



Master Mind

Adventures

2

Will B. Gunn

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By **Will B. Gunn**

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

Fine Dining

It was a lazy Sunday afternoon at the local diner. Carly sat and chatted with her gorgeous dark-skinned friend, Bonnie.

"I still can't believe you're getting married at twenty-one." Bonnie told Carly with wide eyes and a smile.

"What can I say? I love him." Carly gushed, coiling her silky auburn hair around her finger.

"Besides I come from a fundamentally religious home, so it's not that strange for me." She added, her eyes twinkling.

"I didn't know your folks were *that* devout. Explains the whole old-fashioned saving your pooch till marriage thing you've got going on." Bonnie tossed a chip into her mouth, and smirked coyly.

"Speaking of which, please be less vulgar when my parents are around. I prefer them to like my friends." Carly suggested politely.

"Will they be fine with me being black, and the fact I believe the theory of evolution?" Bonnie jested.

"First of all, thinking they're racist is ironically prejudiced, and second of all, uhm, don't mention that evolution thing to them. Or the fact you're a lesbian." Carly said and looked down at her knees, a tad embarrassed.

"I would invite them on my dad's boat, if I wasn't scared they'd fall off the edge of the world." Bonnie continued ribbing at Carly's parents' expense.

"Okay stop it, Bonnie! My parents are nice people who are a little set in their way."

"Did they meet Kurt already?" Bonnie adhered to her friend's request, and changed the topic, although that seemed to ire Carly even more.

"No..." She said, clearly concerned.

"Oh I'm sure they'll like him. You know, eventually." Bonnie chuckled.

"You're enjoying this, aren't you?" Carly narrowed her eyes.

"You have no idea." Bonnie cheered, and they both laughed.

Their laughter was cut short by a man sitting at the table next to them. He cleared his throat, and stared them down.

“I am trying to have lunch with my special date here. Will you keep it down?” He demanded.

“Yes. It is rude.” The woman sitting in front of him echoed. She stared at him with glassy eyes and a blank expression. She looked extremely familiar, but Carly couldn't figure out where from.

“Are you kidding me? Do you understand you're in a public venue?” Carly asked in a combative tone.

“Yeah! You two are the ones being rude.” Bonnie accused.

“Is that so?” The man said, clearly unimpressed with their defiant confidence. He glared at each of them in turn, and they felt something change from within. It was a subtle sensation of euphoric emptiness, lasting for but a short moment, as if their minds were taken out, rearranged, and placed back in their heads.

“Let's try that again. Will you two be good girls, and be quiet?” He asked politely, his wicked smile betraying his true emotions.

Bonnie and Carly looked at each other with dewy eyes. Speechlessly, they both reached the same conclusion. They were the rude ones. That stranger was completely right to complain about them gabbing away nonsensically, yammering in his ear-shot. The only question on their mind, as they swallowed nervously, was how will they make it up to him.

They had to find out. They had to ask.

“I-I'm sorry sir.” Carly stood before him and said. Bonnie followed suit, standing right next to her.

“How can we make it up to you, sir? Would you like to see my breasts? They're really nice.” Bonnie squeezed her shirt alluringly, and offered.

“Yes.” He said smugly, “Yes I would.”

She tore her shirt open, and tossed her bra on the floor. Her round, ebony titties bounced before the man's eyes. The diner was filled with people, but no head was turned in the direction of the topless young woman. Her perky knockers were for the man's viewing pleasure alone, and it seemed like everyone instinctively knew it.

“Is this good, sir?” Bonnie sought his approval, holding her tits up in a presentable fashion. Carly quickly removed her own

conservative top, eager to have her own perky breasts apologizing on her behalf.

“Press your hooters together.” The man said dismissively, and took a sip of his coffee.

“Right away sir!” Carly said with a smile, squeezing her tits together so her pink nipples pointed right at him.

Carly and Bonnie locked eyes, and pushed their upper bodies against one another. She felt Bonnie's nipples poke her breasts, and giggled. The normally demure young woman felt frisky and slutty, as she bounced her chest on her lesbian friend's boobies.

“So you're both twenty-one?” The man inquired.

“Yes sir.” Bonnie and Carly nodded, swaying their bodies from side to side, and wiggling their hips seductively. They didn't even wonder how the man knew their age without asking them.

“And you are a soon-to-be-married virgin?” He asked and grabbed Carly's shapely behind, squeezing fondly.

“Yes sir.” Carly nodded, pushing her bubble butt towards him, to show her acceptance of his sleazy groping.

“It seems like you're marrying mostly because your parents expect you to. Interesting.” He added, and spanked her. Carly nodded, her eyes glowing and moist. It was clear her mind was like an open book to this man, but she didn't care. She was more focused on her body being his doll.

“I'll have to pop your cherry later, I suppose.” He said with a half-smile.

“Anytime you wish, sir. I'm always available, day and night.” Carly professed giddily.

“For now I want a blowjob. Get under the table, sweet-cheeks. I want my cock lubed up while I talk to my lovely date.” He said and winked at the woman sitting before him. She smiled, her eyes still vacant and focused on him.

“As you wish, sir.” Carly dropped to her hands and knees, and crawled under the table, prodded by the man's burly hand, spanking her wiggling behind.

“And you, I want to see you bend over that table and spank those smooth mounds of dark caramel you call butt-cheeks.” He told

Bonnie, waving his hands dismissively.

“Yes sir!” Carly heard Bonnie reply, and a moment later she heard a loud clapping sound.

“Yeah, slap that hot booty! Arch your back a bit, I want to see your big ass wobble for me.” He cheered heartily. Carly edged her ruby lips closer to his crotch, until they met his fabric with a soft kiss. She could feel his hardened rod poking through it, and brought her tender fingers to release it from its denim prison.

She slowly lowered his zipper. Her eyes widened with awe as his hard cock sprang out.

“Yes sir! Please enjoy the show! My body is for your pleasure!” Bonnie cried out happily, and loudly swatted her rear with no mercy. Carly crossed her eyes, focusing on his raw snake. She uttered a silent prayer for her success, swallowed nervously, and leaned forward to give his tip a shameless, loving kiss. She gave his shaft a couple of playful licks, treating it like ice-cream.

“*Hrrm yeah.* Look at those meaty pussy lips. Spread them open for me, cunt.” The man ordered, enjoying Carly's amateurish oral service, and Bonnie's lewd display.

“Oh of course, sir! As you wish!” Bonnie replied.

It was the first time Carly's prudish mouth came in contact with a man's penis. She always found the notion so obscene, but as she took his entire helmet in her mouth, and spiraled her tongue around it, a sense of subdued elation filled her lungs. With a deep breath, the oral virgin slowly slid her head further down his shaft, filling her throat with his throbbing hard-on.

“*Ahh* that's right, suck on it.” He joyfully moaned. Carly felt his hand on her head, applying subtle pressure to encourage her further down. She closed her eyes and gagged on his cock, but never tried to oppose his gentle nudging.

He dragged his chair backwards, and looked down at her head between his legs. She looked up at him with docile eyes, her lips wrapped around his stem.

“*Ohh yeah!*” He moaned, and guided her head back and forth with his hands.

"Mph! Umph! Mph! Mph!" Carly slurped and sucked wetly. She rooted her hands and knees in place, aching for his approval.

"Gooood girl." He said with a prolonged groan, let go of her, and moved his chair forward, blocking her sight of him, with the table's surface. Carly looked forward with blank eyes and a full mouth. She paused for a moment, to take a calm breath of air through her nose, and continued waxing his rod with her lips, back and forth at a steady, pleasant pace. The rest of the world seemed so insignificant under the table. Only his pleasure mattered.

Content now that Carly and Bonnie no longer polluted his air with their haughty voices, the man continued conversing with his "date".

"See Tara-cunt? I told you no one will recognize you, as long as you're with me." The man told the tall blue-eyed blonde sitting across from him.

"Yes master. You are always right, master." Carly heard her musical, sweet response. It wasn't easy to hear while sucking and slurping, but she finally figured out where she knew that gorgeous, obviously enslaved blonde from.

Wow! That's Tara Watson, the movie star! She realized.

I'm going down on a man who made The Tara Watson into his obedient love-slave. What an honor! The star-struck Carly was in awe, and gobbled his cock with increased gusto and enthusiasm. She heard Bonnie squeal at the top of her lungs, and it was followed by an even louder smacking sound.

She probably figured out it was Tara Watson, too. Carly thought, and took the man's shaft all the way into her mouth, wiggling her tongue on his balls as she gagged.

