw this in the trash, where it belongs.” He told Ana, derisively tossing the soiled scarf in her well-fucked face.

“Yes master. I'm sorry for bringing this Beavers filth into your home. I'll dispose of it immediately.” Ana smiled and crawled away, scarf in hand.

“And make me some breakfast while you're there!” Her master called out. He then stood up, and headed to the bathroom.

“Of course, master. I am your obedient slave!” Ana called back, determined to make her master proud by fixing a delicious meal for him.

“Obedience is pleasure.” She told herself, and went to work.

* * * *

Ana's friends and family were pretty perplexed when she came back, the day after the game, with a new boyfriend, a new team, and a new outlook on her role in life as a woman. They were shocked to find the staunch self-proclaimed feminist defer all her decisions to a man, all with a bubbly, ditzy attitude.

They tried telling Ana the new man in her life isn't a good influence on her, and when she lashed at them and ignored their opinion, her friends began distancing themselves from her. Ana was just fine with it, though. In fact, her master ordered her to try and push them all away, so their lukewarm attitude towards her was perfectly aligned with her objective.

It was the day of the grand finals of the regional soccer league. The Beavers dropped from the competition weeks ago, but the Eels were still very strongly in contention. They only had to beat the Dragons, probably the only team formidable enough to make the Eels worried.

Ana's master paced nervously in the living-room, waiting for Ana to finish getting ready. She applied her naughty make-up in front of the bathroom mirror, complete with glossy, bubble-gum pink lip-stick, and light-blue eye-liner, complimenting her eyes.

Finishing off, she took some of her master's face-paint, and stretched two lines across each cheek. One blue line and one red, matching the uniform colors of the Eels. She had to be presentable and not embarrass her master in front of the other fans, after all.

“This isn't just any normal game, you worthless slut.” She told her reflection and reached for her collar.

“I have to bring my A-game, and be ready to sate my master's every whim. Console him if we lose, and ride him till next Sunday if we win!” She gave herself a motivational pep talk, fastening the collar around her neck. The silvery dog-tag on the collar read “master's pet”.

She lubricated her ass, just in case her master was in the mood for some anal, and gave her skimpy outfit some final adjustments, before hopping out to present herself.

“I'm ready, master. Go Eels!” She stood before him and cheered.

He looked her up and down, and nodded.

“Yes you are.” He said, playfully tugging on her tiny skirt, which barely covered her shapely buttocks. He then moved his fingers up to her torso, and began mischievously poking at her exposed under-boobs. Her tiny crop-top tightly snuggled her perky breasts. It was more like a polyester belt around her chest.

“I’m happy to be dressed like a total slut for you, master. I’m your happy arm-candy fuck-toy!” She declared with a giddy bounce.

“You’re forgetting something, slave.” He scolded.

Ana’s eyes widened. She wrecked her tiny brains, trying to figure out what she was missing.

“Oh! Of course, master! Silly me.” She realized her mistake, folded her top up a few inches, and hiked up her skirt, displaying her pussy lips.

“My entire body is a shrine to the greatest team ever.” She said merrily, displaying her brand new stylized nipple and clit piercings, matching the stripes on her face and the color theme of her scant outfit.

“Fantastic. All right, cover back up and let’s go!” He said, giving her a slightly stronger spank than usual.

“W-Wait, master.” Ana said, tenderly hugging his fore-arm, “you seem really agitated, master. Would you like to use my body before we head out, to relieve your stress?” She asked, batting her eyelashes at him.

He thought for a few seconds, and sighed.

“You’ve got a point. I just really want our guys to win.” He sat down on the couch and whipped out his cock, “hop on.” He told her.

“Yes master.” Ana cooed, pacing to him like a limber, sexy kitten.

“I live to serve you, master.” She took his cock, rubbed it a few times, and straddled his lap, taking him all the way into her pussy.

“*Mff!* Let this slave work your stress away, master. It’s what I exist for.” She looked straight at him with a caring smile, and started grinding her hips back and forth,

“*Ohh yeah!* You turned into such a good slave!” He flipped Ana’s top up and pulled on her red-blue nipple piercings, eliciting wet moans from the horny slave riding him.

“My pussy is for your pleasure, master! *Ahh!*” Ana gyrated her hips and tightened her cunt around his throbbing shaft. She rode him with vigor and glee, filled with a sense of purpose which gave her puny existence meaning.

His phone rang with the distinct ding of an arriving text message.

“*Hrrm!* Get my phone, doll.” He told Ana.

“Yes master. *Nngh!*” She flexibly arched backwards, reaching for the coffee table.

“Who is it from?” Her master asked, fondling her perky fun-bags.

“Someone called Francis, master.” Ana replied.

“Ohh, that's the manager for the Eels. I contacted him about something. What did he say? Read it.”

“Yes master.” Ana said, and started reading the message out loud.

“That's a hot piece you've got there. Bring her over after the game, I'm sure the guys will enjoy her, whether they win or lose. In fact, scratch that, I'll show them this picture and tell them they'll get to fuck her only if they win. That should motivate them.” She read with a high-pitched voice as she hopped up and down.

“Hah! Fantastic! I'm going to meet the Eels thanks to you, doll.”

Ana's master bragged, and spanked her ass.

“I don't understand, master.” Ana said with wide, uncomprehending eyes.

“Remember when you posed naked for me?”

“Yes master! That was so much fun!” Ana cheered

“Yeah well, I took the liberty of sending those pics to Francis, with an offer to whore your ass out, in exchange for meeting the team. You'd better ready your holes, slut, tonight you'll be gang-banged by an entire soccer team!” He announced excitedly, grabbed her ass, and pressed her down. He groaned, his pelvis jerking into her, as cum filled her owned cunt.

“Yes master.” Ana smiled and wrapped her arms around him, her eyes shimmering “I promise I'll make you proud.”

###

Harem Life Telemarketing

By Will B. Gunn

Kate slumped lazily on her living-room couch, wearing her comfy, red spotted undies, and watching TV. She buried her hand in a bowl of popcorn, which she had on the coffee table, grabbed a few, and slowly brought the crunchy white treats to her full, glossy lips.

In front of her, a dramatic scene unfolded. Mikaela just found out her loving fiance, Ernesto, has been cheating on her with her long lost twin sister, Francesca.

“Don't be an idiot, Mikaela! There's no way he thought Francesca was you! Gah!” Kate yelled at the screen, popcorn in her mouth.

“That Ernesto always gets away with it. I hate him.” She mumbled to herself, and took another handful from the bowl.

RING

RING

Kate's phone started buzzing and ringing. She tried ignoring it, hoping whoever it was would give up.

RING

RING

“Oh damn it.” She sighed, pressed pause on her remote, and sat up. With an exasperated grunt, she got on her feet, and walked over to her kitchen table, where her phone was.

She looked at the caller ID. It was a call from work.

“This better be good.” She answered, marching back and sitting on the sofa.

“Kate, thank goodness! You have to help me. I'm having a full-on nervous breakdown!” Said a hushed, high-pitched, somewhat panicked voice.

“Roger? Is that you? You know, Sunday is my day off.” Kate said, putting her feet on the coffee table.

“Terribly sorry to interrupt your all so important leisure time,” He hissed, “but I'm in the middle of a crisis!”

“Crisis, huh?” Kate gave a smirk, “So I take it your first day as shift manager isn't going the way you hoped?”

“Not at the moment, no.” Roger said with a low growl, clearly not amused, “Will you please help me!” He begged.

“I'm in the middle of watching my favorite soap opera, man. My hands are tied.” Kate reached over and grabbed some more popcorn.

“I tried to tell you, Roger, you aren't ready to handle the weekend shifts on your own.” She added.

“Do you really think this is a good time to kick me when I'm down?” Roger snapped at her.

“No. I think this is my time to unwind and watch some TV in the afternoon. For some reason, I can't seem to get to it, care to guess why?” She asked him in a lighthearted manner.

“Are you going to help me, or not?” He asked through gritted teeth, clearly approaching the end of his rope.

“As long as it doesn't get my butt off this sofa. But make it quick, Francesca is about to dump Ernesto.” Kate told him.

“Right, sounds thrilling.” Roger said, “okay, I have a customer who got double billed on his credit card, and he demands proof that it got refunded. I have two items not showing the right price in the registers, and I can't find Margo, that useless janitor!”

“That's it? Geez, when you said crisis, I figured at least the place was being robbed or something.” Kate continued mocking.

“Kate, please!”

“Okay, first of all, chill. Margo is probably in the back alley on a smoking break. You can input a custom price into the registers with your shift-manager card, and you can get a receipt for a credit card refund from the main computer. Easy peasy, right? Bye now!”

“No wait! Kate!” Roger nearly sobbed.

“What now?”

“I don't know how to do those last two things you said, and the credit card guy wants compensation for having to wait so long. Plus, Margo scares me a little.” He said

“And Margo is the useless one, right?” Kate shook her head, exasperated.

After twenty minutes, she finally managed to help Roger put off all the fires, and return everything to working order.

“I don't know how to thank you, Kate. I couldn't have done this without you.” Roger expressed his gratitude.

“Yeah yeah, you're welcome. Now I suggest you lose this number, because if you dare calling me again on my day off, you'll find out what a real crisis is.” Kate tried to sound menacing.

“Understood. But listen, if I run into a...” He started, but Kate hung up on him before he could finish his sentence.

She took the remote, and tickled the un-pause button with her thumb pad.

“Okay, Franny, make me proud.” She was about to lie back on the couch again, but then...

RING

RING

“You have got to be kidding me.” She murmured with narrowed eyes.

“Seriously Roger? What now?”

“This isn't Roger.” Kate heard a young man's voice say. She looked at the caller ID, and indeed it wasn't her work number, or any number she recognized.

“Oh, sorry. I had a, uhm, not important. Who is this?” She asked.

“My name is Barney Turner, and I'm calling from Harem Life Incorporated. Is this Miss Kate Adams?” He asked.

“Uhm yeah.” She frowned, “which company did you say you were from?” She asked.

“Oh umm, how are you today?” The man sounded a bit flustered.

“Excuse me?” Kate raised an eyebrow.

“I-I'm supposed to ask you how you are. Sorry, I'm new at this. How hard can it be to read off a script, right? Heh, uhm.” He gave a nervous chuckle.

“What is this, incompetent worker day?” Kate whispered to herself.