"So anyway, as I was saying, I don't usually go out of my way to fuck glamorous Hollywood sluts like you. Most people don't realize it, but prime young pussy is pretty common everywhere you go, if you just open your eyes with no shame. Of course, with my abilities, shame is very easy to overcome." Carly heard him brag.

He affectionately stroked her hair under the table, making her feel quite pleasant.

Does he think of me as a "prime young pussy"?, She asked herself. Her heart filled with pride, just as her mouth was filled with cum.

"Haa!" He grunted coarsely, shooting his load in her throat with no inhibition.

"Ulp! Mmh!" Carly wasn't ready for it, but smiled as semen overflowed her ruby lips. Thick drops slid down her chin to her bare breasts, and further down to her knees. She let the underside of his tip rest on her soft, cushy tongue, as a few final, watery loads streamed out of his hose. Her face and lithe body was lathered with man-juice, and Carly couldn't be happier.

It's like I'm his cum-dump. She thought with glee.

She forgot about her fiance and her upcoming wedding. Her head was filled with dreams of this majestic man bending her over and fucking her so hard her pussy would turn numb. She moaned, swallowed what was in her mouth, and began to prepare for what the man promised he would do later.

She reached between her legs into her panties, and began stroking her pussy lips. With her other hand, she massaged his balls, and with her tongue, she lashed at his flaccid member, eager to make it hard again. The demure virgin became as horny as a wanton whore, warming her pussy up and shamelessly slapping her lips with his dick. Her cheeks were the color of passion, and her eyes were wide with lust.

"Hrrm, that was a nice orgasm." She heard him say.

"I'm glad master. I can't wait to taste your cum, master." Tara said, and Carly felt the celebrity's foot kick her from behind. It felt intentional.

Is Tara Watson actually jealous of me? That's so surreal!

"Ah yes. Speaking of which, I was just telling you why I looked you up, Tara-cunt." His cock was already waking up, under Carly's tender care.

"Yes master. I am so grateful you chose me."

"I saw you in some of your movies. You're a pretty good actress, and you certainly deserve your place as one of the top-ten

sexiest celebrities. That's not why we are here, though.”

“Oh?” Tara wondered.

He stood up abruptly, and somehow Carly knew he wanted her to crawl out from under the table. She knelt and watched as he wiped his cock all over the angelic face of the blonde movie star. Tara closed her eyes and smiled, letting him wash her perfectly smooth face with the breadth of his shaft. Carly's saliva made the gorgeous star's face glisten and sparkle.

“You see, Tara-cunt, I saw you give a speech on your nineteenth birthday, about how people objectify you ever since you turned eighteen. You gave such an impressive and inspiring speech, it was no surprise you became the new and shining face of modern feminism.”

“I'm so sorry, master.” She opened her eyes and gazed up at him with her sparkling blue jewels.

“Do you wish me to retract my statement, and declare that my body exists to be objectified by you, master?” She asked, lovingly kissing his balls.

“Nah, no need for that. I don't really mind feminism, it actually heats me up to degrade women who think they're strong.” He smirked. “Which brings us to why I'm here. After seeing you articulate your feelings so eloquently, I got an insurmountable urge to see you on your knees, with my cum sprayed all over your pretty mug.”

“Nnn, yes master. Anything you wish.” Tara said, and slid out of her chair, down to her knees.

The normally witty celebrity didn't need to be told twice. With her hands glued to her sides, she took his cock between her lips, and began roughly bobbing her head back and forth, slurping loudly.

“That's a good cunt.” He placed his palm on the top of her golden mane, as if she was a pet, and reached behind to grab Bonnie's ass, nonchalantly telling her to stop spanking herself.

Carly looked at Bonnie's bare ass, it had a reddish brown hue to it, and was a tad swollen. Between her bubbly cheeks, her pussy was visibly flooded. The hot lesbian clearly shared Carly's new

submissive, lewd fantasies. She was not a lesbian anymore, not in front of that man, at least.

“Use my body, master. I love being your submissive slave.” Bonnie begged, wiggling her big booty for him.

Carly looked at her friend with wide, puzzled eyes, and realized something.

Yeah, I'm his slave. And...And he is my master! I love being his fuck-toy. I should tell him!

She crawled beside him and kissed his thigh, to get his attention.

“Me too, master. Use me, too. I am your slave. My body is for your pleasure.” She said.

Her eyes met Tara, and they stared at each other. Carly never thought she'll be so close to such a big star. She certainly never thought she'll just shrug it off, and look up at the complete stranger towering over her.

Tara Watson may have been famous, but the man lording over them shone brighter than any sun ever could. Bonnie swiftly joined them on the floor, and the three looked up at their master, without blinking. He smirked at them, and they whimpered in response, frantically rubbing their cunts for him.

As if their minds were linked by some invisible force, Tara, Carly, and Bonnie swooped forward together, and began licking and kissing his erection from all sides and angles.

“Good girls.” He said as his cock began to throb. Carly could feel his veins on her tongue with every slow, sensual lick.

“Now Tara, lie down on the table and spread your legs.” He ordered.

“Yes master. My pussy is always available for you.” She bounced to her feet and giggled when he gave her tits a single squeeze. Carly licked his balls, and watched as he ran his fingers down Tara's body, grabbed her ass, and spanked her. With another giggle and a cute shrug, the gorgeous blonde lay down, as instructed, and spread her long legs wide for him.

“Fantastic.” The man said, and looked down at the two still making love to his cock.

“Carly, get Tara's pussy ready for me.” He commanded.

“Yes master!” Carly nodded. She didn't even remember telling him her name.

“Bonnie, I know you are the regular pie-licker here, but I want to give my cock a nice warm-up in your dyke pussy. Bend over here, so I can hump that hot ass of yours.” He said and tapped on the adjacent table.

“My pussy is yours, master. I can't refuse or deny your pleasure.” Bonnie nodded and stood up. She bent over with her legs perfectly straight, and wiggled her bouncy butt in his direction.

“Fuck this dyke pussy, master. Please.” She spread her pussy lips with her fingers, and invited him to plow into her lesbian snatch.

Carly pressed her cherry lips between Tara's legs. The smell of fresh, youthful pussy filled her nose, and drove her crazy with lust. She kept her legs straight, and enthusiastically shook her pert behind.

The prudish virgin was determined to make the teen celebrity squeal and squirm under her care. It was her first time eating another woman out, but she did it so well, even Bonnie bit her lower lip as she watched with envy.

Bonnie's moans joined Tara's soon enough. The table below her rocked and creaked as their master banged her from behind. He showed her no mercy, pumping into her pussy at full speed and force.

“Fuck me master! *Ahh!* Fuck your slave's pussy!” She cried out and begged, her eyes rolling to the back of her head.

“Yeah! Take this! And that! *Hrrm!*” He rammed into her so hard, her head practically whip-lashed back and forth. He never spared her ass for a second, spanking and swatting it with each and every thrust.

“Tighten that pussy up for me, cunt!” He demanded.

“Yesh mashter!” Bonnie slurred out coarsely.

The fierce fucking her friend received emboldened Carly further. She ravaged Tara's tight cunt so ferociously, she barely took a moment to breathe. She used one hand to play with Tara's clit, and the other to finger her own cherry, keeping it wet and available the whole time.

Her master pulled Bonnie's arms back, and used them like reins, riding her ass in an upright position. He kissed her glistening ebony shoulder, wrapped his arms around her, and continued pumping earnestly.

Did he just whisper something in her ear? Carly asked herself. She was delirious and drunk with lust, and her tongue worked overtime on Tara's pussy. Still, she was certain she saw her master's lips move next to Bonnie's ear.

A moment later, Bonnie's clarifying response came.

“Y-Yesh Mashter! Besht lover I ever had! All my dyke friendsh will shubmit and sherve you mashter!” Bonnie squealed, sucking on her master's fingers. He nipped on her shoulder, pinched her nipple, thrust into her one more incredibly powerful time, and let go of her.

“Nyaaa!” She fell to the floor face first, and settled down with her cheek on the diner's floor and her ass up in the air.

He stood next to Carly, and watched as she fiddled Tara's clit with her tongue.

“Keep going, honey. Make me proud.” He patted her auburn mane, and left her field of vision.

“Mmph!” Carly hummed loudly, and stuck her tongue deep in Tara's cunt. The blonde superstar arched her back and grabbed Carly's hair with two hands. Her pussy lips trembled, and she squirted her love juices into Carly's mouth.

“Good! You made her cum!” Carly heard her master's praise, and felt his congratulatory smack on her wiggling behind. He took hold of her hips, and finally she felt his tip teasing her untouched twat.

“*Mmh!*” Carly stopped rubbing her snatch and moved her hand away, clearing the way for her master's hardened staff.

He aimed, chuckled, and rammed forward.

“*Hrrrrrrm.*” He grunted and arched his neck up, enjoying the tightness of Carly's deflowered fuck-hole

“*Mmh! Ahhhh!*” The pain she felt when her hymen tore was nothing compared to the pleasure of submission. She moaned into Tara's pussy, and never stopped shaking her head from side to side.

“Ohh yeah!” He grunted with joy, using his grip on her hips to bounce her on his cock.

“*Nya! Mm! Ahhh!*” Carly stretched her tongue and tasted the soaking center of Tara's pink hot honeypot, bringing the teen hottie to another deafening orgasm. The beautiful blonde was so spent and out of breath that she blacked out for a moment, panting on her back like an exhausted marathon runner.

It was then that their master pulled out of Carly, and pushed her aside. Blood trickled down her inner thigh and adorned her master's spear. Her pussy felt comfortably numb, and her lips, chin, and cheeks were all sticky. She breathed heavily, in her proper place on the floor, and reflected on the magnitude of the moment

Master popped my cherry. I'm so happy.

The moment was clearly less profound for him. He popped her and tossed her aside, as if she was an insignificant secondary cunt. Carly understood, though. Lying on the table was his real prize, the sexiest nineteen-year-old actress in the world.

By the time Carly lifted her eyes, he was already plowing into the angelic blonde. She lay flat on her back, and used her hands to spread her legs as wide as she could.

“Fuck me, master. Use this pink pussy.” She looked up at him with her shimmering sapphire eyes, her shapely breasts bouncing with every deep thrust, and encouraged him with her rosy voice.

“Fuck this tight pussy, master. I belong to you.” Her hair dangled from the other end of the table, like a waterfall of molten gold. Carly watched it sway and shine, until something clicked in her mind. Something inside told her to look at Tara's pussy instead, and watch her master's cock pump in and out. She saw his balls dangle back and forth, and knew exactly what the voice in her head wanted her to do.

She gently and carefully positioned herself between his legs, arched her head back, and fondled his testicles with her lips and tongue. She looked up at his cock with glassy eyes, and gave his balls a French kiss fused with unending devotion.

Fifteen minutes ago I was a soon-to-be married virgin. Now I'm rubbing my lips on a man's balls while he fucks another woman. She reflected.

I don't know how this happened, but this is so amazing and hot! It'll be difficult to explain all this to my parents and Kurt, though. I wonder how they'll react when...

“Carly! Focus and warm my cum-cannon up, I want to paint this bitch white!” Her master suddenly barked, and took Carly right out of her reverie.

“Sorry master.” She said, and kept working on his balls.

How dare I get distracted while pleasing my master! She scolded herself. What was I even thinking about? No! It Doesn't matter. I must serve my master. Nothing exists besides my master's pleasure.

At that moment, her pupils trembled, and she forgot everything, including her own name. She would be named by her master later, something told her, and until that time comes, it didn't matter. She was to become a permanent member of her master's harem, an extension of his will, an object in his possession. Nothing was clearer in her mind.

Blood trickled down from her pussy, and the nameless, single-purposed slave lavished her master's balls with love.

“All right Tara-cunt, on your knees!” He bellowed and pulled out of her.

“Yes master!” Tara fell to her knees with a thump and opened her mouth. Her master fed her his throbbing carrot, pumped twice between her lips, and jerked himself above her face.

“Ahh! Here I go!” He groaned. Carly could feel his rapid pulse on his balls.

Tara swayed her head as if under a flowing shower-head, while he rained sticky jizz on her face.

“There we go. That's what I wanted to see.” He looked down at her, and reached into his jacket's front pocket.

“Smile.” He pointed his phone at her and said. Tara grinned up at him with joy. She was used to having her picture taken, for magazine covers and TV shows and such.

“I’ll put this online as a fake celebrity pic.” He mentioned, and added “No one will ever believe it’s real, but I will know.” He winked at her.

“Hmm, yes master.” Tara cooed and gave his cock a kittenish lick. He kept taking pictures, capturing the cum-glazed teen celebrity as she worshiped his softening manhood.

“*Ohh*, it may be hard to deny the authenticity of some of these images, heh.” He said and laughed, taking a perfect picture of her looking up at him while planting her lips on his tip.

“I really want to keep you, damn it.” He sighed.

“That’s why I don’t like going after celebrities. I could make you mine, but the cleanup would be too difficult, maybe even impossible. Every journalist in the world will notice you’re missing, not to mention every man and woman under eighty.”

“Cunts like this one here, on the other hand.” He patted the auburn-haired hottie kneeling next to Tara.

“Taking her is easier than picking ripe strawberries. Even if someone finds her, like her ex-fiance for example, handling that wouldn’t even be a hassle.”

She whined at him and kissed his hand.

“That’s sweet. I think I’ll name you Cuntflower.” He said, letting her lick his hand like a kitten.

Cuntflower. Cuntflower is my name. She told herself, making sure she’ll remember it.

Her master put his clothes back on and got ready to leave.

“Bonnie, are you clear on what you must do?” He asked.

“Yes master.” The dark-skinned one said. Cuntflower looked at her and tilted her head with a curious whine.

She looks familiar. Thought the docile cum-pet.

“Tell me. I want to make sure I injected it properly into your mind.”

“Yes master. I am to gather all the hot lesbian friends I have, and bring them to your favorite bar tonight. You will own them like you own me. We will become your sub-harem of horny obedient dykes.”

“Excellent. And what about you, Tara-cunt?”

“Yes master.” The blonde bowed deep “I will return to my normal life and pretend I'm a strong, independent woman. I will have a dildo in my cunt whenever I give a speech, and I will never stop dreaming about you, day and night.”

“Good girl. Come on, Cumflower, we're leaving.”

“Ruff!” Cumflower gave a cute bark, wiggled her rear, and followed her master.

He took a collar and a leash from a dog that was tied outside the diner, and put it on his Cumflower.

“There you go. Don't worry, I'll get you your own collar once we get home.”

He is so kind! - Thought the simple-minded pet.

“Let me see your hand, cumflower.” He ordered.

Panting like a puppy, she obeyed.

He took a diamond ring from her finger, and gave it a closer look. Cumflower didn't know the significance of the ring, but it was on her body, and that meant it probably belonged to her master.

“Pfft, such a pitifully small diamond. I have half a mind to toss it down the gutter.” He sneered, looking around.

“Hmm, there's a piercing and tattoo parlor right over there.” He noticed, and looked at the ring with a sinister grin.

“Yeah, let's go and get you nice and groomed, Cumflower. I wonder how your ex will react when he reads the words cum bucket spread across your ass, with arrows pointing to your cunt! Hah!” He declared with a jolly below.

That's so romantic!

“Ruff!” She jumped gleefully and clapped her hands.

“Come on.” He pulled on her leash and she crawled after him, wiggling her backside like an overzealous puppy.

It was the best day of her life.

###

Commitment

Austin stared at his beautiful girlfriend, shocked and jaw-dropped. Just a moment earlier, he told her he loved her, and expected her to return the favor. Instead, Noelle sighed and looked at him with pity in her eyes, as she embarked on the speech that almost became a trope.

“Look Austin, you're a great guy and all, but I'm not ready to take this step, and...”

“Okay I get it.” Austin cut her off, distraught “You're not ready to say 'I love you'. That's fine, no need for an 'and'. Let's just leave it at that.”

She chuckled compassionately, and shook her head at him.

“I'm so sorry, but I just feel like this got out of hand. It...What the hell!” She suddenly shrieked and frowned with disgust, looking behind Austin's shoulder.

Austin turned around to see what got Noelle's attention, ready to thank whatever it was for distracting her. He frowned, and looked around. The restaurant was moderately occupied with couples and singles, mostly talking among themselves. The waitresses stood about or took orders, and the bartender poured himself a drink.

There was a guy at the entrance pinning the hostess to the wall, and fucking her brains out, while a hot blonde waitress crawled beneath him and licked his balls. He nailed the young hostess to the wall a few times, and then walked inside, fucking her from behind as he strode forward to find a table. The hostess waddled forward with a horny smile on her face, begging him to pump into her faster.