“It's not so hard, buddy. I used to work at telemarketing, actually.” She said, “How about you drop the script, and tell me what you're selling.” She suggested, sounding bored.

“Uhm right.” The man said, and she could hear the sound of paper shuffling.

“Trying to find the right response in the script, huh?” She assumed, “look, whatever you're selling, I'm sure I'm not interested, so...”

“Found it!” He said, triumphant.

“Oh jolly.” Kate rolled her eyes.

“Would you be interested in a new life as a professional sex slave or harem girl?” He asked, not even a tinge of jest in his voice.

“I'm sorry, what did you say?” Kate asked, “is this a prank call? Don't you have anything better to do than hassle people on a Sunday afternoon? I'm trying to unwind!”

“W-Wha'?” Barney sounded surprised. Kate heard some more shuffling of paper, and the heavy breath of a very nervous man.

“Oh, I totally forgot about this part, damn it... Wait, Kate, don't hang up!” He pleaded.

“Am I on some sort of radio show? Is there a reward?” Kate was starting to find the scenario almost amusing.

“There we go. This is what I forgot.” Barney said.

“What? What did...you, uhm...for...forget?” Kate started snappy, but soon both her expression and voice mellowed. An incredibly soothing tune played from his side of the call, in the background. The sounds of a harp, some gentle wind-chimes, and the chirping of birds filled Kate's ears.

Without noticing, she sat and listened to it for thirty seconds straight, not uttering a single word.

“Such beautiful music.” She said with a dreamy smile, leaning down on the sofa and cradling one of the cushions.

“Okay here we go. Uhm, I'll just ask this again.” Barney's voice finally reappeared, “Miss Adams, would you be interested in becoming a sex slave? If so, the company I represent is your best option.”

“Hmmm...Okay. I'm, hmmm, interested.” Kate replied, sighing pleasantly as if receiving a sensual massage. She didn't really care about what he said, she simply wanted to listen to the music a little while longer.

“Okay, great. First I need to get some of your details. How old are you?” He asked.

“Twenty-two.” She answered sleepily, lying on her side on the couch, smiling, and staring into the distance with half-opened eyes.

Barney continued his questionnaire.

“Hair color?”

“Blonde.” Kate responded.

“Dyed?”

“Hmm, nope.” She said with a slight giggle.

“Height, weight, and measurements?”

“Five-foot-eight, a hundred and twenty pounds. Twenty-four inch waist, thirty-six inch hips, thirty-seven inch bust.”

“Wow, you're in the swimsuit model category. Nice!” She heard Barney say, and mouthed a silent thank you.

“Cup size? Just to make sure.”

“D.” She answered.

“And what do you do for a living?” He inquired.

“Shift manager at a local department store.” Kate answered.

“Excellent. You are a perfect candidate.”

“Candidate...For what...? Hmmmmm.” She asked, still enjoying the entrancing music in the background.

“Oh, what's your sexual orientation?” He asked.

“Straight.” She responded immediately.

“No bisexual tendencies at all?”

“Nope.”

“Hmm, okay then. Let's see.”

Barney shuffled through his manual again, searching for the right page.

“Why is this damn thing so convoluted, damn it.” He muttered under his breath.

“Okay, here we go. Kate, are you listening?”

“Mm-hmm.” She nodded and hummed in response.

“Are you happy with your life, Kate? Working long hours at a menial, dead-end job, worrying about paying all your bills on time and making ends meet. Working tirelessly for low pay, eager to reach a measly one or two day weekend, in which you can finally have a little break from the daily grind? Does that make you happy, Kate?”

“Uhm, no. Not really.” She frowned a bit, “the nice music makes me happy, though.” She said, and smiled again.

“Good, keep listening to it. But remember to listen to me as well, okay?”

“All right.” She cooed, stretching her long legs on the couch.

“You are a beautiful, attractive young woman, Kate. Why do you even need a job?” He asked.

“Uhm, I dunno. Finansh, umm, fi-nan-shee-al independence?” She slurred as if she barely understood the meaning of the words she was saying, and finished with a questioning intonation.

“Why do you need financial independence, Kate?” Barney asked, “wouldn't it be much easier and simpler to be dependent on a man? To be a kept woman?”

“A kept...woman?” She repeated, her blue eyes staring off into the distance.

“Yes, Kate. Try and imagine how good your life would be. No work stress, no bills or taxes, no pressure to get ahead in life. Just a serene, static, and blissful existence, unburdened by the need to make any decisions on your own. Can you imagine that?”

“Y-Yeah...” Kate nodded, her smile widening. Her vision brightened up, and suddenly a blinding light seemed to shine before her. Her eyes literally glowed, as lovely images began to reveal themselves to her.

She saw herself lying down on the plushiest carpet, at the feet of a masculine man in a rich, black business suit. He drank red wine from a tall, round glass, while she purred like a kitten, watching the flames dance in the fireplace.

“It's...amazing.” She said in awe, “I want it, so much.”

“That's right, Kate. All you'll need to do is follow his whims and obey his desires, and that's good, because you love being submissive and compliant, right?”

“I do?” She asked, and sighed, “Yeah, I guess I do.” She agreed. She could feel the man's hand reach down and caress her hair, like one would with a loyal, adoring pet.

“Of course you do, Kate. You want nothing more than to be a servile, kept woman. A tight, soft, warm body for your man to enjoy, whenever his mood strikes.”

“It sounds...so good!” Kate exclaimed, her eyes flashing with visions of her sitting and giggling on the rich man's lap, without a care in the world.

“You are happy to be on your knees, and be your man's obedient sexual servant.” Barney told her, his voice shaking a bit, “you like letting him do whatever he wants, use you as his fuck-doll, his sex toy, his slave.”

“Fuck-doll...sex toy...slaaaaave.” Kate repeated, her hand creeping between her legs. Her precious spot was getting quite moist. Her glowing eyes stared forward into nothingness, but Kate saw many things that made her pussy shiver with joy.

She saw herself on her knees, bobbing her head up and down the man's shaft, while he lounged and read the morning paper. She saw herself crawl on his bed and spread her legs for him, so he could drill into her like there's no tomorrow. She saw herself standing over a burning stove, making dinner, only to have her master bend her over, right there on the kitchen counter-top, and ram into her with full force.

“*Mmhmh!*” She whimpered with joy, rubbing her lower lips through the fabric of her red panties.

Barney heard her slight moan, and continued talking.

“That's right. This is what you've always dreamed of. You hate having to fit into the feminist, cookie-cutter template of a modern, independent woman, when all you really want is to live your life in perfect submission.”

“Perfect submission...Oh god yeah!” She pressed harder on her crotch, rubbing in frantic circles. The angelic harp music still played in the background, keeping her passionate writhing subdued enough, so she won't accidentally drop the phone from her ear.

“That's right, Kate. Good girl.” He said, and Kate felt pleasantly warm sensations rush from her spine to her loins, which were already burning with desire.

“You want to feel protected by a powerful man. One who will treat you like a prized possession, an object that must be prim, proper, and pampered for his benefit. You want to be beautiful, and pleasing for him, don't you, Kate?”

“Y-Yesss! Property! Owned *mff!* Possession. I'm a...good girl!” Kate gyrated her hips in mid-air, in perfect flowing circles, breathing sharply as her honeypot quaked and quivered.

“Now I'll ask again, just to be sure, Kate. You want to be a sex slave, right? You would give anything to live your life as an obedient, submissive woman, who does everything her master tells her to, correct?” He asked.

Kate's answer was as clear as the day was bright.

“Yessss. *Mmmm!*” She whispered happily, and gave a slutty moan “I would give anything to be a sex slave. A fuck-doll. A sex toy.”

“Good girl. Uhm, please hold on.” Barney said.

“Yes sir.” Kate said with a subservient tone, the crotch-line of her panties getting wetter by the second.

Barney shuffled through the manual again, looking for the next part of his script.

“Ah, here is is. All right then.” He cleared his throat, “luckily for you, Kate, my company specializes in connecting naturally submissive slaves, like you, with wealthy individuals around the world, who already have a functioning harem of young, hot slavegirls.”

“Really? *Mmm...*” Kate asked breathlessly, slipping her fingers in her panties.

“That's right, Kate. You can ease into your new life, with the help of your master's more experienced slaves, who will become your sisters in servitude. You will not have to worry about anything again, ever. You just need to give up your possessions, your freedom, and your future. All trivial and unnecessary things for a woman like you, of course.”

“Give up my possessions...*Mmh!*” Kate moaned, sticking a finger between her tight, pink lips.

“Give up my freedom! *Nyaaa!*” She squealed, slowly pumping in and out of her snatch.

“Give up, *Mphh!*, future! Yes! *Ahh! Mmm!*” She arched her back and writhed vibrantly, rocking her hips up and down on the sofa.

“Did you orgasm?” Barney asked.

“Mm, ye-yes.” She mumbled, her panties soaked with her pussy juices.

“Very good. Now, are you ready to join our ever growing catalog of submissive hopefuls?”

“Y-Yes. I am. I...There's nothing I would love more.” She said with a happy smile, tears of joy in her eyes.

“Oh good.” Barney said with a sigh of relief, “I was afraid my first time would go bad. I already saw myself calling my supervisor to fix things. That would have been so embarrassing, and...Uhm, anyway, there's still the matter of having your naked pictures for the file, and your physical hands-on inspection.”

“What do I need to do?” Kate asked, eager for it all to become official, as soon as possible.

“Take a few nude selfies of yourself, and send them to this number. One showing your ass, one full body profile pic, and one front shot. Make sure you don't cover your tits or pussy in that last one.” He said.

“I understand, sir.” Kate nodded, already sliding her wet panties down her long, smooth legs.

“Good girl. Also, make sure to clear your day tomorrow. I will arrive personally to give you your final inspection.” He told her.

“Yes sir. I will be here all day, waiting for you, sir.” She intoned devotedly, her juicy pussy trickling on the sofa's leathery skin.

“When I get there, you'll need to call me master, and act just as you would with your eventual buyer. It's an important part of your assessment.”

“Yes master. Anything for you, master.” Kate said with a sexy whisper.

“Heh, already starting huh? Impressive. This job is the best!” Barney cheered.

“Okay, couple of final tidbits. First of all, what's your address? I was supposed to ask this before...”

“527 Main street, apartment 2-B.” She said, giddily hopping to her feet, and kicking her silky knickers away.