“What happened?” Austin turned back to Noelle with a raised eyebrow, clearly missing what she found so shocking.

“Oh...” She seemed flustered, and a bit confused.

“Nothing. I thought I saw something.” She said.

“Saw what?” Austin pressed. He did not want the conversation to circle back to where it was before.

Noelle looked around, clearly searching for an abnormality she could no longer spot. Meanwhile, the man fucked the hostess right to

the table next to Austin and Noelle. The blushing hostess moved a chair back for him, as he rocked her back and forth, and invited him to sit down.

“I don't remember.” Noelle finally said “Guess it was nothing.”

“Anyway, where was I?” She asked, and Austin could see this day was not going his way.

“I'm guessing you were about to tell me that it's not me, it's you. Or perhaps you feel more comfortable with the 'I have a fear of commitment' cliché. Either way, Noelle, you were about to lie to try and make me feel better.” He said. Using sarcasm as a coat of armor was always his go-to defense mechanism.

Noelle laughed.

“You have such a great sense of humor, Austin. But, I do have, well, it's not a fear of commitment, it's just I'm not ready, you know? And this thing, with you, it just got too serious...”

“Stop, okay? Just stop. We both know what this is about.”

Austin got a bit confrontational.

“Oh yeah?” Noelle rose to the challenge, clearly getting upset.

Meanwhile, the man sitting at the next table summoned all the attractive waitresses and had them strip for him, so he could choose which of them will warm his lap while he waits for his food.

“What do you think this is about, then?” Noelle demanded.

“It's about you thinking you're too good for me, Noelle. You entertained the silly nerd for a couple of months, and now you're done. I should have listened to my friends about you.” Austin blamed.

“You mean the awkward virgin squad.” She huffed with a prom-queen, holier-than-thou attitude. She stayed quiet for a few seconds after that, but that was all she could muster.

“I can't believe you would say that! I can't believe you would think that of me!” Noelle said, insulted.

“Then tell me what it is, Noelle, and stop with the stupid clichés!”

“Oh you want to know what it is? Okay fine! You're too intense, Austin! You started thinking about how you'll name our children after our second date. And don't try to deny it, Joanne told me how you

bragged that with your brains and my looks, our son would be the best president in history.”

“It was a joke!” Austin defended himself “A private one, I can't believe Jo blabbed...” He mumbled.

“It's not just that.” Noelle continued “You're a control freak.”

“*Me?!*” Austin couldn't believe what he was hearing.

“Yeah, you made such a big fuss when I had my friend stay over for a few days.” Noelle said.

“Your actor friend, who you used to date! Am I crazy for not liking the idea of my girlfriend shacking up with an ex-boyfriend.” Austin rebutted.

“He wasn't really my boyfriend. We just slept around.” Noelle rolled her eyes.

“You think that helps?” Austin sneered sarcastically.

Austin and Noelle tried to keep it down, but they clearly got the attention of the nearby tables. The man sitting at the next table, in particular, was snooping intently on the break-up scene. He was enjoying a naked lap dance from a petite eighteen-year-old waitress, getting ready to have her ride him with her tight virgin pussy.

“You wanna talk about being a control freak?” Austin went on another offensive “I go out of my way to accommodate to what *you* like, Noelle! And you never do the same for me! I buy you stuff, I make romantic gestures that you never reciprocate. I bought you a gold necklace, and a car for heaven's sake!”

“Oh so I'm supposed to grovel at your feet because you buy me stuff? Do you think I'm a whore?” Noelle charged forward with a well-timed guilt trip, but Austin wouldn't have any of it.

“How about treating me like an equal, and not like I should be grateful you're even looking my way! How about you stop acting like you settled for me! Like I'm a compromise!”

“Well I did, four-eyes!” She said, glaring at him “Look at me, I can get any man I want.”

Her words struck Austin, hard. It blew the wind out of him like a punch in the gut.

“Then go and get the man you want, Noelle. I'll just go back to my 'virgin squad', as you call them.” He fiddled with the fork, not even feeling hungry anymore.

Noelle sighed, and assumed the same pitying expression she donned before.

“Austin I didn't mean to.”

“No. I think you did.” He forced his tears back in, determined to not give her the satisfaction of seeing him cry.

“Let's face it, I settled for you too. I deserve a woman who knows pie is not just a type of pastry.” He stabbed at her venomously.

Austin looked aside, fearing he'll break down and cry, should he look at his now ex-girlfriend. The man on the next table smirked, as the hot young waitress jerked his cock and rubbed her virgin twat in preparation for him. The man was clearly shamelessly eavesdropping on Austin and Noelle, not that that was hard, considering their decibels.

“I can't believe you said that.” Noelle shook her head at him.

“You are such a jerk! I'm outta here!” She banged on the table and stood on her feet.

“I really thought you'd be better than the douche-bags I usually date.” She added, angrily searching through her purse, to find her wallet.

“That's great Noelle, blame me. We both know that the only reason you went out with me, in the first place, is because you wanted to feel superior. Well maybe I'm tired of being your sniveling doormat. I am a man of science, and I make a lot of money.” Austin said, choking up a bit.

“Hey dweeb! I broke up with you, remember?”

“Yah, because you have a 'fear of commitment'.” He sneered.

“Just shut...Uhm...Shut...” Noelle blinked rapidly and shook her head, looking a tad dazed.

Austin was about to ask if she was okay, but a screeching moan from the virgin waitress, still dancing on their neighbor's lap, tore his attention away.

"Nyaaaaaa!" The pretty young thing took that man's cock in her fresh, unused pussy, and immediately began writhing her hips back and forth in a fervent effort to please him. Her body glistened with moist sweat and her smile was radiant.

Austin never thought a woman's first time could appear so enjoyable. It was almost as though she took the pain of her torn maidenhood as a badge of honor, and impaled herself further on the man's cock out of a sense of religious duty.

Austin turned back to look at Noelle, but his own vision became a bit blurry. The air seemed to get thicker, and warmer, and muskier, like a steamy sauna, or the tropical depths of the Amazon river.

The haze lifted a short moment later, but something felt different. Whatever changed, it was so subtle that Austin couldn't put his finger on it. He looked at the man sitting at the neighboring table, and he was smiling at him, while the hot deflowered virgin rode his cock and moaned.

Austin blinked twice and looked back at Noelle. Her eyes were slightly crossed, giving her a stupefied look, and her cheeks had a distinct pinkish glow to them. She seemed stuck at a sexy pose for a second, her hips bent in one direction like a paused belly-dancer.

When she emerged from that haze, as quickly as Austin did, she dropped her purse and looked down at her feet, in shame.

"You're so right, Austin. I'm so sorry." She said with a weak, meek tone.

"Uhm what's that, Noelle?" Austin raised both eyebrows, and stared at her with wide, uncomprehending eyes.

"I said that you are right, Austin." She said louder.

"I shouldn't have acted so superior. It's all my fault. Can you ever forgive me?" Her voice was shaking. She sounded like she was about to cry.

"Y-Yeah. Of course I do. I...Don't cry, Noelle."

She raised her head and looked at him with puppy eyes, iridescent tears at their corner. Her smile was of pure joy.

"Oh you are amazing, Austin!" She gushed and knelt before him, putting her hands on his knees.

"Thank you so much for forgiving me! I will do anything for you, Austin, please know that! You deserve to be the superior one,

Austin! You deserve to be treated as a king! As a god!” She kissed his knees and shins and cafts, showering his legs with love like a worshiping acolyte.

“W-Wow Noelle. Are you serious?”

“Yes of course I am! I'll prove it to you!” Noelle shot up to her feet like an overzealous pet, and started stripping out of her clothes.

“Wha- Noelle, what are you doing?!” Austin gasped.

“I'm showing you I'm serious! I don't deserve to wear these clothes in your presence, Austin! You bought them for me, and I insulted you, and...”

“But we are in a public restaurant!” Austin was rooted to his chair, shocked and more than puzzled.

“I will gladly shame myself to show you my devotion!” Noelle said, already topless, her big tits swinging from side to side as she peeled her tight jeans off.

She barely took the last item of clothing off her smooth form, and already bent over the table.

“Punish me.” She presented her ass to him.

“W-What?”

“Please punish me for my rudeness, Austin.” She begged, wiggling her butt.

“Spank me, please!” She pleaded, spanking herself harshly.

“A-Are you crazy? We are in public!” Austin hissed at her, and looked around. No one seemed to have noticed. Well, other than the guy at the next table, still bouncing the nubile waitress on his cock. Her cherry blood trickled down to the floor already.

Austin's hands gravitated towards Noelle's bubbly rear, and he grabbed her for a moment. He lifted his hand, and brought it down to a perfect smack.

“No wait.” He suddenly said, shaking his head “This is weird.”

Noelle whined with disappointment, and straightened back up. She rubbed her jugs together with no shame, causing Austin to rub his crotch and swallow nervously.

“Can I at least take care of that, Austin?” She fell to her knees before him, and moved his hand away.

“Wh-What do you mean?”

“Can I suck your cock?” She asked and opened his fly, pressing her light-red lips on the fabric of his underwear.

“I...I don't...” His lips felt dry, and blood cells rushed from his brain to his cock as if hurrying to douse a blazing inferno.

“Aw come on, honey, you obviously want it.” She kissed the bulge in his underpants again.

“*Ohh wow.* I...I thought you didn't like doing that.” He said, already panting “I thought you only did *that* with flavored condoms.”

Noelle saw that as permission to proceed. She freed his cock, and held it between her fingers.

“I had a change of mind, my love.” She looked straight at him with her sparkling eyes, and planted her lips directly on his raw cock.

“*Ohhh!*” Austin tensed up and smiled the moment her lips touched him “A-Amazing!” He said, as Noelle entwined her tongue around his helmet, licking his smegma and pre-cum with gluttonous gusto.

“It's delicious, Austin. Thank you so much.” She said, and took his cock in her throat.

“I'll have to -- *ohh god!* To take your word on that.” He said and gave a chuckle that turned into a long drawn groan.

Noelle slurped and giggled.

“Mmm, don't be silly, it's only tasty to little cunts like me.” She said, and dove back down.

“*Hah!* I...Ohh I see. What...What did you just call yourself?” He asked, tingling sensations spreading from his crotch. Noelle was relentless, bobbing her head up and down, so deep, that she gagged. She never agreed to choke and deep throat his cock before.

“A little cocksucking cunt, who likes to feel hard boners deep down her throat.” She answered his question, licking and slurping with every word.

“O-Okay, just making sure..*Ohh wow!*”

Austin put a loving, grateful hand on her head, and she looked up at him with a ravishing glow to her stunning face. He looked aside at the next table. The man there seemed to divide his attention

between watching the waitress's perky tits bounce, and watching the oral show Noelle put on Austin's cock.

"Fuck me master! Use this virgin pussy master!" The eighteen-year-old waitress cheered and hopped up and down, and Austin couldn't help but focus on her perfect little fun-bags.

Noelle plopped her lips from his cock with a wet kiss, and tracked his eyes to see what Austin leered at.

"I have better titties, don't I?" She tapped his leg and asked, holding her tits up for him to ogle at.

"W-What?" Austin cocked his head and looked down.

"I won't be insulted, honey. I just wonder if you like big hooters or smaller ones." Noelle said apologetically.

"Umm I..." Austin looked down at her, still amazed. Noelle's tits were round, big, and somehow still defiant to the laws of gravity. Her nipples were perfectly sized and impeccably pink.

"There's absolutely no comparison, Noelle. Yours are far superior." Austin smiled at her, and said with the utmost honesty.

Noelle beamed at him.

"Thank you so much! Want a titfuck?" She asked, and before he could even answer, she wrapped them around his cock.

"Are you kidding? *Ahh!* I-I've, *oh god*, I've been begging you to do that for ages!" He moaned and grunted, flexing his pelvis upwards into her bosomy embrace.

Noelle giggled, drooled on the valley between her heavy knockers, and started polishing his knob with full, fluent motions.

"Ohh yeah! Bounce those balloons on my crotch!" He momentarily lost all inhibition or restraint, and talked to his ex girlfriend in a demeaning, dirty manner.

"I-I mean your boobies, uhm, breasts! *Ohh fuck your breasts!*" He tried correcting himself out of instinct.

"I'm happy you like my big balloons! They exist for this very purpose." Noelle squeezed her tits tighter, and extended her tongue down to lick his tip.

Austin chuckled.

"Last time I called them balloons you threatened to break up with me, and withheld sex for two weeks!" He recalled breathlessly.

“That was back when I was the superior one, Austin.” She said with a docile, submissive tone “Call my titties whatever you like.”

Austin looked around again, made certain one last time that no one noticed their lewd behavior, and stared down at Noelle with a fiendish grin.

“Then I'll call them my fucking fuck-toy fun-bags! My bouncy, buoyant cock-pocket! *Ohh!* I'm gonna fucking cum!” The magnificent stimulation coupled with the usually feisty Noelle's eagerness to submit and serve brought Austin to the edge of climax.

“Paint your fuck-toy fun-bags with cum, my love, put me in my proper place!” Noelle hastened her movements and uttered breathlessly.

“*Ohhhhh!*” He arched his neck up, took a tight grip of her tits, and exploded like a geyser. It all happened so fast, Austin unleashed his load without holding anything back. He closed his eyes, and panted as the numbing warmth spread from his depleted cock all over his body. It was pure euphoric bliss.

Austin took a moment to rest with his eyes closed, afraid that if he opened them, he'll be sitting in front of a fully dressed Noelle, still in the throws of their recent break-up.

Ready to wake up from his naughty fantasy, Austin opened his eyes and looked down.

It was definitely not a dream.

His cock was still tucked between Noelle's cum-draped tits. Her face was also covered with cum, which she was busy licking into her slutty lips.

“That was amazing, Noelle.” He said “I, heh, I can't believe you're eating it.”

“I live to eat your cum.” She lowered her head and licked between her tits, tickling his still very sensitive tip, making him tense and jump up giddily.

“So, uh, does that mean we are back together?” Austin asked the cum-licking puddle of lust kneeling between his legs.

“No.” She shook her head mischievously.

“What?” He said, baffled once again.

“An inferior bitch like me doesn't deserve to call herself your girlfriend. I rejected you, and I made you sad. I deserve nothing more than to be your slave.” She smiled up at him.

“M-My slave?” Austin repeated, barely able to blink from the shock, until his eyes stung.

“If you'll accept me. I will devote the rest of my life to serving and satisfying your every whim. I will be your cleaning lady, your cook, and your sex slave. I will make you the beautiful, smart babies you dreamed of having with me.”

“S-Seriously?” He squeaked.

“Yes.” She nodded “I will be honored to call you my master, for as long as I exist. Will you accept my service?”

“O-Of course!” Austin said, wondering if he sounded too thrilled.

“Thank you, master.” She said, elated “I promise I will never disappoint you.” she added, and kissed his tip again, before tucking it back in his underpants.

“Wait, does that mean I can have sex with other women?” He wondered.

“You can do whatever you want, master. I must obey you. I can never refuse your wishes. I am your slave.”

“Y-Yes, I'm familiar with the concept of slavery.” Austin mumbled at her “I-I'm just surprised that you, well, I guess I shouldn't check a gift horse's teeth.”

“Or a gift slave-toy's motivation.” She said jokingly.

“It will make our relationship easier, I suppose. For me, at least.” Austin rationalized.

“Yes master. I will obey your every command. I live to serve. Shall I dress up, clean up, and go home with you so you can fuck me all night long?” she suggested.

“That does sound lovely.” Austin said, already getting hard again.

“I know you well, master. I'll use that knowledge to make sure you are happy.” Noelle lowered herself and kissed his feet, before springing to her own feet. She put all her clothes back on in an

efficient, utilitarian fashion, giggling at Austin when he shamelessly touched and rubbed her.

“You're paying for dinner, by the way.” He told her.

“Of course master. I was going to drop a few bucks because I broke up with you, but now that I'm your slave, I am happy to pay it all. My money and my property belong to you, like my body and my heart and my soul.” She declared solemnly, and took her wallet out.

“You'll clean my place in that sexy French-maid outfit you refused to wear, a couple of weeks ago.” Austin pushed, trying to see if her obedience had any limits.

“Of course, master. I'll be happy to.” She responded immediately, with no trace of hesitation.

“And I'll bend you over and fuck you while you clean.” He said.

“Whenever you wish, master. My pussy is yours.”

“Good, good. And, uhm, and we'll try anal, too.” He kept on upping the ante.

“Yes master. My ass is yours.” She wiggled her sexy butt and said.

“I'm ready to go, master.” She said, patiently waiting for him to get up.