“Right, good.” She heard him type something, “Remember to not make any long term plans, okay? Family, friends, any work related stuff. You need to be ready to cut all ties at a moment's notice, got it?”

“Yes master. I can't wait.” She cooed, clutching her flimsy top, anxious to tear it off her.

“That's it, then. I'll fill your details in the computer, and you can start getting yourself ready for tomorrow, and for the rest of your life. I'll see ya, Kate.” He said politely, and hung up.

“Bye master.” Kate said, her eyes sparkling. She tossed her phone on the sofa, got rid of her top in a blink, and skipped to the bathroom to spruce

herself up for the naked selfies she had to take.

Her big knockers bounced as perkily as she did, as she hopped in front of the mirror and opened her make-up kit. Her new ambition shone brighter than the North Star in her newly conditioned mind, and any other facet of her being was pushed away, shrunk to nothing, and smashed into oblivion.

“I have to make myself pretty for master's catalog!” She cheered, and started working on making herself look as appealing, and arousing, as she possibly could.

* * * *

Kate lay naked on her bed, flat on her back with her legs spread wide open. She stared at the ceiling with glassy eyes and a lightly open mouth, and absentmindedly fiddled with her pussy. She was waiting, like a good little doll, for her master's arrival.

She called in sick at work, and spent the entire night learning the guide for new sex slaves on the Harem Life website. Barney sent her a link, along with her user name and password, a few minutes after their call ended.

It had a lot of nice pictures of young smiling women, sun-bathing and frolicking on some private island resort, or displaying themselves lewdly for their master inside of a gigantic mansion. The masters had their faces pixelated, but the women were all exposed, mostly in various states of extreme undress. They were all breathtakingly beautiful, making even a blonde hottie like Kate feel just a smidgen insecure.

“Sex toy...Fuck slave...Sex doll...” She droned as she rubbed her pink lips in slow circles, keeping her tight hole nice, warm, and wet.

She sprung to her feet the instant she heard a message arrive on her phone. It was her master, telling her he would come to inspect her in thirty minutes, give or take a few. She scurried to her bedroom mirror, opened the guide pdf file on her laptop, and made sure, one last time, that she was ready.

“Fully shaven pussy, check.” She said with a cute giggle, flicking her clit playfully.

“Oiled up titties, check.” She squeezed her tits together and rubbed them around.

“Maybe a little more.” She decided, took a tube of baby-oil in her hand, and squeezed some on her tits. She lathered and rubbed diligently, till her smooth, slick boobies sparkled like exotic gemstones.

She hopped to the front door, picking up one of the sofa cushions on the way, unlocked the door, and set the cushion on the floor. She dropped her knees on it with a soft thump, put her best, most welcoming smile on, and waited with her hands on her knees, her pussy tingling with anticipation.

She patiently stared at the door for over forty minutes, and jumped with excitement when a knock finally came.

“Kate? It's Barney.” A man's voice said, sounding almost as excited as she was.

“The door is open, master.” She sang back at him.

“Oh? Nice.” Barney said and turned the handle. His eyes lit up when he saw Kate kneeling before him.

“Wow. Look at that.” He stared at her till his eyes stung.

He wasn't alone. A woman stood next to him. She had short black hair, a skinny physique, and dark caramel eyes. She wore a short business skirt, a blazer, and a collar around her neck.

“She followed the instructions on the guide, sir.” The short haired woman said respectfully. She held a clipboard in one hand, and a pen in the other.

Barney walked in and closed the door. He was short, stocky, and had a full, bushy head-of-hair. His face was round and puffy, not that Kate could see it. She kept her eyes down on the floor, occasionally lifting her head ever-so-slightly, to look at the tent his bulge made in his pants.

He walked over to her, and placed his hand on her blonde mane. His crotch was inches away from her face.

“Hey there Kate. You can look up and greet me.” He told her, brushing his palm in the golden waterfalls of her hair.

“Thank you, master.” Kate chimed and looked up at him. She fashioned her lips into a perfect O, and wrapped them around the bulge in

his pants, clasping down tenderly.

“*Ohh!* Oh wow!” Barney moaned, “that’s some greeting!” He exclaimed.

“It’s how the guide instructs new slaves to greet their master, unless told otherwise.” The short-haired woman informed him.

“Oh yeah? Heh, nice to know.” He patted Kate’s head again, gently nudging her face further on his pelvis.

“That’s Juliet, by the way, my enslaved assistant. Every employee on the telemarketing and inspection team has one. *Ohhh!*” He unbuckled his belt, “she graduated summa-cum-laude from Harvard business school.” He said with pride, “that shouldn’t really matter to you, I suppose, I just like bragging about it. She was on the fast track to becoming a high powered exec, and instead she lives in my locker, at work, and exists to please and assist me. Hah!” He let out a big laugh. Juliet stood straight and held her clipboard, calm, relaxed, and totally oblivious to his mockery.

He unzipped his fly and removed his trousers.

“Lock the door.” He looked at Juliet and snapped his fingers.

“Yes sir.” The obedient assistant moved to obey.

Barney took his underwear off, and his burly manhood sprung out, flicking Kate on the lips.

“*Ohh yeah!*” Barney gave a low groan and grabbed his shaft. He started flapping it up and down, slapping Kate’s cheeks and mouth with it.

“*Lha!*” Kate opened wide and let her tongue out, looking up at him with docile eyes. Her tongue made moist smacking sounds every time he slapped his dick down on it. She flexed her tongue muscle so it remained in place while he had his fun, rubbing his tip all over it, and slapping it from all directions.

“Such a beautiful mug.” He said as he rubbed his length all over her angelic face, sticky pre-cum glazing her shimmering, smooth skin.

“*Ohh fuck!*” He took hold of her head with both hands, still clutching his belt in his right palm, “Juliet, make a note. I’m going to start her, *hrrm!* Her passive oral inspection!” He ordered.

“Duly noted, sir. I hope you enjoy yourself.” The assistant nodded coldly, and scribbled something on her clipboard. She looked down at Kate, and said “good luck”, with an almost warm tone, and a small half-smile.

Kate didn't expect the inspection to start so quickly, but she was eager to perform.

She knew exactly what to do. She read about all the inspection phases on the website. For the passive oral exam, all she had to do was keep her hands on her knees, stare wherever he told her to, keep her wet mouth open and available, and her gag reflex to a minimum. The tiniest scrape of teeth meant instant disqualification from the catalog.

He slowly edged his spear halfway into her mouth, tightened his grip of her head, and rammed the rest of the way in with one, powerful thrust.

"Ungh! Mpff.." Kate's cheeks bloated like a blow-fish, and her eyes widened with shock. Her nose mashed against his lower belly, and his raw cock knocked on the back of her throat.

"Ahh! Oooh!" He arched his neck up and moaned, pushing his pelvis forward with full force.

"Fucking amazing." He looked down with a grin and said. Kate looked at him and gently caressed his underside with her tongue, moving it as much as she could while her mouth was crammed with hard cock.

Barney took a deep, shuddering breath, and started pumping his crotch back and forth to his heart's content, relishing in Kate's slight slurps and nearly inaudible snorts.

With another happy grunt, he stretched his belt behind her head, and used it as leverage to push her forward at an insanely rapid rhythm.

"Ohh fuck yeah! This is so amazing!" He cheered as he drilled into her mouth. Every time his balls slapped against her lower lips, saliva splashed all around and splattered down on her knees.

Kate buried her fingers in her knees and did her best to accommodate him, while he roughly fucked her face. She knew her role well. Her mouth was just a sex-toy for him, and if she couldn't take a simple rough throat fucking, then she was useless as a slave.

"Ulp! Ungh! Ulp! Mph!"

So she took it all, gagging and choking with every rough thrust, and even as her eyes filled with salty dew, she kept her beautiful blue pupils focused on him, letting him know his utter violation of her throat was not only welcome, but greatly appreciated.

"Flap your tongue more." He ordered her, coiling his belt around his right hand, and whipping her ass with it.

“*Mhh!*” She moaned and jumped with a start, pushing her cheek on his tip. She flicked her tongue up and down his side, and gave a loud, wet slurp.

“*Phua! Mph! Ulp! Mph! Nph!*”

Barney clutched her hair again, and continued nailing her mouth. He used one hand to pump into her face, and the other to lash her backside with his belt. Juliet stood beside them and watched, occasionally scribbling something down in her clipboard.

“*Hah!* I'm cumming! *Ooh!* Coax it out of me, cunt!” He spanked her with his belt one last time, tossed it aside, and pulled out of her mouth.

“Yesh mashter.” Kate slurred, her eyes slightly rolled to the back of her head. She knew this was a crucial part of her examination, so she got to work immediately, desperate to excel.

“Please, cum on my face, master! *Mphh! Ff! Hff!*” She begged, licking his junk from his balls to his tip, lavishing his throbbing length with warm kisses and moist love.

“Cover this slave's face with cum, master! *Mmm!*” She gave a wet moan and let his steaming manhood rest on her face.

“Let me lap it up, master. Your wonderful sticky juice! *Mmh!*” She traced around his shaft with her tongue, and just as his hose aimed between her eyes, a heavy jet of cream shot out of it.

“*Mm! Nya! Mm!*” Kate moaned with joy, lapping at his ejaculating nozzle as if it was a sprinkler of pure liquid honey.

“*Ohh! Ahhh!*” Barney closed his eyes and moaned, covering her perfect, smooth face with his sticky jizz, without even looking where he was firing.

Barney's climax ended, and he looked down at his handy-work with a pleased smile. Kate's chin and cheeks were dripping cum. Her left eye was closed due to a dangerously close spurt, which glued her lids shut. She swallowed some, licked the rest, and tenderly kissed his sensitive hose clean.

“That was great, Kate.” He praised her.

“Thank you, master.”

“I love this job!” He cheered again, and turned to Juliet.

“Write down that she took the roughest face-fucking I could muster. Her tongue movements weren't as vibrant as yours are, when I fuck your

mouth, but that's to be expected from a cunt that's yet to be fully trained. I think she deserves a ten for that performance.”

“I'm sorry, sir, but if I may say something.” Juliet said, “My performance, according to the evaluator manual, must be used as the standard for a perfect mark. I'm sorry, sir. Please punish me for my rudeness as you see fit.”

“Oh? Uhm, why would I punish you? It's your job to retain all that info, so I don't have to.” Barney snickered, scratching his chin.