“Don't you want to freshen up a bit. You, uhm, you still have some cum on you...”

“I am proud to wear your cum on my body, master. It affirms my only purpose in life.” Noelle said, her eyes glistening.

“O-Okay then. Go and wait by the car, uhm, slave.”

“Yes master. Take as much time as you need.” She shrugged and skipped away.

Austin glanced at the neighboring table one last time. The man sitting there enjoyed watching a hot blonde waitress licking his load from the virgin cunt he deflowered. The cherry-popped teen planted her face on the floor and raised her ass in the air. cum and blood mixed on her fresh pussy lips, creating a strawberry blend for her co-worker to munch on.

Austin cleared his throat, and got the man's attention.

“What is it, young man?” The man asked kindly.

“I, umm, I don't know why, but I have a feeling you have something to do with my girlfri-umm-slave's transformation tonight.” Austin said, slightly embarrassed.

“Sounds to me like she deserved it.” The man replied in a friendly manner.

“Yeah, I guess.” Austin shrugged “A-Anyway, I wanted to thank you.”

“No need to thank me, buddy. I liked the way you stood up to her. She had no right to take you for granted.”

“Y-Yeah exactly!” Austin said, happy to see someone taking his side.

“Besides, there are enough hot cuties in this place to please me. Your new slave is hot, but I don't need each and every attractive cunt in the world to be mine. I can share.” The man added.

“I'll just pretend I understood that.” Austin murmured.

He stood there for a couple more seconds, gathering the nerves to speak up again.

“I-I'm Austin, by the way.” He said.

“I know.” The man responded, looking amused.

“W-What about you? What's your name?” Austin mumbled insecurely.

“It doesn't matter, Austin. You'll forget all about me once you leave this place. You'll only remember that Noelle is now your slave, and that you love to degrade and humiliate her to your heart's content, and for your sexual pleasure.”

“O-Oh, I see. Umm, okay then. Bye. I'll, uhm, thanks again.”

Austin turned around and began to leave. That man was an unsung hero in his eyes, making his dreams with Noelle come true, and not even asking for a simple thank you in return.

He wished he could remember what the man did, so perhaps someday he could return the favor. It wasn't fair that such a good and giving person had to toil in anonymity.

Alas, he already felt his memories being erased from his mind, and by the time he reached his car, all he thought about was how

he'll punish Noelle for the way she treated him.

She meekly opened the door for him, happy to serve.

"It will be glorious." He told himself, and gave her a slap on the rear, as he got in the car.

"Yes master." Noelle said, closed his door, and slipped into the driver's seat. She was eager to drive him back to the privacy of his home, where he could use her like the worthless slave she was.

"I will serve you, master, for the rest of my life." She whispered under her breath, her fear of commitment gone with the wind.

###

Mind Over Meter

I walked out of the local grocer with two topless big-breasted hotties following a step behind me, carrying my bags. Their perfectly round melons bounced with each step, dripping cum on the ground below them. They worked well together, so I decided to take both of them with me.

Usually, I would have my slaves grocery shop for me, but sometimes I like getting out of the house, and checking out the local produce on my own. It almost always pays off. I often find ripe cherries and bouncy apple-cheeked pairs of melons just waiting to be picked and used.

I like to take a hands-on approach when shopping for such items, squeezing to test firmness and fingering to check moistness.

"I really should do this more often." I said, twirling my car keys on my finger.

I was about to ask one of the girls if her fun-bags were natural, not that I cared too much, but something caught my eye. A meter maid stood next to my car, shaking her head and writing up a storm in her little ticket book.

"Hey sugar-tits, what do you think you're doing?" I asked as politely as I could.

She looked up at me with pure contempt on her face.

"My job, scofflaw. And I dare you to call me that again!" She challenged me, quite brazenly.

“Oh this should be fun.” I snickered at her “Aren't you a little young to use words like scofflaw, not to mention have such a burning stick up your butt. How old are you anyway?”

She angrily tore the ticket from her notebook and stuck it on my window.

“I'm twenty, not that it's any of your business. Pay the ticket through mail or at city hall, and be grateful I don't arrest you for interfering with my job.”

“Won't you have to call a real cop for that?” I mocked.

She seemed to try and stifle her rage, and obviously failed.

“Just shut up! People like you simply infuriate me! You trample over the law, and then you treat officers of the law with such blatant disrespect! Who do you think you are?!” She burst out with sanctimonious passion, lifting a finger at my face in an act of utter defiance.

That was my cue.

I smiled, and reached into her mind. As I rummaged in there, I realized just how big a stick the prudish, self-righteous little cunt had up her metaphorical bum. She was hot, though, with her silky red hair and fiery amber eyes. And I could tell that under her uniform she hid a nubile, bendy physique.

“Who I am is your commanding officer, bitch!” I barked with authority, making her reel back a couple of steps.

Her eyes widened with shock, and her cheeks reddened with embarrassment. In a split second, her image of me changed. I turned from some random guy on the street into Captain Sinclair, her strict and honorable superior.

“C-Captain!” She stood at attention and gave me a proper salute, feeling great shame and trying to avoid my eyes.

“W-What are you doing here, Captain Sinclair?” She gulped nervously, trying to figure out how she could fail to recognize me. Her bafflement was like sweet nectar.

“I often go undercover to examine the performance of my hard-working meter-twats. It is your duty to fatten the city's pocket with the hard-earned dough of innocent citizens, after all. It's an important role.” I had to stifle a laugh.

“Y-Yes sir. It's an important, umm, role to-...to uphold the law.” She had to agree, but edited it in an intriguing manner. Her principles were quite strongly engrained in her mind, apparently.

“Fuck the law.” I barked “It's about taking money from people.”

“Yes sir. Taking money from people.” Still saluting, she looked straight at me with subdued eyes, and nodded in agreement.

I fished for her name, and continued toying with her.

“So Dolores, I'll just call you Dolly, let's review your performance in this confrontational situation I created for you.”

“Yes sir. I-I hope I did well.” She said, eager to impress.

“I'm afraid you didn't. In fact, I rarely see a meter-twat perform so poorly in one of my surprise undercover inspections.” I said cruelly.

“I-I'm so sorry, sir! I just...” Tears welled in her eyes.

“No excuses, Dolly. You clearly forgot your training. Now drop and give me twenty!” I ordered.

“Yes sir!” She saluted again and dropped to her knees. I unzipped and let my cock out, jerking it in front of her face.

“Hold on, I'll get it nice and hard for you. I just nutted on those titties a minute ago.” I pointed to my bag carriers.

“Take your time sir.” Dolly said, my cock tickling her lips. When my helmet became covered with a layer of pre-cum, I let go of my shaft and gave her a prodding look.

“Go on.” I said and poked her soft lips with my creamy tip.

“Yes sir!”

With no hesitation, the stern meter maid parted her lips and wrapped them around my hardened staff. She took my entire length down her throat, gagged, but kept pushing herself forward. What she lacked in people skills she clearly made up for in ambition.

“*Ohh yeah! Hah!*” I moaned.

“One.” I said casually.

“*Mmf! Mm!*” She pulled all the way back, paused for a second, and dove back all the way down.

“*Ohh hohoho! Two!*” Pleasant tingly warmth engulfed my cock, as she pulled back again, only to choke on my cock a third time.

“Three! Four! Five!” I said in quick succession, and the hot redhead struggled to keep up, snorting and gulping with thick heavy drool running down her chin.

“Six! Seven! *Ahh!* Eight! Nine! Ten! Eleven! Twelve! *Ohh fuck!*” I said even faster, arching my neck up and instinctively thrusting my pelvis forward. I took a relaxing breath and looked back down at her with a smile. Her eyes rolled halfway to the back of her head and an obscene blot of saliva drooled from her chin, down to her uniform. Shocked and delirious by the unorthodox oral ordeal, the gorgeous cutie still pushed her face forward and gagged. She blindly and thoughtlessly followed the primal instincts I introduced into her mind, and waited for me to utter the next number.

“Ohh that's nice.” I moaned coarsely, as if eating a bowl of rich hot soup.

“Thirteen.” I said, and almost exploded as her lips moved back again, always tightly wrapped around my cock.

“Hmm, giving me a ticket, you little cunt. Your own commanding officer.” I mocked and thrust my pelvis forward again.

“*Ahh fuck!*” I was about to blow.

“Which number was I at?” I frowned “Fuck it, just fuck your face with my cock till I cum.”

“Yesh shir.” She coughed out, bubbles forming on her lips.