“Your words honor me, sir.” Juliet gave a respectful bow.

“Give her a nine, then, I suppose.” He decided, and waddled over to sit on the sofa.

“As you wish, sir.” Juliet nodded, and dotted it down in her summary report. Kate looked up at the short-haired woman, with a mix of sadness and scorn.

“Relax, honey. Nine is an extremely good score.” She leaned down to whisper in Kate's ear, “You're lucky to be his first. I hear they get very critical by the third or fourth inspection, shooting sixes and sevens at girls that perform just as well as you.” Juliet winked at her, and moved over to Barney's side. She stood next to where he sat, and he lay a casual hand on her ass.

“Go clean yourself up, Kate. We'll continue soon” He commanded the still kneeling blonde.

“As you wish, master.” Kate said and crawled away, wiggling her ass from side to side in a seductive manner.

She washed her face, reapplied her hot make-up, and rubbed some more oil on her body.

When she returned to the living-room, Barney was already hard again, and using Juliet's mouth as a stationary sleeve for his manhood. She sat next to him and leaned down on his crotch, still holding her clipboard. He casually moved her head up and down, polishing his hard-on with her lips.

“I'm back, master.” Kate announced her presence, standing before him in all her naked glory.

“Good girl.” He said, making her honeypot tingle, “let's see how you dance.” He added, jerking his cock off in Juliet's mouth at a slightly faster pace.

“Of course, master. Happy to.” Kate said, struck a sexy pose, and began shaking her hips like a proper harem belly dancer.

“Yeah! Shake it bitch! *Hrrm! Hah! Hrrm!*” He encouraged her, and thrust his pelvis up, hitting the back of Juliet's throat. The loyal assistant did her best to assess the details of Kate's dance on her clipboard, even as her face was being used.

“Yes master! *Ooh!*” Kate gave a sexy oomph and shook her ass for him, hoping to entice by lightly spanking her bubbly behind. She let the bouncy volleyballs hanging from her chest jostle, swing around, and knock together like a couple of milk-filled coconuts.

Barney enjoyed watching her for another minute or so, before telling her to stop and stand at attention before him. He told his mouth-fucked assistant to mark Kate's seductive dancing skills at an eight, and remarked that she is probably better at modern pop, and should work on her belly-dancing hip gyrations.

“See, I watched lots of professional belly dancers, after their harem placement of course, and they always coordinated their wrist gyrations with their hips. It really adds a lot to it, somehow, I don't really know why.” He rambled about it for a bit, before lifting Juliet's head from his naked lap.

“Go over to her. I want to see you two kiss.” He gently slapped Juliet's ass, and prodded her to her feet. The initially awkward, slightly shy, and somewhat flustered man received a strong dose of confidence, since he came through the door. Being treated like a god in human form tends to do that to a person

“Of course, sir.” Juliet chanted obediently, and shook her hot ass over to Kate.

“You see, Kate, although you identified yourself as a staunch heterosexual, many masters enjoy watching their harem slaves frolic and fuck each other for their amusement. You'll have to practice and get good at that, if you want to serve well.” Barney told her.

Juliet set the clipboard down on the coffee table, and approached Kate with a passionate hug.

“I understand, master.” Kate wrapped her hands around Juliet, and puckered her lips like a drunken college coed at a frat party.

“Good thing is, my Juliet is very well trained in the arts of lesbian lovemaking.” Barney snickered and peeled his eyes, watching the two

gorgeous women put on a raunchy show for him.

Kate could tell this wasn't Juliet's first lesbian romp. The dark-haired beauty entwined her tongue around Kate's tongue, and shamelessly sucked her saliva. She guided Kate's hands to remove her skirt and open her blazer, pressing her small perky tits on Kate's double D's.

Kate did her best to reciprocate Juliet's steamy passion. She wrapped her lips around her partner's tongue, and made obscene, sloppy suction sounds.

Juliet had full control of their make-out session, and wordlessly instructed Kate in a way which maximized the appeal and entertainment value for their spectator. That is not to say the hot blonde didn't feel extremely horny, even though she was never interested in other women. The devoted Juliet never forgot their true goal was to arouse Barney, but Kate could have sworn Juliet was the best damn kisser she had ever had.

They ran their hands along each other's smooth bodies, groping and fondling as they made out like two lovers on their wedding night.

"Mhaa! Mph! Phh! Nyaa!" Kate moaned when Juliet's fingers crept between her legs, and she felt the slender things stroke the soaking lips of her horny pussy. She bit on the skinny assistant's lower lip, whimpered, and smiled, before pushing her tongue in Juliet's mouth with a carnal glomp.

Kate reached to her back, and grabbed Juliet's pert ass, and Juliet returned the favor by slipping one small finger in Kate's sopping pussy.

"Ahhh!"

"Fuck, that's hot! lie down on the floor, Kate, and spread those legs of yours. I want to see Juliet eat your muff." Barney ordered, stroking his cock, his eyes popping at the insanely sexy display of girl-on-girl lovemaking.

"As you wish, master." Kate said with a giggle, and slid down Juliet's lithe body. She lay her back on the fluffy white carpet, and spread her legs wide.

Juliet leaned down, keeping her ass up, and buried her face between Kate's legs. Kate barely felt Juliet's breath on her sensitive lips, and already the diligent assistant ravaged her wet honeypot, flicking her tongue on the lips of her labia, and clasping her lips around her clit.

“*Mmm! Nyaa!*” Kate buried her fingers in Juliet's short hair, arching her back and biting her lip.

“She's quite good, isn't she?” Barney towered over them, his cock in his hand, and asked with a coy smile.

“*Ohh yes master! Oh-my-god she's so good! Mfff!*” Kate looked up at him with a lustful smile and glowing blue eyes.

Juliet fiddled her snatch so professionally, Kate felt as if she had three tongues dancing on her pie like a twister. Her pussy trembled with mind-numbing arousal, and Juliet went even deeper with her tongue, only giving Kate a reprieve from the blinding pleasure when she pulled up to take a breath, and even then she made sure to nip at Kate's clit with her expert lips, right away.

Barney watched with glee as Kate writhed on the carpet, shifting his gaze between her heaving breasts and Juliet's pert, wiggling ass.

“Get that ass on Kate's face.” He said all of a sudden, “let's see some sixty-nine action.”

“*Phua! Yes sir!*” Juliet gave Kate's pussy another kiss, and hurried to assume the position.

Kate barely managed to moan a breathless “yes master”, and already Juliet soaking cunt was perfectly perched right above her face. The hot blonde took a big breath, and placed her hands on Juliet's bubbly cheeks. She pulled Juliet's hips down, and stuffed her face in the loyal assistant's shaven muff. It was her first time eating another woman's pussy, but her master was watching, so she had to do a good job.

He crouched down and lifted Juliet's head from Kate's pussy.

“How is she doing?” He asked his assistant.

“She's, *ohh*, very enthusiastic.” Juliet paid Kate a compliment.

“Nice. Keep going.” Barney said, and shoved Juliet's face back down on Kate's cunt.

He watched the two from all angles, before telling them to flip over, because he “wants Kate's hot ass to point up.”

They obeyed instantly, never unlocking themselves from the carnal embrace. He ruled over their bodies like a couple of marionettes.

With Kate on top, Barney decided it was time to continue her examination. He knelt behind her, and started teasing her pussy lips with his

tip. He plunged his cock in Juliet's mouth first, and she hungrily sucked it a few times.

Kate felt Juliet's fingers rub the meaty lips of her labia, and heard her tell Barney that "this pussy is wet and ready for you", referring to Kate's tight, pink honeypot. A moment later, his cock rammed into her with full force, making Kate moan into Juliet's cunt. Her slippery pussy made an obscene squelch at the moment of penetration.

"*Nyaaaa!*" Kate squealed as he started rocking both their bodies back and forth with the force of his fucking. His pelvis made a loud smacking sound each time it spanked against Kate's bubbly behind, and her pussy tightened around his shaft every time it hit her deepest reaches. Kate never let any man fuck her pussy raw, before, but with this man, her master, her tight snatch practically sucked him in, begging for his jizz to soil her womb.

Juliet moved her tongue between Kate's clit and Barney's balls, sticky juices covering her entire face.

"Fuck me, master! *Ahh!* Use me! Own this pussy, master! *Ahh!*" Kate begged, and dove down to shake her face between Juliet's legs.

"*Phua!* I'm your sex toy, master! *Mmmh!*" She rose back up with a loud slurp, made another degrading declaration, and dove right back down with a muffled moan.

Barney alternated between Kate's pussy and Juliet's mouth, fucking both with the same gusto and vigor.

Without any warning, other than his burly hands spreading her ass cheeks wide, he began edging his stiff rod into Kate's virgin ass. Kate's eyes popped with shock, for a mere second, but she knew it had to be coming. It was a part of her full body inspection, after all, and she had been prepared.

"My ass is yours, master! *Ahhhh!*" She exclaimed happily, and lunged down to give Juliet's pussy another hot kiss.

It took Barney a few powerful thrusts, but he broke Kate's final hole in quite nicely. Before long, he was fucking her ass just as vigorously as he did her pussy. Kate moaned breathlessly, her tongue dangling from her mouth uncontrollably. She was in the throws of perpetual orgasm, relishing the euphoric sensations of being nothing but a sex object, a piece of property to be used whenever, wherever, and however her master pleased.

Juliet took his cock in her mouth, even after it left Kate's gaping asshole, with the same ravishing hunger and slurping devotion. It didn't take

long for Barney to reach the precipice of orgasm.

“*Argh! I'm gonna cum!*” He pulled out of Kate's pussy, the hole he just happened to be plowing into, at that moment, and slapped his cock on her bubbly cheeks.

“Yes master! I'm your cum-dump! Use me master! My body is yours! I'm your worthless sex toy, master!” Kate unleashed a barrage of self-deprecating statements, squirting juices on Juliet's face. Her own face shimmered brighter than her golden hair, sweat and tears and pussy juices mixing together to make the most sparkling face cream.

“*Ohh! Hrrm! Oh yeaah!*” Barney jerked his cock over her ass, and covered it with his massive load in an instant.

Kate felt the sticky deposit slowly slide down her perfect mounds, into her crack, and further down to her slippery pussy. A single drop dripped down on Juliet's lips, and the summa-cum-laude college graduate licked it, and gulped it down immediately.

Barney slapped his sensitive, softening dick on Juliet's face, and she quickly began the important duty of licking him clean.

“*Hmm.*” He gave a sigh of contentment, “Those holes are a definite ten, I don't care what the manual says.”

“*Lha! Mph! Phua! Hlphh!*” Juliet nodded and kept on licking, “that's a sound conclusion, sir.” she said respectfully, and continued her cleaning duties, making a mental note to grab her clipboard from the coffee table, and dot down Kate's new grades, as soon as she was able to.

* * * *

After fixing his lunch, both because he needed to test her culinary capabilities for her harem profile, and because all the fucking got him really hungry, Barney had Kate straddle his lap, and rub her pussy on his manhood.

She rocked her body on top of him in a slow, sensual dance, her pussy lips tickling the breadth of his cock every now and then. She smiled and cooed, but otherwise remained as quiet as a mouse, availing her wonderful naked body to his touch, with no restriction.

Being so well nourished, by the very best food Kate could afford, prepared to the best of her cooking abilities, Barney felt re-energized, and his manhood hardened for Kate's sexy lap dance, in less than five minutes.

“Want to fuck my pussy again, master?” Kate asked cutely, batting her eyes at him and grasping his cock in her tender hand.

“Yeah.” He nodded, “Ride me like the slutty cunt you are. I'll just sit here and enjoy myself.”

“Yes master. I would love to work for your pleasure, master.” Kate said, already guiding him into her.

She put her hands on his shoulders, and began hopping like an overzealous bunny, her big jugs bouncing in his face like two ripe melons.

“*Hmm* yeah. How can such heavy things be so gravity defiant?” He asked in awe, squeezing her tits together with both hands.

“*Mmph!* My tits are yours, master!” Kate moaned as she rode him, ingratiating herself to him with every movement and every syllable coming from her mouth.

“Hey hey, I just realized I didn't test these fun-bags in their rightful, proper role.” He squeezed Kate's nipples, and said. “Did I?” He asked Juliet, who was busy kissing his feet.

“No master. You did not grade her tits yet.” The loyal assistant confirmed with a lick between his toes.

“Get up and get your clipboard then.” He ordered, “and you,” he turned to Kate, “get on your knees and show me what these puppies are for. Give me the best fucking tit-fuck of your life.”

Kate's pussy quivered at his command.

“Happily, master! My tits are yours!” She hurried off him, and fell to her knees with a loud thump.

Her boobs were still lubed up from the last time she applied baby-oil to them. She wrapped them around his throbbing shaft, squeezed tight, and started moving up and down, her bouncing doubles hitting his crotch like two soft basketballs on a wooden court.

“Are my tits pleasing to you, master?” She panted and asked, exercising her upper body relentlessly.

“Yeah they are! *Hrrm!*” Barney confirmed, thrusting his pelvis up to meet her movements midway.

Kate always had a love-hate relationship with the size of her fun-bags. She didn't like it when men stared at them as if they were a separate entity, as if she wasn't even there.

She finally understood why she had such wonderful tools on her chest, when she looked up and saw the wonderful joy her loyal service brought her master. She couldn't wait to start spending the rest of her life squeezing her soft cushions around the cock of whoever decided to buy her.

Her slippery tits made squeaking sounds every time she slid them up and down his pole. The motion was so smooth and perfect, Barney felt as if his manhood was cradled in the tight embrace of two fluffy clouds.

“My boobs are yours, master!” Kate said again, and stretched her tongue down to lick his tip whenever it emerged from between her squeezed hooters.

That was the last straw for Barney. He groaned, and embarked on his third orgasm of the day.

“*Hmm! Hrrm! Hooo!*” He erupted like a geyser between her soft mountains, sticky cum rapidly filling the crevice between her round tatas.

“My body is your cum-bucket master.” Kate cooed with a sexy whisper, rubbing her tits together and lathering his sperm around. Some of it already drained down to her lean midriff. Barney smiled, relaxed his muscles, and leaned his head back, closing his eyes.

“I want to serve, master. You can do anything you want with me. I like being controlled.” Kate mumbled words of utter submission, as Barney went down for a much needed nap.

Juliet knelt beside Kate, and licked some cum from her busty rack.

“I wish all women knew how fulfilling it is, to live life as a simple, helpful pet for men.” Juliet said as she slurped the white goo, “it's so much better than the stress of an executive position.”

Kate nodded with agreement, and the two shared a cum-glazed kiss.

“I have a feeling your tits just awarded you with another ten.” The short-haired hottie informed Kate, “with your scores, you'll be snatched for a high-profile harem in no time.”

“That makes me so happy.” Kate beamed.

“Of course it does. The company's conditioning ensures happy subservience. Now, let us shower our lord and master with love, while he sleeps.” Juliet offered graciously, “that way, we can serve him, even in his dreams.”

Their eyes met, and sparkled with each other's reflection. Kate nodded, and they got back to work.

* * * *

It was early evening when Barney decided the inspection was finished. Kate knelt before him, by the door, ready to kiss his feet goodbye.

“All right, Juliet will compile your online slave profile.” He informed Kate, “our wealthy clients will be able to browse your information, along with many other hopeful cunts, and once one of them chooses you, you'll get a call telling you where and when to report for shipment. Understood?”

“Yes master.” Kate said, bowing down as if worshiping a god.

“Meanwhile, practice your service, and alienate your friends and family. It will make it easier for you to disappear, when the time comes. And, uhm, I think that's it?” He looked at Juliet with a questioning expression. Juliet smiled, and nodded in response.

“Let's go then. I think this was a successful first inspection for me, huh?” He congratulated himself, spanked Juliet, and whisked her out the door. Kate was left looking at her door-frame, naked, kneeling, and alone.

“I wish I get purchased soon.” She pined, her pussy feeling vacant and needy. She couldn't wait to live the dream of a harem life.

Fill Her Up

By Will B. Gunn

The event hall was teeming with wealth and power. The small town's celebrities, politicians, and business moguls gathered together, to welcome the newest addition to the local elite, Mr. Seymour Grove.

The world renowned celebrity mentalist decided to take a break from the glitz and glamor of Hollywood, and settle into a suburban mansion in the quaint, rural whistle-stop of a town, home to less than fifty thousand residents.

The uppity men wore swanky tuxes and expensive shoes made of rich leather, and the noble ladies wore brightly colored dresses, worth more than a one-bedroom apartment down-town. They stood gracefully on heels that sparkled like rare gems, and donned jewelry of gold, silver, and unblemished diamond.

It almost made Liz abandon her original plan, and roam around a little longer, working her agile, sticky fingers in and out of those deep, deep pockets. It was about time for her to discretely slip out, however, preferably before her “date” found her, and wasted more of her time.

He was an old, single, lonely man – An easy mark for a talented grifter like Liz. She didn't even need to put out, to get a cordial invitation to attend the special banquet.

The mayor, a blonde, thirty-four year old former beauty-queen, tapped a fork on one of the crystal glasses, grabbing everyone's attention for her big speech. Liz used the distraction to slowly and carefully make for the door.

“Esteemed ladies and gentlemen of our wonderful town, it gives me great honor to extend a gracious welcome to our new friend and neighbor, Mr. Seymour Grove.” She said, and the room was filled with polite clapping and some faint, gentlemen-like cheers. Liz clapped along, so as to not draw too much attention, and continued on her way to the side door, which led straight to the parking lot.

“As many of you may know, I had many reservation about welcoming him to our humble town. I was afraid he may prove to be a bad influence for our young, and a hindrance to our traditional values. I was also worried his presence may warrant us with unwelcome media attention. Some of you may have heard me insult Mr. Grove's expertise, the amazing skills which brought him fame and fortune. I may have even dubbed it a sinful, unholy practice, at times.”

Liz stood by the door, and made sure no one was looking at her.

“I assure you, good people, I was completely and utterly wrong. This man has proven to me that he is a grand addition to our town, one we can all be proud of. His work has not only entertained many folk worldwide, it has helped many more, myself included. We should all be gracious and thankful he has chosen our town to be his new home, and relish his time with us, while it lasts.”

Liz gently slid the door open, and stepped out.

“And now, without further ado, please give Mr. Seymour Grove a welcoming round of applause.” Liz heard the mayor say, and gently closed the door behind her, sneaking silently into the parking lot.

She kicked her uncomfortable heels to a nearby bush, and stealthily approached a shiny red sports car, parked nearest to the entrance. She whipped out the key she swiped from the valet earlier, pressed unlock, and slipped into the driver's seat, under the cover of night.

By the time the security guards heard the engine rumbling, Liz was already ramming through the flimsy wooden gate - It had no chance against the robustly constructed vehicle, and left no dent on the perfectly shimmering, curvy red frame.

She was long gone before anyone could even think of giving pursuit.

Out on the highway, Liz let out a cheer of success.

“*Yee-ha!*”, she howled as the wind blew her long hair in flowing waves.

The luxury car purred like a tiger at eighty-five miles per hour. It was the smoothest, most perfect ride Liz had ever had. She almost felt bad having to sell it away.

“Now all I have to do is cross the border, sell this car for millions, and retire to a life of pure luxury!” She congratulated herself as she sped down the road. This was the most perfect hit she ever pulled off. It went without a hitch, and the pay-off was tantamount to literally snatching the holy grail, from a parking lot at some boring, unknown town.

“Whoever said crime doesn't pay?” She joked and put the pedal to the metal. The best thing was, that if anyone was to spot her, they'll just assume she was some rich brat, thanks to the clothes her poor, deluded “date” bought her for the event.

“Even if the cops find me before I cross the border, there's no way they'll catch me. Not in this souped-up rig!” She bragged, “limited edition hardware, only about a handful of people worldwide can afford this thing. I'll make the black market fucking explode! I'll become a fucking legend!”

She whizzed through a sign that said the border was ten miles away, slowed down just a tad, and turned her attention to the car's elaborate built-in entertainment system.

“Let's see.” She pressed the ON button. The screen on the dashboard immediately illuminated, and the surround stereo began to hum.

“What the hell is this? How do I switch channels?” She asked, turning knobs and pressing buttons blindly, trying to find some proper music to accompany her joy-ride. The system didn't seem to respond. All it did was display a black and white static on the screen, and emit a weird distorted sound from the speakers.

“Figures. State-of-the-art tech and it doesn't even work. I hope it won't hurt my bottom line...” She said, and pressed the OFF button.