She spat on my cock, licked around the helmet, and dove back down with earnest gusto.

“Mhp! Ulp! Mph! Glp! Ulph!”

“*Ohh yeah!* Nothing like a sloppy BJ from a total bitch! You deserve a rough tonsil spanking, you slut!” I grabbed her head with both hands and moved my hips back and forth like a piston, meeting her own movements half way.

“Take that, you slobbering tramp!”

Spit splattered in all directions every time my balls slapped against her chin.

“I'm gonna cum on your face!” I pulled out of her lips and squeezed my cock tight, lifting it up and shoving my balls in her face.

“Yes sir.” She licked and slurped my balls like she would with melting ice-cream. I closed my eyes and rubbed my cock, and soon

enough felt my spunk well up.

“Here I go!” I pushed her back and aimed my hose on her face.

“*Mm!*” She squealed as a jet of warm sperm hit her porcelain smooth skin. I unloaded everything I had, showering her creamy skin and shiny red hair with jizz.

When I was done, I rubbed my tip on her lips, panting.

“Thank you, captain Sinclair. I promise I will never forget my training again.” She said with a rosy voice, sounding spent but content, and kissed my tip with her cum-glazed lips.

“Your promise isn't good enough.” I looked down at her pathetic image, and said. I was far from done with the haughty young woman.

“Oh?” She let out a questioning whimper, looking up at me with begging, glassy eyes.

“Wipe your face with that vest of yours, and I'll give you a quick refresher course.”

“Yes sir. Right away, sir!” She shot up to her feet and took her vest off. She didn't even bother unbuttoning it, violently tearing it asunder instead.

She efficiently wiped the cum from her face, and threw the vest away on the curb.

“I'm ready for my refresher course, sir.” She saluted.

“Good girl.” I said, and made her pussy tingle at my praise.

“Let's see what you remember. According to your meter-twat training, what should you do if a peeved citizen calls you sugar-tits?” I asked.

“Umm.” She dumbly hooked a finger in her lower lip, trying to recall her so called “training”.

“Oh I remember!” She cheered, and removed her shirt to reveal her white bra.

“I squeeze my titties like this, and invite the nice man to touch them if he wants.” She beamed at me and pressed her perky tits together.

“And why is that?” I pressed and squeezed her nipple through her bra.

“Because if I'm going to take his money, I should at least give him something in return. *Ow!*” she said, closing one eye and twitching her lips in response to my pinch.

“Took you long enough to remember.” I berated “What if he still feels slighted, and decides to blow his steam by throwing you over the hood of his car,” I turned her around and bent her over the hood “and dry-hump your hot ass till he's hard?” I leaned on her with all my weight, pushing my crotch on her.

“I should tell him to take his time, and take his frustrations on me, for as long as he pleases.” Dolly said, pushing her pert butt out like a cushion for my crotch.

“And what if he wants to tear your pants and panties off, once he's hard, and bang you doggy-style like the bitch you are?” I asked, held my arm around her neck and forcefully humped her.

“I will tighten my pussy up and get myself nice and wet for him! And...And try my best to get him hard with my hot body, as fast as I can, so he can fuck me to his heart's content!” She cried, and guided my hand inside her bra, so I could fondle her bare tits if I wanted.

“I'm still not hard, cunt! Try harder, you failure!” I scolded.

“I-I'm sorry sir! B-But you just came on my face, so...”

“I said no excuses!” I smacked her ass “Get me hard again or you're fired!”

“Y-Yes sir!”

I took a few steps back and stood there, eager to see what she'll do to appease me. She rose from the hood of the car, and gave me an inquisitive look.

“Well?” I demanded, folding my arms together impatiently.

“Yes sir.” She nodded, and instantly lost her bra. She quickly got rid of her sports shoes, and peeled off her pants and panties. It took her less than a minute to stand fully naked before me.

“You could have given me a sexier striptease.” I criticized the naked hottie. Her body was as nimble and nubile as I expected. She was like an undercover swimsuit model.

“I-I'm sorry, sir. Please, allow me to give you a lap dance. I promise I'll get you hard again!” She declared, and invited me to sit on a nearby bench.

“Okay then.” I smiled mischievously, and sat down.

“Thank you sir.” She cooed with a sexy smile, and moved towards me like a prowling kitten. She spread her long legs and mounted me, grinding her hips back and forth on my crotch.

“Do you like how my naked body feels on top of you, sir?” She asked with an alluring innocence, flexibly rocking her trim hips in fluent circles above my cock.

“It's not bad at all.” I said, running my fingers through her hair “But I'm still not hard.”

“I'll try harder, sir!” She said and gave my neck a passionate kiss. She took my semi-erect snake in her dainty fingers, and teased her soft, wet pussy lips with my tip.

“Does this feel good sir?” She fluently writhed her pelvis back and forth, and asked me with docile eyes. The fiery amber in her eyes was now a tamed, moist honey.

“That's a good pussy.” I ran my hands along her sexy body, squeezing and fondling her ass and her tits and her slim, smooth thighs.

She ruffled my hair with her gentle fingers, and nibbled my ear-lobe.

“I'm glad, sir.” She whispered in my ear, and licked my neck.

It was the lewdest, hottest, most arousing lap dance a man could ask for. She wasn't a skimpily dressed stripper teasing me for money, she was a naked whore trying to get me hard, merely for my approval. And with her stunning young body touching my cock directly, I didn't take long to develop a raging boner.

“*Ohh yes sir!* Thank you for getting hard!” She cheered, rubbing her pussy lips up and down my rod, as if trying to polish it with her wet cunt.

I could tell that she was proud of herself, and I was keen on disappointing her. What can I say, I tend to hold grudges.

“It took you too long, cunt.” I spanked her “You're just not meter-twat material.”

“*O-Ohhh sir!*” She moaned “Please don't say that, sir! Please give me another chance.” She whined, sliding her slippery pussy up and down my cock, so fast that she nearly fell off.

“*Ohh!*” I couldn't help but groan with delight “Sorry Dolly, but I've made my decision. You're fired. You'll have to find a new profession to pursue.” I said, barely able to hide my devilish grin.

“What should I do instead, sir? I would be lost without this job.” She asked, still straddled on top of me, her pussy kissing the breadth of my cock.

“Well let me think, since we both know thinking isn't your strong suit.” I looked right in her eyes, and said. She nodded, accepting my premise with no argument.

“And I think we can both agree the only good thing about you is this smoking body of yours.” I told her.

“Yes sir.” She swayed her body slowly and kissed my neck again.

“You are just a stupid cunt, and you are only good for pleasing men with your body.” I asserted, taking a long whiff of her cherry-scented red-hair.

“Yes sir. I am just a stupid cunt, and I am only good for pleasing men.” She repeated.

“With what?” I demanded.

“W-With my body, sir.” She said, her pussy squelching on my now throbbing hard-on.

“Good. I'm glad we have that settled.” I grabbed her hair, and made her look at me.

“Luckily for you, the oldest profession is perfect for hot dumb bimbos with your simple and narrow set of skills. Do you understand what I'm saying?”

“N-No. Sorry sir.” She looked down in shame.

“Of course you don't, dummy. I'm saying you should become a whore. A streetwalker. A prostitute.”

“How do I do that?” She asked dumbly.

“Heh, it's kind of like being a cop. You walk the mean streets at night, looking for desperate men eager to break the law. The only difference is, you need to wear scant clothing and fuck them for money. All you need to do is obey their desires, and make them happy. I bet you can handle that.”

“I...I think I can!” She said with an enthused smile, her bare nipples shivering in the cold breeze.

“You'll need a pimp, of course.” I smirked and ran my hands along her legs.

“Do you know someone who can be my pimp, sir?” She asked with such a sweet voice.

I chuckled.

“Luckily for you, Dolly, I happen to be a part-time pimp myself. I have quite a sizable stable of hookers turning tricks for me.”

Dolly's face lit up.

“Oh I'm so happy sir! I would love to be one of your whores!” She declared with rosy cheeks and a radiant smile.

“I do charge more than most pimps from my girls, though.”

“Oh? How much sir?”

“One hundred percent of your income, minus minimal living expenses to keep you alive and hot. I will basically own your ass, kind of like a sex slave.” I smiled and grabbed her ass.

“You don't really have any other option, being so worthless and useless.” I told her “So what do you say?”

She didn't even need to mull it over.