Nothing happened.

“What the fuck? Come on, turn off, you moronic thing!” She frowned and berated, pressing the OFF button again and again, until finally she gave up.

“Whatever...” She shook her head, and looked ahead at the road.

In her peripheral vision, she still somehow saw the static on the screen, which was situated at about a forty-five degree angle to the right and down from where her head was. The weird distortions seemed to magnify in her ears, and she felt prodded, almost compelled, to glance at the screen more often.

The more intently she looked, and the more attention she gave, the clearer a shape the screen seemed to take. The black and white static seemed to array in the form of rippling, concentric ellipses, forming a somewhat blurry, gray, inward moving spiral.

“That's odd.” She mumbled to herself. She could almost hear words, hidden in the distorted crackling coming from the speakers. Something about her not being the car's true owner.

“What the hell? Come on, Liz, don't be ridiculous. It's just my imagination playing games on me. There's no way the car can recognize who's driving it.” She reassured herself with a nervous, huffy chuckle.

“On the other hand, with wheels this rich, I wouldn't be surprised...” She frowned with concern, and glanced over at the screen again.

“Maybe I should take it back. I'm starting to feel bad about stealing it.” She said with one, uninterrupted breath, and then raised a doubtful eyebrow.

“What the hell am I talking about?! I'm a car thief! It's what I do. Why the hell would I even say that? It's like this stupid car has some sort of mind control over me...” She snorted a laughter.

Just as she said that, she looked back at the screen, and clearly heard the words “pull over” come from the speakers.

“Oh no way,” she laughed, “I'm only five miles from the border, and nothing will stop me now.” She declared, and as she said that, her foot lay off the gas. The car slowed down, and Liz slowly veered off to the sidelines. She only noticed what she did once the car reached a full stop.

“What the...?” She took her hands off the wheel, put them on her knees, and looked at the screen.

“I do feel bad about stealing this car.” She heard herself say, her voice becoming more and more drone-like.

“I have great doubts about stealing from a great man like Seymour Grove. It makes me feel uneasy.” She said.

“Wow, is...is that true?” She suddenly asked herself in her normal voice, having a wide-eyed moment of self revelation.

“I-I suppose it is. I do need the money. I mean, I *want* the money. But still...” She put her hands back on the wheel, and drove back into the road, with a frown on her face and great doubt in her heart.

“This car *is* pretty expensive. He can afford it, though. Heck, he can afford ten of these. Why do I feel so bad about it...?” She muttered to

herself, suddenly wrecked with indecision.

“He did work hard to achieve his success...” She suggested, as if trying to persuade herself to see things differently.

The car's speakers started outright insulting her. Calling her a sinful bitch, a worthless thief, a cunt that doesn't deserve redemption. She had to stop the car again, to wipe the tears of sadness and remorse from her eyes.

“What can I do? H-How can I fix this?” She asked herself, no longer caring about the big payoff. The border was a mere three miles away, but she simply couldn't bring herself to go along with it. She felt petrified with doubt.

“I guess I really do feel bad about it, if I go so far as to pretend that it's the car that's actually taking me on a guilt trip. I mean, talk about pathetic...” She moped, looking down at her knees in shame.

That was when the car's speakers kindly suggested she looked at the spiral on the screen, and tried to relax. The speakers promised her comfort, and a way to find redemption. Teary-eyed and desperate, Liz obliged.

There was no mistaking it anymore. The spiral on the screen was as vivid as it can be. Black and white ellipses moved perpetually towards the center of the screen, and then vanished, one after the other.

“Relax. Look. Listen.” Liz said the words that seemed to tap directly to her subconscious, completely bypassing the mental shields of her awake mind.

“Must pay for my crime. Must receive punishment.” She said, staring at the screen with glassy eyes.

She stared at the screen for what felt like an eternity. When it finished imparting its message to Liz, both it and the speakers turned off, and nothing but silent, black void remained. Liz sat down in the driver's seat, still in a deep state of trance, her mind blank and empty.

Her subconscious worked hard, sorting through what the spiral taught her, making sure that Liz will do the right thing, once her mind returns to full function.

Twenty minutes after she stopped the car, Liz started the engine again, and got back on the road.

Instead of charging for the border, she made a quick U-turn, and started on her speedy way back. She had a dreamy smile on her face, and

glossy moistness in her eyes.

“I know what I must do.” She intoned with a slow, somewhat sleepy tone.

“I have to re-fill this car with gasoline, and then return it to its rightful owner. I have to do my penance, by cleansing my dirty soul.” She took a deep, relaxing breath.

“I must approach total strangers and offer them my firm young body, to do with as they please. I must take their loads deep in my holes, after they fuck the hell out of me. That is the only way for a filthy whore like myself to achieve true redemption, and absolution.” Her pussy quivered as she said those words.

“I am a sinful, depraved fuck-doll. The only way for me to make up for it, and appease the great man whom I have wronged, is by degrading myself for the rest of my pathetic existence. I am an empty cum-dump, and I must be filled. I gladly bear the cross of my punishment.” She droned out in a monotonous mantra, the spiral still vivid and clear in her mind's eye. She knew nothing, other than the need to follow the truths the spiral taught her. She had no need for money, or underworld fame, anymore. All she needed, all she wanted, was to make things right in the eyes of the wonderful man she had stolen from.

Liz grinned when she finally reached the gas station closest to town. It was about time she started her true penance.

She reached one long, shapely leg out of the car, and stepped out. She reached into her purse, and whipped out the three-hundred dollars she stole from her date to the welcoming gala.

“Fill her up. Keep the change” She told the attendant with a sexy smile, and pulled her classy dress down, so he could catch a good glimpse of her nipples.

“Uhm...Sure...” He stared at her cleavage with wide eyes, took the money, and nodded. Liz came closer, kissed his cheek, and whispered in his ear.

“Come over after you're done, if you want to fill me up, too.” She giggled, and could practically feel the young man's cheeks burning.

“O-Okay.” He squeaked.

She gave a smirk, and walked away, lifting the back of her dress as she did, exposing her lacy thong and pert butt to him.

Liz's heart filled with joy as she entered the diner. It was filled with big, burly truckers. All men twice her age, at least. Guys she would never even look at, unless she had an angle for a good heist she needed to exploit them for. This was a great start for the humiliating punishment she so richly deserved.

She shook her hot ass inside, and sat right on the lap of a bear-like trucker. He had a bushy beard, a large beer belly, and a snake tattoo on his neck.

“What the? *Ohh*, well hello there.” She surprised him, but he got in the mood almost instantly. Her sexy body did quite well, getting him hard under her soft, bubbly skin.

He reached his large, gorilla-like palm around her, and felt up her perky titties, all while adjusting her skinny, petite body on his lap, so that his hardening stick-shift would poke her right between her legs.

Liz gladly reciprocated, gently gyrating her trim hips in circles on top of him. She let her shoulder straps fall, exposing her buoyant, round apples for all to see. All eyes were on her now, ogling her with a predatory desire to ravish and make her scream with carnal lust. She gave them all a horny look back, eager with anticipation.

“That's some treat you got there, Billy. How much d'you pay her?” One of them asked the lucky man who's lap Liz adorned.

“Nothing, man. I ain't seen her before in my life. Are you trying to entrap me with these titties of yours, hun?” Billy asked Liz, still fondling her bare, perky knockers.

“Not at all, kind sir. And I don't want any payment, either. Just the knowledge that I pleased you, and of course your big, fat, creamy load in my tight fuck-holes.” She said with a shameless smirk, wiggling her butt on his crotch.

“Woo-wee! She's a forward one! Did you hear that, boys? This hot piece of ass wants my load in 'er holes! Hah!” Billy bragged.

“Not just yours, kind sir.” Liz corrected him, “All of the nice men here are welcome to fuck my brains out. I'm a good girl, and I know my proper place in the world. I'm here to please.” She declared with a sparkle in her eyes, her nipples jutting forward and her pussy soaking wet.

“Hah! Well I don't know what boyfriend or husband or overbearing father you're trying to get back at, but I ain't one for asking stupid

questions! I gots first dibs cause I'm the first to sees her!" Billy sent a hand between her legs, and started rubbing her snatch.

"*Mmh!*" Liz spread her legs lightly, writhed, and pressed her back to him. Jolts of electricity shot from her moist honeypot, sending tingling pleasure throughout her body. Her nipples twitched slightly, as she whimpered with joy.

"You didn't see her first! She bounced on your lap, like some kind of lost kitty!" One of the other truckers complained.

"That's right buddy! Which is why I gots first dibs on this hot little sex kitten!" Billy said, wrapping his arms around her like a territorial primate, as if she was an object he owned. Liz sexily cooed at him, spread her legs wider, and slid her thong aside, exposing her pussy

"Don't worry guys, you'll all get a turn." She promised, rubbing herself on Billy, as he fondled and felt her up, "I won't go anywhere until you're all satisfied and depleted."

It was at that point that the diner owner decided to butt in.

"All right, guys, I don't care what you do with this unbelievably easy tramp, but I've got a health code to uphold."

"Hah! Since when?" One of the truckers bellowed.

"Since always, Buddy. Now if you would please take this half naked chick someplace else, before a health inspector comes in and decides that dripping pussy she's so brazenly displaying is enough to shut me down." The owner said. He talked tough, but he couldn't help but drool when he saw the pink folds of Liz's shaven twat twinkle in the sunlight.

"Those are some big words, man." Buddy retorted, "Why would any of that happen, her pussy is probably the freshest thing here! Hahaha!" He bellowed in a drunken fashion, and laughed his heart out.

"Come on, babe, let's go to the mens' room and have some fun." Billy told Liz and bounced her off him.

"Love to, sir!" She shook her hips at him, and followed a giddy, prancing step behind him.

"Hey, hold on! What about us?" Buddy asked.

"Form a line after me or summin!" Billy said, pulling Liz by the hand.

"Yes please! I need all of your wonderful cum!" She gave her ass a seductive little spank in their direction, and winked at them as Billy dragged her away.

She heard loud shuffling of chairs the second her and Billy walked out the door, and circled the small building to get to the bathroom. Billy thrashed the door open, threw Liz inside with a manly shove, and started roughly humping her with the bulge in his pants.

“Ooh!” Liz gave a sexy whine, and kissed his chest lovingly.

“Hrm! Yeah!” He growled, “you know where those lips would do good, right?” He asked her, his breath tickling her face.

“Hmmm, yes sir.” She nodded gently, and slowly slid to her knees. Billy enthusiastically unbuckled his belt, unbuttoned his pants, and let his throbbing manhood spring out like a whip. Undeterred by his size or his smell, Liz parted her sexy lips, and gave his shaft a warm, loving kiss.

“Ohh mah god! Heaven is real!” Billy closed his eyes and moaned, running his crass fingers in Liz's silky hair, as she lovingly made out with his cock.

She kissed his tip passionately, sliding her wet tongue under his shaft, and massaging his foreskin. She slurped loudly, took hold of his base, and began bobbing her head back and forth at a pleasant, medium pace.

“Harr!” He roared, clutched her head with both hands, and started moving his pelvis back and forth with whiplash force.

“Hng! Ung! Ulp! Hlph!” Liz's eyes widened with shock, but all she did was grab his hips for stability, and take the fierce face-fucking in a subdued and passive manner, choking and gagging every time he tapped the back of her throat.

Her nose was mashed against Billy's underbelly, and his cock jammed all the way between her lips. She moved her tongue frantically, desperately attempting to maximize his pleasure.

The door opened behind her.

“Waa-hee! The bitch was serious!” She heard Buddy's voice give a cheer. It was followed by several other footsteps.

“Come on, whore, lift that ass up for me!” Liz felt a spank on her behind.

“Mmh! Mm!” She nodded with Billy's cock still in her mouth, and obediently set her feet on the floor, straightening her legs.

“Hey! Hold on, that ain't fair!” Billy protested, his cock fish-hooking Liz's cheek, making it bloat.

“What do you want? You're fucking her mouth, ain't ya?” Buddy tore her flimsy thong with one strong pull, and said.

“I want first run on her cunt!” Billy demanded, ramming his pelvis forward in anger.

“*Mmh! Mphh!*” Liz let out a couple of muffled whimpers, feeling Buddy's impressive girth tease her tight pussy lips.

“Too late for that, sunny-boy!” Buddy said, and thrust his raw manhood deep in her cunt, with one strong motion.

“*Mmhh!*” Liz moaned with delight, twirling her tongue around Billy's shaft at an energetic pace.

“*Ohh! Fuck that feels goo-hood!*” Billy arched his neck up and moaned.

“Haha! That's right, plenty of holes for all of us. No need to fight among friends.” Buddy spanked Liz's ass again, and started pumping back and forth at a rabid rhythm, making Liz's lithe body rock back and forth like a fragile twig in a storm.

“*Harr! Hrrm! Harr!*” Both men moaned as they roughly spit-roasted Liz from both ends.

Nya! Cleanse me with your cum! Absolve me of my dirty sins! Liz repeated in her mind, her cheeks warm and red. Fill me up with pure, sticky desire! Clean my soul! Ahhhh!

She could only vocalize her gratitude with grunts, slurps and moans, so she made sure her actions spoke for her instead. She worked her tongue till it went numb, and tightened her snatch around Buddy's massive staff like a powerful, wet whirlpool, eager to suck him all the way in.

Before she knew it, the two cocks drilling into her started throbbing vibrantly, with the heat of an overworked diesel engine. The two truckers reached their explosive climax almost simultaneously.

“*Hrrm! Harr! Take that! Hrrm!*” They pumped their seed into her, their hoses spraying her throat and pink pussy with white, thick cream, filling her belly and womb with jizz.

“*Gulp! Hmmp! Ulp!*” Liz tried swallowing as much as she could, but some still oozed down and soiled her chin, before dripping on the filthy floor of the gas station toilets. Her pussy squelched and dripped cum when Buddy pulled out of her, his cock fully depleted.

“That was amazing!” He cheered, slapping her ass one last time, “tell me when you're coming here again, whore, I'll save up my jizz! Hah!” He joked, but Liz took it with utmost seriousness.

“I will do my best, sir. Thank you.” She replied eagerly.

Billy and Buddy were done with her, but there were still plenty of hard-ons for Liz to service. The next two walked up, and one immediately jammed his cock in her face.

“Man, I can't fuck this cunt after you jizzed all in it!” The other complained, already teasing Liz's ass “Whatever, I'll just fuck her ass instead.”

“*Mph! Mm!*” Liz reached back and spread her cheeks wide for him. It was her first time, so it took a few tries for him to plunge his stick all the way in.

It didn't take long for Liz to be roughly spit-roasted again, this time anally, but the man fucking her face seemed to want more.

“Fuck this mouth! I wanna use her pussy!” He declared, grabbed her by the throat, and pulled her up. He clutched her dress tightly, gave a bestial growl, and ripped a portion off.

“There, I can use this to wipe your snatch clean.” He said.

Liz nodded, her face turning a little red.

“Yes sir.” She said weakly, “thank you sir.”

He wiped down and cleaned her pussy, inserting the piece of fabric inside and fingering her with it. All the while, the man behind her kept on hammering into her ass.

“Here we go.” The pragmatic trucker said, and slapped her wiped-clean pussy lips with his dick.

He carefully penetrated her pussy, to the hilt, and once he was all the way in, he started pumping up and down at the same pace as the man fucking her ass

“How does it feel being double penetrated, hmm, slut?” He slapped her cheek, clutched her chin, and looked her in the eyes.

“Like my life finally has meaning, sir!” Liz gushed, tears of joy in her eyes.

“Hah! What a filthy whore!” The man laughed, squeezed her nipples, and kept on fucking.

Those two gave her an internal cum-shot each, and made way for the next couple of burly men to bang her. They tore more small pieces of her clothing, to wipe off the sperm glazing her holes, and drilled into her with feral lust.

An hour later, Liz was covered in white from head to toe, and her mouth, pussy, and gaping ass oozed sticky sperm in the gallons. She still offered her ass up, with a smile on her cum-drenched face, but the truckers were all but done with her. Her perky titties were red from all the pinching and groping, her ass was pink from all the spanking, and her face was red from the extreme physical exertion.

The truckers left her there and returned to their route, without a single word of appreciation. The diner owner came, just to make sure she was okay. Liz was sprawled on the floor, her clothes disheveled and torn, and her body sticky and shimmering in the halogen light.

“Wam bam, thank you ma'am, huh?” He looked at her and grinned, “I've seen plenty of posh ladies cruising for some fun in the bad parts of town. But I've never seen one quite as eager as you. Are you regretting it at all, I wonder?”

“No sir.” Liz answered, looking back at him with a happy smile. He looked at her with utter shock.

“I deserve this. It's the only thing that absolves me from my sins. I will always need more.” She continued, her eyes glittering, her pupils twitching in a somewhat haunted, crazed manner.

“Pfft, what kind of sins can a spoiled rich chick like you have, anyway? From my experience, you brats do nothing, other than shop and gab.” The man huffed.

“Rich chick?” Liz asked, blinking witlessly.

“Don't play coy. The way you're dressed is enough of a status symbol, even without the million dollar wheels you drive. You're lucky no one here is a car-jacker.” He added, oblivious to the irony of his words “well, if you don't mind, I'd like you to clear out of here now.”

“Don't you want to fuck me too, sir?” She offered, wiggling her butt at him.

“As tempting as indulging in the sloppy seconds of all those men, who spend days on the road without bathing, sounds, I'll pass.” He retorted snidely, and walked away.

Liz gave a content sigh, stood up on wobbly feet, and walked out of the gas station's bathroom. Nobody was there to see her pathetic, nearly-naked form, other than the young gas station attendant.

“Woah! You were serious?” He asked.

“Yes sir. Want to fuck me?” Liz asked, using her fingers to spread her pussy lips for him.

He was nineteen, barely two years younger than she was, and her naked beauty made him quite horny, to say the least. No one was around, and even the adjacent highway had nearly no traffic. He gave a thrilled grunt, and pounced on her, nailing her to the hood of the car.

“*Hah! Hah!* Do you go to college around here?” He asked, panting as he rammed between her spread legs.

“*Mm!* No sir!” Liz responded with a wet yelp, her small titties bouncing with every thrust of the virile young man.

“I'm gonna cum!” He said after about a minute of eager pumping. He was about to pull out and jerk his load on her lean belly.

“No! Don't pull out! Please!” Liz begged him with a meek smile, gently pulling on his shirt. The young man didn't need to hear much else. He gave another deep grunt, and rammed into her like a raging bull, filling her up with the largest load she had received that day, causing her to have a quivering orgasm of her own.

“*Mm*, thank you sir.” She intoned weakly, lying flat on the hood of the car, the midday sun bathing her sexy body.

“Y-You're welcome...” He said, his cheeks flushed, “y-you're on birth control, right?” He asked.

Liz wasn't, but she didn't want to trouble the kind young man.

“Yes. Of course.” She lied, and got to her knees, diligently cleaning his now flaccid manhood.

“Ohh wow!” He closed his eyes and moaned in disbelief, “wait till my friends hear about this!”

Not five minutes later, and Liz was already back on the road, racing on her way to Seymour Grove's new mansion, anxious to bring his car back with a full tank of gas.

* * * *

The security guard at the gate only gave Liz one disrespectful look, and waved her in.

“That's why the boss told the police not to bother looking for his car.” She heard the man in the booth chuckle, and saw him shake his head with derision.

Liz parked the car on one of the revolving turntable parking spaces, came out, and knocked on the front door. Her bare, well-fucked pussy quaked with anticipation.

She expected some butler type to answer the door, but it was the man himself. She almost fainted with star-crossed glee.

“Master!” She swooned and dropped to her knees, to lavish his feet with worshipful kisses.

“Hmph. Hey there, cunt.” The great man said, a Cuban cigar in his mouth. He wore a plushy white robe, made of the softest sateen. His robe's belt was open, and his hard cock protruded and dangled out of the slit. Liz crossed her eyes to look at it, salivating uncontrollably.

“I think I spotted you slip out from my welcoming party.” He looked down at her and said, smoke puffing from his mouth, “You're lucky to be a hot, young chick, by the way. You don't want to know what my car would have programmed into you, if you were a man, or an old, unattractive bitch.” He laughed, and turned around to face away from her.

“Follow me.” He told Liz, waved his hand dismissively, and put his cigar out on the outstretched tongue of a collared, brunette woman kneeling next to him. It made a scorched hissing sound as he pressed the burning end to the slavegirl's soft, wet tongue.