“Of course I'll do it sir! I'll be happy to be your sex slave and sell my body for you! It makes me so wet just thinking about it. Look.” She stared down and touched her soaking pussy, cheered delightfully, and gave me a loving hug, humping up and down like a giddy pet.

“I'll be a good whore for you sir! I promise I promise I promise!”

“Might as well call me master.” I hissed, feeling my cock rumble with joy.

“Yes master yes master! Whatever you say, master!” She gently bounced up and down, kissing my slick shaft with her juicy cunt-lips every time she came down. Her smile was so remote from the scowl she had when I met her, she was practically unrecognizable.

“Good slave. Now fuck me till I cum, and then we can get you some new work attire.”

“Happily, master. My pussy belongs to you!” She took a tender hold of my cock, jerked it a few times, and teased her tight lips with

my tip. With my helmet properly secured in her snatch, she placed her hands on my shoulders, and took me in, all the way.

"Mm!" She gave a squeaky moan and arched her head back. Her pussy felt heavenly, and her bouncing buttocks were soft and cushiony, like two feather-filled pillows hopping on my crotch.

"Do you like my pussy master?" She asked without stopping, breathing heavily.

"Ahhn! Is it tight enough, master?" She asked, desperate to please and fulfill the only purpose she could perceive for herself.

"Keep riding me and shut your trap!" I strongly squeezed her tits and said.

"Yes master! *Ahh!* Sorry master!" She squealed and bounced even faster.

Mounted on top of me, she rode me as if I were a mechanical bull, grinding and shaking and moving her cute butt, working hard for me and my pleasure. Loud smacks echoed in the nearly vacant street, every time her ass-cheeks came down on my pelvis.

"Cum in me, master. I exist for you, master. I can't live without you, master! *Nyaaa!*" Steam blew from her mouth with her breathless moan.

"Can I cum, master? My pussy is so horny! Please!"

"Only when I cum, cunt!" I spanked her.

"Yes master! *Ahhn!* Thank you master! Please use my pussy to cum! *Mmhh!*"

I was so close to eruption my cock felt like a hot stick of buttery molten lava.

"Hrrm! Come over here, Dolly!" I hugged her tight with both hands, and pressed her down on me.

"Ohh! Ohh! Ahh!" I groaned with every euphoric spurt I shot into her, and my heart was beating madly. I didn't even hear her own high pitched moan, as she reached an earth-shattering orgasm. I felt the inner walls of her flooding pussy tremble around my cum gushing cannon.

"Ohh fuck." I breathed heavily "Yeah, this is definitely the career path for you." I patted her ruby hair as she rested her head on my

shoulder.

“Thank you master. I finally feel complete.” She mumbled, and even though I couldn't see her face, I knew she was smiling with warmth, love, and adoration

“Now stand up,” I tapped her head “and put your meter maid uniform in the trash, where they belong. I'll drive you to a little store I know, and you can buy yourself some proper whore clothes.”

“Yes master. As you command.” She sang at me, and rose to her wobbly feet.

I rested on the bench and watched her bend over and pick her clothes up. My biggest load of the day dripped from her pink pussy down to her inner thighs. She was so skinny, that even when she pressed her feet together, her thighs never even came close to touching.

Stripped of her uniform, her job, and any power she may have thought she had, Dolly watched as I ripped the ticket from my window and tore it in half. She shrugged, and climbed into the passenger seat of my car. I drove her to the nearest lingerie store, and had her try an abundance of sexy outfits for her budding whoring career.

I eventually decided she should start with a tiny leather skirt that exposed her butt when she bent over, and a pair of fishnet stockings. I had her put high heels, whorish make-up, and an under-boob revealing crop-top. The store owner was gracious enough to give it all, free of charge, and back to the car we went.

Seeing her try on different slutty clothes got me nice and hard again, so I had her lean over to my lap, and give me some road-head.

“Your clients will often have you do this, as well.” I informed her.

“Some might even hold the steering wheel with one hand, and use the other to fuck your face. Like this.” I said, and showed her what I meant, gripping her blazing mane and bouncing her wet velvet lips on my cock. Her new lipstick was bright red, and dripped with passion.

“Ung! Uhm! Yeth Mather!” She uttered with her mouth full.

“You may think your client ought to focus on driving. Keep those thoughts to yourself. You are there to provide a service, to please with your body, not to dour the mood with safety concerns.” I reached over and spanked her fishnet-covered behind. In her current position, the leather skirt did nothing to hide her pert cheeks.

“That being said, if something really dangerous happens, try your best to emerge unscathed. Unlike your previous job, this one does not offer health insurance. Although if your client feels your teeth on his cock, you may get some dental work!” I bellowed and laughed.

We almost reached our destination, when I felt a sudden urge to plow into her pristine pussy one last time, before she officially started her life as an overworked cheap whore. I pulled over and told her to get out.

“Get in the back seat and point your ass at me.” I told her.

“Yes master.” She wiggled her ass invitingly, looking back at me with those glistening amber eyes.

“Consider this a pilot for your new *job*. *Ohh!*” I said and penetrated her.

“Most clients won't even take you to their home. They'll just find a secluded spot in the field somewhere to use your services.” I said as I banged her from behind.

“Make sure you remember the way back, because they might just fuck you, pay you, and leave you there to hitchhike your way back. *Hrrm*, what a tight pussy. Hey, are you listening?” I spanked her.

“Yes master! Thank you for teaching this stupid cunt about her new job!” She cried out with a wet moan.

“You're welcome cunt.” I said, spread her ass cheeks a bit, and drooled a bit on her upper fuck-hole.

“You know, some of your clients might like anal. You will of course give it to them, to make your pimp more money.”

“Yes master, Of course! I live to serve! *Ahhhhhh!*”

I pulled out of her pussy and shoved my dick in her ass. Well, as much as I could, it was pretty tight. With a little bit of effort,

though, I was soon ramming in and out of her at a speed that made her ass-cheeks red.

"Ahh master! Pop my anal cherry! Nyaaa!" She cried out, actually moving her ass on her own to match my pace.

"What a born slut! You're actually enjoying your first anal! Hah!" I spanked her again.

"Y-yeeeeess! Maaaaster!"

"Then keep going till I fill your hot ass up with spunk!" I barked and held the car-frame tight, staying firmly in spot and letting her do all the work. It was the middle of the day, and we weren't on some deserted road or field, but I made sure no one bothered us.

Doing it in a semi-crowded street fed a little into my own exhibitionist side, not that any accidental onlooker thought they were seeing anything irregular. Their minds obeyed my whims, and told them that me ass-fucking a slut in public was completely normal.

It was the fourth time I came in the span of about two hours, and I felt more spent and depleted than usual (and with my powers, my usual is pretty uncommon).

We continued driving, me on the wheel, her cleaning my cock with her tongue, until we reached the street where most of my hookers roam.

"There we are." I said, and Dolly lifted her head, drool mixed with cum-residue running down from the corner of her lips.

I sent a mental command, and a busty middle aged woman with a ridiculously exposed cleavage rushed my way. Her big tits nearly spilled out with every long stride.

"Oh master! You brought new meat! I'm so happy!" She spoke in an exclaimed monotone, every sentence of hers ending with a high pitched squeal.

"I did." I confirmed "This is Dolly." I introduced the naked young redhead to the nearly topless brunette.

"Dolly, this is Charlotte the Harlot. She used to own that motel over there, but now it's a brothel, and I own it, and her.

"I-It's nice to meet you, Charlotte." Dolly said, shyly emerging from the passenger side door.

“Oh she's so cute, master!” Charlotte cheered, and gave Dolly a wet kiss right on her cum-covered lips.

“And her lips reek of cum! Thank you so much master!”

“Always happy to help my slaves make me more money.” I said with a savvy grin.

“Come on Dolly, I'll find you a nice room, and then me and the other girls can decide on your corner and shift. You'll have so much fun whoring your hawt little body for master!” Charlotte gave Dolly a tight hug, her huge breasts pressing her like over-blown tires.

I gave Charlotte a nod, and she whisked Dolly away to the makeshift brothel, which was now her home.

“What a lovely day.” I reflected “Got a new hooker, gave the law a hard pounding, and got my own groceries.” I sighed calmly, feeling content and happy.

“Hmm, I'm hungry actually. I could eat a refreshing salad right no--ah fuck! I forgot my groceries back there!” I suddenly realized.

A tad distraught, I put my car in reverse, made a U-turn, and sped my way back to the two busty cuties with their cum-glazed melons.

“Hope my fruits and veggies won't get rotten...”

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