The smoking slavegirl looked up at him with adoring, wide eyes, not even flinching from the pain. Once done, he handed her the cigar, and she obediently crawled away.

“Yes master. Follow you.” Liz nodded happily, and crawled at his heels like an obedient pet.

Bent over the back of the living-room sofa, was the blonde, former beauty-queen mayor. She was in her mid-thirties, but her body was kept in quite an appealing condition. She was naked but for her heels, and she was busy repeatedly spanking her own ass-cheeks. Her buttocks were a shiny shade of red.

“I am my master's sex object. I love being used by my master.” She repeated with every harsh smack.

Seymour stood behind her with folded arms, and smirked.

“Our homely town's good mayor is still punishing herself, for being unhappy with my moving in, and very vocal in her disdain for my craft.” He said. Liz heard a bit of contempt in his voice.

With dismissive derision, he slapped the mayor's hand away, held her hips, and poked the esteemed pussy with his erection. He fucked her, used her as casually as he would any other item he owned. He treated her body as a tool to jerk himself off, plain and simple.

“*Mm!* I am a mindless object. I belong to my master.” The mayor uttered, staring forward with glassy, unblinking eyes, as the man of the house rammed into her.

“Her cunt is a bit loose, but not too much to make it worthless.” Seymour said, using his hands to bounce the mayor's ass on his crotch, sticking his pole deep into her.

“*Hmm*, it's actually a good pelvis exercise for me. I mostly restrict myself to tight young hotties.”, Liz listened to him, and watched as his cock pumped in and out of the mayor's sloppy fuck-hole, “Unlike my other fuck-bunnies, this older twat is readily available for some rough banging. What young people today call a grudge-fuck, if I'm not mistaken.”

He said, took a deep breath with a low grunt, and started nailing the mayor so fast, the sound of his pelvis smacking her buttocks reminded Liz of a machine gun.

“*Aaaaah! Ahhh! Maaaster!*” The normally demure and respectable mayor squealed, her tongue dangling from her mouth and her pupils dancing in her eyes.

“*Hrr! Who* owns this town, you worthless bitch?!” He demanded an answer, wearing out her pussy like a disposable fuck-sleeve.

“*Aah!* You own it, master! *Ahh!* I am a sex object! I love being your owned bitch! I exist to be fucked by my master! *Ahh!*” The wholesome former beauty queen said with a grin, tears running down her eyes as her body forcefully rocked back and forth.

“*Hrrm!* That's right you whore! Hah!” Seymour roared in laughter, and slowed his pelvis pistoning down.

He gradually slowed his pumping, plastered his crotch to her ass, and groaned, filling her warm fuck-hole with cum. He pulled out of her with a sharp spank on her already red and swollen behind.

Liz watched as thick white cream slowly oozed from the mayor's sloppy cunt, like sap from a wounded tree.

“How shameful. To think you ran on the platform of family values and lady-like modesty. Keep spanking yourself, and maybe I'll cum in your cunt again, later.” He ordered with one final slap on her curvacious behind.

“Yes master. I'm looking forward to it, master.” The mayor said, breathing heavily. She raised her hand back up, and powerfully lowered it down on her butt, mercilessly slapping herself.

“Truth is, she's the reason I chose this town. I figured, if I take over city-hall as a shadow puppeteer, the mayor ought to be a fuckable piece of ass.” He continued to the solarium, with Liz crawling at his heel.

“Do you know how rare worthwhile mayoral pussy is? I was surprised, honestly, I thought women made more progress since I was born. It's really fun erasing that progress and teaching them proper feminine manners.” He said with a wicked smile as he and Liz crossed into the next room.

The mansion was filled with half-naked women, many of whom Liz recognized from the party. High-class women, working as simple maids, wearing near to nothing on their gorgeous, young, well-kept bodies.

They all focused on their cleaning chores with an empty, faraway look in their eyes, and a permanent smile on their faces, moving their flawless forms around in an enticing manner. Seymour occasionally stopped to pump his cock in one of their holes. He was already hard again, minutes after dumping his load in the mayor's cunt.

They all took it with gentle whimpers, like obedient dolls, and continued their work the moment he dismissed them.

They entered a second solarium, and in the sunbathed glass room, five scantily dressed women did some physical exercises.

“Speaking of progressive women taught proper manners. Meet my personal police force.” Seymour said and stood before the line of five women. Scantily clad was truly an exaggeration in their case. All they wore was a rope, which tied around their waists and wedged into their pussies, and between their buttocks like a thong. They had two small, metallic

police badges pierced to both their nipples, and a leathery collar around their necks.

They stared into the distance, and performed their fitness regimen in perfect unison. They were all very athletic and fit. When Liz crawled closer, she could hear them mumble under their breath, “we live to protect and serve.”, again and again.

“The mayor hand picked the best looking female police officers in this down.” Seymour said, casually feeling one of them up.

“Brave, righteous women, hell bent on upholding the law and catch criminals. Of course, that was before I arrived. They have a new purpose now, don't you?” He clutched the policewoman's cheeks together, and asked.

“Yeth master.” She said with her cheeks mashed between his fingers, “I learned my place. I live to protect and serve my master. Master is above the law. Master is the most important.” she said after he let go of her cheeks.

“Get on your knees, officer. I wanna fuck your face.” Seymour ordered, slapping her cheek playfully.

“Yes master.” The well-toned woman got on her knees and opened her mouth immediately.

Liz watched the cop get her throat fucked with drooling lips. She wanted so much for her master to plop out of the sexy sow's mouth, and ram his dick right into hers instead.

“*Hrrm! Hrrm! Hrr!*” Seymour grunted every time he thrust. He even plugged the policewoman's nose, and only let go when her face got red.

“Shank you for letting me breathe, master.” The enslaved cop said, her golden nipple-badges glowing in the sun.

Seymour ran the back of his fingers against her smooth cheeks, and turned to walk away with a sigh of contentment.

“With me, thief.” He barked at Liz, as if calling for a dog to heel.

“Yes master.” Liz bounced giddily, and crawled after him as quick as her hands and knees could carry her.

“So are you a local woman, or were you just passing through town when you decided to steal the most expensive car you could get your hands on?” He asked her.

“Neither, master. I came knowing your car will be here. I was targeting it.” Liz admitted shamefully.

“I see. I guess you deserve your punishment, then.”

“Oh yes master. I deserve my punishment.”

“How many men came in you, so far?” He inquired.

“About nine, master.” Liz replied.

An extremely busty, topless woman approached Seymour. She was older than the others, in her early forties.

“Ah, this is the local police commissioner.” Seymour said, “I can't recall her name, so I just call her officer cougar-cunt.”

Cougar-cunt stood before him, thrusting her massive tits forward.

“I have collected five nubile virgins as you demanded, master. They have all turned eighteen in recent weeks. They await you in the conditioning room, ready for their deflowering.”

“Marvelous. On your knees, sugar-tits.” Seymour said, and pointed down to the floor.

“Gladly master. My tits are yours.” The police commissioner got on her knees, and squeezed her massive jugs around her master's hardened member.

“*Ohh yeah!* Lovely titties.” He said, pinching her large, jutting nipples, “did you make an appointment with the plastic surgeon?”

“Yes master.” The busty woman said as she moved her torso up and down, looking up at the man she lived to serve.

“Fantastic. I can't wait to see how big the doctor can make those mammaries.” He said with a gleeful smile.

“You see,” he turned to Liz, “this cunt already has natural double D's, and she actually considered reduction before becoming my slave. It was hurting her back or something.” He waved his hand dismissively, finding the notion absurd.

“Anyway, I'm more than happy with her enormous boobies, the size and shape they are right now, but I find it deliciously ironic, and somewhat intriguing, to further enlarge her mountainous rack for my amusement. What's life without whimsy, huh?”

He chuckled, grabbed the woman's tits, and jerked his cock between them a few times, on his own.

“And she doesn't mind that I don't have a real practical reason for it. Right, sweet-tits?” He asked.

“Yes master. I do not mind.” The enthralled police chief said, “I dedicate my body for your amusement.”

“And you don't mind if your back hurts a little, right?”

“Not at all, master. I'll happily carry any physical burden, for your pleasure.”

“Puh, see that?” He huffed with derision, and shoved the kneeling woman away, “I'm not cruel by nature, but when faced with such blind dedication, such complete obedience, I can't help but push some boundaries. What else can an aging gentleman do with his loyal toys?” He floated a rhetorical question, one Liz was smart enough to not try and answer.

They reached a dark room, lit only by a gigantic TV screen. On the screen, a colorful, glorious spiral played without stop. It was so much more mesmerizing than the black and white spiral Liz saw in the car.

Before the screen, five fully naked, pretty young things knelt on their hands and knees, pushing their pert asses out towards the door, and gyrating their hips in circles. They repeated a mantra of submission and devotion, their hairless, tight pussies moist and ready to be taken.

“Ah yes. Five eighteen-year-old cherries. The greatest luxuries of my life.” Seymour greedily rubbed his hands together, and knelt behind the right-most teen, a petite blonde with majestic blue eyes. He grabbed her slim hips, and teased her virgin pussy with the tip of his cock.

“*Ohh!* You may go back to town, whatever your name is.” He looked back at Liz and said, at the same time as he thrust his pelvis forward, deflowering the hot young blonde.

“*Mmf!* Thank you for fucking my virgin cunt, master. I live to serve you.” The blonde bit her lower lip the moment her hymen tore. She kept staring at the screen with unblinking eyes and a happy, entranced smile.

“*Hrrm!* Don't go far, though. Make this town your new home.” Seymour continued giving Liz her new marching orders, “from now on, you are the town whore. You'll let any man fuck you and cum inside of you, till you get pregnant. If you're not pregnant already, that is.”

Liz watched as a tiny bit of blood began to trickle down from the blonde's tight twat.

“I understand, master.” She heard, and obeyed, “thank you for allowing me to try and redeem myself, master.”

“Heh, you're welcome.” He replied, casually pumping into the first virgin, while glancing sideways and reaching over, touching and fondling the next virgin slave in line.

With that, Liz's master, the celebrity mentalist Seymour Grove, paid her no more attention. She sighed and watched him toy with his five virgins for a while, before crawling out of the room, and out of the mansion, ready to start her new life.

It wasn't the life of luxury she hoped for, but it was certainly a life the lowlife, thieving slut deserved.